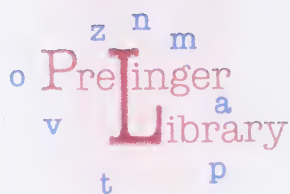




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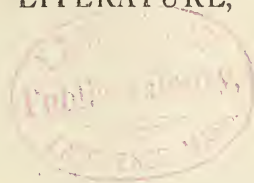


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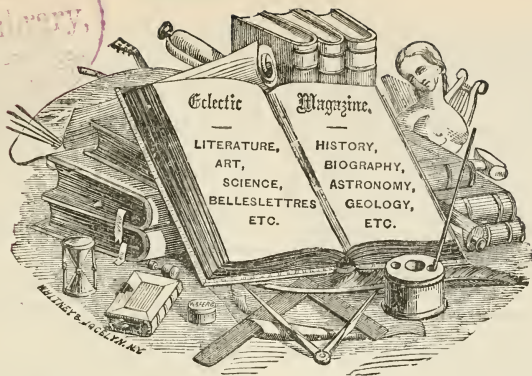
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A WORD ABOUT AMERICA.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MR. LOWELL, in an interesting but rather tart essay, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," warns off Englishmen who may be disposed to write or speak about the United States of America. "I never blamed England for not wishing well to democracy," he cries; "how should she?" But the criticisms and dealings of Englishmen, in regard to the object of their ill will, are apt, Mr. Lowell declares, to make him impatient. "Let them give up trying to understand us, still more thinking that they do, and acting in various absurd ways as the necessary consequence; for they will never arrive at that devoutly to be wished consummation, till they learn to look at us as we are, and not as they suppose us to be."

On the other hand, from some quarters in America come reproaches to us for not speaking about America enough,

for not making sufficient use of her in illustration of what we bring forward. Mr. Higginson expresses much surprise that when, for instance, I dilate on the benefits of equality, it is to France that I have recourse for the illustration and confirmation of my thesis, not to the United States. A Boston newspaper supposes me to "speak of American manners as vulgar," and finds, what is worse, that the *Atlantic Monthly*, commenting on this supposed utterance of mine, adopts it and carries it further. For the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says that, indeed, "the hideousness and vulgarity of American manners are undeniable," and that "redemption is only to be expected by the work of a few enthusiastic individuals, conscious of cultivated tastes and generous desires;" or, as these enthusiasts are presently called by the writer, "rather

highly civilized individuals, a few in each of our great cities and their environs." The Boston newspaper observes, with a good deal of point, that it is from these exceptional enthusiasts that the heroes of the tales of Mr. James and Mr. Howells seem to be recruited. It shrewdly describes them as "people who spend more than half their life in Europe, and return only to scold their agents for the smallness of their remittances;" and protests that such people "will have, and can have, no perceptible influence for good on the real civilization of America." Then our Boston friend turns to me again, says that "it is vulgar people from the large cities who have given Mr. Arnold his dislike of American manners," and adds, that "if it should ever happen that hard destiny should force Mr. Arnold to cross the Atlantic," I should find "in the smaller cities of the interior, in the northern, middle, and southwestern States, an elegant and simple social order, as entirely unknown in England, Germany, or Italy, as the private life of the dukes or princes of the blood is unknown in America." Yes, I "should find a manner of life belonging to the highest civilization, in towns, in counties, and in States whose names had never been heard" by me; and, if I could take the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* to see it along with me, it would do him, says his compatriot, a great deal of good.

I do not remember to have anywhere, in my too numerous writings, spoken of American manners as vulgar, or to have expressed my dislike of them. I have long accustomed myself to regard the people of the United States as just the same people with ourselves, as simply "the English on the other side of the Atlantic." The ethnology of that American diplomatist, who the other day assured a Berlin audience that the great admixture of Germans had now made the people of the United States as much German as English, has not yet prevailed with me. I adhere to my old persuasion, the Americans of the United States are English people on the other side of the Atlantic. I learnt it from Burke. But from Burke I learnt, too, with what immense consequences and effects this simple matter—the set-

tlement of a branch of the English people on the other side of the Atlantic—was, from the time of their constitution as an independent power, certainly and inevitably charged. Let me quote his own impressive and profound words on the acknowledgment of American independence in 1782:

A great revolution has happened—a revolution made, not by chopping and changing of power in any of the existing states, but by the appearance of a new state, of a new species, in a new part of the globe. It has made as great a change in all the relations, and balances, and gravitations of power, as the appearance of a new planet would in the system of the solar world.

As for my esteeming it a hard destiny which should force me to visit the United States, I will borrow Goethe's words, and say, that "not the spirit is bound, but the foot;" with the best will in the world, I have never yet been able to go to America, and probably I never shall be able. But many a kind communication I receive from that quarter; and when one has much discoursed on equality and on civilization, and then is told that in America a lover of these will find just what suits him, and is invited, and almost challenged, to turn one's eyes there, and to bear testimony to what one beholds, it seems ungracious or cowardly to take no notice at all of such challenges, but to go on talking of equality and civilization just as if America had never existed. True, there is Mr. Lowell's warning. Englishmen easily may fall into absurdities in criticising America, most easily of all when they do not, and cannot, see it with their own eyes, but have to speak of it from what they read. Then, too, people are sensitive; certainly it would be safer and pleasanter to say nothing. And as the prophet Jonah, when he had a message for Nineveh, hurried off in alarm down to Joppa, and incontinently took ship there for Tarshish in just the opposite direction, so one might find plenty of reasons for running away from the task, when one is summoned to give one's opinion of American civilization. But Ewald says that it was a sorry and unworthy calculation, petty human reason-mongering—*menschliche Vernunftlei*—which made Jonah run away from his task in this fashion; and we will not run away from ours, difficult though it be.

Besides, there are considerations which diminish its difficulty. When one has confessed the belief that the social system of one's own country is so far from being perfect, that it presents us with the spectacle of an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class brutalized, one has earned the right, perhaps, to speak with candor of the social systems of other countries. Mr. Lowell complains that we English make our narrow Anglicism, as he calls it, the standard of all things; but "we are worth nothing," says Mr. Lowell of himself and his countrymen, "we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism." Mr. Hussey Vivian, the member for Glamorganshire, goes to travel in America, and when he comes back, delighted with the country and the people, he publishes his opinion that just two things are wanting to their happiness—a sovereign of the British type, and a House of Lords :

If Americans could only get over the first wrench, and elect a king of the old stock, under the same limited constitutional conditions as our sovereigns, and weld their separate states into one compact and solid nation, many of them would be only too thankful. I cannot help suspecting, also, that they would not be sorry to transform their Senate into a House of Lords. There are fortunes amply large enough to support hereditary rule, and men who will not now enter political life upon any consideration would doubtless do their duty as patriotically as our peers, if not compelled to face the dirt of candidature. As to aristocratic ideas being foreign to Americans, I do not believe it for a moment; on the contrary, I believe them to be a highly aristocratic people.

I suppose this may serve as a specimen of the Anglicism which is so exasperating to Mr. Lowell. I do not share it. Mr. Hussey Vivian has a keen eye for the geological and mining facts of America, but as to the political facts of that country, the real tendencies of its life, and its future, he does not seem to me to be at all at the centre of the situation. Far from "not wishing well to democracy," far from thinking a king and a House of Lords, of our English pattern, a panacea for social ills, I have freely said that our system here, in my opinion, has too much thrown the middle classes in upon themselves, that the lower classes likewise are thus too much

thrown in upon themselves, and that we suffer from the want of equality. Nothing would please me better than to find the difficulty solved in America, to find democracy a success there, with a type of equality producing such good results, that, when one preaches equality, one should illustrate its advantages not from the example of the French, but, as Mr. Higginson recommends, from the example of the people of the United States. I go back again to my Boston newspaper :

In towns whose names Mr. Arnold never heard, and never will hear, there will be found almost invariably a group of people of good taste, good manners, good education and of self-respect, peers of any people in the world. Such people read the best books, they interpret the best music, they are interested in themes world-wide, and they meet each other with that mutual courtesy and that self-respect which belong to men and women who are sure of their footing.

This is what we want; and if American democracy gives this, Mr. Lowell may rely upon it that no narrow Anglicism shall prevent my doing homage to American democracy.

Only we must have a clear understanding about one thing. This is a case where the question of numbers is of capital importance. Even in our poor old country, with its aristocratic class materialized, its middle class vulgarized, its lower class brutalized, there are to be found individuals, as I have again and again said, lovers of the humane life, lovers of perfection, who emerge in all classes, and who, while they are more or less in conflict with the present, point to a better future. Individuals of this kind I make no doubt at all that there are in American society as well as here. The writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* himself, unfavorable as is his judgment on his country's civilization in general, admits that he can find a certain number of "enthusiastic individuals conscious of cultivated tastes and generous desires." Of these "rather highly civilized individuals" there are, he says, "a few in each of our great cities and their environs." His rebuker in the Boston newspaper says that these centres of sweetness and light are rather in the small towns than in the large ones; but that is not a matter of much importance to us. The important question is: In

what numbers are they to be found? Well, there is *a group* of them, says the Boston newspaper, in almost any small town of the northern, middle, and southwestern States. This is indeed civilization. A group of lovers of the humane life, an "elegant and simple social order," as its describer calls it, existing in almost every small town of the northern, middle, and southwestern States of America, and this in addition to circles in New York and other great cities with "a social life as dignified, as elegant and as noble as any in the world"—all this must needs leaven American society, and must surely, if we can take example from it, enable us to leaven and transform our own. Leaven American society it already does, we hear:

It is such people who keep the whole sentiment of the land up to a high standard. While the few 'rather highly civilized individuals' are hopping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic to learn what is the last keynote which a pinchbeck emperor has decided on, or what is the last gore which a man-milliner has decreed, these American gentlemen and ladies, in the dignity of their own homes, are making America. It is they who maintain the national credit, it is they who steadily improve the standard of national education. If Mr. Arnold should ever see them in their own homes, it is they who will show him what is the normal type of American manners.

Our Boston informant writes so crisply and smartly that one is unwilling to part with him. I can truly say that I would rather read him and quote him than join issue with him. He has seen America, and I have not. Perhaps things in America are as he says. I am sure I hope they are, for, as I have just said, I have been long convinced that English society has to transform itself, and long looking in vain for a model by which we might be guided and inspired in the bringing forth of our new civilization; and here is the model ready to hand. But I own that hitherto I have thought that, as we in England have to transform our civilization, so America has hers still to make; and that, though her example and co-operation might, and probably would, be of the greatest value to us in the future, yet they were not of much use to our civilization now. I remember, that when I first read the Boston newspaper from which I have

been quoting, I was just fresh from the perusal of one of the best of Mr. James's novels, "Roderick Hudson." That work carries us to one of the "smaller cities of the interior," a city of which, I own, I had never heard—the American Northampton. Those who have read "Roderick Hudson" will recollect, that in that part of the story where the scene is laid at Northampton, there occurs a personage called Striker, an auctioneer. And when I came upon the Boston newspaper's assurances that, in almost every small town of the Union, I should find "an elegant and simple social order," the comment which rose to my lips was this: "I suspect what I should find there, in great force, is Striker." Now Striker was a Philistine.

I have said somewhere or other that, whereas our society in England distributes itself into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace, America is just ourselves with the Barbarians quite left out, and the Populace nearly. This would leave the Philistines for the great bulk of the nation; a livelier sort of Philistines than our Philistine middle class which made and peopled the United States—a livelier sort of Philistine than ours, and with the pressure and the false ideal of our Barbarians taken away, but left all the more to himself, and to have his full swing. That this should be the case seemed to me natural, and that it actually was the case everything which I could hear and read about America tended to convince me. And when my Boston friend talks of the "elegant and simple social order established in almost every small town in America, and of the group, in each, of people of good taste, good manners, good education and self-respect, peers of any people in the world," I cannot help thinking that things are not quite so bright as he paints them, and so superior to anything of which we have experience elsewhere; that he is mixing two impressions together, the impression of individuals scattered over the country, real lovers of the humane life, but not yet numerous enough or united enough to produce much effect, and the impression of groups of worthy respectable people to be found in almost every small town in the Union, people with many merits,

but not yet arrived at that true and happy goal of civilization, "an elegant and simple social order."

We too have groups of this kind everywhere, and we know what they can do for us and what they cannot do. It is easy to praise them, to flatter them, to express unbounded satisfaction with them, to speak as if they gave us all that we needed. We have done so here in England. These groups, with us, these serious and effective forces of our middle class, have been extolled as "that section of the community which has astonished the world by its energy, enterprise, and self-reliance, which is continually striking out new paths of industry and subduing the forces of nature, which has done all the great things that have been done in all departments, and which supplies the mind, the will, and the power for all the great and good things that have still to be done." So cry the newspapers; our great orators take up the same strain. The middle-class doers of English race, with their industry and religion, are the salt of the earth. "The cities you have built," exclaims Mr. Bright, "the railroads you have made, the manufactures you have produced, the cargoes which freight the ships of the greatest mercantile navy the world has ever seen!" There we have their industry. Then comes the praise of their religion, their own specially invented and indomitably maintained form of religion. "Let a man consider," exclaims Mr. Bright again, "how much of what there is free and good and great, and constantly growing in what is good, in this country, is owing to Nonconformist action. Look at the churches and chapels it has reared over the whole country; look at the schools it has built; look at the ministers it has supported; look at the Christian work which it has conducted. It would be well for the Nonconformists, especially for the young among them, that they should look back to the history of their fathers, and that they should learn from them how much is due to truth and how much they have sacrificed to conscience."

It is the groups of industrious, religious, and unshakable Nonconformists in all the towns, small and great, of England, whose praise is here celebrated by

Mr. Bright. But he has an even more splendid tribute of praise for their brethren of the very same stock, and sort, and virtue, in America also. The great scale of things in America powerfully impresses Mr. Bright's imagination always; he loves to count the prodigious number of acres of land there, the prodigious number of bushels of wheat raised. The voluntary principle, the principle of modern English Nonconformity, is on the same grand and impressive scale. "There is nothing which piety and zeal have ever offered on the face of the earth as a tribute to religion and religious purposes, equal to that which has been done by the voluntary principle among the people of the United States."

I cannot help thinking that my Boston informant mixes up, I say, the few lovers of perfection with the much more numerous representatives, serious, industrious, and in many ways admirable, of middle-class virtue; and imagines that in almost every town of the United States there is a group of lovers of perfection, whereas the lovers of perfection are much less thickly sown than he supposes, but what there really is in almost every town is a group of representatives of middle-class virtue. And the fruits by which he knows his men, the effects which they achieve for the national life and civilization, are just the fruits, be it observed, which the representatives of middle-class virtue are capable of producing and produce for us here in England too, and for the production of which we need not have recourse to an extraordinary supply of lovers of perfection. "It is such people," he says, "who keep the whole sentiment of the land up to a high standard when war comes, or rebellion." But this is just what the middle-class virtue of our race is abundantly capable of doing; as Puritan England in the seventeenth century, and the inheritors of the traditions of Puritan England since, have signally shown. "It is they who maintain the national credit, it is they who steadily improve the standard of national education." By national education our informant means popular education; and here, too, we are still entirely within the pale of middle class achievement. Both in England and in America the

middle class is abundantly capable of maintaining the national credit, and does maintain it. It is abundantly capable of recognizing the duty of sending to school the children of the people, nay, of sending them also, if possible, to a Sunday-school, and to chapel or church. True; and yet, in England at any rate, the middle class with all its industry and with all its religiousness, the middle class well typified, as I long ago pointed out, by a certain Mr. Smith, a secretary to an insurance company, who "labored under the apprehension that he would come to poverty and that he was eternally lost," the English middle class presents us at this day, for our actual needs, and for the purposes of national civilization, with a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners. For the building up of human life, as men are now beginning to see, there are needed not only the powers of industry and conduct, but the power, also, of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners. And that type of life of which our middle class in England are in possession is one by which neither the claims of intellect and knowledge are satisfied, nor the claim of beauty, nor the claims of social life and manners.

That which in England we call the middle class is in America virtually the nation. It is in America in great measure relieved, as I have said, of what with us is our Populace, and it is relieved of the pressure and false ideal of our Barbarians. It is generally industrious and religious as our middle class. Its religion is even less invaded, I believe, by the modern spirit than the religion of our middle class. An American of reputation as a man of science tells me that he lives in a town of a hundred and fifty thousand people, of whom there are not fifty who do not imagine the first chapters of Genesis to be exact history. Mr. Dale, of Birmingham, found, he says, that "orthodox Christian people in America were less troubled by attacks on the orthodox creed than the like people in England. They seemed to feel sure of their ground and they showed no alarm." Public opinion requires public men to attend regularly some place of

worship. The favorite denominations are those with which we are here familiar as the denominations of Protestant dissent; when Mr. Dale tells us of "the Baptists, not including the Free Will Baptists, Seventh Day Baptists, Six Principle Baptists, and some other minor sects," one might fancy oneself reading the list of the sects in "Whitaker's Almanack." But in America this type of religion is not, as it is here, a subordinate type, it is the predominant and accepted one. Our Dissenting ministers think themselves in paradise when they visit America. In that universally religious country the religious denomination which has by much the largest number of adherents is that, I believe, of Methodism originating in John Wesley, and which we know in this country as having for its standard of doctrine Mr. Wesley's fifty-three sermons and notes on the New Testament. I have a sincere admiration for Wesley, and a sincere esteem for the Wesleyan Methodist body in this country; I have seen much of it, and for many of its members my esteem is not only sincere but also affectionate. I know how one's religious connections and religious attachments are determined by the circumstances of one's birth and bringing up; and probably, if I had been born and brought up among the Wesleyans, I should never have left their body. But certainly I should have wished my children to leave it; because to live with one's mind, in regard to a matter of absorbing importance as Wesleyans believe religion to be, to live with one's mind, as to a matter of this sort, fixed constantly upon a mind of the third order, such as was Mr. Wesley's, seems to me extremely trying and injurious for the minds of men in general. And people whose minds, in what is the chief concern of their lives, are thus constantly fixed upon a mind of the third order, are the staple of the population of the United States, in the small towns and country districts above all. Yet our Boston friend asks us to believe, that a population of which this is the staple can furnish what we cannot furnish, certainly, in England, and what no country that I know of can at present furnish—a group, in every small town throughout the land, of people of good

taste, good manners, good education, peers of any people in the world, reading the best books, interpreting the best music, and interested in themes world-wide ! Individuals of this kind America can doubtless furnish, peers of any people in the world ; and in every town groups of people with excellent qualities, like the representatives of middle-class industry and virtue among ourselves. And a country capable of furnishing such groups, will be strong and prosperous, and has much to be thankful for ; but it must not take these groups for what they are not, or imagine that having produced them it possesses what it does not possess, or has provided for wants which are in fact still unprovided for.

"The arts have no chance in poor countries," says Mr. Lowell. "From sturdy father to sturdy son, we have been making this continent habitable for the weaker Old World breed that has swarmed to it during the last half-century." This may be quite true, and the achievements wrought in America by the middle-class industry, the middle-class energy and courage, the middle-class religion of our English race, may be full as much as we have any right to expect up to the present time, and only a people of great qualities could have produced them. But this is not the question. The question is as to the establishment in America, on any considerable scale, of a type of civilization combining all those powers which go to the building up of a truly human life—the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners, as well as the great power of conduct and religion, and the indispensable power of expansion. "Is it not the highest act of a republic," asks Mr. Lowell, "to make men of flesh and blood, and not the marble ideals of such ?" Let us grant it. "Perhaps it is the collective, not the individual humanity," Mr. Lowell goes on, "that is to have a chance of nobler development among us." Most true, the well-being of the many, and not of individuals and classes solely, comes out more and more distinctly to us all as the object which we must pursue. Many are to be made partakers of well-being, of civilization and humanization ; we must not forget

it, and America, happily, is not likely to let us forget it. But the ideal of well-being, of civilization, of humanization, is not to be, on that account, lowered and coarsened.

Now the New York *Nation*—a newspaper which I read regularly and with profit, a newspaper which is the best, so far as my experience goes, of all American newspapers, and one of the best newspapers anywhere—the New York *Nation* had the other day some remarks on the higher sort of education in America, and the utility of it, which were very curious :

In America (says the *Nation*) scarcely any man who can afford it likes to refuse his son a college education if the boy wants it ; but probably not one boy in one thousand can say, five years after graduating, that he has been helped by his college education in making his start in life. It may have been never so useful to him as a means of moral and intellectual culture, but it has not helped to adapt him to the environment in which he has to live and work ; or in other words, to a world in which not one man in a hundred thousand has either the manners or cultivation of a gentleman, or changes his shirt more than once a week, or eats with a fork.

Now upon this remarkable declaration many comments might be made, but I am going now to make one comment only. Is it credible, if there were established in almost every town of the great majority of the United States a type of "elegant and simple social order," a "group of people of good taste, good manners, reading the best books, interpreting the best music, interested in themes world-wide, the peers of any people in the world," is it credible, with the instinct of self-preservation which there is in humanity, and choice things being so naturally attractive as they undoubtedly are, is it credible that all this excellent heaven should produce so little result, that these groups should remain so impotent and isolated, that their environment, in a country where our poverty is unknown, should be "a world in which not one man in a hundred thousand has either the manners or cultivation of a gentleman, or changes his shirt more than once a week, or eats with a fork" ? It is not credible ; to me, at any rate, it is not credible. And I feel more sure than ever that our Boston informant has told us of groups where he ought to have told us of individuals ;

and that many of his individuals, even, have "hopped over," as he wittily says, to Europe.

Mr. Lowell himself describes his own nation as "the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world." They strike foreigners in the same way. M. Renan says that the "United States have created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction, and will long have to expiate this fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence." Another acute French critic speaks of a "hard unintelligence" as characteristic of the people of the United States—*la dure inintelligence des Américains du Nord*. Smart they are, as all the world knows; but then smartness is unhappily quite compatible with a "hard unintelligence." The Quinionian humor of Mr. Mark Twain, so attractive to the Philistine of the more gay and light type both here and in America, another French critic fixes upon as literature exactly expressing a people of this type, and of no higher. "In spite of all its primary education," he says, "America is still, from an intellectual point of view, a very rude and primitive soil, only to be cultivated by violent methods. These childish and half-savage minds are not moved except by very elementary narratives composed without art, in which burlesque and melodrama, vulgarity and eccentricity, are combined in strong doses." It may be said that Frenchmen, the present generation of Frenchmen at any rate, themselves take seriously, as of the family of Shakespeare, Molière, and Goethe, an author half genius half charlatan, like M. Victor Hugo. They do so; but still they may judge, soundly and correctly enough, another nation's false literature which does not appeal to their weaknesses. I am not blaming America for falling a victim to Quinion, or to Murdstone either. We fall a victim to Murdstone and Quinion ourselves, as I very well know, and the Americans are just the same people that we are. But I want to deliver England from Murdstone and Quinion, and I look round me for help in the good work. And when the Boston newspaper told me of the elegant

and simple social order, and the group of people in every town of the Union with good taste and good manners, reading the best books and interpreting the best music, I thought at first that I had surely found what I wanted, and that I should be able to invade the English realm of Murdstone and Quinion with the support of an overpowering body of allies from America. But now it seems doubtful whether America is not suffering from the predominance of Murdstone and Quinion herself—of Quinion at any rate.

Yes, and of Murdstone too. Miss Bird, the best of travellers, and with the skill to relate her travels delightfully, met the rudimentary American type of Murdstone not far from Denver, and has described him for us. Denver—I hear some one say scornfully—Denver! A new territory, the outskirts of civilization, the Rocky Mountains! But I prefer to follow a course which would, I know, deliver me over a prey into the Americans' hands, if I were really holding a controversy with them and attacking their civilization. I am not holding a controversy with them. I am not attacking their civilization. I am much disquieted about the state of our own. But I am holding a friendly conversation with American lovers of the humane life, who offer me hopes of improving British civilization by the example of a great force of true civilization, of elegant and simple social order, developed in the northern, middle, and southwestern States of the Union. I am not going to pick holes in the civilization of those well-established States. But in a new territory, on the outskirts of the Union, I take an example of a spirit which we know well enough in the old country, and which has done much harm to our civilization; and I ask my American friends how much may this spirit—since on their borders, at any rate, they seem to have it—has made and is even now making among themselves; whether they feel sure of getting it under control, and that the elegant and simple social order in the older States will be too strong for it, or whether, on the other hand, it may be too strong for the elegant and simple social order.

Miss Bird, then, describes the Chal-

mers family, a family with which, on her journey from Denver to the Rocky Mountains, she lodged for some time. Miss Bird, as those who have read her books well know, is not a lackadaisical person, or in any way a fine lady; she can ride, catch and saddle a horse, "make herself agreeable," wash up plates, improvise lamps, teach knitting. But—

Oh (she says), what a hard, narrow life it is with which I am now in contact! A narrow and unattractive religion, which I believe still to be genuine, and an intense but narrow patriotism, are the only higher influences. Chalmers came from Illinois nine years ago. He is slightly intelligent, very opinionated, and wishes to be thought well-informed, which he is not. He belongs to the strictest sect of Reformed Presbyterians; his great boast is that his ancestors were Scottish Covenanters. He considers himself a profound theologian, and by the pine-logs at night discourses to me on the mysteries of the eternal counsels and the divine decrees. Colorado, with its progress and its future, is also a constant theme. He hates England with a bitter personal hatred. He trusts to live to see the downfall of the British monarchy and the disintegration of the empire. He is very fond of talking, and asks me a great deal about my travels, but if I speak favorably of the climate or resources of any other country, he regards it as a slur on Colorado.

Mrs. Chalmers looks like one of the English poor women of our childhood—lean, clean, toothless, and speaks, like some of them, in a piping, discontented voice, which seems to convey a personal reproach. She is never idle for one moment, is severe and hard, and despises everything but work. She always speaks of me as *this* or *that* woman. The family consists of a grown-up son, a shiftless, melancholy looking youth, who possibly pines for a wider life; a girl of sixteen, a sour repellent-looking creature, with as much manners as a pig; and three hard, unchildlike younger children. By the whole family all courtesy and gentleness of act or speech seem regarded as *works of the flesh*, if not of *the devil*. They knock over all one's things without apologizing or picking them up, and when I thank them for anything they look grimly amazed. I wish I could show them "a more excellent way." This hard greed, and the exclusive pursuit of gain, with the indifference to all which does not aid in its acquisition, are eating up family love and life throughout the West. I write this reluctantly and after a total experience of nearly two years in the United States. Mrs. Chalmers is cleanly in her person and dress, and the food, though poor, is clean. Work, work, work, is their day and their life. They are thoroughly ungenial. There is a married daughter across the river, just the same hard, loveless, moral, hard-working being as her mother. Each morning, soon after seven,

when I have swept the cabin, the family come in for "worship." Chalmers wails a psalm to the most doleful of dismal tunes; they read a chapter round, and he prays. Sunday was a dreadful day. The family kept the commandment literally, and did no work. Worship was conducted twice, and was rather longer than usual. The man attempted to read a well-worn copy of *Boston's Fourfold State*, but shortly fell asleep, and they only woke up for their meals. It was an awful day, and seemed as if it would never come to an end. You will now have some idea of my surroundings. It is a moral, hard, unloving, unlovely, unrelieved, unbeautiful, grinding life. These people live in a discomfort and lack of ease and refinement which seem only possible to people of British stock.

What is this but the hideousness, the immense *ennui*, of the life on which we have touched so often, the life of our serious British Philistine, our Murdstone; that life with its defective type of religion, its narrow range of intellect and knowledge, its stunted sense of beauty, its low standard of manners? Only it is this life at its simplest, rudimentary stage.

I have purposely taken the picture of it from a region outside the settled States of the Union, that it might be evident I was not meaning to describe American civilization, and that Americans might at once be able to say with perfect truth that American civilization is something totally different. And if, to match this picture of our Murdstone in other lands and other circumstances, we are to have—as, for the sake of clearness in our impressions, we ought to have—a picture of our Quinion too under like conditions, let us take it, not from America at all, but from our own Australian colonies. The special correspondent of the *Bathurst Sentinel* criticises an Italian singer who, at the Sydney Theatre, plays the Count in the *Sonnambula*: and here is the criticism: "Barring his stomach, he is the finest-looking artist I have seen on the stage for years; and if he don't slide into the affections or break the gizzards of half our Sydney girls, it's a pretty certain sign there's a scarcity of balm in Gilead." This is not Mark Twain, not an American humorist at all; it is the *Bathurst Sentinel*.

So I have gone to the Rocky Mountains for the New World Murdstone, and to Australia for the New World Quinion. I have not assailed in the

least the civilization of America in those northern, middle, and southwestern States, to which Americans have a right to refer us when we seek to know their civilization, and to which they, in fact, do refer us. What I wish to say is, and I by no means even put it in the form of an assertion—I put it in the form of a question only, a question to my friends in America who are believers in equality and lovers of the humane life as I also am, and who ask me why I do not illustrate my praise of equality by reference to the humane life of America—what I wish to say is: How much does the influence of these two elements, natural products of our race, Murdstone and Quinion, the bitter, serious Philistine and the rowdy Philistine, enter into American life and lower it? I will not pronounce on the matter myself; I have not the requisite knowledge. But all that we hear from America—hear from Americans themselves—points, so far as I can see, to a great presence and power of these middle-class misgrowths there as here. We have not succeeded in counteracting them here, and while our statesmen and leaders proceed as they do now, and Lord Frederic Cavendish congratulates the middle class on its energy and self-reliance in doing without public schools, and Lord Salisbury summons the middle class to a great and final stand on behalf of supernaturalism, we never shall succeed in counteracting them. We are told, however, of groups of children of light in every town of America, and an elegant social order prevailing there, which make one, at first, very envious. But soon one begins to think, I say, that surely there must be some mistake. The complaints one hears of the state of public life in America, of the increasing impossibility and intolerableness of it to self-respecting men, of the “corruption and feebleness,” of the blatant violence and exaggeration of language, the profligacy of clap-trap—the complaints we hear from America of all this, and then such an exhibition as we had in the Guiteau trial the other day, lead one to think that Murdstone and Quinion, those misgrowths of the English middle-class spirit, must be even more rampant in the United States than they are here. Mr. Lowell himself writes, in that very

same essay in which he is somewhat sharp upon foreigners, he writes of the sad experience in America of “government by declamation.” And this very week, as if to illustrate his words, we have the American newspapers raising “a loud and peremptory voice” against the “gross outrage on America, insulted in the persons of Americans imprisoned in British dungeons;” we have them crying: “The people demand their release, and they must be released; woe to the public men or the party that stand in the way of this act of justice!” We have them turning upon Mr. Lowell himself in such style as the following: “This Lowell is a fraud and a disgrace to the American nation; Minister Lowell has scoffed at his own country, and disowned everything in its history and institutions that makes it free and great.”

I should say, for my part, though I have not, I fully own, the means for judging accurately, that all this points to an American development of our Murdstone and Quinion, the bitter Philistine and the rowdy Philistine, exhibiting themselves in conjunction, exhibiting themselves with great luxuriance and with very little check. As I write from Grub Street, I will add that, to my mind, the condition of the copyright question between us and America appears to point to just the same thing. The American refusal of copyright to us poor English souls is just the proceeding which would naturally commend itself to Murdstone and Quinion; and the way in which Mr. Conant justifies and applauds the proceeding, and continues to justify and applaud it in disregard of all that one may say, and boldly turns the tables upon England, is just the way in which Murdstone and Quinion, after regulating copyright in the American fashion, would wish and expect to be backed up. In Mr. Conant they have a treasure: *illi robur et æs triplex* indeed. And no doubt a few Americans, highly civilized individuals, “hopping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic,” much disapprove of these words and works of Mr. Conant and his constituents. But can there be constant groups of children of light, joined in an elegant order everywhere throughout the Union? for, if there were, would not

their sense of equity, and their sense of delicacy, and even their sense of the ridiculous, be too strong, even in this very matter of copyright, for Mr. Conant and his constituents?

But on the creation and propagation of such groups the civilized life of America depends for its future, as the civilized life of our own country, too, depends for its future upon the same thing;—so much is certain. And if America succeeds in creating and installing hers, before we succeed in creating and installing ours, then they will send over help to us from America, and will powerfully influence us for our good. Let us see, then, how we both of us stand at the present moment, and what advantages the one of us has which are wanting to the other. We in England have liberty and industry and the sense for conduct, and a splendid aristocracy which feels the need for beauty and manners, and a unique class, as Mr. Charles Sumner pointed out, of gentlemen, not of the landed class or of the nobility, but cultivated and refined. America has not our splendid aristocracy, but then this splendid aristocracy is materialized, and for helping the sense for beauty, or the sense for social life and manners, in the nation at large, it does nothing or next to nothing. So we must not hastily pronounce, with Mr. Hussey Vivian, that American civilization suffers by its absence. Indeed they are themselves developing, it is said, a class of very rich people quite sufficiently materialized. America has not our large and unique class of gentlemen; something of it they have, of course, but it is not by any manner of means on the same scale there as here, Acting by itself, and untrammelled, our English class of gentlemen has eminent merits; our rule in India, of which we may well be proud, is in great measure its work. But in presence of a great force of Barbarian power, as in this country, or in presence of a great force of Philistinism, our class of gentlemen, as we know, has not much faith and ardor, is somewhat bounded and ineffective, is not much of a civilized force for the nation at large; not much more, perhaps, than the few "rather civilized individuals" in America, who, according to our Boston informant, go "hopping

backwards and forwards over the Atlantic." Perhaps America, with her needs, has no very great loss in not having our special class of gentlemen. Without this class, and without the pressure and false ideal of our Barbarians, the Americans have, like ourselves, the sense for conduct and religion; they have industry, and they have liberty; they have, too, over and above what we have, they have an excellent thing—equality. But we have seen reason for thinking, that as we in England, with our aristocracy, gentlemen, liberty, industry, religion, and sense for conduct, have the civilization of the most important part of our people, the immense middle class, impaired by a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners; so in America, too, where this class is yet more important and all-pervading than it is here, civilization suffers in the like way. With a people of our stock it could not, indeed, well be otherwise, so long as this people can be truly described as "the most common-schooled and least cultivated people in the world."

The real cultivation of the people of the United States, as of the English middle class, has been in and by its religion, its "one thing needful." But the insufficiency of this religion is now every day becoming more manifest. It deals, indeed, with personages and words which have an indestructible and inexhaustible truth and salutariness; but it is rooted and grounded in preternaturalism, it can receive those personages and those words only on conditions of preternaturalism, and a religion of preternaturalism is doomed—whether with or without the battle of Armageddon for which Lord Salisbury is preparing—to inevitable dissolution. *Fidelity to conscience!* cries the popular Protestantism of Great Britain and America, and thinks that it has said enough. But the modern analysis relentlessly scrutinizes this conscience, and compels it to give an account of itself. What sort of a conscience? a true conscience or a false one? "Conscience is the most changing of rules; conscience is presumptuous in the strong, timid in the weak and unhappy, wavering in the undecided; obedient organ of the senti-

ment which sways us and of the opinions which govern us ; more misleading than reason and nature." So says one of the noblest and purest of moralists, Vauvenargues ; and terrible as it may be to the popular Protestantism of England and of America to hear it, Vauvenargues thus describes with perfect truth that conscience to which popular Protestantism appeals as its supposed unshakable ground of reliance.

And now, having up to this point neglected all the arts of the controversialist, having merely made inquiries of my American friends as to the real state of their civilization, inquiries which they are free to answer in their own favor if they like, I am going to leave the advantage with them to the end. They kindly offered me the example of their civilization as a help to mend ours ; and I, not with any vain Anglicism, for I own our insular civilization to be very unsatisfactory, but from a desire to get at the truth and not to deceive myself with hopes of help from a quarter where at present there is none to be found, have inquired whether the Americans really think, on looking into the matter, that their civilization is much more satisfactory than ours. And in case they should come to the conclusion, after due thought, that neither the one civilization nor the other is in a satisfactory state, let me end by propounding a remedy which really it is heroic in me to propound, for people are bored to death, they say, by me with it, and every time I mention it I make new enemies and diminish the small number of friends that I have now. Still, I cannot help asking whether the defects of American civilization, if it is defective, may not probably be connected with the American people's being, as Mr. Lowell says, " the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world." A higher, larger cultivation, a finer lucidity, is what is needed. The friends of civilization, instead of hopping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic, should stay at home a while, and do their best to make the administration, the tribunals, the theatre, the arts, in each State, to make them become visible

ideals to raise, purge and ennoble the public sentiment. Though they may be few in number, the friends of civilization will find, probably, that by a serious apostolate of this kind they can accomplish a good deal. But the really fruitful reform to be looked for in America, so far as I can judge, is the very same reform which is so urgently required here—a reform of secondary instruction. The primary and common schools of America we all know ; their praise is in every one's mouth. About superior or university instruction one need not be uneasy, it excites so much ambition, is so much in view, and is required by comparatively so small a number. An institution like Harvard is probably all that one could desire. But really good secondary schools to form a due proportion of the youth of America from the age of twelve to the age of eighteen, and then every year to throw a supply of them, thus formed, into circulation—this is what America, I believe, wants, as we also want it, and what she possesses no more than we do. I know she has higher schools, I know their programme : Latin, Greek, German, French, Surveying, Chemistry, Astrology, Natural History, Mental Philosophy, Constitution, Book-keeping, Trigonometry, etc. Alas, to quote Vauvenargues again : "*On ne corrigera jamais les hommes d'apprendre des choses inutiles !*" But good secondary schools, not with the programme of our classical and commercial academies, but with a serious programme—a programme really suited to the wants and capacities of those who are to be trained—this, I repeat, is what American civilization in my belief most requires, as it is what our civilization, too, at present most requires. The special present defects of both American civilization and ours are the kind of defects for which this is a natural remedy. I commend it to the attention of my friendly Boston critic in America ; and some months hence, perhaps, when Mr. Barnum begins to require less space for his chronicles of Jumbo, my critic will tell me what he thinks of it.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY JOHN DENNIS.

THERE are few authors of the present century whose names are dearer to the lover of literature than that of Charles Lamb. And our affection for his books extends to the writer. There are men who publish invaluable works which we esteem for their wisdom, their learning, their logic, or their accuracy, but while appreciating the books we care nothing for the authors. This indifference has its advantage, for it makes a reader impartial; it has its disadvantage also, for it prevents the sympathy of mind with mind, which makes a writer and reader friends for life. Lamb asks, in the first place, for this sympathy. We must know the man before we can appreciate his genius. Shy though he was in company, he is communicative as an essayist, and like Montaigne, though in a different way, takes the reader into his confidence. His life must be read in his Letters and Essays, and on these his literary reputation rests. Lamb failed as a dramatist, had but small success as a poet, and less as a story-teller. His genius, resembling in this respect his taste for literature, was confined within a narrow range. In that, however, he was supreme. He put his heart into "Elia," and it is no exaggeration to say that its pulsation may be felt there still. The tragedy of Charles Lamb's life is universally known. It exceeds in pathos even that of Cowper. At the age of twenty-two the young clerk in the India House, who had himself been temporarily insane, undertook the charge of an imbecile father, who happily did not long survive, and of a mad sister ten years older than himself. Mary Lamb, whom Hazlitt considered the most sensible woman he knew, was liable all her life long to fits of frenzy. After the fatal calamity of 1796 the elder brother John, who kept apart from the family troubles, desired that Mary should be confined for life in an asylum. Charles, however, obtained permission to be her guardian, and the two lived together in what Wordsworth finely calls dual loneliness, until death divided them thirty-five years afterward. His

sister, as John Forster observes, was but another portion of himself. The noble constancy and unselfish affection of Charles Lamb, and the constant love he received from Mary in return, supply a lesson as beautiful and touching as any contained in the history of heroic deeds. Charles, be it remembered, did not nerve himself to bear his awful charge for a month or for a year; he endured his cross through life, conscious that there was no escape from its burden and from its pains. There were premonitory symptoms, but both knew that Mary's insanity might return any day. When they travelled she carried a strait-waistcoat in her trunk, and a friend of the Lambs has related how on one occasion he met the brother and sister weeping bitterly and walking hand-in-hand across the fields to the old Asylum. This was the lot Charles had to face, and once only did his courage fail at the prospect.

My heart is quite sunk (he writes to Coleridge), and I don't know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again, but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner *marked*. . . . I am completely shipwrecked. My head is quite bad. I almost wish that Mary were dead.

Five years later Mary writes—

It has been sad and heavy times with us lately. When I am pretty well, his low spirits throw me back again; and when he begins to get a little cheerful, then I do the same kind office for him.

And again she says—

Do not say anything, when you write, of our low spirits—it will vex Charles. You would laugh or you would cry, perhaps both, to see us sit together, looking at each other with long and rueful faces, and saying, How do you do? and How do you do? and then we fall a-crying and say we will be better on the morrow. He says we are like toothache and his friend gumboil, which, though a kind of ease, is but an uneasy kind of ease—a comfort of rather an uncomfortable sort.

It is less to be wondered at than deplored, that this "terribly shy" and sorely tried man should have sometimes sought to forget his sorrow by drinking.

It brought him companionship and temporary oblivion.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing, Drinking late, sitting late with my bosom cronies,

was a confession Lamb had to make in sober prose many a morning, and to make with profound sadness. Proctor says he never knew him drink immoderately; but he was speedily affected, and wine, by removing his nervousness, gave for the moment freedom to his genius. It is stated, on the authority of Mr. Crossley, one of the few friends of Lamb still living, that on a certain evening,

when in manner, speech, and walk Lamb was obviously under the influence of what he had drunk, he discoursed at length upon Milton with a fulness of knowledge, an eloquence, and a profundity of critical power, which left an impression never to be effaced.

But there is another side to the picture, due also doubtless to the same influence, for we are told that to those who did not know him, or could not appreciate him, Lamb "often passed for something between an imbecile, a brute, and a buffoon," a fact which may account for Mr. Carlyle's grossly disparaging estimate of the brother and sister. We have learned recently, what many readers suspected years ago, that the Chelsea sage was more frequently influenced by prejudices than besems a philosopher; but Mr. Ainger,* Lamb's latest critic and biographer, thinks there may have been substantial justice in the contemptuous epithets of Carlyle in this case, and

that the presence of the austere and dyspeptic Scotchman (one of that nation Lamb had been trying all his days to like) made him more than usually disposed to produce his entire stock of frivolity. He had a perverse delight in shocking uncongenial society.

In the vivid character he has drawn of himself in "Elia" Lamb admits that he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and that some senseless pun—not altogether senseless perhaps if rightly taken—has stamped his character for the evening. In congenial society, and with men who were "on the top scale of his friendship ladder," no one could have been more delightful. His smile, says Proctor, was as sweet as

ever threw sunshine upon the human face, and all who knew him testify to his sweet and noble countenance. "In point of intellectual character and expression," says Mr. Patmore, "a finer face was never seen," and Leigh Hunt said he had a head worthy of Aristotle. Lamb had no pretension of any kind, cared nothing for appearances, and kept house in the homeliest fashion. No government clerk in our day would be content to fare as he fared; but if there was plain living in his London lodgings there was also high thinking, and when Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were received, not as guests alone, but as dear friends, had he not good reason to be proud?

It was at Christ's Hospital that Lamb's earliest and warmest friendship was formed. "Coleridge and Lamb," says Mr. Ainger, "were schoolfellows for the whole seven years of the latter's residence, and from this early association arose a friendship as memorable as any in English Literature." Nor was this all, for through Coleridge Charles gained the friendship of Lloyd, of Southey, and of Wordsworth. Lloyd is now solely remembered as the literary associate of greater men; but to become, as Lamb became, the intimate friend of the two greatest poets of the age, and of a man so richly endowed with moral and intellectual gifts as Robert Southey, was no small stimulus to his intellectual life. In the early days of their friendship, and especially in the darkest hour of his life, Lamb looked to Coleridge, who was three years his senior, for counsel as well as sympathy; but in his admiration for the poet there are no symptoms of the somewhat abject reverence that Boswell felt for Johnson. Modest though he was, Charles Lamb knew his own worth. He met Wordsworth and Southey on terms of equality, and his criticisms of Coleridge were sometimes humorous and always outspoken. On one occasion he called Coleridge an archangel a little damaged; he advised him to cultivate simplicity; and when the poet, who in his early days mounted Unitarian pulpits, asked Lamb if he had ever heard him preach, "I never heard you do anything else," was the reply. At a later period, after a visit to Highgate, Leigh Hunt, whose

* "English Men of Letters." "Charles Lamb," by Alfred Ainger. Macmillan.

feminine creed allowed him only to believe what he found it pleasant to believe, uttered his surprise at the warmth of Coleridge's religious observations. "Ne-ne-never mind what Coleridge says," stuttered Lamb, "he's full of fun." The friends published their first poems together; but there are signs, as Mr. Ainger has pointed out, that the early years of their life-long friendship were not wholly without cataracts and breaks. Lamb winced at being apostrophized as gentle hearted Charles, and showed irritation at a message from Coleridge that must surely have been intended as a joke: "If Lamb requires any knowledge, let him apply to me." But there was a union of heart between the two that could not be broken by slight misunderstandings. In the earlier days there was much literary correspondence between the friends; but, unfortunately, in a perverse moment, Charles destroyed Coleridge's letters. Many of Lamb's letters are published, and there are indications in them of great critical sanity, although, like most generous and youthful critics, he is apt to overpraise, as, for instance, in the extravagant eulogium of the "Religious Musings." Men of genius, however, often see more in a poet's words than is really contained in them, and perhaps there is nothing stranger in the history of literature than the influence exercised by a gentle versifier like Bowles on the splendid intellect of Coleridge. Lamb felt that influence also, but with him the feeling was evanescent, and he soon learnt to see the immeasurable superiority of Burns.

And he seems early to have discovered the weakness in Coleridge which ultimately wrecked his life.

I grieve from my very soul (he writes), to observe you in your plans of life veering about from this hope to the other and settling nowhere. Is it an untoward fatality (speaking humanly) that does this for you—a stubborn, irresistible concurrence of events—or lies the fault, as I fear it does, in your own mind?

In one letter Lamb regrets he cannot write a poetical address to Coleridge in their joint volume, but he adds—

You dwell in my heart of hearts; I love you in all the naked honesty of prose.

What one of the friends expressed in these simple words was felt by both.

Talfourd, who observes that of all celebrated persons he ever saw Coleridge alone surpassed the expectations created by his writings, tells how Lamb used to speak, sometimes with a moistened eye and quivering lip, of Coleridge when young, and how he wished his friends could have seen him in the spring time of his genius in the little sanded parlor of the old "Salutation" hostel. The same writer remarks that the poet's love for Charles and Mary Lamb continued to the last one of the strongest of his human affections, and as a proof of this he relates that in a volume of his "Sibylline Leaves" he inscribed against a poem written when the Lambs had been his guests nearly forty years before, the following memorial:

CH. and MARY LAMB,
Near to my heart, yea,
as it were, *my heart*.
S. T. C. ÆT. 63. 1834.

1797
1834

37! years.

In this year it will be remembered Coleridge died, and Lamb, faithful to his dearest friend save one, never recovered the loss.

There had been two persons in the world (says Mr. Ainger) for whom he would have wished to live—Coleridge and his sister Mary. The latter was now for the greater part of each year worse than dead to him. The former was gone, and the blank left him helplessly alone. In conversation with friends he would suddenly exclaim, as if with surprise that aught else in the world should interest him, "Coleridge is dead!"

The separation he felt so keenly was of short duration, and about five months later he rejoined his friend.

From Coleridge it is natural to turn to his and Lamb's intimates, Wordsworth and Southey. Both of them loved Lamb, as such good men needs must, for the heroic virtue which made his life so beautiful; and both appreciated his genius. The lack of humor in Wordsworth, however, would prevent him from sympathizing as Southey could with the quaint drolleries of the essayist, with the uproarious fun to which he sometimes gave vent, and there is a wild story told of Lamb at an evening party, in which we seem still to hear the solemn protest of Wordsworth, "Charles! my

dear Charles!" Distance in the days before railroads kept men apart. Lamb was chained to his desk in Leadenhall Street; Southey lived in his library at Greta Hall; and Wordsworth, whose study was out of doors and in the shadow of his beloved mountains, seldom visited London. But absence did not mean forgetfulness, and what Wordsworth felt when Lamb died he has testified in the tribute paid to his "most dear memory," and especially in the simple line—

O he was good, if e'er a good man lived.

The names we have mentioned stand upon the topmost heights of our century's literature; but of Lamb's friends many moved in lowlier positions, and some, like Manning, to whom several of his brightest letters are written, were not literary men. Godwin and Hazlitt, Talfourd, Leigh Hunt, and Sheridan Knowles are names a little faded by time, but still familiar to us all. They met at Lamb's homely board, and enjoyed his cold meat and porter, joining in the rare talk that seasoned both. But Lamb had friends less known to the world but more beloved than some of these. To the eccentric, absent-minded George Dyer, who one day walked into the New River, he was attached for his goodness and innocence; but he did not scruple to take advantage of his simplicity. Thus he told him one day in strictest confidence that the *Waverley* Novels were the works of Lord Castle-reagh, whereupon, as Talfourd tells us, George rushed off to Maida Hill to inform Leigh Hunt of the startling fact. On another day Lamb asked the absent-minded bookworm if it were true, as reported, that he was about to be made a lord. "Oh, dear no, Mr. Lamb," responded he with earnest seriousness, but not without a moment's quivering vanity, "I could not think of such a thing; it is not true, I assure you." "I thought not," said Lamb, "and I contradict it wherever I go; but the government will not ask your consent. They may raise you to the peerage without your even knowing it." To love good George Dyer was one of the virtues with which Lamb credits Rickman, the friend of Southey, for whom his admiration was extreme. He was the finest fellow, he said,

to drop in at nights about nine or ten o'clock—cold bread and cheese time—just in the wishing time of the night, when you wish for somebody to come in without a distinct idea of a probable anybody. Just in the nick, neither too early to be tedious nor too late to sit a reasonable time. He is a most pleasant hand . . . has gone through life laughing at solemn apes;—himself largely literate, oppressively full of information in all stuff of conversation, from matter of fact to Xenophon and Plato; can talk Greek with Porson, politics with Thelwall, conjecture with George Dyer, nonsense with me, and anything with anybody.

Then there was Burney, who lives forever in his friend's saying, "Oh, Martin, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would hold!" and Norris, so faithful in his friend's hour of sorest need, and faithful to the end. "Old as I am," Lamb writes on hearing of his death, "in his eyes I was still the child he first knew me. To the last he called me 'Charley.' I have none to call me 'Charley' now."

Other names occur to us of friends and acquaintances who, in a measure, shared Lamb's thoughts and love—notably Henry Cary, "pleasanteest of clergymen," and translator of Dante; Thomas Hood, true poet and humorist, who found in "Elia" a kindred spirit; Moxon, who married his adopted daughter, wrote sonnets, and won a fair name in Dover Street as poets' publisher; and Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall, whose recollections of Lamb, written in his seventy-seventh year, give us the most vivid impression of the essayist, recorded by a personal friend. It is a book to put by the side of "Elia"; and on the same shelf, too, Mr. Ainger's charming narrative, which garners up in masterly style all that is known of Lamb, deserves a lasting place. This, however, is not all the merit of the little volume. It is easy for a skilful writer to arrange facts; but it is not so easy to exercise an independent judgment upon a humorist who belongs to the classics of his country. Mr. Ainger's criticism is not an echo, but is the fruit of independent thought and taste, and his portrait of Lamb is a proof, if one be needed, that no literary topic, however familiar, can be accounted stale when looked at with fresh eyes and with intelligent sympathy. This is, perhaps, a digression, but it would be impossible

to say less of a volume which has revived our affection for an author whose claims amid the accessions of fresh literature are apt to be forgotten.

Lamb was pre-eminently a bookish man, and a fine critic of authors he loved, but his love was not expansive. He liked books best that were marked by the mellowness of age, and was shy, except in the case of friends, of acknowledging contemporary genius. He sneered at Goethe's "Faust," which he knew only from a translation, declared he could not understand Shelley, who showed by his praise of "Rosamund Gray" how well he understood him, and spoke contemptuously of Byron. There are no indications that he cared much for the immortal novels of Scott—a fault in taste which it is difficult to pardon—and he was probably more influenced by Sir Thomas Browne than by all modern writers put together. But he loved well the "divine chit-chat" of Cowper, and shared with that poet his admiration of Vincent Bourne's Latin poems. "Bless him!" he exclaims, "Latin wasn't good enough for him. Why wasn't he content with the language which Gay and Prior wrote in?" So deep, too, was his admiration of Burns that Barry Cornwall relates he would chant his poems aloud, and "sometimes, in a way scarcely discernible, he would kiss the volume, as he would also a book by Chapman or Sir Philip Sidney, or any other which he particularly valued;" and, he adds, "I have seen him read out a passage from the 'Holy Dying' and the 'Urn-Burial,' and express in the same way his devotion and gratitude." Books, he used to say, served him instead of friends. He loved "to lose himself in other men's minds." He thought a grace should be said before reading the "Faerie Queene," and that Milton "almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him." This tender reverence for the "ragged veterans" marshalled on his book-shelves is surely one of the most beautiful traits in the character of Lamb. "No one," says Barry Cornwall, "will love the old English writers again as he did," and, he adds:

He had more real knowledge of old English literature than any man I ever knew. . . . The spirit of the author descended upon him,

and he felt it! With Burton and Fuller, Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne, he was intimate. The ancient poets—chiefly the dramatic poets—were his especial friends. He knew every point and turn of their wit, all the beauty of their characters; loving each for some one distinguishing particular, and despising none.

And he was the acutest as well as most tolerant of critics. Not even Coleridge, though covering larger ground in literature, has surpassed Lamb in his special department of poetical criticism. His comments on the English dramatic poets of the Elizabethan age are, indeed unequalled in suggestiveness and masterly appreciation of character. "That Lamb was a poet," writes Mr. Ainger, "is at the root of his greatness as a critic." This is true; but he was a poet in feeling rather than in accomplishment, and if we except a few sweet occasional verses, which bear a charmed life, cannot legitimately be classed with poets of his country. Of this, indeed, he was aware. "I reckon myself a dab at prose," he said; "verse I leave to my betters."

We shall not attempt to fix Lamb's position as a humorist. The quality of humor is estimated differently by different minds. Mr. Trollope seems doubtful whether Fielding and Smollett possessed it; some of the poet's admirers have discovered it in Shelley; and a critic of no mean repute has expressed his opinion that it was lacking in Jane Austen. The broad humor of Charles Dickens, touching almost always the verge of farce, is evident to every reader, but the subtler mirth of Lamb is less obvious.* It is like the more delicate

* Both in talk and letters Lamb indulges sometimes in the most wayward fancies. Instances of this will occur to every one. "And how do you like babies, Mr. Lamb?" inquired a fond mother. "Boi-boi-boiled, ma'am," was the immediate reply. When it was suggested that he would not sit down to a meal with the Italian witnesses at the Queen's trial, he asserted he would sit with anything except a hen or a tailor. And don't we all remember how Lamb once knew a young man who wanted to be a tailor, but *hadn't the spirit*; and how, speaking of the water-cure, he observed that it was neither new nor wonderful, for it was at least as old as the Flood, when, in his opinion, it killed more than it cured; and how he told a tedious fellow-passenger, who asked him what prospect there was for the turnip crop, that it depended, he believed, upon boiled legs of

charms of nature, which escape the hasty traveller, and are felt only by those who have leisure for delight. It is the growth of meditation, not the ebullition of animal spirits. Lamb's jests, it has been said, were exercises of mind; and yet they are not labored, but seem the natural fruit of a rich and quaint intellect that found its choicest aliment in books. Addison, Steele, and Lamb ought to have been contemporaries. They would have loved each other, and loved without jealousy. Steele's generous nature would have felt its inferiority, while sympathizing, as few men could, with the genius of his brother humorists; and Addison, though the dramatic gift made his scope wider, would have acknowledged his equal in Elia. Addison's humor is, however, confined to his essays; Charles Lamb scattered pearls about in his correspondence with friends. Let us draw out a few of them from the volumes that contain his letters, premising that their lustre must inevitably be impaired by the process. They will serve to illustrate his idiosyncrasies as well as his humor. Lamb's attachment to London was as strong as that of Dr. Johnson. He loved the "sweet security of streets"; he loved the roar of the great city, and enjoyed better than the sound of mighty waters the endless on-rush of its traffic. "I often shed tears in the motley Strand," he writes to Wordsworth, "from fulness of joy at so much life." He does not envy the poet his mountains, and, indeed, would pity him did he not know that the mind will make friends of anything.

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) for groves and valleys. The room where I was born, the furniture which was before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my

mutton. Such sayings are humorous enough when read in what may be called cold print, after the sudden fire that prompted them is extinguished; yet the best of such sayings, of which many more might be quoted, do not contain the rarest quality of a humor that, like that of Sir Thomas Browne, has its source in meditation.

mistresses,—have I not enough without your mountains?

He felt, indeed, the power of the mountains upon visiting Southey and climbing Skiddaw, but consoled himself with the thought that Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in. And here we may note that considering Lamb's strong feeling of local attachment, it is remarkable that he should have changed his residence, after leaving his father's house, ten or eleven times. In the true sense of the word, owing to Mary's unhappy condition, he can never be said to have had a home. Yet how eagerly and affectionately he clung to every prop that might seem like a support in his passage through life! He could not strongly realize what he did not see.

I am (he writes) a Christian, Englishman, Londoner, Templar. God help me when I come to put off these snug relations and to get abroad into the world to come! I shall be like the *crow on the sand*, as Wordsworth has it; but I won't think on it—no need, I hope, yet.

There is a freakishness about Lamb which finds vent sometimes in what may seem irreverence, but this was but a surface humor, not indeed to be commended, but easily to be forgiven when we remember the tension of spirits under which he labored. The mind when greatly strained finds oftentimes relief in jests that are apt to shock unimaginative people. Did not Sir Thomas More jest upon the scaffold? But Lamb, like More, was not the less conscious of the solemnity of life. He could never have called it a jest, as Gay called it; he had, as he said, the stamina of seriousness within him, and one can imagine the sincerity of emotion which prompted him to stammer out on one occasion, with a suffused eye and quivering lip, a reference to the name he would not utter, "If Shakespeare were to come into the room," he said, "we should all rise to meet him; but if *That Person* were to come into it we should all fall down and kiss the hem of his garment," which reminds us of the reverent lines uttered by the tender-hearted Dekker.

Lamb was not generally fond of travel, but he acknowledged at one time to his friend Manning a strong desire to visit "remote regions." His first impulse was to go and see Paris, his next to visit the Peak in Derbyshire, "where the

Devil sits, they say, without breeches ;" but this his "purer mind rejected as indelicate," so he went instead to see Coleridge at Keswick. Manning's own views of travel were more extensive. He resolved to visit China, and accomplished his purpose in spite of Lamb's humorous dissuasion. He trembles for his Christianity, hints at cannibalism, and pictures a Tartar-fellow eating his friend, and adding the cool malignity of mustard and vinegar. He is afraid Manning has been misled by reading the foolish stories about Cambuscan and the ring, and the horse of brass ; but the darling things of which Chaucer sings are all tales, and the Tartars are really a cold smouchy set.

You'll be sadly moped, he adds (if you are not eaten), among them. Pray try and cure yourself. Shave yourself oftener, eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray to avoid the fiend. Shave the upper lip. Read no books of travels (they are nothing but lies) ; only now and then a romance to keep the fancy under. Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthropophagi ! their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fivepence a pound. To sit at table not as a guest, but as a meat. God bless you ! Air and exercise may do great things. Talk with some minister. Why not your father ? God dispose all for the best. I have discharged my duty.

After the last fist had been shaken and Manning had left England, Lamb writes in a different strain.

We die many deaths before we die, and I am almost sick when I think that such a hold as I had of you is gone. I have friends, but some of them are changed. Marriage, or some circumstance, rises up to make them not the same. But I felt sure of you.

He seemed to think he might write what nonsense he pleased to his far-distant friend, and in one "lying letter" he describes, with much particularity, the pretended changes that have occurred since he left England.

Mary has been dead and buried many years. She desired to be buried in the silk gown you sent her. Rickman, that you remember active and strong, now walks out supported by a servant-maid and a stick. Coleridge is dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt to nature but a week or two before. It is said that he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion.

And then, with mock gravity, he goes

on to say that he has left the India House and has a snug cabin small and homely in the Fishmongers' Almshouses. He hated, or pretended to hate, the everlasting dead desk in Leadenhall Street—"how it weighs the spirit of a gentleman down, this dead desk instead of your living trees"—but when his young Quaker friend Bernard Barton—whom Hood dubbed "Busy B"—talked of leaving his bank and trusting for support to the booksellers, Lamb tells him he had better throw himself from the Tarpeian rock.

Sit down, good B. B., in the banking office. What ! is there not from 6 to 11 P. M. six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday ? Fie ! what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so ! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment ; look upon them as lovers' quarrels.

Some time afterward Barton begins to find office work unhealthy, but Lamb will not admit it.

It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors, think how long the Lord Chancellor sits, think of the brooding hen !

The Quaker poet was about to publish a volume called "Poetic Vigils," and asked Lamb to suggest a motto. He replies that he does not like mottoes unless they are singularly felicitous, and observes that a wag would recommend the line of Pope—

Sleepless himself, to give his readers sleep.

Again he asks for a motto to his pious verses, and Lamb sends a title instead.

What do you think of "Religio-Tremuli" or "Tremebundi" ? There is "Religio-Medici" and "Religio-Laici." But perhaps the volume is not quite Quakerish enough, or exclusively so, for it.

He has fatherly counsel, too, for Barton, and on the execution of Fauntleroy reminds him that he is a banker, or the next thing to it.

I feel the delicacy of the subject ; but cash must pass through your hands sometimes to a great amount. If in an unguarded hour—but I will hope better. Consider the scandal it will bring upon those of your persuasion. Thousands would go to see a Quaker hanged that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian or an Anabaptist. Think of the effect it would have on the sale of your poems

alone, not to mention higher considerations. I tremble, I am sure, at myself when I think that so many poor victims of the law at one time of their life made as sure of never being hanged as I in my presumption am ready, too ready, to do myself. What are we better than they? Do we come into the world with different necks? Is there any distinctive mark under our left ears? Are we unstrangleable, I ask you? Think on these things.

There is no direct connection between this humorous letter to Barton and the still more humorous essay "On the Inconvenience of being hanged;" but it is impossible to read the one without recalling the other.

There was a dog which Thomas Hood had given to Lamb, which proved more of a trouble than a pleasure, for Dash followed his own fancy on their long rambles, and Lamb felt bound to follow the dog. It was transferred to Mr. Patmore, and his former master writes inquiring after the animal's sanity.

The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him! Try him with hot water; if he won't lick it up, it is a sign—he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—

for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was hydrophobia.

And so he runs on for a page or two with most excellent fooling.

The mirth of the letters is in the Essays also, and a great deal that is better than mirth. The wealth of Lamb's mind was expended upon "Elia," and that unique book must for ever preserve his fame as a poetical humorist. To quote from it in *Fraser* would be impertinent, for it is familiar to all lovers of literature. When once we yield to it, the charm of these essays is irresistible. We enjoy their flavor as the epicure enjoys his feast, and like to taste them leisurely. No one cares to read "Elia" off as he might read a modern novel, and perhaps the book is not always seasonable. In certain moods of mind it may fail to find us, may be too good for us; but when we are in our better "frames" "Elia" comes to us as a friend, and we welcome with open mind the delightful humor, the sweet philosophy, the tender confidences, the large humanity of its incomparable author.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

ACROSS THE YELLOW SEA.

"MAIR haste, less speed," says the good old Scotch proverb. "The shortest cut may prove the longest way home," says the English. I proved the truth of both sayings when returning from Pekin to Japan, and longing exceedingly to reach Nagasaki, where I hoped to find a large accumulation of home letters. I determined to strike out a course for myself, and, instead of returning by mail-steamer all the way to Shanghai, thence taking another mail-steamer across to Nagasaki, I resolved if possible to cross direct, and took passage in one of the small trading vessels which ply between that port and Chefoo. Many kind friends endeavored to dissuade me from what seemed to them so great a risk; but as the magnificent steamer *Shun Lee*, in which I had arrived from Shanghai only a month previously, was then lying a total wreck on a rocky headland at no great dis-

tance, I had good reason to maintain that it is not always the Goliaths of the ocean that are most to be relied on.

So, hearing that a small Danish brig, the *Thorkild*, was to sail the next day, and being especially attracted by her name, which savored of old Norse mythology and adventure, I applied for a berth, which was at first refused, on the ground that she did not carry passengers; but on hearing that the applicant was a lady who had sailed in many waters and knew how to make light of difficulties, the kind-hearted captain, a fair-haired blue-eyed Dane, offered to give up his own cabin to secure my greater comfort, and to do all in his power to make my journey pleasant. So that when, in the sunshine of early morning, I embarked in this little vessel of 155 tons, I almost fancied myself on my own yacht starting for a summer day's cruise.

Slowly we passed the rocky isles which guard the harbor, and the picturesque headland of fine cliffs known as Cheefoo Bluff, concerning which I had heard sad tales of the hardships there endured, in the bitter cold of the previous winter, by a shipwrecked crew. Then a light fresh breeze sprang up and we sped on our way, expecting that a week at the very longest would find us at our destination. The week passed quietly and peacefully, but light headwinds made our progress slow indeed, and sometimes cold wet mists blotted out all the wondrous ultramarine blue of the sea which we call "yellow," doubtless from the mud washed down by the great rivers, and which discolors the ocean for miles.

Not one sail did we sight in these seven days; but when the mist was most dense, and a brooding silence which we could almost feel seemed to rest upon the waters, a large skeleton junk floated noiselessly close past us, its great black ribs looking weird and spirit-like, like one of Gustave Doré's strange fancies. There could be little doubt that all her crew had perished—at all events, no living thing remained on her. Had we struck her in the night we should inevitably have foundered, so we inferred that our good angels had been faithful watchers.

I found my companions chivalrously courteous, as becomed the family of Thorkild. They consisted of the captain, a crew of half a dozen Danish lads brought from his own home in Sonderburg, a German-Californian mate, and Janssen the boatswain, a gentle fair-haired Dane, wearing ear-rings after the manner of sailors. The steward and cook were Chinamen, and the food was abundant and good of its kind—though I confess that the sweet soups, in which preserved fruits and plums figured so largely, and which found such favor with my companions, were to me somewhat trying.

The weather was so calm that I was able to work quietly at my painting; and my good captain gave me most useful lessons in the Danish method of darning stockings, as practised by his grandmother and all the women of Sonderburg. From him I learnt much concerning the home life of German and

Danish villages. Also many tales of adventure by sea and land, including some facts confirming what others have told me of the real practical use of casting oil upon troubled waters, which, it seems, is no merely figurative expression, but a fact, and one which would be very generally applied were it not for ill-timed parsimony. It seems, however, that it is often made use of by fishermen to prevent waves from forming into heads, and breaking over the boat—a large wicker basket being carried astern, from which coarse fish-oil is allowed to drip continually. One drop of oil instantly covers a large expanse of water, and renders it smooth and safe.

Several days passed, marked only by such incident as catching a large albacore, a great fish of about fifty pounds weight, and of a bright golden-green color. Its flesh proved firm and good, and gave all on board a good dinner of fresh fish; but I think its dying cry must have given warning to all the finny tribes, for we never had another bite from great fish or small, though we anxiously set our baited lines each morning. The sea-gulls must have been more expert fishers, for they never forsook us, hovering around on swift wing, or floating on the smooth waters, wherever a school of whales were disporting themselves, doubtless sharing in the feast which had attracted these mighty monsters of the deep.

At the end of a week we sighted the Isle Modeste, the most northerly (so far as is known) of the Coreans; and a day later we coasted the north shore of Quelpart, the most southerly of the group. It is apparently a great volcanic cone, richly wooded round the broken edges of the crater, thence descending to the sea in very smooth slopes, and all under most careful cultivation. Not a valley, or gorge, or water-course, could we discern, but many small, very green, conical hillocks, like fairy knolls. As soon as we got under lee of the isle, the breeze failed us, and we were becalmed for the night. We could distinguish many villages, but were nowise tempted to land, knowing the marked unfriendliness of all the Coreans to strangers.

The Thorkild had, however, been able to do her part in mitigating this antipathy, having on her previous voy-

age picked up a party of fourteen shipwrecked Koreans floating helplessly on their poor little battered junk at a distance of twenty-five miles from land. As she neared them, they all knelt, as if craving the assistance of which they stood so seriously in need; for here they had been floating for many days, with no food but a little uncooked rice. One of them was evidently an official of some importance. Of course they were treated with all possible kindness, and carried on to Nagasaki, where an interpreter was found who could speak Korean; and thence they were sent home with all honor by the Japanese Government, who never lose a chance of endeavoring to conciliate these unfriendly neighbors.

Two days after leaving Quelpart we sighted the Goto Isles, an outlying group of Japan. Here the Yellow Sea became bluer than ever. I can only compare it to liquid ultramarine, clear as crystal. I sat on deck till midnight and watched the golden moon slowly sink in the Korean Straits. Then came a downpour of rain, just to remind us that we were nearing the green shores of Japan.

For two whole days we were beating to and fro off the Goto Isles, making long tacks but little progress. It seemed as if the wind always headed us whichever way we turned, so that after running fully two hundred miles, we found we had barely advanced twenty. For about twelve hours we were running very slowly along the shore of Fukuye, the largest southern isle. It is a beautiful coast, with high volcanic mountains, very green, covered with rich cultivation of the careful sort so peculiar to Japan, and intermingled with scattered woods. All along the coast lie groups of very varied rocky isles, some low and flat, with grassy shores, others precipitous, crowned with the picturesque fir-trees which form so striking a feature in all parts of Japan. In the morning we had passed a richly wooded headland with a lighthouse perched on the verge of a sheer precipice. In the evening it was still in sight, and we were stealing along with a very light breeze, hoping to pass out before sunset between Aka and Ki, two groups of rocky isles.

Suddenly the wind failed us altogether, and we lay helpless. The sea,

though calm in one sense, was running inshore in mighty rollers, which dashed with resistless fury on the outlying rocks; and we were at the mercy of these, for the water was so deep as to be unfathomable. So we could not anchor; and even if our crew had taken to their one boat and tried to row us seaward, their puny strength could have availed nothing against the might of the rollers and the powerful attraction of the land.

The sun sank in living glory, and the rocks and mountains were bathed in hues of lilac and green and gold; a faint breath of air just stirred our sails in the most tantalizing way. Then the full moon shone gloriously, and the white sails gleamed, as if inviting the breeze that would not come, and all the time we were drifting ever nearer and nearer to inevitable destruction. By 10 P.M. we were close on Kuro, a high green isle with rock-bound shore, on which the rollers dashed in heavy breakers, the spray flashing white in the clear moonlight.

It was a lovely night; I cannot say "clear as day," for moonlight makes it impossible to judge of distances. But we were apparently within a few minutes of certain wreck, each moment drifting nearer and nearer to the cruel rocks, while the thunderous roar of the breakers became more deafening, and their gleaming white light more vivid. It was evidently a mere question of minutes, so the captain decided that the moment had come when he must abandon his ship, as there was nothing to be gained by waiting till she struck—on the contrary, it would be incurring very unnecessary danger.

So he gave orders for the one little boat to be made ready, while we rapidly stowed our most precious goods into the smallest possible space, the captain and his Chinese boy cramming ship's papers, clothes, and dollars into a canvas bag, while I routed the chief treasures from the depths of my carefully packed boxes, and thought with dire regret of the many pleasant associations of far-distant lands, interwoven with the heterogeneous piles of every conceivable article which lay scattered around—so soon to become the sport of the waves.

This done, we were ready to face the

worst, and returned on deck, all the better for this little exertion. For it must have been trying indeed to these "hardy Norsemen," who would have been in their element battling with a storm, to have to sit still on this beautiful calm midsummer evening, utterly helpless, watching their good ship drift, in perfect order and with every sail set, to her inevitable doom. In the few moments we had been in the cabin we had sensibly approached the land, which now loomed high before us, and the dull roar of the breakers sounded more ominous than ever.

The order to lower the little boat was given, and in another minute we should have been on board of her. But, as the old saying goes, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and at the very last moment, when we had drifted so close to the white crests of the huge curling green waves that it seemed as if nothing could save the vessel from being dashed on the rampart of pitiless black rocks, and when the awful tumult and crash of falling breaking billows sounded full in our deafened ears (not a continuous sound, like the raging of a tempest, but an intermittent booming like thunder-claps, with momentary intervals of almost stillness, which seemed to accentuate the roar and echo that followed), suddenly, when all possibility of salvation appeared to be over, a fresh breeze sprang up, wafted us away from the beautiful treacherous shore, and in less than an hour we were clear of the group, and thankfully watched the receding isles as we sat on deck enjoying our hot coffee, and rejoicing that we had not been compelled to throw ourselves on the hospitality of the kindly inhabitants of Fukuye. For though we knew how cordially they would have welcomed us, and how much of beauty and of interest we should have found on their isle, so rarely visited by any European, we were content, under the circumstances, to resign these privileges.

After a while I turned in, as the sailors say; but the roar of the breakers so haunted my waking dreams, that I stole on deck once more, and sat in the soft lovely moonlight watching the beautiful Goto group till their outline became pale and dim on the far horizon. I was much gratified by the hearty and honest

manner in which my comrades expressed their gratification at the coolness with which I had faced our prospects. I believe they imagined that women under such circumstances must necessarily be helpless encumbrances; so it was pleasant to have helped to dispel that illusion.

The following day was one of calm loveliness. The beautiful isles of Southern Japan lay all around us, and we hoped ere sunset to be safely anchored in our desired haven. But suddenly a white squall came on and hid all the land. Nothing could we see but a stormy gray sky, and a weary expanse of gray waves. It rose to the dignity of a severe gale, and all night our good little ship rolled and tossed like a nutshell, sometimes lying over at such an angle that it seemed impossible she could right again. Towards morning the storm abated; but gray sheets of rain poured pitilessly, and we could not tell how far we might have drifted in the night.

Suddenly there came a break in the mist, revealing the island of Tagoshima, and the smoke and shafts of its coal-mines, while to the left lay the lighthouse, which marks the entrance to Nagasaki harbor, a long narrow bay with most lovely headlands and inlets, and isles displaying every shade of exquisite green-terraced fields in richest cultivation of millet, maize, and the vivid green of the young rice; dark clumps of most picturesque old fir-trees, or groves of delicate airy bamboo with feathery foliage, and tidy little Japanese villages and graves, dotted about in every direction. Then we passed the memorable isle of Pappenberg, and a few minutes later came in sight of the pretty town of Nagasaki, fraught with so many memories in the story of the early intercourse between Japan and the outer barbarians—Portuguese, Dutch, English, French, and Americans appearing successively in her annals.

Our brave little vessel flew to her anchorage in such gallant style as to win special commendation from the captain of an English man-of-war which lay hard by; and an hour later I found myself comfortably at home, with the kindest of friends, in the pleasant English Consulate, whence we looked down through a frame of greenest bamboos and gay gar-

den-blossoms to the blue harbor below, than which, I believe, earth holds none lovelier, always excepting that of Rio Janeiro, on which I must reserve judgment, not having seen it. Great religious boat-races were going on between long narrow boats, each manned by about fifty naked rowers working short paddles and all sitting—a circumstance which is noteworthy, because the Japanese boatmen generally stand and scull with long oars. There was much beating of tom-toms and drums, but we failed to discover the special meaning of the feast.

The various consulates and other homes of foreigners lie picturesquely scattered over the hills on one side of the harbor, and from among cool foliage rise the spires of the English and Roman Catholic churches, the latter attended by a very large native congregation, almost without exception descendants of those who were martyred for their faith in the last century. That pretty island of Pappenberg, which had attracted our admiration as we entered the harbor, had been the scene of a terrible massacre of Christians, who, having been brought to this spot, were compelled to ascend the steep flight of rude stone steps leading to the summit, where a wooden platform had been erected overhanging the sea. Here they were once more allowed the option of abjuring the faith, but not one would do so; so they were all thrown into the sea, or dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The authorities hoped they had thus stamped out the evil creed; but, as usual, the blood of the martyrs proved to be the seed of the Church; for so soon as comparative freedom from persecution made it possible for Christian teachers to return to the land, many came to them secretly by night and declared that they were the children of the martyrs, and steadfast adherents to the faith for which they had dared to die.

The history of the spread of Christianity in Japan, the courage and fortitude of the converts throughout years of relentless persecution, the calmness with which they faced death in forms most abhorrent to all their traditions of honor, and the intense and persistent determination of the rulers utterly to exterminate all professors of the new

creed, and to wipe out every vestige of its presence—form one of the most thrilling chapters in the story of Christian zeal and endurance.

Of course I here speak of the Roman Catholic missions carried on by the Portuguese. It is only to be lamented that they should always have been so much mixed up with a struggle for temporal power—that, in point of fact, the terrible persecutions were almost invariably provoked by the political interference of the priests.

The Portuguese first visited Japan in the year 1541. Not long afterwards, a Japanese named Hansiro was brought to Malacca by a Portuguese ship. There he was converted by St. Francis Xavier, that most devoted of missionaries, whose longings to carry the Christian faith to Japan became so ardent that, in 1549, he took passage in a Chinese junk, accompanied by Hansiro and two companions, and sailing for Japan landed at Kagosima, the birthplace of Hansiro. Here the strangers were well received by the governor and magistrates, and straightway applied themselves to the difficult study of the language. The great apostle had, unhappily, not inherited the gift of tongues ascribed to him by his biographers, for he himself writes: "We stand like statues. They speak to us, and make signs to us, and we remain mute. All our present occupation is to learn the elements of the Japanese grammar."

A year later he had made about a hundred converts, the Prince of Satsuma having published an edict permitting his subjects to embrace Christianity. But when the Prince found that the Portuguese traders, who had at first come only to Kagosima, now passed on to other cities, carrying their wealth with them, he issued a new decree pronouncing sentence of death against any who should receive baptism.

So Xavier and his comrades were forced to pass on to other cities, chiefly to Kioto (then called Miako), and to Amanguchi, whose ruler assigned for their use an unoccupied Buddhist monastery. Here many flocked to hear them—not the common people only, but nobles and priests, many of whom were favorably disposed to the new creeds. In November, 1551, Xavier de-

cided that he must go in person to China to attack the root of the mighty superstition, instead of merely lopping off its branches. He failed, however to effect an entrance to that jealously guarded land ; and in December, 1552, he fevered and died on an island near Canton.

But the seed which he had planted in Japan had struck a deep root. The two Jesuit priests whom he had left there, were shortly joined by three others. Having thoroughly mastered the language, they lived with the people as brethren ; while the power of the confessional gave them an insight into secrets which the governors themselves failed to master.

They guided the course of Portuguese trade so effectually, that the princes of Kiusiu pretended to be open to conversion, in order to secure for their own dominions this lucrative traffic.

Foremost of these was the Prince of Bungo, who proved a stanch friend to the Jesuits—and who, after twenty-seven years of hesitation, followed the example of his queen, and was baptized—selecting as his new name that of his first Christian friend, St. Francis. No efforts were spared by the teachers to attract the people. They had controversial writings and public discussions for the learned, teaching for the young, and for the poor and ignorant large alms-giving, mystery-plays, and even such miracles as casting out devils. So the proselytes increased in number, and the enmity between the Japanese priests and the Jesuits became daily more bitter.

Unhappily the first act of violence was perpetrated by the Christian party, who, attributing to the Bonzes the overthrow of a cross, revenged the insult by burning their houses and some of their idols, and by casting others into the sea. The Bonzes, of course, retaliated, and succeeded in stirring up so much ill-feeling against the Christians, that even the King of Omura, in the island of Kiusiu (the first chief who had publicly professed the new faith), was compelled thrice to fly from his palace.

The Jesuits, however found a strong friend in Nobunanga, the strong-handed and terrible military ruler of Japan. He hated the Bonzes with a bitter hatred—destroyed their temples and monasteries, causing the images of Buddha to be

torn from their shrines, and dragged through the streets of Miako with ropes round their necks. As part of the same policy, he granted the Jesuits many privileges, including exemption from taxes, permission to preach throughout his dominions, and to rebuild the church which they had been allowed to erect at Miako in 1559, but which had been destroyed in recent times.

He did not, however, pretend to be influenced by their teaching. On the contrary, he built a magnificent new temple, in which he collected all the most venerated of the idols, and above them all he placed his own tablet, desiring that all should worship it as that of a deified ruler. Becoming jealous of the Jesuits, he next issued an edict commanding them to leave Japan ; but ere it was enforced, a conspiracy was formed against him, and he and his eldest son (who had been the first to worship his idol) were burnt in their own palace.

He was succeeded in the Shogunate by Taiko Sama, who by his skill and valor in war had raised himself from a wood-cutter to the rank of generalissimo. He, too, began by favoring the Jesuits, but afterwards had occasion to dread their power ; for the Christian party was rapidly gaining strength. The Princes of Omura, Arima, and Bungo had banished the Bonzes from their dominions, destroying their temples and seizing their revenues. The Prince of the Goto Isles and the Prince of Tosa had professed Christianity ; and though the province of Kiusiu was the hotbed of the faith, it has gained many converts in Nippon also, including men of mark, powerful nobles, and generals.

Unhappily the faith was too often spread numerically by force and persecution. Vassals were compelled by their feudal lords to adopt the new creed professed by their masters, the temples so long revered were ruthlessly destroyed, and the priests of Buddha exiled or put to death. Even where the Spanish and Portuguese priests were not directly implicated in these persecutions they applauded them—as, for instance, when the Prince of Bungo had burned three thousand Buddhist monasteries and razed the temples to the ground, including one famous for its splendor and its colossal image of Dai Butsu, the

Christian priests declared that such ardent zeal was an evident token of faith and charity ! As a natural consequence the promulgators of the foreign faith had many bitter foes ; and soon after the jealousy of Taiko Sama had been awakened, nine Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries were arrested in Osaka and Kioto—*i.e.*, Miako. They were taken to Nagasaki and there impaled, A.D. 1598—a death of appalling, slow agony, which they endured with heroic constancy. Nevertheless, 900 priests contrived to gain a footing in these three cities, and numbered their converts at 1,800,000. Of the priests, 124 were Jesuits, the remainder Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustins, and native Japanese. They had churches in all parts of the southern isles, and colleges in which secular knowledge was imparted to willing scholars. In the isle of Amakusa the Jesuits established a college where they instructed the young nobles of Japan in music, Latin, and European science ; and the college at Miako numbered 7000 students.

Supported by many princes of the highest rank and power, their position seemed well established ; when, in an evil hour, the mighty Shogun Iyéyasu, having reason to believe that they had greatly encouraged the civil wars of the empire, and that they were further plotting to betray the country into the hands of the Portuguese, issued an edict (A.D. 1614) which resulted in a persecution more appalling than any hitherto dreamt of in the annals of Japan. It is said that many of the worst forms of torture by which these Christian martyrs perished were now for the first time practised in Japan, and were apparently suggested by the hints gathered from foreigners of the dealings of the Inquisition with unbelievers.

Japanese officers were employed in a detective service, called the Christian inquiry, which was instituted for the express purpose of arresting and punishing all adherents of the proscribed faith. Imprisonment was followed by tortures from which death was a merciful release. Those who were simply drowned or strangled were fortunate. Some were thrown into the boiling springs on Mount Unqen, some were buried alive, others torn asunder by oxen. Many

were imprisoned in cages, and left to starve and die of raging thirst, while food and drink were spread temptingly beyond their reach. Some were tied up in rice-bags and heaped together in a great pile, and formed the fuel for a vast bonfire. The emblem of the faith was upreared on every side, and the land was filled with crosses on which the martyrs were left to writhe in slow agony.

The persecutions became more and more virulent ; but the constancy of the converts is almost incredible. Their faith was bravely sustained by the priests, who proved themselves ready to sacrifice their own lives in aid of their people. Many of those who had been banished contrived to return in various disguises, and remained in hiding where they might best encourage their flocks. The majority perished at the stake or on the cross. The restrictions on Portuguese trade were made more stringent. No foreigners were allowed to live anywhere in Japan save at Nagasaki ; and all Japanese-Portuguese half-castes were banished from the isles.

In the year 1635 the Dutch had the good fortune to capture a Portuguese ship carrying letters from the native Christians craving assistance from Portugal. Here was a prize indeed ! They of course forwarded the letters to the Shogun, whose wrath very naturally was unbounded. The fate of Portuguese trade was sealed, and thenceforward the Dutch enjoyed a monopoly of commercial relations with Japan, but purchased by their compliance with most humiliating conditions.

In 1640 the Portuguese merchants at Macao made one more effort to establish a neutral trade between China and Japan, and ventured to send a ship to Nagasaki. It was seized and burnt. A few of the crew were sent back in a junk to bear the sorrowful tidings that sixty of their number had been beheaded on the island of Dessima, and that the gibbet bore this inscription : " So long as the sun shines in the world, let no one have the boldness to land in Japan, even in quality of ambassador, except those who are allowed by the laws to come for the sake of commerce." Which meant the Dutch.

The discovery of the treasonable letter

was, of course, a sufficient reason for persecuting the Christians with renewed vigor. Thirty-seven thousand of the people of Arima, finding their lives intolerable, took refuge on the neighboring isle of Shimabarra, and fortified themselves in the ruins of an old castle which stood on a rocky headland jutting into the sea, having perpendicular cliffs of a hundred feet in depth on three sides, and a steep descent to the valley on the fourth. Here they bravely defended themselves for some time against an army of 80,000 men assisted by the Dutch artillery; but being finally overpowered by numbers, and their provisions and ammunition alike failing, they were slaughtered wholesale, and multitudes of men, women, and children were pushed from the cliffs into the sea.

This old castle lies about twenty miles to the south of the modern town of Shimabarra, which is situated at the foot of a great volcanic mountain, visible from the hill above Nagasaki. The volcano still gives proof of its activity by clouds of smoke, frequent earthquakes, and hot sulphur-springs.

About twenty miles from Shimabarra lies the village of Tomioka in Amakusa, where an unhewn sea-stone, about seven feet high, placed on a grassy mound, bears a lengthy inscription, which has been translated for us by the Rev. H. Stout, of the American Mission, Nagasaki, telling how, in the year 1636, a young rebel, Nirada Shirô, made known the false doctrine of Christianity everywhere; how his followers destroyed Shinto and Buddhist temples, burned villages, farms, and prepared for siege at Shimabarra, in number upwards of 31,000; how the *daimios* and their forces assembled, and in the following spring captured the castle and slew the evil company; how here and elsewhere the many ten thousands of their heads were collected, and, being divided into three lots, were buried in Nagasaki, Shimabarra, and Amakusa; how 3333 belonging to the locality of Tomioka, being captured, were brought back there to be decapitated, and their heads collected and buried in one grave, over which the Governor Suzuki Shigenari, pitying the many thousand evil spirits wandering in pain, performed the meritorious act of setting up this stone. To

which the Buddhist priest Chinkaso charitably adds: "I earnestly pray that by his good works, every one of those spirits may forthwith become a saint, and prove the benefit of being purified in Hades."

It is said that many of the ancient graves in the neighborhood of Nagasaki, which are marked only with a circle, are those of Christians.

Mr. Satow, of H.B.M. Legation at Tokio, has translated a manuscript journal, kept by some one during the siege of Shimabarra, in which it is stated, that in the month of February the garrison offered to surrender if the lives of the women and children might be spared, but the answer was that not one should be allowed to escape. The writer states that of the 37,000 people in the castle, only 13,000 were fighting men. Hence it must be inferred that 24,000 women and children were here massacred. A Dutch baron, writing in A.D. 1778, quotes the journals of the Dutch factory at Hirado to prove that one of their vessels actually assisted the besiegers, landed guns, armed batteries, and opened fire from these and from the vessel.

So thoroughly was the policy of extermination now carried out, that there was every reason to suppose that Christianity was literally stamped out in Japan. Its very name was whispered in terror. It ranked with such other crimes as murder and arson, sorcery and sedition, and was denounced in company with these on public notice boards, which were posted in the most conspicuous spots in every city and hamlet throughout the empire, beside the public roads and ferries, and in all places where men who run may read. It was a crime even to give shelter to one of the evil sect; and rewards were offered to such as should discover them.

One test to be applied to suspected persons was to compel them to trample on a pictured image of the Saviour, which had been cast in copper at Nagasaki, and disseminated for this purpose. It was further enacted, that should any missionary reach the shores of Japan, the whole crew of the vessel which brought him should be put to death; reward was, however, offered to any one turning informer. Not even a letter

might be carried for a Christian. For years the search for members of the hated Kirishtan sect was continued with such vigilance that at last not one could be discovered. If any still remained, they had learned to conceal their faith as effectually as an average foreigner would do.

In 1642 the Roman Catholic missionaries made one more effort to penetrate into Japan. Eight priests effected a landing in the district of Satsuma, but they were forthwith arrested and put to death. Still from time to time there have been found descendants of those early Christians who have refused to worship at idol shrines. Thus in the year 1829 one woman and six men were crucified at Osaka, because they were known to be obstinate Christians. Now that religious toleration is apparently the order of the day, the Catholic Mission is carried on by French and Italian priests, under the direction of Monseigneur Marie Joseph Laucaigne, a courteous Frenchman, who (according to the custom of the Church of Rome, which bestows the titles of ancient and extinct bishoprics on those whom she sends to labor in heathen lands) is known, not as the Bishop of Nagasaki, but of Apollonie.

The English and American missions are of course plants of very recent growth; and, having no strange resemblances to Buddhism in their teaching and ceremonials, their plain undecorated churches offer little attraction to the native mind, and their progress is necessarily exceedingly slow, being further most seriously retarded by both the example and openly expressed cavillings of the majority of foreigners.

As to the highly educated Japanese, who eagerly study all the writings of modern free thought, they are still in that early stage of emancipation which fails to recognize the need of embracing any definite creed. Most especially is this true of those who have been educated in so-called Christian countries.

With regard to the question of liberty of conscience, all that can be said is, that the penal laws against the Christians have been suffered to fall into abeyance. Even at the present day, the Japanese who openly embraces Christianity does so with the full consciousness that his

path is by no means a secure one; for though the edict of death to all professing that creed, which formerly was inscribed on a public place in every village, has now been removed thence, in obedience to a stipulation in the treaty with foreign Powers, it has never been repealed, and may at any moment be put in force.

Instead, therefore, of cavilling at the comparatively small number of converts made by the English and American missions, we have rather reason to admire the courage displayed by those who face the danger—though, at the present time, the authorities do not interfere with the living, but occasionally place some difficulties in the way of Christian funerals. However, in this as in every other aspect of Japanese progress, one can but marvel at the great changes wrought in so short a period. To-day the ships of many nations fly their colors peacefully as they lie anchored in the quiet harbor, and Christian schools and churches are established on the historic isle of Dessim, where for so many years the Dutch consented, in order to secure a monopoly of trade, to live in most dishonorable imprisonment, only allowed to leave the island once a year, for a few hours, by crossing a bridge whereon was engraved the sign of the cross, on which they must of necessity trample as they passed.

Interesting as are these details of the struggles to secure religious toleration, I need hardly say it is by no means a subject which forces itself upon the casual observer. Rather is his attention arrested and captivated by the picturesque aspect of heathendom rampant. Most fascinating to me were the rambles which we took through the old native city, especially when, turning aside from the busy streets of ordinary life (quaint enough, it may be well believed), we found ourselves in one which, like the neighborhood of Père la Chaise in Paris, is wholly occupied by shops for the sale of flowers, and similar suitable offerings, for the adornment of the multitudinous graves which literally cover the whole hill at the back of the town. On certain festivals each grave in this vast cemetery is adorned by loving hands; pink lotus-blossoms are placed in simple vases and incense-sticks burnt on the

little altar before the grave. Some offerings of food are also laid there, in little china cups; and a paper lantern is hung over each tombstone, which is generally an effective piece of stone-carving, and often surrounded by little gardens and shrubs, and enclosed with stone railings, and a handsome stone portal—stone gates, revolving on stone hinges—suggestive of those discovered by Porter in the giant cities of Bashan, though on a small scale.

At the base of the hill, and at the other side of the town, is a perfect network of temples—Buddhist and Shinto merging one into the other in the most tolerant manner, and producing inextricable confusion in the mind of the spectator, and, I should imagine, of the worshipper also, by the promiscuous use of the emblems sacred to each—such as mirrors of polished metal, paper *gohets*, and strawropes; images of saints, all manner of idols, lotus-blossoms, etc., etc. Each temple is an artistic study; and its surroundings of handsome stone lanterns, fine old trees, curious braziers and fountains, combined with the charming groups of Japanese figures, always coming and going, make up an endless succession of pleasant pictures. Long flights of steep stone steps lead up to the temple, and thence to the innumerable groups of graves, which lie half hidden by tall grasses and brushwood. And looking back hence, you get lovely glimpses of the town, and of the blue harbor and fine hills beyond, all framed by most picturesquely gnarled old fir-trees.

Close to one temple we found the pretty house of a native artist who was painting scrolls on silk, flowers and figures; his family all seemed highly intelligent and artistic. One was an entomologist, who, having visited England, had sent back many cases of insects to a museum there. Others paint lanterns in the form of a parasol, which, when closed, is apparently only a bamboo. In their garden are large tanks, where they raise immense numbers of gold-fish for sale. Passing on thence, we visited the studio of another artist, a real genius, but a type of that too rapid adaptation of foreign ideas which bids fair to quickly wipe out all purely native

art. In this man's studio were admirable studies from nature, with all the essentially Japanese characteristics; but latterly he had been devoting his attention to English studies of shipping and rigging, and was producing very foreign looking pictures in *guache*. He also showed me several volumes of a Japanese "Guide to Art," all full of English illustrations. Returning from his house we explored most picturesque canals with old bridges; and bought all manner of quaint things in the odd little shops.

Each day offered some new scene of interest. One day we rode across the harbor to explore the old Dutch and Russian cemeteries, which occupy a lovely site on a ferny hill crowned by noble old pines. Several graves are marked by the Greek cross, and in one, which forms a small shrine, is placed a very artistic oil-painting of the Crucifixion. The Japanese graves close by were marked by fresh buds of the pink lotus, sacred to Buddha.

But the favorite afternoon "play" was a boating expedition down the harbor, where ladies and children bathed in one pleasant bay, and gentlemen in another, after which they combined forces for an open-air tea-party; and those who cared for the treasures of the deep ransacked the shores and rocks for fresh wonders. One gentleman—Mr. Paul, of H.B.M. Consulate—had devoted his attention exclusively to collecting crabs from this one coast; and the beauty and variety of his specimens were really past belief. Every conceivable kind was there: smooth and hairy, sombre and gaudy; so tiny as to be almost microscopic, so large as to measure about three feet across the claws. The Japanese fishermen soon discovered that a pecuniary value attached to the refuse of their dredging nets, and they became careful to preserve all new specimens. And gradually as the collection increased in size and in beauty, their interest and wonder was excited; and when, in 1879, it was lent to the great Nagasaki Exhibition, the native naturalists gazed on it in utter amazement, marvelling to see how great a variety of crustacea could be found on their own shores.

Thus boating, riding, or climbing the

steep hill-paths in search of new beauties, the pleasant days slipped away ; and now, in more prosaic lands, the memory of the green loveliness of Naga-

saki often comes back to me as a haunting vision of delight.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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THE SUN AS A PERPETUAL MACHINE.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

AMONG the problems which have proved most perplexing to astronomers and physicists, there are few which surpass in difficulty the problem of the conservation of solar energy. The mighty orb of the sun pours forth in each second of time as much heat as would come from the burning of 16,436 millions of millions of tons of the best anthracite coal. Yet of all this tremendous radiation of heat all the planets together receive less than one 230,000,000th part. When we consider this it seems at first view as though there were some degree of truth in the saying that in the universe "we find nature upsetting a gallon to fill a wine-glass."

In company with this great mystery of seeming waste comes the yet more difficult problem, How to explain the apparent continuance of solar light and heat during millions of years. We know from the results of geological research that the earth has been exposed to the action of the solar rays with their present activity during at least a hundred million years. Yet it is difficult to see how on any hypothesis of the generation of solar heat, or by combining together all possible modes of heat generation, a supply for more than 20 millions of years in the past and a possible supply for as long a period in the future can be accounted for.

It is well known, of course, to all who are likely to read these lines, that Dr. Siemens is the inventor of what is called the regenerative furnace, in which the heat, which in ordinary furnaces goes up the furnace chimney and is wasted, is carried back and made to do work. His theory of the solar heat seems to have been suggested by this invention of his own. The enormous waste of solar energy which unquestionably takes place if those rays which do not fall on planets do not do their proper work, is obviated, he believes, by a contrivance (if one

may so speak) which enables them to store up work in interstellar space, which is presently brought back to its source for fresh use. According to this view—and it is this which renders the theory attractive to many who had been appalled by the seemingly wanton waste of all save the minutest fraction of the sun's heat—only those rays which fall on the planets are actually and finally used up, so that, if the theory be true, the supply of solar heat will last 230 millions of time longer than it otherwise would. Moreover, the theory has its retrospective side. The difficulty about the past would be removed as completely as what had seemed a danger in the future. If the theory is correct, we may multiply every year during which it had been calculated that the supply has continued by 230 millions, to obtain a rough approximation to the time during which the sun has actually been at work at his present rate of emission.

In the first place we are to assume that the gaseous atmospheres surrounding the sun and the planets are not limited, as Wollaston and others have supposed, but extend to indefinite distances, though of course in a very attenuated condition. "Following out the molecular theory of gases as laid down by Clerk Maxwell, Clausius, and Thomson," says Dr. Siemens, "it would be difficult to assign a limit to a gaseous atmosphere in space ; and further, some writers—among whom I will here mention only Grove, Humboldt, Zöllner, and Mattieu Williams—have boldly asserted the existence of a space filled with matter, and Newton himself, as Dr. Sterry Hunt tells us, has expressed views in favor of such an assumption." He proceeds to notice the evidence in favor of this view derived from the condition in which meteorolites reach the earth. They are known, he says, to contain as much as six times their own volume of

gases (taken at atmospheric pressure). In one of these meteorolites recently examined by Dr. Flight, the following percentages of various gases were noted. Of carbonic oxide 31.88, of carbonic acid gas 0.12, of hydrogen 45.79, of olefiant gas 4.55, and of nitrogen 17.66. Here, however, I may note in passing that although it is quite certain these gases were not taken up by the meteorolite during its flight through our air, it by no means follows, and is indeed exceedingly improbable, if not impossible, that they were taken up while the meteorolite was travelling freely through interplanetary or interstellar space. The general belief is that, as the late Professor Graham aptly expressed it, these bodies bring to us the hydrogen of the fixed stars (including our own sun)—that, in fact, they were expelled from bodies in a state resembling our sun, and that during their abode within the intensely hot orb of their parent sun, the hydrogen and other gases which we know to exist in the sun and his fellow stars were forced into (or became occluded in) the substance of the mass which was afterwards to become a meteorolite, and after long and devious wanderings to reach our earth. Thus, and thus only it is believed by chemists, can the enormous quantity of occluded hydrogen in the substance of meteors be explained; for nowhere else, but in the interior of suns, is there either the necessary heat or the necessary pressure. The absence of any trace of aqueous vapor, which Dr. Siemens finds surprising, as indeed it is on his theory, is thus readily accounted for; indeed, no one would expect to find aqueous vapor in the substance of a meteoric mass which had ever had its abode in the interior of a sun.

Dr. Siemens considers the objection that if interplanetary space were occupied by gases, the planets would be seriously retarded, pointing out that, assuming the matter occupying space to be an almost perfect fluid not limited by border surfaces, it can be shown on purely mechanical grounds that the retardation by friction through such an attenuated medium would be very slight indeed, even on bodies moving with planetary velocities.

He notes also another objection, namely, that if the theory of gaseous interplanetary matter were true the sun should draw to himself the greater part of the heavier gases, such as carbonic acid gas (carbonic anhydride), carbonic oxide, oxygen and nitrogen; whereas spectroscopic analysis indicates at least the much greater prevalence of hydrogen, if not the absolute absence of these gases. Oxygen, indeed, has been shown by Dr. Draper to be present in the sun. Dr. Siemens points out that at the tremendous heat of the sun's mass such compound gases as carbonic oxide and carbonic acid could not exist as such. But he says that there must be regions, outside the intensely heated regions, where the existence of these gases would not be jeopardized by heat; and in these regions accumulation of these comparatively heavy gases would take place "were it not for a certain counterbalancing action."

And here we approach what Dr. Siemens describes as a point of principal importance in his argument, upon the proof of which his further conclusions must depend.

The sun rotates on his axis, completing one revolution in about twenty-five days, and "the sun's diameter being taken at 882,000 miles" (it is really considerably less than this, however), "it follows that the tangential velocity amounts to 1.25 miles per second, or to 4.41 times the tangential velocity of our earth. This high rotative velocity of the sun must cause" (it is Dr. Siemens who speaks) "an equatorial rise of the solar atmosphere to which Mairan, in 1731, attributed the appearance of the zodiacal light." He goes on to consider Laplace's objection to this explanation on the ground that the zodiacal light extends to a distance from the sun exceeding our own distance, whereas the equatorial rise of the solar atmosphere due to its rotation could not exceed 9-20ths of the distance of Mercury." But Dr. Siemens finds in the existence of a medium of unbounded extension an answer to Laplace's objection. "In this case," he says, "pressure would be balanced all round, and the sun would act mechanically upon the floating matter surrounding it, in the manner of a fan,

drawing it towards itself upon the solar surfaces, and projecting it outwards in a continuous disc-like stream."

Now it is just at this critical part of the theory, on the proof of which the further conclusions of the theorist must depend, that dynamical considerations throw doubt, and something more than doubt, upon the entire speculation.

We have a supposed fan-like action, by which hydrogen, hydrocarbons, and oxygen, are supposed to be drawn in enormous quantities towards the polar surface of the sun. During their approach they are supposed to pass from their condition of extreme attenuation and extreme cold, to that of compression, accompanied with rise of temperature, until on approaching the photosphere they burst into flame, giving rise to a great development of heat, and a temperature commensurate with their point of dissociation at the solar density. The result of their combustion is aqueous vapor and carbonic acid or carbonic oxide, according to the sufficiency or insufficiency of oxygen present to complete the combustion, and these products of combustion in yielding to the influence of centrifugal force will flow towards the solar equator. . . . *So much* we may regard as possible, though much would have to be proved before it could be regarded as probable. But Dr. Siemens goes on to say that the matter thus carried towards the solar equator *will be thence projected into space*.

Now there can be nothing simpler than the considerations on which such projection into space would depend. The question whether a body moving in a particular way at any part of the sun's surface will travel outwards into space, or will not travel outwards, can be answered according to certain very definite laws. If the velocity of its motion exceeds a certain amount, the body will recede from the sun; if it falls short of that amount, the body will tend to approach the sun's centre; if the body has just that velocity, then the body will neither recede nor approach. Now it suggests the idea of tremendous centrifugal tendency to say that at the sun's equator the velocity is 4.41 times the tangential velocity (at the equator) of our earth. Bodies do not fly from our earth's equator on account of the enor-

mous tangential velocity there (more than a thousand miles per hour); but it is easy to imagine, as Dr. Siemens evidently does, that with the much greater velocity at the sun's equator there may be such a tendency as his theory requires. What is, however, the actual state of the case? Centrifugal tendency varies in the first place as the square of the velocity; and squaring 4.41 we get 19.45; so that if our earth were to rotate 4.41 times as fast as she actually does, the centrifugal force at the equator would be increased 19.45 times. Even that would not be nearly enough to make bodies fly off at the equator. (In fact it can easily be shown that for bodies just to become weightless at the equator the earth should rotate in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or *sixteen times* as fast as at present.) But this is only a small part of the matter. Centrifugal force not only varies as the square of the velocity, but inversely as the distance from the centre of motion. So that as the sun's diameter exceeds the earth's about 108 times, centrifugal tendency at his equator is diminished in this degree so far as this particular circumstance is concerned. Increasing the tendency 19.45 times and reducing it 108 times, means in all reducing it to about two elevenths of the centrifugal tendency at the earth's equator. Yet even this is not all. Not only is the centrifugal tendency at the sun's equator less than a fifth that at the earth's equator, which diminishes by a very small part the force of terrestrial gravity, but the centrifugal tendency due to the sun's attractive force is very much greater at the sun's surface than terrestrial gravity at the earth's equator. It is roughly about twenty-seven times as great. Thus the centripetal tendency of matter at the sun's equator is very much greater (many hundreds of times greater) than its centrifugal tendency; and there is not the slightest possibility of matter being projected into space from the sun's surface by centrifugal tendency. Nor is there any part of the sun's mass where the centrifugal tendency is greater than at the surface near the equator. So that whatever else the sun may be doing to utilize his mighty energies he is certainly not throwing off matter constantly from his equatorial regions, as Dr. Siemens' theory requires.

This being so, the theory failing thus in a matter absolutely essential to its validity, we may feel less tempted than perhaps we otherwise might be, to endeavor to overlook other difficulties, though these on careful consideration appear scarcely less decisive. It might perhaps appear a work of supererogation to consider difficulties when we have already noted an impossibility. But some perhaps will consider that although the sun may not, after drawing to himself the matter occupying space, reject it from him in the manner supposed, he may reject it in some other manner. If so there might still be reason for inquiring how far it is likely that the sun's rays may be utilized when falling on the matter occupying space, in the way suggested by Dr. Siemens.

Let us then grant the existence in interplanetary space of those products of combustion which Dr. Siemens supposes to be constantly projected from the sun, and let us inquire with him what would become of them. At a first view it seems as though they must gradually change the condition of the matter which had formed part of stars and suns, by rendering that matter neutral. But Dr. Siemens endeavors to show the possibility, nay, the probability, that solar radiation would under these circumstances step in to bring back the combined materials to a condition of separation by a process of dissociation, carried into effect at the expense of that solar energy which is now supposed to be lost to our planetary system.

Dr. Siemens points out that the temperature at which the dissociation of different compounds is effected depends on the pressure. Thus at a temperature of 2800° Centigrade only one half of the vapor of water at atmospheric pressure remains as aqueous vapor, the remaining half being found as a mechanical mixture of hydrogen and oxygen. But with the pressure the temperature of dissociation rises and falls. It is therefore conceivable, he says, that the temperature of the solar photosphere may be raised by combustion to a temperature exceeding 2800° Centigrade, whereas in interstellar and interplanetary space dissociation may be effected at a much lower temperature. Some experiments by Dr. Siemens appear to show

that at the small pressure which we may conceive to exist in space, the sun's radiation may suffice to produce dissociation either of aqueous vapor or of carbonic acid gas. Employing glass tubes furnished with platinum electrodes, and filled with aqueous vapor, he reduced the pressure to $\frac{1}{1800}$ th of an atmosphere, the temperature being reduced to 32° Centigrade. When so cooled, no electric discharge took place on connecting the two electrodes with a small induction coil. He then exposed the end of the tube projecting out of the freezing mixture, backed by white paper, to solar radiation on a clear summer's day for several hours, when upon again connecting up to the inductorium, a discharge, apparently that of a hydrogen vacuum, was obtained. "This experiment being repeated, furnished," says Dr. Siemens, "unmistakable evidence. I thought, that aqueous vapor had been dissociated by exposure to solar radiation." When carbonic acid gas was similarly treated, less trustworthy results were obtained. "Not satisfied with these qualitative results, I made arrangements to collect the permanent gases so produced, by means of a Sprengel pump, but was prevented by lack of time from pursuing the inquiry, which I purpose, however," adds Dr. Siemens, "to resume shortly, being of opinion that, independently of my present speculation, the experiments may prove useful in extending our knowledge regarding the laws of dissociation."

The idea is, then, that solar radiation acting on the aqueous vapor and carbonic acid gas, and other compound gases supposed to occupy interplanetary and interstellar space, may dissociate such compounds, and that solar energy may thus be utilized, instead of being wasted in the enormous degree in which it appears to be, according to what has been shown above.

Now it appears to me somewhat bold to assume that what happens in the case of aqueous vapor or carbonic acid enclosed in a tube and exposed to solar radiation, would happen to such vapor exposed to the same radiation in free space. But there is a more serious objection, I take it, than this, to Dr. Siemens' ingenious system for the utilization of solar energy. If the rays of heat

(and light) are thus utilized within the solar domain, regarding that if we please as extending many times further than the orbit of Neptune, they have either done their work and have been completely utilized, or they have not. If they have done their work, these rays proceed no further, and the sun would therefore be invisible from any point outside his own domain. (For we must not fall into the mistake of supposing that light and heat can be considered separately in this inquiry: those solar rays which give us what we call light, give us also a large quantity of the solar heat, and the mystery of seemingly infinite waste would remain, even if we supposed that only those heat rays which are not also light rays were utilized in the way supposed. Apart from this, Dr. Siemens specially shows how the light rays act in accordance with his views.) Now what is true of our sun is true of the other suns, the stars. They also ought to be invisible outside their several domains. But as a matter of fact they are visible. If, on the other hand, the solar rays have *not* done their work in traversing what may be regarded as the solar domain, the mystery of infinite waste is not removed, scarcely even diminished, by Dr. Siemens' theory. If those other suns, the stars, are able to send across the vast distances which separate us from them, such supplies of light (to say nothing of stellar heat, which Huggins and others have measured) that by measuring it we can say that all of them are suns like our own, but many far larger and giving out much more light than he—what is the amount of work which we can suppose the stellar rays to have done on their way? If they have done much (in proportion to the total quantity which they are capable of doing), then the stars must be very much larger, brighter, and hotter than we suppose them to be, and already we regard them as the rivals, and something more than the rivals, of our sun. If they have done little, the mystery of infinite waste remains.

But indeed, apart from the considerations last urged, it is certain that even if the whole of interstellar space were filled with matter dissociated by solar rays (that is by the rays which all suns are continually pouring forth), even then those rays would have been to all intents

and purposes wasted; for suns never could gather in more than the minutest fraction of the matter thus permeating space. We cannot adopt Dr. Siemens' theory, supposing it otherwise tenable, as a means of utilizing solar and stellar energy, unless we supposed the work done by the light and heat of suns to be done close to those orbs, certainly far within the orbits of their outer planets, for otherwise the matter prepared for fuel by the action of the rays could never be gathered in, or the products of combustion expelled, within reasonable time, throughout the domain thus affected. But we know certainly that within such relatively insignificant domains the stellar rays are not used up, for we see the stars shining, though we lie millions of times farther away than any conceivable limits of such domains. We know it in the case of our own sun, because we see the planets Saturn, Mars, and Neptune, shining with light which has reached them from the sun. In the case of the Siemens' regenerative furnace, we know that the heat is utilized in the particular manner intended, not only because we find the heat so saved doing its proper work, but because we find that this heat no longer goes idly up the furnace chimney as before. The heat cannot be doing its full work in the furnace if part goes up the furnace chimney; but also, part cannot be going up the furnace chimney if the heat is doing its full work. This, however, is what Dr. Siemens' theory requires the solar heat to do. It is to be continually utilized in dissociating compound vapors in interplanetary space, although it is continually passing beyond interplanetary space to shine through interstellar space, and to show our sun as a star to worlds circling round his fellow stars the suns. We have in fact the fallacy of the perpetual motion in a modified form.

Parts of Dr. Siemens' reasoning remain tenable, however, even when the centrifugal projective force (which has no existence) is removed, and when the perpetual utilization of stellar rays is shown to be inconsistent with their perpetual passage with undiminished brightness through interstellar space.

Dr. Siemens' reasoning respecting the zodiacal light, for instance, is sound, though the theory with which it is asso-

ciated is not so. Astronomers do not and cannot accept the views of Mairan, which are simply inconsistent with the known laws of dynamics. But there is every reason for regarding the zodiacal as consisting in the main of meteorolithic masses, a sort of cosmical dust, rushing through interplanetary space with planetary velocities. To such matter, assuming, as we well may, that space really is occupied by attenuated vapors, the following reasoning applies with scarcely the change of a word (by which, however, I do not mean that the opinions expressed as probably or possibly true are really and necessarily so). The luminosity of the zodiacal "would be attributable to particles of dust, emitting light reflected from the sun, or by phosphorescence" (this last may be seriously questioned). "But there is another cause for luminosity of these particles, which may deserve a passing consideration. Each particle would be electrified by gaseous friction in its acceleration, and its electric tension would be vastly increased in its forcible removal, in the same way as the fine dust of the desert has been observed by Werner Siemens to be in a state of high electrification on the apex of the Cheops Pyramid. Would not the zodiacal light also find explanation by slow electric discharges backward from the dust towards the sun?"

Take, again, the phenomena of comets which still remain among the greatest of nature's mysteries. We have reason to believe—though Dr. Siemens goes a little beyond the truth in saying astronomical physicists *assert*—that the nucleus of a comet consists of an aggregation of stones similar to meteorolites. Adopting this view, and assuming that these stones have absorbed somewhere (not necessarily "in stellar space," as Dr. Siemens suggests) gases to the amount of six times their volume (taken at atmospheric pressure), we may ask with Dr. Siemens, what will be the effect of such a mass of stone advancing towards the sun at a velocity reaching in perihelion the prodigious rate of 366 miles per second (as observed in the comet of 1843), being twenty-three times our orbital rate of motion? "It appears evident that the entry of such a divided mass into a comparatively dense atmos-

phere must be accompanied by a rise of temperature by frictional resistance, aided by attractive condensation. At a certain point the increase of temperature must cause ignition, and the heat thus produced must drive out the occluded gases, which in an atmosphere 3000 times less dense than that of our earth would produce ($6 \times 3000 =$) 18,000 times the volume of the stones themselves. These gases would issue forth in all directions, but would remain unobserved except in that of motion, in which they would meet the interplanetary atmosphere with the compound velocity and from a zone of intense combustion, such as Dr. Huggins has lately observed to surround one side of the nucleus, evidently the side of forward motion. The nucleus would thus emit original light, whereas the tail may be supposed to consist of stellar dust rendered luminous by reflex action produced by the light of the sun and comet combined." (This assumption respecting the tail is, however, untenable, being based on a misapprehension of the distinction between a comet's tail and its train of meteoric attendants.)

These views respecting the zodiacal light and comets are independent in the main of those parts of Dr. Siemens' views which are manifestly inadmissible. They seem to accord well with possibilities if not with probabilities.

A similar remark applies to two of the fundamental conditions of Dr. Siemens' ingenious theory. We may admit the possibility that the aqueous vapor and carbon compounds are present in stellar or interplanetary space; we may concede, though not perhaps quite so readily, that these gaseous compounds are capable of being dissociated by radiant solar energy while in a state of extreme attenuation. What we cannot admit, simply because it is inconsistent with human laws, is the third condition, "That these dissociated vapors are capable of being compressed into the solar photosphere by a process of interchange with an equal amount of reassociated vapors, this interchange being effected by the centrifugal action of the sun itself." As this condition is essential to the theory itself, we are compelled, regretfully perhaps, but still unhesitatingly, to give up that satisfaction which, as

Dr. Siemens remarks, we should gain, could we believe that our solar system need "no longer impress us with the idea of prodigious waste through the dissipation of energy into space, but rather with that of well-ordered, self-sustaining action, capable of perpetuating solar radiation to the remotest future." Yet though not in this way, to this end all thoughtful study of the mechanism of the universe seems unquestionably to tend; not by centrifugal tendencies of the kind imagined, for none such exist; not by work which, viewed in reference to the universe as we know it, means endless production without exhaustion; but in other ways (associating perhaps our visible universe with others, permeating it as the ether of

space permeates the densest solids, and in turn with others so permeated by it) there may be that constant interchange, that perpetual harmony, of which Goethe sung—

See all things with each other blending,
Each to all its being lending,
Each on all in turn depending :
Heavenly ministers descending,
And again to Heaven uptending,
Floating, mingling, interweaving,
Rising, sinking, and receiving—
Each from each, while each is giving
On to each, and each relieving
Each—the pails of gold. The living
Current through the air is heaving ;
Breathing blessings see them bending,
Balanced worlds from change defending,
While everywhere diffused is harmony un-
ending.

Cornhill Magazine.

WAGNER'S "NIBELUNG" AND THE SIEGFRIED TALE.

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

IN a few days Richard Wagner's powerful musical drama—*The Ring of the Nibelung*—will burst upon the London public with all its mythic grandeur and scenic pomp. Siegfried's name will then be on everybody's lips. "Daughters of the Rhine" will sing their spell songs in the green waves of the gold-glistening river; mocking the love-sick Dark Elf who is to rob them of the glowing hoard. Valkyrs, Virgins of Battle, headed by Brünnhilde, will shake the thunderclouds with their stormy ride, as heralds of Fate. Giants, the builders of Asgard, who carried away the Goddess of Love in reward for their having reared the Heavenly Hall, will enter into a threatening contest with Wotan and Fricka—a danger from which the divine pair are only rescued by the wiles of the fire-god Loge, who filches the treasure from the Nibelung, and therewith ransoms Freia from the gigantic forces of Nature.

But the curse placed by the irate dwarf, Alberich, upon the Ring—the talismanic symbol of power and most valuable part of the hoard—will work evil for Gods and men. Siegfried, the blameless, is destined to forge the main

link in the fatal chain of tragic events. He, the offspring of the forbidden love between Siegmund and Sieglinde—who in their turn both hail from All-father when he had assumed Wölsung shape—will, no doubt, destroy the poisonous Dragon Fafner that guards the hoard. Siegfried will thus become the owner of the treasure, as well as wonderfully wise by having tasted the Worm's blood. But then, in spite of All-father's decree, he will also free the entranced Shield Maiden from the Blazing Rock, and bind himself to her who had disobeyed the God, by vows of eternal love. Having afterward been made to forget her, in favor of Gutrune, by a magic potion in a King's Hall on the Rhine, Siegfried will unwittingly be the means of forcing Brünnhilde, his own early love, into an unwished-for wedlock with Gunther. Through such complications the Hero will meet with his death by the weapon of Hagen, who professes to avenge the betrayed Valkyr, while being in reality bent upon getting possession of the Ring.

In these fateful struggles, Siegfried's mighty sword, an heirloom from his divine forebear, shatters the once invincible spear of the God, who in Wanderer's guise had crossed the path of his

venturesome descendant. Wotan's power is thus sadly crippled. Over the Heavenly Hall a doom is approaching. Overcome with grief at the death of her own Siegfried, whom she had wrongfully thought faithless, Brünnhilde resolves to unite herself with him once more and for aye, by spurring her steed into the flaming pyre on which his body is being consumed. Meanwhile the rapacious Hagen kills her lawful husband Gunther. But as Brünnhilde, before entering the

pile, had drawn the charming ring from Siegfried's hand and thrown it into the Rhine to be lost forever, the greedy murderer of the Hero madly plunges into the stream, when the Rhine Daughters drag him down into the ever-rising flood.

Finally, remembering the injury she once suffered from Wotan, the self-sacrificing Valkyr, seeing All-father's birds rising from the banks of the river, exclaims as she mounts her courser for the death-ride :

Fly away, ye ravens ! Whisper to your Lord
What here on the Rhine you have heard !
By Brünnhilde's rock your road shall lie :
The lowe that still burns there, lead up to Walhall !
For with the Doom of Gods the day is now darkened :
Thus the brand I throw into Walhall's proud burgh ! *

Such are the outlines, necessarily very incomplete, of Richard Wagner's grand tetralogy : *Rhine-gold* ; *The Valkyr* ; *Siegfried* ; and *The Gloaming of the World of Gods*. A whole array of figures from German and Norse mythology comes up in that tragedy. May I now, without further ado, astonish some of the readers by saying that the hero of this eminently Teutonic drama, Siegfried, or Sigurd, was a Hun, and that as a Hun he is the nearest kinsman of the English ?

II.

This point I will, before all, proceed to make good. In doing so, I begin with the Edda and other Norse records. Their Sigurd tales have by Richard Wagner been combined with the German tradition ; and surely he had the fullest right to do so ; for in the Edda, also, the Hero is by no means a Scandinavian, but a "southern" (that is, a German) chief whose feats are performed near the Rhine. On the Rhine is the scene of the Icelandic account of the Killing of the Worm ; of Brynhold's fire-encircled Rock of Punishment ; as well as of Sigurd's murder by Högni.

First, then, to settle the question of the

Hero's nationality, or tribal origin : Sigurd's fatherland is, in the Edda and in the Volsunga Saga, called the Land of the Huns. He is described as a Hunic ruler. His forefathers were Hunic Kings. Herborg, who comes to console Gudrun at Sigurd's death, is a widowed Queen from Huna-land, whose seven sons, as well as her husband, had been killed in battle, while her father and her mother, together with her four brothers, had been whelmed in the waves of the sea. All this—the Hunic Niobe says—had happened within a half-year : none was left to console her ; herself she had to raise the pyre for her kinsfolk's death-ride to Hel. And before the six months even were over, she had become a captive, taken in war, when she had to do humble service, every morning, to the victor's wife ; menially adorning the latter's person, and tying her shoes. Thus Hunic Queen conveys sad comfort to the relict of the murdered ruler of Huna-land.

So we read in the first Lay of Gudrun. In the second we find Sigurd's widow and King Theodric grieving together over losses each has suffered. Telling her first feelings of unutterable woe, Gudrun says :

No wail I uttered, nor wrung my hands ;
No sobs I had, as is women's wont.
When heart-broken I sat at the bier of Sigurd. . . .

From the fell I went forth. After the fifth night
I neared the high halls of Alf.
Seven half-years with Thora I stayed,
Hakon's daughter in Denmark.

* All the poetical quotations contain my own English version.

In gold she wrought, to soothe my wandering mind,
Southern (German) halls and Danish Swans.

With handiwork deft we there embroidered
The warriors' games, the weaponed band—
Red-bucklered heroes of the *Hunic* home,
A sworded host, a helmèd troop.

Again, "Hunic maidens, skilful in weaving tapestry and golden girdles," are promised to Gudrun by Grimhild, after the former had become reconciled with her brothers for the murder of Sigurd. So also Brynhild speaks of the castle of her kinsmen as the "Hall of the Hunic Folk;" and in connection with her, Hunic Shield-Maidens are mentioned.*

Do, then, these Hunic designations point to the Hunns of the Mongol Attila, the "Scourge of God"?

Most certainly not!

No gold is here as on Grani's path; †
Far is this land from the rocks of the Rhine.
More of treasures might we possess,
When hale we lived in our own home.

It was in the Rhine that the Hunic Sigurd whom the Edda sings proved the sharpness of his sword Grani, which the skilful dwarf Regin had forged for him. Dipping the blade into the river, he let a flake of wool down the stream, when the good sword cut the fleece asunder as if it were water. § With the

III.

In the Norse texts, the words "Huna-Land," "Hun," and "Hunic," as well as "southern," are meant to describe Germany and the Germans. Sigurd was a Rhenish hero, like the one in the Nibelungen Epic. His father ruled in Frank-Land. † In the Rhine-lands, also, according to the Edda, was the original dwelling-place of Völundr, or Wayland the Smith, who, as a mutilated captive in Sweden, speaks thus of his native country, and its gold-carrying river, in comparison with the North:

Wilt thou help us, Högni, the hero to rob?
Good 'tis to possess the gold of the *Rhine*,
At ease to rule over many riches;
Right well enjoying them in rest and peace.

But Högni this for answer him gave:
"It beseems us not to do such deed—
With the sword to break the oaths we have sworn,
The oaths we have sworn, and the plighted troth.

We wot than on earth we happier men will dwell,
Whilst we four over the folk will rule,
And the *Hunic* leader with us lives.
Nor will the world ever see a nobler sib,
Than if we five give rise to a chieftains' race:
The very Gods we might throw from their thrones above!"

Thus the scene of the crime plotted against the Hunic chieftain is localized

on Germany's great river. The Gnitah Heath, too, on which the Dragon lay,

* "Volsunga Saga," 2, 19.—"The Lay of Sigurd the Dragon-Killer," iii. 4, 8, 18, 63, 64.—"The Lay of Gudrun," i. 5, 24; and ii. 15, 26.—"The Wail of Oddrun, 4.—"The Greenland Tale of Atli," 2, 4, 7, 15, 16, 27, 34, 38, 42.—Comp. Wilhelm Grimm's "Deutsche Heldensage."

† "Sinfjötli's End."

‡ Grani is Sigurd's horse, but also one of

the appellations of Odin; and, as I have explained elsewhere, "Grani's path" probably means the Rhine, conceived under the image of Odin as a divine Water-Horse.

§ "The Second Lay of Sigurd the Dragon-Killer," 14.

|| Skalda: "The Niflungs and Giukungs;" and "The Tale of Atli," 27.

is, in the Norse texts, in the neighborhood of the Rhine, not far from the "Holy Mountains"* over which Sigurd had ridden. We recognize in them the Sieben Gebirge, or Seven Mountains, whose number is a holy one. To this day, one of those hills is called the Drachen-Fels, the Dragon's Rock. The Seven Mountains lie south of the river Sieg. Its name may be in connection with that of Siegfried; river names being apt—as we see on Trojan ground—to bear occasionally an heroic or divine meaning.

It is on a hill in the German Frankland that Sigurd frees Sigurdrifa (Brynhild) from the magic slumber, into which she had been thrown by Odin, for having killed, as one of his shield-maidens, a Gothic King to whom the Lord of Hosts had promised victory. "In the south, on the Rhine, Sigurd sank down,"—says the "Fragment of a Brynhild Lay" (5), one of the most touching in the weird cycle of Eddic songs. In a prose note, German men (*þýðverskir menn*) are quoted for the report that he had been murdered in a forest, while others, in the North, had laid the scene of his death in his own room, where they said he had been stabbed when asleep in his bed. Again, in the Vilkina Saga, German men from Soest, Bremen, and Münster, are referred to as sources for the Sigurd tale.

Besides the Holy Mountains, a Black Forest (*Myrkviðr*) is repeatedly mentioned in the Icelandic songs. It stands, no doubt, in most passages, for the vast wood of that name on the Upper Rhine. These references to Germany are scattered all over the Norse Scripture. Franks, Saxons, Burgundians, Goths—even a Swawa-land, or Swabian land, half mythological, half real—meet us in the Edda, together with the name of the Huns, or Hunes; which latter (and here we come upon Siegfried's special kinship with the English) we find again among the German tribes that took part in the "Making of England."

IV.

After this, a passage in Baeda's Church History, which I believe has puzzled many readers, will easily explain itself.

* "The Song of Fafnir," 26.

In chapter ix. of his fifth book, he says that the Angles or Saxons who now inhabit Britain, are known to have sprung from Germany, "for which reason they are still corruptly called 'Garmans' by the neighboring nation of the Britons." Among the tribes of Germany, which had sent forth war-hosts for the conquest of Britain, Baeda names "Frisians, Rugians, Danes, *Huns*, the Old Saxons, and the Boructuars." The last are unquestionably the same whom Tacitus calls Bructerians. The "Danes" were the aboriginal German inhabitants of Jutland, who only later became replaced by Scandinavian Teutons. The Huns, or Hunes, fully explain themselves as a purely German tribe from what has been stated in the foregoing.

In the Anglo-Saxon "Wanderer's Tale," *Hunas* are among the sibs which the Traveller visited. Now, there are in England not a few places which bear the clear trace of a Hunic settlement. Angles, or *Englas*, have given their name to Anglesey in Cambridgeshire; to Anglesey, the island on the Welsh coast; to Englefield in Berkshire; and to the Englewood Forest. Saxons, or *Seaxas*, have given theirs to Saxthorpe in Norfolk; to Saxham and Saxtead in Suffolk; to Saxby in Lincolnshire; to Saxton in Lincolnshire; to Saxby in Leicestershire. In the same way, Hunes, or *Hunas*, have given theirs to Hunton (Kent); to Hundon (Suffolk); to Hunworth and Hunstanton (Norfolk); to Huncote (Leicestershire); to Huncoat and Hunslet (Lancashire); to Hunmanby and Hunton (Yorkshire); to Hunwick (Durham); to the Head of Hunna and the Isle of Hunie (Shetland),* and so forth.

No wonder we meet with, on English ground, such personal names as Ethelhun (Noble Hune), that of King Edwin's son, or as that of a monk†—even as we find the German and Norse "Finn" name on the English side of this country as well as in Ireland, from ancient times.

Turning back once more to Germany, where Baeda's English Hunes came from, we meet with the same name in

* Comp. "The Anglo-Saxon Sagas," by Daniel H. Haigh; where, however, by no means all the Hunic place-names of England are given.

† Baeda ii. 14; and iii. 27.

our own tribal sagas, in our history, in our geography, as well as in our martial folk-lore. In *Beowulf*, which dates from before the time of the German conquest of Britain, several personal names occur composed with "Hun." Hunlaf, Hunferd, Hunbrecht are heroic names which turn up among Frisians and Rhinelanders, as among the men of Dietrich von Bern. The Hunsings were a Frisian tribe. The Hunsrück Mountain in northwestern Germany has probably as little to do with the Mongolic Hunns as Hünningen on the upper Rhine has. Its meaning must be sought for in Siegfried's kinsmen. Humboldt, too, is a Hunic name; meaning "bold like a giant."

Hüne, or *Heune*, a word of obscure etymology, meant eminently a warrior, a hero. That martial name was assumed, of old, by a German tribe located in the quarters where the Siegfried tale arose. Gigantic grave-monuments are to this day called, in northern Germany, "Hunic Graves," or "Hüne-Beds." About Osnabrück, funeral clothes are called "Hüne-garments" (*Hünen-Kleid*). Among the Frisians, "Hüne," or "Heune," is even now used for a corpse. It is as if the fatal mark set on a Hüne's, or warrior's, brow had imperceptibly led to a generalization of the term. From a picked war-band of heroes destined for Walhalla, the Hunes, in course of time, simply became dead men.

V.

So, then, Sigurd was a German Hüne, and therefore the closest relation of the founders of England. And quite in harmony with the Edda, we hear in the Nibelungen Lied that Sigmund's son "grew up in the Netherlands, in a castle known far and wide, at Xanten on the Rhine." Only the mother's name is differently given in the Icelandic text; but that is easily accounted for by the transformation of the tale abroad.

All over the Scandinavian North, including the Faroër, this grand and typical saga was once spread. In the Hvenic Chronicle, in Danish hero-songs, we even meet Siegfried (Old German: Sigufrið) as Sigfred, instead of the contracted Norse form "Sigurd;" Kriemhild as "Gremild"—and she is married

to the hero at Worms, as in the Nibelungen Lied; whereas, in the Edda, Gudrun is Sigurd's wife, and the remembrance of the town of Worms is lost. So strong was the tradition of the German origin of the Sigurd tale down to the twelfth century, that in a geographical work written in Norse by the Abbot Nicolaus, the Gnita-Heath where Sigurd had killed the Worm was still placed half-way between Paderborn and Mainz.*

In the lays and sagas of the Scandinavians, much of those "most ancient songs" is, in fact, preserved, which the German people, in its heroic age, once possessed, and which Karl (called the Great), the Emperor of the Franks—according to the statement of Eginhard—ordered to be collected. Monkish fanaticism afterward destroyed the rescued valuable relics. It is an irreparable loss. Fortunately, Icelanders travelling in Germany had gathered some of those tale-treasures. Bringing them home, they presented the Norse bards with a subject which the latter treated in their own way in the form of heroic lyrics, and with a poetical beauty and dramatic power of which the whole Teutonic race may well be proud.

It is in the Sigurd-, Fafnir's-, Brynhild-, Gudrun-, Oddrun-, Atli-, and Hamdir Lays, as well as in some prose fragments of Norse literature, that the subject of the Nibelungen Lied has been saved to us in its older form. It is an earlier, a purer, a wholly heathen version of that noble saga which on its native soil was worked out, in a half-Christianized shape, into an epic similar to the Homeric one. Between the Icelandic poems and the Nibelungen Lied—the Iliad of Germany—there are a number of divergences, the result of the transplantation of the German tales to the North. Thus Kriemhild's name is, in the Edda, replaced by that of Gudrun. Högni plays a part somewhat different from that of Hagen. The heart and root of the story are, however, the same. The fact is, the Nibelungen Lied arose out of the production of rhapsodists, which on German soil disappeared—just as the original lays referring to the siege of Troy disappeared in Greece. In this

* "Itinerarium," edited by Werlauff in the "Symb. ad Geographiam Medii Ævi;" Copenhagen, 1821.

way, the Norse poems are to be looked upon as a link between our national epic and our lost Siegfried *Lieder*.

The hold which the story itself has had on the German people through ages, can be gathered from the fact of its having kept its place in the workman's house and the peasant's hut, first by oral tradition, and then by some of those rudely-printed penny books, sold at fairs, under the title of "*Die Geschichte vom hörnenen Siegfried*;" that is, "*The Story of Siegfried made invulnerable by the Dragon's blood.*" Well do I remember the eagerness with which, as a child—snatching a little time from the too-early Latin lessons—I pored over one of those chap-books, with its clumsy woodcuts and its half-boorish representation of the inspiring tale, at a time

when most of our learned men utterly neglected, nay, often scarcely even knew, the national *Helden-Sage*, though the poorest among the masses yet clung to it in their own wretched traditions.

VI.

Now for some of the details of the Nibelung Tale, as contained in the Edda.

In the first Lay of Sigurd the Dragon-Killer—also called Gripir's Prophecy—we find the hero riding to the Hall of the Seer, in order to learn his own fate. Gripir foretells all that will happen: Sigurd's martial revenge of his father's death; his victory over the Dragon, and how he thus will gain golden treasures; his ride to the Rock where a Maiden awaits her deliverance:

Gripir.

Queenly maiden fair on the mountain sleeps,
Harness-encased, after Helgi's death.
With the sword's keen edge thou'lt the corslet sever;
Ripping the bonds with Fafnir's bane.

Sigurd.

The armor breaks. Now speaks the bride,
The fair one, freed from the fettering trance!
What museful saws will the Maiden utter?
What words of wisdom for the Hero's weal?

All kinds of runic wisdom, and the knowledge of all men's tongues, will she—so Gripir prophesies—confer upon Sigurd. Further questions the Seer seeks to evade. But being pressed to foretell even the darkest and the worst, "because all is ordained before," he predicts that Sigurd, after having been

the guest, for a single night, of King Giuki, will forget Brynhild's love and the oath pledge he had given to her, for the sake of a new love—namely, of Gudrun, Giuki's daughter.

Unconscious of fickleness, the alarmed inquirer protests:

Seest thou such wavering in my will?
Shall my word I break to the maiden dear
Whom with my whole heart I thought to love?

Gripir, however, explains that the fatal spell will be wrought upon him by the wiles of Grimhild, Giuki's queen. Ay, she will so beguile him as to make him woo Brynhild in the name of Gunnar, the king of the Goths. The magical exchange of shape between Sigurd and Gunnar, through which Brynhild—as we see in the Nibelungen epic and in Wagner's musical drama—is ensnared to become the Gothic ruler's queen, is here foretold by the Seer. Deep sorrow comes over Sigurd at this sad prospect

of having to court, for another's sake, her who reigns in his own bosom. He is also pained by the thought of being held to be false in men's opinion, even though Gripir tells him that he will accomplish his mission with such honesty as to "make his name an exalted one as long as the world lasts."

Three nights—the Seer says—the hero will pass on the deceived Brynhild's couch; but he will do so in blameless purity. After that, Sigurd and Gunnar, having changed back into their own

proper forms—"but each retaining his heart"—are to be joined in wedlock, in Giuki's Hall, to Gudrun and Brynhild. Disaster, nevertheless, must come from the fraudulent wooing. Though Sigurd loves Gudrun in honest wedlock, Brynhild thinks herself evilly matched to

Gunnar, and basely betrayed. Her love for Sigurd is turned into revengeful hate. Belying herself, through overwhelming grief, she now falsely accuses Sigurd, before Gunnar, of not having kept faith to him during those three nights.

Sigurd.

Will Gunnar the wise, will Guthorm and Högni,
Be stirred to deeds by her stinging appeal?
Will Giuki's sons in their sib-man's blood
Redden their swords? Gripir! speak!

Gripir.

Gudrun's heart will fret with anguish and fury,
When her brothers with harmful plans shall beset thee.
All joy will flee from her for ever:
Such woeful end is the work of Grimhild.

That solace, however—Gripir lastly says—will remain to the valorous leader of men, who is to be the spotless victim of guile, that a nobler man than he will never be seen under the Sun's abode. "Hail now, and farewell!" answers Sigurd; "Fate cannot be o'ercome!"

In this prophecy, the chief points of the German Siegfried's tale are condensed, with slight variation—less the all-destroying revenge of his death, which forms the final catastrophe in the Nibelungen Lied.

VII.

The second Lay of Sigurd the Dragon-Killer, together with the Song of Fafnir—of which there are corresponding traits in the German epic—furnished Richard Wagner with the essential ideas of his *Rhinegold* and his *Siegfried*. Still, the composer-poet has so largely altered the subject-matter that in a great measure the invention may be said to be his own. In the Icelandic poems, we find Sigurd as the ward of the Dwarf Regin, who tells him of his forefathers' proud deeds and of the adventures of the Asa Trinity, Odin, Hönir, and Loki. For the killing, by Loki, of Regin's and Fafnir's brother Otur who had changed himself into the shape of an otter, the Aesir had to pay a gold-ransom which was wholly to cover its skin. A gold ring alone was retained by All-father, out of the Asic treasure; but as a single hair of the otter was still visible, the Ring, too—Odin's very symbol of power—had to be added

to the ransom. Thereupon, Loki utters a curse upon the whole treasure, foretelling a "future struggle about a woman," as well as "hatred among ethelings on account of the hoard of gold."

The curse becomes true. The two brothers, Regin and Fafnir, after having murdered their father, fall out among themselves for the exclusive ownership of the treasure. We hear of the terrifying Oegir's helmet (the hiding hood of the German epic) by which Fafnir, in Dragon's guise, maintains himself in possession of the hoard, on the Heath of Envy. With the sword forged by Regin, Sigurd, however, kills the giant Worm. Having accidentally tasted its blood, when eating its heart, he suddenly understands the prophetic language of the birds. Seven eagles tell him that Regin, having got rid, through Sigurd's valor, of his own brother Fafnir, is about to brew mischief against the young Volsung himself; and that, for his personal safety, he must now kill Regin, too. The Dwarf's head being consequently struck off, the eagles counsel Sigurd to take possession of the gold-hoard, and then to ride to Giuki's Hall, where a beautiful woman is to be wooed. On his way, he is to meet, on a high hill, with a warrior-maid entranced by a sleeping-thorn with which Odin stung her. She is surrounded by a fiery charm which no hero may break before the Norns have ordained it.

In the Song of Sigurdrida, that Valkyr

is freed by Sigurd who rides up to Hindarfiall, in Frank-land. Her vow, on going into the magic sleep, had been, that if ever she were to be wedded to a man, she would only confer her hand upon him who was incapable of fear. Being delivered, she teaches Sigurd much wisdom, and both then pledge troth to each other, for aye and for ever.

In the third Lay of Sigurd the Dragon-Killer, as well as in a fragment of a

Brynhild Lay, and in the Volsung Saga, we hear how Sigurd, when wooing Brynhild in Gunnar's name, had placed a sword on the couch between her and himself—"a sword with gold adorned; outward its edges with fire were wrought, with venom-drops covered within." His own love for Brynhild he had been made to forget through a potion of obliviousness. But "grim Norns were walking athwart."

Alone she sat when the day sank down ;
Aloud she began to herself to speak :—
"Sigurd must be mine ; or I must die,
If I cannot enfold him in my arms !
Or the rash words now I again repent :
Gudrun is his wife ; and I am Gunnar's !
Oh, the sorrow wrought by the spell of the Norn !"

Often she wandered, filled with wrath,
O'er ice and fells at even-tide,
Thinking where he and Gudrun now were . . .
How the Hunic King his consort caressed.
Thus her vengeful mood to murder she turned.

For a time, Gunnar, being in doubt, hesitates to take revenge upon the wrongfully accused Sigurd. At last, he and Högni induce their younger brother,

the half-witted Guthorm, to do the bloody deed. With powerful brevity the Eddic poem says :

Easy it was his wild spirit to move :
There stood the sword in the heart of Sigurd !

However, strength enough was yet left in the hands of the dying hero—"at whose side," as a Saga has it, "all others looked low in stature"—to fell his murderer by throwing his spear. Gud-

run, startled from her sleep, finds herself swimming in the blood of "Freyr's friend;" that is, of her blameless Sigurd :

Loudly moaned the Queen ; life ebb'd from the King.
So heavily she struck her hands together,
That the beakers on the board responsive rang,
And shrilly the geese in the court did scream.

Then laughed Brynhild, the daughter of Budli,
For once again with all her heart,
As, up to her bed, there broke through the Hall
The direful yell of Giuki's daughter.

Then Brynhild resolves to "go forth to the long journey." Stabbing herself, she prophesies that Gudrun will be given in marriage to her (Brynhild's) brother

Atli, who will lose his life at Gudrun's hands. With a woman's bitter taunt against her rival, the dying Valkyr cries :

More seemly 't would be if our sister Gudrun
Were to lie on the pyre with her husband and lord—
Had good spirits to her but given the counsel,
Or had she a soul resembling mine !

Her own fire-burial she thus orders :

One prayer yet I have to pray thee ;
'Twill be the last in this my life :

A spacious pile build up in the plain,
 That room there be for all of those
 Who came to die together with Sigurd !
 Surround the pile with shields and garments,
 With funeral cloth and chosen suite !
 And the Hunic King burn at my own side ! . . .

Let also lie between us both
 The ring-set sword, the keen-edged steel,
 Again so placed, as when the couch we ascended,
 And were then called by the name of consorts. . . .

Much have I said. More would I say
 If the God yet time would grant me for speech.
 My voice now falters. My wounds are swelling.
 The truth I spoke. So will I die.

In "Brynhild's Ride to the Nether World," a giant woman, acting as a Judge of the Dead, crosses the path of the self-sacrificed Valkyr-bride of Sigurd, before she nears the gates of Hel, to upbraid her with having longed for the possession of the consort of another. Brynhild nobly defends herself. Of the coming murder of the Nibelungs we learn in the Gudrun Lays as well as in the Tales of Atli; and the details of that struggle are even far more gruesome than in the German epic. It is as if the fierce Hunic spirit had changed, not

only for the crueller Norse one, but for Hunnish ferocity. In the Nibelungen Lied, enraged Kriemhild, who has become Etzel's Queen in the Hunic land, allures her sib-men to that Court, when a treacherous surprise and frightful carnage follows, at the end of which she holds the bleeding head of her brother Gunther, by the hair, before Hagen in his dungeon; asking him for the indication of the hidden gold-board, as the ransom of his life. With a shudder, Hagen looks at the head; but quietly and coldly meeting his death, he says :

None knows now of the gold-board but God and I alone !
 From thee, thou demon-woman, 'tis now for ever gone !

These horrors are surpassed in the Eddic lay. There Hialli's heart is first cut from his living body, and brought to

the captive Gunnar; and then "Högni laughs aloud while his own heart is cut out":

Calmly said Gunnar the stout Niblung warrior :
 "Here have I the heart of Högni the bold ;
 'Tis unlike the heart of Hialli the fearsome.
 It does not quake as in the dish it lies ;
 It quaked less when in the breast it lay."

So far shalt thou, Atli, be from the eyes of men
 As thou from the treasure now wilt be !
 Of the hidden hoard of the Niblungs' gold
 Alone I now know, since Högni lives not,

In doubt I wavered, whilst we two were breathing.
 In fear I'm no longer, since alone I am left.
 The Rhine shall be master of the baleful metal ;
 The stream shall possess the As-known Niblung hoard.
 In the rolling waves the golden rings shall glow,
 Rather than on the hands of the Hunic sons !

Then follows the ghastly scene of Gunnar's imprisonment in the Serpent's Tower; the murder of Atli, made drunk by Gudrun, who had prepared for him a meal of the hearts, dipped in honey, of his own little children, whose skulls she made into beakers, filling them with their own blood;—when all, on hearing

it, wept, "but Gudrun alone not." We are told of the letting loose of the pack of hounds for the purpose of carnage; and, as in the German epic, of the Hall gutted by fire. "Upon horror's head horrors accumulate." But the Eddic Atli Song says :

Blissful is, since, called he who such a bold daughter
Boasts of, as Guiki begat.
In every land will forever live
This wedlock's tale wherever men can near.

Unlike the German Kriemhild, upon whom the very foe of Hagen, the hoary-headed Hildebrand, takes revenge for her fiendish cruelty, Gudrun still lives after all these horrors. Though seeking death in the waves, she cannot sink, and is carried ashore, when she enters upon a third marriage. In the course of fresh complications, her dearest daughter from

the union with Sigurd, Swanhild—"who had been in her halls as a sunbeam, fair to behold"—is ordered to be trodden under horses' hoofs. At last, Gudrun also seeks death by mounting the pyre, calling upon her departed husband to turn his swift steed from the other world towards her :

Remember, Sigurd, what we together said,
When on our bed we both were sitting :
That thou, O brave one, wouldst come to me
From the Hall of Hel, to fetch me back.

Now build, ye Jarls, the oaken pile,
That high it may rise under Heaven's vault !
May the fire burn a breast full of woes,
The flames round my heart its sorrows melt !

May more peace be given to all men's minds,
All women's sorrows be lessened,
If they hear to the end this song of grief !

VIII.

So far the Eddic poems. But the question must now be put: What is the inner significance, the philosophical kernel, of the Nibelung Tale? Or is it, perhaps, simply a fable without a meaning?

The tale centres about the Rhine, that noble river at whose aspect Richard Wagner, in his days of poverty—when seeing it for the first time, on his return from Paris, in 1842—shed tears of joy, making a vow of fidelity forever to the Fatherland; as he has told us in his Autobiographical Sketch. More especially, it is a Frankish saga—having arisen in that powerful German tribe which once held sway in the greater part of Europe.

In its origin, however, the Nibelungen cycle is by the best investigators rightly held—and is held also by Richard Wagner—to have been a Nature-myth, upon which historical elements became engrafted. Light, the Day, the Sun—the eminent composer says—filled man, in early ages, with the impression that in them is involved the condition of all existence, or, at least, the condition of our knowledge of all that is contained in Nature; while Darkness, the Night, the

nebulous home of gloomy Mistiness ("Niflheim" among the Northmen), gave rise to feelings of horror. Light thus was looked upon as the creative, the fatherly, or divine spirit, the spirit of Friendliness and All-goodness; and from this, as human refinement went on, moral ideas were evolved, connected with a God of Light. In its most ancient germs, the tribal myth of the Franks appears to have been the individualization of the God of Light who overcomes the monster of the chaotic aboriginal Night. This is the earliest meaning of Siegfried's victory over the Dragon. It is, on German ground, the overthrow of Python by Apollon.

But even as Day is, in its turn, vanquished by Night; as Summer must yield to Winter: so also Siegfried falls in the end. The God, which he originally was, thus becomes human; the sad fate of so noble a champion gives rise to motives of revenge for what is held to have been an evil and criminal deed; and a tragedy is constructed, in which generations appear as actors and victims.

A special feature of the Frankish nature-myth is the hoard, the fatal treasure which works never-ending mischief. It represents the metal veins of the sub-

terranean Region of Gloom. There, as we see from Eddic records, Dark Elves (Nibelungs, or nebulous Sons of the Night) are digging and working, melting and forging the ore in their smithies—producing charming rings that remind us of the diadems which bind the brow of rulers; golden ornaments, and sharp weapons: all of which confer immense power upon their owner. Such a Nibelung ring of mystic strength was said to embody the mastery over the world.

When Light overcomes Darkness; when Siegfried slays the Dragon: this hoard is his booty, and he becomes master of the Nibelungs. But the Dragon's dark heir ever seeks to regain it from the victor: so Night malignantly murders the Day; Hagen kills Siegfried. The treasure, on which Siegfried's power is founded, becomes the cause of his death; and through death he himself, albeit originally a refulgent God of Light, is turned into a Figure of Gloom—that is, a Nibelung.

Yet each fresh generation, while being destined to death, strives for the Dragon's treasure—even as Day and Night, creative warmth and death-bringing cold, succeed each other in a ring-like cycle of contests.

This seems to have been the earliest nature-myth, as elaborated by the Frankish Germans. In Wagner's view, Karl the Great knew well what he did when ordering the old heroic songs to be carefully gathered; for in them the title of the supremacy of the Franks must have been contained, at whose head he stood. Richard Wagner even ventures upon the conjecture that, in the Asiatic home of the German race, Nibelung Franks may already have held supreme sway among the Teutonic race. This latter speculation, of course, lacks historical support.

Yet, if powerful "Franks" of an earlier time than those who founded the empire of that name, had to be pointed out, I would draw attention to the great Phrygian nation. Its name meant, according to the Greek interpreters, a free-man, or Frank. Curiously enough, "Frakk" (which comes nearest to Phryg, or Frik) is the Eddic word for the Rhenish Frank in whose land Brynhild lies, surrounded by the flaming charm. As to the Phrygian Franks of

classic times, they were a section of that vast Thracian nation whose Getic, Gothic, Germanic kinship clearly results from Greek and Roman testimony. Noted in antiquity as well for their discoveries and skilfulness in metallurgy, as for their martial and musical spirit, the Phrygians largely modified the religion of the Hellenic and Latin world* by their own rites, among which the cult of Mother Earth stood foremost—truly a Nibelung cult!

Those who idly doubt the fact of a Nature-myth being involved in the Siegfried tale, had better look at once into the account of the Norse Skalda, concerning the Nibelungs and Giukungs. That account begins in a thoroughly mythic manner with Aesir, or Gods, and nebulous Black Elves, or Dwarfs, which latter are the possessors of the golden hoard, and one of whom watches over it, assuming the form of a Dragon. Presently, however, we find ourselves, in the company of one of those Nibelung Elves, in the realm of Hialprek, King in Thiodi—which names remind us of the Frankish Chilperich, and of the very root of the word from which the Thiodisk, or *Deutsch* (German) people are called.

In the course of the Skaldic story which contains the essence of the Nibelungen Lied, we hear of the Giukungs that dwell on the Rhine. Giuk is the Norse form for the Frankish, or Rhenish, King Gibich (Gothic: Gibika. Old Saxon: Kipicho). This name—like so many 'Teutonic chieftains' names, including that of Odin himself—was at one time a divine appellation. Gibich means "the Giver"—him who gives freely. With the Rhenish localization of the Siegfried story, we seem to tread upon the ground of tribal, historical tales. Nevertheless I believe that passage in the Skalda, which attributes "raven-black hair" to Gunnar and Högni and the other Nibelungs, to be a mythological indication of the original abode of the Sons of Darkness in the bowels of the earth.

The name of Siegfried's murder, Hagen—who is one-eyed, even as Hödur, the God of Night, who kills Baldur, the God of Light, is blind—has also been adduced for a mythological

* Grote's "History of Greece," iii. 39.

interpretation. Hagen is the Thorn of Death, the Haw-thorn (German : *Hagedorn*), with which men are stung into eternal sleep. Odin stings Brynhild into her trance with a "Sleeping-Thorn." Hagen, in the sense of Death, still lingers in the German expression "Friend Hain," as a euphemism for the figure which announces that one's hour has come. The haw-thorn, as we know from a mass of testimony, was the special wood used for Germanic fire-burial. Hence the sacredness, almost down to our days, of many old haw-thorn bushes in various localities of this country.

But though a Nature-myth is involved in the Siegfried tale, many historical facts have clustered round it, and at last perhaps even overborne it. Attempts have been made to see in it traces of the hero-songs sung, according to Tacitus, in honor of Armin, the Deliverer of Germany from the Roman yoke ; and of the deeds done by Civilis, the leader of the Batavian Germans against Roman dominion. An echo of the overthrow of the Burgundian King Gunther by Attila ; of the feats of Theodorich, the ruler of the Eastern Goths ; even of the conquest of Britain by Hengest, has been assumed to be contained in these Siegfried tales. Others have pointed to the fate of Siegbert, the king of the Austrasian Franks, who was murdered at the instigation of Fredegunda ; and to the powerful Frankish family of the Pipins, from whom Karl the Great himself descended. With these Pipins of "Nivella" we come upon a word in consonance with "Nibelung." Again, the wars which the powerful and in a certain sense patriotically German, but despotic, Frankish Emperor waged against the Saxons of Witukind, who clung to their independence, their self-government, and their Wodanic creed, have been held to be indicated in the war which the Frankish Siegfried wages against the Saxons in the Nibelungen Lied.

But I will not pursue this vast subject any further. Be it enough to say that the ground of the tale was repeatedly shifted ; that, from the Franks of the Lower Rhine, its centre was transferred to the Burgundians on the upper course

of the glorious river ; that German Hunes, once dwelling between the Hunsrück range, the Netherlands, and the Frisian shores of the German Ocean, became confounded, after the Great Migrations, with the Hunns ; that the Atli of the Edda, whose name has a corresponding form (Azilo, Ezilo) on German ground, was misunderstood for Attila ; and that, then, the death of Siegfried, the Hune, was fittingly supposed to have been avenged by Kriemhild in the land of the Hunns !

Such confusion of myth and history is not unfrequent in the morning-time of a nation's life. Yet, above all these uncertain shadows of blood-boltered historical figures which flit over the stage, searing our eyes, there towers the image of the Hero who represents Light and Right ; whose purity of soul makes him the victim of cunning craft ; but whose name and deeds are admiringly held up by each succeeding generation. In town and thorp, as we know from many a stray allusion in our older literature, Siegfried lays were once sung among an attentive crowd. Hans Sachs, the father of the German drama, tried his inexperienced hand at this subject. And the Mastersinger schools, by whose exertions some spark of poetry, however weak, was kept alive among the burgher class, often turned their thoughts to the "old songs."

With the fall of Germany through the miseries of the Thirty Years' War, when her very life-blood seemed to ebb away in a struggle for religious liberty, the poetical remembrance of our people's heroic past grew dimmer evermore—until, with a national revival dating from the War of Independence against Napoleon I., the ancient tale-treasures were valued anew. It is the great merit of Richard Wagner to have formed the plan for his Nibelung Tragedy in the summer of 1848, during a promising political upheaval for national freedom and union. The subject he chose is one that appeals to the heart and to the recollections of the whole Teutonic race—from the Rhine to the Scandinavian fiords, and from the Northern Thule to the white cliffs of England, where Hunic warriors have left the imprint of their once famous name.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ADRIFT.

BY MAY PROBYN.

EVER the waterlily rocked
Upon the rocking stream,
Where the little clouds, reflected, flocked
And steered across her dream,
And ever she sighed, "Why must I stay
In the river's bend from day to day?
Oh, were I free to sail away,
Where the seas with wonder teem!

"I know that I am fair," she said,
"I watch it in the wave,
At anchor here in the river-bed,
That holds me like a grave.
What good is the sun's gold light to me—
Or what good a living thing to be,
When none draws ever nigh to see
The beauty that I have!"

The bird in the alder farther flew,
At the ending of his song;
The rat plunged in where the rushes grew,
And paddled his way along;
The wind in the osiers stirred and sighed
That the current was swift, and the world was wide—
And "away! and away!" the ripples cried,
And the river tide ran strong.

Was she happier when the stars were born,
And the bird sat mute in the tree?
When she rocked and swayed, with her cables torn,
And felt that she was free?
When the banks slid backward on either hand—
For the rat had gnawed through her anchor strand,
And the wind had kissed her away from land,
And was kissing her out to sea.

The river mouth was broad and black,
With currents countercrossed,
Where the foam churned white in the eddy's track,
And the scattered stars were lost.
No glimpse she saw of either bank,
But a waste of weed that heaved and sank,
Where from gulf to gulf she reeled and shrank,
And from wave to wave she tossed.

The Sun uprose through a glory spread,
And climbed by a cloudy stair,
And "What is the thing, O Sea!" he said,
"Your breakers are tumbling there?"
"That?" said the Sea, "with the muddied face,
And the cup all tattered and reft of grace?
A flower, they say, from some inland place,
That once on a time was fair!"

THE LADY MAUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

WE had passed an hour over luncheon, and on arriving on deck I was surprised to notice how we had neared the ship in that time, though the calm was now profound, the water running like a surface of oil into the sultry horizon, where the sea-line trembled in the haze of heat, and was here and there indistinguishable from the swimming sky. Whether vessels becalmed together at sea do actually attract each other, as sailors believe, I cannot positively say; but their tendency to close is unquestionable, and is often a source of inconvenience, and even of danger when there is a swell on.

The ship had swung with her stern dead on to us, but, owing to the shadow cast by the tent-like envelopment of flags and awning over her poop, it was impossible to see along her decks; but there was a small crowd of people looking at us over her taffrail, and we could see their faces, though too far off to distinguish their lineaments.

"We might hail her, Sir Mordaunt," I suggested, "and find out where she's bound to, and what the jollification is about."

"Call to her, will you, Walton? You know what to say."

"Purchase had better sing out first," said I. "He's skipper, and I mustn't usurp his functions."

On this he turned to Purchase, and requested him to speak the ship. The old chap clambered on to the bulwark, and passing his arm round a backstay, bawled in his deep, gruff, wheezy note, "Ship ahoy!"

After a short pause a figure jumped onto the taffrail. "Hillo!"

"What ship is that?" rattled out Purchase.

"The Dido."

"Where are you from, and where are you bound to?"

"From London bound to Sydney, New South Wales."

"Didn't I say so?" said I.

"What's the name of your yacht?" came from the ship.

"The Lady Maud, from the Hisle o' Wight, bound to the West Hindies!" vociferated old Purchase, pulling off his brass-bound cap, and mopping his bald pate with a red handkerchief which he extracted from the bottom of his headgear. At this point the band of music that was apparently stationed on the forecastle struck up "Auld Lang Syne," and Purchase dropped, with the unwieldiness of a bear, off the bulwarks. It was now my turn. I sprang onto the rail and waved my hand, in token that I had something to say. The man who had answered Purchase looked toward his forecastle and made a gesture, and after a bit the music stopped.

"Ship ahoy!" I shouted.

"Hillo!"

"Will you be good enough to give me the name of your commander!"

"Captain Robert Spenser."

"He was chief officer when I was in her," said I to Sir Mordaunt. "See now if he recollects me." I again addressed the ship. "Will you ask him if he remembers Mr. Edmund Walton, who was second officer under him in Captain Turnbull's time?"

This conversation had brought a crowd of people to the stern of the vessel. They were as thick as flies, and I noted a number of heads forking over the side of the ship, trying to catch a sight of us, while some men got into the main and fore rigging to look.

"Perfectly well," came back the reply, as clear as a bell, over the polished surface between the two vessels. "Are you Mr. Walton?"

"I am."

"I'm Captain Spenser."

I pulled off my hat and flourished it, a salutation he returned with a hearty gesture.

"Ask him to visit us, Walton," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, much interested in, and even excited by, this colloquy. "These are the mild adventures I enjoy."

I hailed my old shipmate again, and asked him to come aboard, an invitation he promptly accepted; and in a few minutes a couple of midshipmen jumped

into the white gig that was slung over the stern of the *Dido*, and she was lowered smartly into the water and hauled round to the gangway. After a short delay, during which, I presumed, Spenser had dived below to furbish himself up for his visit, he got into the boat, in which four more midshipmen had seated themselves, making a crew of six, and shoved off; and had the *Dido* been a man-of-war, no better effect could have been produced than that white boat ripping up the sea under the flash of the long, gleaming oars, and the ship behind gently immersing her deep sides in the shining swell, and bringing them out, and a couple of feet of her copper as well sometimes, all glittering and streaming with wet; while the centre folds of her symmetrical canvas, that looked like marble against the blue, flapped smartly on to the masts, and sent across the water the musical clanking of chains and the chafing of blocks, and the quick rattle of reef-points.

The boat came alongside, and I received my old friend at the gangway. We shook hands cordially, and I introduced him to Sir Mordaunt and Miss Tuke.

It was many years since I had seen him, but I should have known him at once. He was when I was at sea with him, and still remained, one of the best-looking men I had ever seen: fair, sunburnt, slightly above the middle height, his profession stamped upon every movement, yet without the least nautical assumption or "shoppishness," of a most amiable disposition, at this time barely forty years of age, and as excellent a seaman as was at that time afloat.

"Why, Walton," cried he, "this, to be sure, is an extraordinary meeting. Have you command here?" looking about him with great admiration. "I thought you had cut the sea—driven out of it by a legacy?"

I briefly explained how I happened to be in the yacht, and the object of the cruise.

"You are acting wisely, Sir Mordaunt," said he. "I am sure the run will greatly benefit Lady Brookes. I have a man there," pointing to his ship, "a first-class passenger, who has entirely lost his voice, and can only speak in a whisper. I'm going to carry him

round the world, and I'll wager before we are north of the line again he'll be able to bawl as lustily as yonder old gentleman," indicating Purchase.

Wine and tobacco were brought, and we seated ourselves for a chat. He told me that he had commanded the *Dido* for the last four years, that she was still in the trade she was engaged in when I was her second mate, and had become a favorite ship with the colonials who visited England.

"You appear to have a great number of people on board," said Sir Mordaunt.

"One hundred and sixty-nine passengers, all told," he answered. "There are above a hundred emigrants."

"But what is the meaning of those flags along your awning, and the music, Spenser?" said I. "Are your passengers celebrating their escape from the mother country?"

"No. It's a romance—as interesting, Miss Tuke," said he, addressing her, "as any exciting chapter in a novel. I'll tell you the story in a few words. Among the cuddy passengers are a Mr. and Miss Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler is an old gentleman, and Miss Wheeler (as I will still call her) is a young and pretty girl. Of course it is no business of mine to make inquiries about my passengers; but no sooner were we fairly under way, and I had leisure to look about me, than I found my curiosity tickled by this couple. That they were father and daughter I did not doubt, but I could not understand the girl's miserable dejection. She was incessantly fretting, so much so that I was positive more was behind this misery than leaving home. Well, to make the story short, four evenings ago I was talking to some passengers near the wheel, when I heard a great noise of quarrelling upon the quarter-deck. I went forward to see what the matter was, and saw old Mr. Wheeler flourishing his arms like a windmill, and abusing a young man who was looking at him very quietly. A crowd of persons stood around, listening evidently with great astonishment to the old man's violent language, and wondering at the youngster's meek reception of it. I went down on the quarter-deck, and took Mr. Wheeler by the arm, and led him into

the cuddy, and asked him what the matter was. He was fearfully excited, and hardly able to speak. However, after a while I managed to calm him down, and then he told me his story. He was a widower, very fond of his daughter, and anxious, of course, about her future. The girl, behind his back, had fallen in love with a young fellow, and betrothed herself. Mr. Wheeler found this out, and tried to prevent them from meeting. That, of course, was a hard job for a man engaged every day in business in the city," said he, laughing, "and I suppose his efforts failed. Afraid that his daughter would elope, he resolved to carry her to the other side of the world, to Sydney, where he has a sister. He made arrangements for a year's absence, and took ship in the *Dido*. But love is not to be outwitted by old age. I suppose Miss Wheeler told her sweetheart what her father meant to do; for, will you credit it, the rogue paid his money for the 'tween-decks, came aboard in the dark, and lay hid among the emigrants until the ship was clear of the Channel. So here they were all together again, and the old man worse off than had he stopped ashore. Mr. Wheeler, happening to be standing at the 'break of the poop, noticed young Stephenson—that's his name—upon the quarter-deck, saw through the whole thing, rushed down, and fell upon him with his tongue. And what, think you, is the upshot of this marine romance?" continued Spenser, laughing heartily.

"You will, of course, hold me responsible, Miss Tuke, when I tell you that, my heart being melted by the poor girl's grief and the young fellow's loyalty, and learning from old Wheeler that Stephenson was a gentleman by birth, that his antecedents were honest, and that there was nothing against him but his poverty—no great crime in a lover when his sweetheart's father earns three thousand a year, which I believe is old Wheeler's value—I went to work to reconcile the enraged parent to what I told him was a stroke of destiny, and, getting some of the passengers to help me, reasoned, urged, entreated, and so effectually got him into a corner, that, after sulking for a day, he called us to his cabin, and said that, since matters had come to that pass, he would risk no

further disgrace, and had therefore resolved that his daughter should be married at once. And married they were—this very morning; and, the weather being fine, we dressed the ship, and are going to have a feast and a dance this evening."

"So, Miss Tuke," said I, "here is a real adventure for you at last."

"I should like to have seen them married," said she.

"It was a very pretty sight, I assure you," exclaimed Spenser. "We have a parson aboard, and everything was perfectly ship-shape. We turned the cuddy into a church, and all hands put on their Sunday clothes; and as we have a good many ladies among the first-class passengers, there was no want of color. Speeches were made at lunch—which we called breakfast in honor of the occasion—and the flourishing of pocket-handkerchiefs was quite touching. The bride and bridegroom made a really good-looking pair. But you must dine with us, Sir Mordaunt. Miss Tuke, you will come, I hope? We've got a band of music aboard—three or four fiddles, and a harp and a trombone and a cornet, most of which are among the steerage passengers, though the cornet belongs to the cuddy; and as we shall light the decks, and all hands will dance—the saloon passengers aft, the others on the main-deck, and Jack on his fore-castle—the sight will be worth seeing, and help to relieve the tedium of a sea-voyage. We dine at half-past five."

Sir Mordaunt hung in the wind a minute or so over this invitation to dinner. I was afraid he was going to refuse, which I should have regretted, as Spenser was full of heartiness, and might have misconstrued a refusal. Miss Tuke looked anxiously enough at her uncle to make him see she wanted him to accept. Suddenly he said, "You are very good, captain, and we shall be happy to join you. But what about the weather?"

"Have no fear," said Spenser. "Leave the weather to me."

"You can safely do that," said I. "The weather and Spenser are old cronies, and thoroughly understand each other."

"I hope Lady Brookes will accompany you," said Spenser.

"I shall certainly endeavor to persuade her," answered Sir Mordaunt.

Captain Spenser remained on board the yacht for about a quarter of an hour, during which time Sir Mordaunt showed him over the vessel, while Miss Tuke and I and Norie talked with the midshipmen, whom I had called up out of the boat to look at the yacht and drink a glass of wine. In those days of large and handsome sailing-ships, the merchant service was reckoned scarcely inferior to the navy; and having regard to the difference between the numbers, there were as many gentlemen afloat in one service as in the other. When I was in the *Dido* she carried twelve midshipmen, most of them lads from Eton and Harrow, and, with one exception only, the sons of gentlemen. She had now but eight midshipmen, six of whom had pulled their skipper aboard of us, and very gentlemanly young fellows these six were, with a dash of schoolboy shyness that was not unbecoming, and a frank, straightforward way of answering questions. They were rigged out in white trousers, brass-bound jackets, and cloth caps, with a gold badge over the peak; no waistcoats, but, instead, large silk handkerchiefs loosely tied round the open collars of their shirts. Of course none of them knew me, for I had given up the sea when they were little boys at school; but they soon saw that their ship had been an old home of mine, by the questions I asked.

After a while Sir Mordaunt came up from below with Captain Spenser, who, after swallowing another bumper of claret and lighting a cigar, got into his boat, telling us, in his hearty fashion, not to be later than five, and not to trouble about the weather, for that he would warrant the calm for some hours yet; and as the oars dropped into the sea, that was like a sheet of quicksilver, he raised his hat, and away dashed the boat, soiling the beautiful, breathless, burnished, and yet slowly heaving surface like moisture upon a looking-glass.

Shortly after he was gone, Lady Brookes came on deck. She stood a moment or two in the companion, looking at the ship—not as if to admire the delicate and ivory-like fabric that swung upon the water, with her reflection filled with color, so as to remind

me of the silver plate of a daguerreotype, with various hues shooting across it at every heave of the swell—but, as if considering that she was too close, and a source of danger.

"How near we are to that ship, Mordaunt!" she exclaimed. "You can distinctly hear the people laughing and calling."

"Don't be afraid, my love," he answered. "The least breath of air will waft the yacht clear of her. We have just had a visit from her captain, a most gentlemanly, sailorly man, an old friend of Walton's, and he has asked us to join them in a merry-making they are holding over a most romantic incident." And he told her the story of old Wheeler and his daughter, and wound up by saying that Captain Spenser was anxious she should dine with him and see the dancing.

"But how are we to reach the ship?" said she, looking doubtfully, and yet as if she had a mind to go too.

"Why, in that boat," answered her husband, pointing to a whaling-built semi-lifeboat hanging at the davits.

"Oh," said she, drawing back in her chair, "if that's the only way of reaching the ship, I'll stop where I am."

I should have liked to ask her if she could suggest any other way.

"There will be no danger, aunt," pleaded Miss Tuke. "You will be very much amused. Captain Spenser is an exceedingly agreeable man; and think of the romance, aunt! It would make me miserable for the wind to get up and carry us away without seeing the bride and her husband."

"And old Wheeler," said Norie.

But it was no good. If there were any other mode of getting on board the ship she wouldn't mind going; but nothing, she said, could induce her to trust herself in a little boat; and the glitter in her eyes and the twist in the corners of her mouth made us all see that it was time to leave off persuading her.

I was afraid Miss Tuke would have been disappointed after all: for shortly after four o'clock the water in the southwest darkened under a small wind that came along over the breathing swell very slowly, but still, as I thought, with a promise of holding in it. They saw it

on the ship as soon as we did, and before it reached us Spenser hailed the yacht, to say that if there was any weight in the coming slant he should not expect us to stop, though he was quite willing to lay his main yards aback for a couple of hours, if we would heave the schooner to and go aboard. However, the puff turned out to be a mere catpaw, that expended itself in a few minutes, leaving the water glass-smooth again, and fading away from us in the east like the shadow of a cloud running over the sea ; but it was of some use too, for it enabled us to forge ahead of the ship, and give her a wider berth, though it left us within speaking distance, and near enough to let us see her people and have the whole image of the vessel before us in bright and beautiful completeness. When the time came for us to go, Sir Mordaunt did not much like leaving his wife alone ; observing which, Norie very humanely offered to stop and keep her ladyship company, for which I was not sorry, and, the boat being manned, we got into her and headed for the ship. As we approached, the band on the fore-castle struck up " See, the conquering hero comes," which made me laugh heartily.

" Do you notice the women looking at us over the bulwarks ?" said I to Miss Tuke.

" I must ask Captain Spenser to let me go over the ship," said she. " I should like to see where the emigrants sleep and live."

" I'll take you below," I answered.

" I hope the saloon passengers won't think us intrusive," said Sir Mordaunt. " I was for declining your friend's invitation at first, and proposing to visit him for an hour after dinner ; but I wasn't sure that my wife wouldn't come, and I thought it would be a pleasant break for her, and a real experience to remember and talk over."

" A ship's captain may entertain whom he pleases, and I think you'll find the passengers will consider themselves honored by your company," I answered.

The whole length of the ship's bulwarks was lined with heads watching us as we approached, and I fancy that we were all three somewhat embarrassed to find ourselves the cynosure of so great a number of eyes, and being rowed to

the martial music of the band. They had thrown a gangway ladder over the side, with white man-ropes to hold by, and a grating at the bottom to step out upon. We swept alongside in man-of-war style, hooked on, and I jumped out, giving Miss Tuke a hand, and followed her and Sir Mordaunt on deck. Spenser and his chief officer received us at the gangway ; but, though memory and my old traditions were never stronger in me than at that moment, I confess, after the quietness of the schooner's deck, the crowds of emigrants, seamen, and other people who congregated near the gangway to see us arrive, coupled with the buzzing of the band, the cackling and lowing and bleating of live stock in the long-boat, pens, and hen-coops, the crying of babies, and the appearance of the decks, dark and even grimy-looking after the yacht's, the great coils of running rigging, the massive bulwarks, the huge water-casks, and all the rest of the big ship's heavy equipment, were positively bewildering.

We were conducted onto the poop, where a number of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were walking or sitting. Owing to the flags and the awning, this part of the vessel was in shadow, and very grateful and pleasant the gloom was. Standing at the foremost end of the poop, and gazing aft, was like looking through a canvas tunnel. The deck here was white enough, all the brass-work finely polished, the shadow variously tinted by the blues and reds and yellows of the flags, and at the extreme end was the large wheel, with the steersman holding it, his figure in the sunshine, and making a striking object against the rich blue of the sky over the taffrail.

The very first persons we were introduced to were Mr. Wheeler and his daughter and son-in-law. The bridegroom was not particularly good-looking, but his manners were gentlemanly, and he had very kind, honest eyes, and a pleasant laugh. So much I remember of him. But his wife's face I have before me now—a most beautiful face indeed : no artist ever painted or described anything more harmonious and uncommon. Rich auburn hair, violet eyes, a lovely figure, a smile that broke like a light upon her countenance, and a

soft, damask, rose-like flush on her cheeks. I wondered, when I looked at her, where the deuce my friend Spenser's eyes or heart could have been, that he had mentioned her charms to us so lightly and dispassionately. Her indescribable beauty made her husband a much less heroic character in my opinion than I had been disposed to consider him. To follow such a piece of witchery as this to Australia, even as a steerage passenger, was a sample of fidelity or fascination infinitely beneath the worth of the prize. Had he swum down the Channel after the vessel, or turned privateersman and captured the ship, and borne away his true love to a tropical island, in ballad-story fashion, I would have credited him with some appreciation of his duty as the lover of such a girl. But merely to book himself as a third-class passenger in the ship in which his sweetheart was outward bound, to risk nothing worse than a spell of 'tween-decks life, with the chance of gaining not only a lovely girl, but an heiress—pooh! the thing was too commonplace. He was no longer romantic—merely a lucky dog.

I fancy Spenser was rather proud to introduce Sir Mordaunt to the passengers, and they seemed very happy to meet the owner of the handsome schooner yacht they had been admiring all day. However, we had scarcely time to do more than bow, when the first dinner-bell rang, and everybody bustled below to dress. A very agreeable, well-dressed Australian lady took charge of Miss Ada and carried her to her cabin, and Sir Mordaunt and I followed Spenser into his den, where we put down our hats and trimmed our hair, while our host bustled about, full of excitement and gratification; lamenting Lady Brookes' absence, and offering to send a boat for her; envying Sir Mordaunt's ownership of the *Lady Maud*; cracking jokes over the recent nuptials; squinting at his log-book, and giving me the result of his "sights" at noon; calling up merry recollections in me by swift reference to the old skipper we had sailed under—all in a breath, as I may say.

The second bell rang, and we sallied forth into the cuddy. The scene was a lively one. A long table ran down the

centre of the great cabin, with a short one across it atop, making the shape of a T; and these tables being dressed for dinner, covered with plate and china and glass and flowers, made the cuddy look as if a lord mayor were going to give a feast in it; while, punctual to the summons, out of the row of cabins which flanked the table on either hand issued the passengers, talking and laughing, silk dresses rustling, fans playing; and presently we were all at table, Sir Mordaunt and Miss Tuke beside the skipper at the head, I plump opposite the bride and bridegroom, and *next* to old Wheeler, and all the way up and down, and crosswise at the top table, an agreeable alternation of male and female figures.

A strange scene to tumble upon in mid-ocean! I looked at Sir Mordaunt and his niece, and saw they were taking it all in, and heartily enjoying the novel experience.

Passenger vessels of the *Dido* class are fast becoming things of the past, and I am disposed to dwell upon this interior, and the whole picture of the vessel, because in a few years hence it will be hard to meet anybody who remembers that kind of ship, or who will be able to realize that the average time occupied in making the voyage from London to Sydney was between three and four months. The *Dido* was ten days out (so her chief mate told me), but her passengers had recovered from their sea-sickness, and had got to know each other, as I might easily have guessed by looking around me. Most of them were Australians returning from a visit to England, well-bred, quiet people, extremely genial in their manners, without an atom of brag or swagger in them, and nothing whatever about them to distinguish them as colonials.

Distance has much to do with sympathy, and it is no doubt because Australia is on the other side of the world, and because America is only on the other side of the Atlantic, that our wonder should be dedicated so largely to the Yankees as to leave us almost nothing for the Australians. But surely, if these last are not a greater people than the Americans, they are fully as great. Is it because their magnificent cities, their grand industries, have sprung into be-

ing without any flourish of trumpets, that we undervalue the intrepid toil of a race of men whose entirely English genius has brought into the very first rank of civilization a large portion of a mighty continent, the very discovery of which, one might say, is so recent that there are men now living whose fathers, when schoolboys, learned geography from maps in which the South Pacific, from the confines of the Indian Ocean in the east, and from the parallel of Java in the south, was little better than a blank ! Science may bring Australia nearer to us than we now have it ; and perhaps then, when sympathy can no longer plead impoverishment by remoteness, we shall rightly appreciate the quiet, unboastful, but gigantic achievements of a people who are our own flesh and blood in a very different sense from what is meant when we speak of the Americans as kinsmen.

Every passenger seemed to look upon us as his own particular guests, and Sir Mordaunt and I were being constantly called upon to drink wine with one or another—this genial fashion surviving in ships of the Dido class long after it was extinct ashore—and we were all three of us fairly embarrassed by the attention paid us. Still, it was very nice, though it increased my regret at Lady Brookes' absence, because her presence would have added a great zest to her husband's gratification. Miss Tuke enjoyed herself thoroughly. She won everybody's heart within reach of her eyes and voice, and the whole spirit of the scene—delightfully novel and entertaining to her—was reflected in her sweet and radiant face.

I was careful to take wine with the bride and bridegroom, to the former of whom I made the most gracious bow I was master of, as a feeble expression of the admiration she had kindled in me ; and when this performance was over, I turned to old Mr. Wheeler, and conveyed all sorts of good wishes for the young couple into his ear.

"I suppose you know, sir, how it all came about ?" said he. He was a rather pompous-looking old chap, with a face like John Bright's, a great satin stock round his neck, and stiff shirt-collars, which obliged him to move his body as far as his waist—or where his waist

ought to have been, for he was as round as an apple under his waist-coat—when he turned his head.

I answered that I had heard the interesting and romantic story from my friend Captain Spenser.

"I certainly hope they *will* be happy," said he. "In the meanwhile, I don't like the idea of taking a voyage to Australia for no other purpose than to get home again. I left London at a great inconvenience to myself and others, and I see no prospect of returning under the time I expected to be absent."

"You could transfer yourself and baggage to the first homeward-bound ship you meet," said I.

"If we come across one I shall do so, sir. As yet we have encountered nothing but your yacht, and she is not going the way I want to take," he answered. "But it may all be for the best," said he with an effort. "I am reconciled. I shall settle them in Australia, if we get there, where Mr. Stephenson may be able to add to his wife's income. And—and I hope they *will* be happy."

He gulped down the contents of a wineglass, and looked severely at the swinging tray opposite him. I caught his daughter eyeing him nervously, but her husband whispered something to her, whereat she smiled and turned her face toward him with a look so brimful of love and happiness, that I was ass enough—seeing that I was not the recipient of that glorious expression—to feel a good deal moved by it. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Old Mr. Wheeler seemed to have been more candid with me than he intended, for he hung back after this, as though he feared that any topic we should get upon would lead him back to this business of his daughter.

It was close upon seven o'clock when we left the table, and knowing there was not much to be seen of the sea from the poop, in consequence of the flags, I left the cuddy by the quarter-deck entrance, and stood there a few minutes, looking at the yacht and the water. The evening was quite breathless, and the ocean a polished surface of pale violet under the deeply pure azure of the heavens, upon which not a fragment of cloud

was visible. The yacht lay full in the setting sun, about three-quarters of a mile on our port bow. She had swung broadside on, and lay heaving her fine, symmetrical length upon the swell, that shook the folds of her canvas so as to make those milk-white spaces flash and fade in alternations of shadow and rounded brightness. Dozens of emigrants sprawled upon the bulwarks and on the forecastle, looking at her; but many others were eating their suppers on deck, squatting in whole families round their hook-pots of tea and tin dishes of biscuit, and the savings of their mid-day meal of salt pork or junk, and making the decks of the fine ship picturesquely squalid. Indeed, the scene in the hands of a good artist would have made a canvas likely to detain you in front of it a long while. The great white masts; the huge mainsail, hanging by the leech-lines and slab-lines and clew-garnets; the long boat forward on chocks, full of pigs which were grunting and squeaking; the big spare booms over the boat; and, just beyond, the galley, with blue smoke going up straight out of its chimney; the somewhat grimy main-deck, with its water-casks, capstan, and winch; the square main-hatch amidships; the solid bulwarks on either side, crowded with belaying-pins, over which hung coils of running-gear; the shrouds and backstays soaring like solid bars of black iron into the giddy heights; the forecastle right away forward, like an elevated platform, crowded with lounging men, women, and children; and the groups of people covering the deck from the mainmast to the galley; did, in the solemn sunset light that was making a blinding glory of the sea in the west, and filling the air with a crimson haze, make a most impressive picture, the effect of which was grandly heightened by the leagues upon leagues of ocean stretching around in majestic loneliness.

While I stood gazing, I heard my name softly called, and, looking up, I saw Miss Tuke leaning over the brass rail that protected the forepart of the poop. Alongside of her stood the first mate, a man named Woodman. I joined them and as I ascended the poop-ladder I caught sight of Sir Mordaunt in the midst of a crowd of passengers, talk-

ing and laughing, and evidently in high spirits.

"Mr. Walton," said Miss Tuke, "remember your promise to take me downstairs to see where the emigrants sleep and live. Mr. Woodman is kind enough to say he will accompany us."

"By all means let us go," said I. "But first let me ask you what you think of this scene. Is it not a sight worth coming to see?"

"It is indeed. I should have been very sorry to miss it. How foolish my aunt was not to join us! Everybody is so kind and agreeable. I am sure," said she, looking behind her, "had Uncle Mordaunt been the Prince of Wales, the reception he has had couldn't have been more hearty and gratifying."

As she said this, Spenser bustled out of the crowd that was gathered around the baronet, and came running our way.

"I say, Mr. Woodman," he sung out, "are the boat's crew about?—I mean the yachtsmen. Just tell them to jump into the boat, will you? Oh, Miss Tuke, I beg your pardon! And, Walton, how have you been getting on, old friend? I've prevailed on Sir Mordaunt to let me row over to his ship, and try my eloquence upon his wife. She ought really to be with us—and the doctor, too. I'll bring 'em both—I'll bring 'em both!" And in a high state of excitement, with his fine eyes aglow and his handsome face flushed, he toppled over on to the quarter-deck, and in a few moments was rowing for the yacht.

"Lady Brookes won't come," said Miss Tuke, laughing and shaking her head. "He'll soon tire of trying to persuade her."

Here Mr. Woodman joined us, and without more ado we left the poop. One way into the 'tween-decks was by the booby-hatch, as it is called—or *was* called, for marine things have changed names since my day. This was a square hole just under the break of the poop, with an almost perpendicular ladder down it. There was a great quantity of raffle on the main hatch, though one of the gratings was off for the admission of air; but there was no ladder, and so we could not get into the 'tween-decks that way. Miss Tuke looked down into what must have resembled the bottom of a well to her, and hesitated; but just

then a woman, holding a baby in one arm, forked out of the gloom, gained the deck, and went forward.

"If *she* can come up, I ought to be able to get down," said Miss Tuke.

"Let me go first," said I; "so that, if you should fall, I shall be at hand to shore you up."

"And if you will give me your hand," said Mr. Woodman, "I will support you from this end."

She put her foot over—it was a very small one—and with our help reached the lower deck safely. The mate was for shoving forward into the gloom at once, knowing the ropes; but Miss Tuke and I preferred to stand at gaze for a minute or two, until our eyes had got their right focus. Then, bit by bit the old familiar scene (to me) grew defined among the shadows. The first object that courted the eye was the immensely thick mainmast, that looked as big as the funnel of an ironclad, between the decks. Beyond was the main hatchway, the gratings of which let down a little light, but not enough to penetrate far, nor to perplex the illumination of a lamp that hung near the mainmast, and that swayed to and fro as the ship leaned with the swell. There was a long row of berths on the port side, into one of which I poked my head, meaning that Miss Tuke should look, but instantly shut the door, on perceiving a woman and two children lying in the upper bunk, and a man sound asleep under a big topcoat in the lower one. Woodman was more fortunate, and lighted on an empty berth that was a very good sample of the rest. Here were three bunks filled with rude bedding, miserable straw mattresses, coarse brown blankets, and petticoats and breeches in bundles for pillows; a couple of crazy old boxes on the deck, which I suspected, by the look of the hinges, had been dashed about by the motion of the ship, and forced to vomit their wretched contents more than once; and here and there a tin dish, an old cap, a boot.

"How would you like three or four months of this sort of thing?" said I to Miss Tuke.

"I could not imagine anything more unendurable," she answered.

Woodman laughed.

"You see it at its best now," says he. "To thoroughly appreciate it, you should be here in dirty weather, when the hatches are battened down and all the emigrants below; when there is no light beyond what that lamp gives; when the ship is straining heavily, and sea-chests and women and children go fetching away with every roll, and when some of the men are singing, and some of the women quarrelling, and all the youngsters are squalling. Eh, Mr. Walton, I think you have an emigrant ship's 'tween-decks in perfection at such a time?"

Though most of the owners of the cabins were on deck, some score or more were below. In one place four men, dressed as English artisans, seated round a chest and playing at cards, silently and with a certain austere earnestness; in another place a woman, seated on a bundle of some kind or other, against a large box that served her for a table, around which were gathered five children, to whom she was handing pieces of biscuit, while a baby lay against her bosom that was barely concealed by a small red shawl over her shoulders. Here a man lay flat on the deck, his head pillowed on his arms, and his eyes fixed on a huge beam directly over him; there a couple of infants quarrelled over an old rag that had been twisted up into the likeness of a doll, with a rope yarn tied around it to distinguish the head from the stern. None of these people took any notice of us.

Miss Tuke looked about her without speaking. It was all new to her, and painful to see. The poor woman feeding her children, with the baby at her breast, the whole of them miserably clothed, and their meal no more than black tea and biscuit, formed a really moving sight; because, in addition to what the eye saw, the imagination added the pain of quitting her native country, perhaps for good, the misery and suffering of a long voyage, with a strange land at the end—without, it might be, a friend to give her a welcome. But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Certainly these people did not feel their condition with the acuteness that a woman like Miss Tuke, who could only think of their lot in contrast with her own, would imagine.

There was not much more to see, except the midshipmen's berth, into which I put my head, but found the long, narrow cabin, with its double row of bunks and slip of table travelling on stanchions, empty, for the young fellows would of course be on deck, waiting to cut a caper, and to show off their buttons and white pants. So we made for the booby-hatch, and helped Miss Tuke into the pure air, much after the manner in which we had assisted her below.

As we emerged, I saw a crowd of people at the open gangway, and, to my surprise, who should come over the side but Lady Brookes, gallantly handed up by Spenser.

"Hang 'em! those good-looking fellows can do anything they please," said I to Miss Tuke; and we went forward to welcome her ladyship and congratulate her on her courage. She threw alarmed glances around as she stepped on board, as if she was frightened by the number and appearance of the emigrants who crowded the main-deck to see her arrive. Captain Spenser's gallantry, however, knew no limits, and deserved silk stockings and a laced coat; for, holding his hat in one hand and her ladyship's fingers in the other, he conducted her on to the poop, where I wondered he did not get in front of her and walk backward. Presently she was in the thick of the passengers, alongside her husband.

"Now Sir Mordaunt's happiness will be complete," said I.

"There's Mr. Norie!" exclaimed Miss Tuke, and, catching sight of her, he ran up to us.

Of course he had arrived with Lady Brookes, but I did not see him come over the side. He was all bustle and satisfaction and chatter.

"The captain was irresistible!" he exclaimed. "Such a coxer I never listened to. Miss Tuke, you should have seen Lady Brookes melt away under his entreaties! Heaven defend us! had there been any wind, and that handsome fellow had proposed to run away with the yacht, dash me if I don't think—"

"He'd have carried you with him, eh?" I interrupted, noticing that Miss Tuke looked away, as if she thought the medico was out-talking his judgment;

for undoubtedly the difference between Sir Mordaunt and Lady Brookes' age did somehow make wild talk of this kind more of a mistake than it seemed to be. "Look at those decks, Norie, and congratulate yourself upon having yonder beautiful, milk-white, quiet sea-home to return to when we have had enough of this;" and I pointed to the yacht, that the swing of the ship had brought on to our port beam, and whose nose was at us, bringing her two masts into one, which swayed their snow-like canvas from side to side, like the languid beating of an albatross's wing, while beyond her the large summer stars were shining with the green and blue brilliance of diamonds, though astern of us the flush of sunset still illuminated the heavens, and flung a most rich and lovely twilight upon the face of the breathless deep.

Conversation, however, was no longer possible, for the band of musicians, who had been fiddling and blowing on and off all day long, got together close to where we were standing, and struck up a piece of dance music. It seems that all the fellows were professionals but one, so the music was fairly good, and quite excellent to dance to. While these fellows were tuning up, several of the crew of the Dido were sprawling about the decks in a high state of excitement, rigging up lanterns of various kinds and sizes around the poop and along the main-deck. The illumination was not brilliant, but it was very effective, and nothing in its way could have been more striking than the appearance of the people shifting their colors as they passed out of the light into the shadow, with here a red lantern flinging its ruby flood upon a space of deck where the lustre lay like a great blood-stain, and there a coil of rope, a water-cask, a fathom of chain cable brightly irradiated by a white light, through which the people came and went like a procession of ghosts, the gloom lying dense on either side, resembling a flood of black water between silver and purple banks; while on high were the vague, pallid sails, and over them a heaven crowded with stars.

The band, having finished its overture, struck up a quadrille. In a great hurry Norie asked Miss Tuke to give him the dance, and she consented. I

preferred to look on, and so I got into a corner and watched the proceedings.

The poop was full of gliding figures. I saw Sir Mordaunt dancing with the bride, and very handsomely he twirled her about, turning out his toes in ancient fashion, twisting the calves of his legs round, flourishing his arms, and behaving most graciously; and I also beheld my friend Spenser, who was the baronet's *vis-à-vis*, rolling about in fine nautical style, with a very bouncing fat and fair partner, whose waist he seized every opportunity that presented itself to clasp and spin round with, as though the only way to dance a quadrille was to waltz through it, and as though he reckoned that dancing was an idle entertainment if it did not involve a fair proportion of hugging.

On the main-deck and forecastle the emigrants and seamen were hopping about in great glee. Their exercise had no reference whatever to the music, only in so far as the fiddling and strumming gave them an excuse to kick up their heels; for their performances were strictly original, and as numerous as the men, women, and children who took part in them, and this made the whole scene exceedingly amusing. I own I laughed heartily at some of the antics I witnessed, particularly at the sailors, some of whom kicked off their shoes that their legs might feel lighter. The people in couples quivered about among the lights and shadows, men dancing with men, and here and there women with women, and the children sprawled among their legs and jiggled in the scuppers, toward which they seemed impelled by their irresistible affection for anything that resembled a gutter, while laughter and cheery calls and songs floated up and mingled with the occasional heavy flapping of canvas.

And yet full of broad humor as the whole scene was—and even the behavior of the select folk aft was not free from this quality, for some of their postures and movements were quite absurd—it was impossible to lift one's eyes from the decks to the spacious gleaming leagues of silent ocean, bounded by the glittering sky, and black as ink under it, though brightly reflecting the lustre of the larger stars in their flakes of silver, that seemed to be melting and slowly

sinking in a thick trickle of the white burnished molten metal, without finding one's merriment checked. The thought of the minute speck this ship made upon that boundless surface, and the littleness of the people whose whole world it was for a time, and the paltriness of the pastime, pathetic in its paltriness, that made them merry, became too violent for mirth when that soundless, breathing, ebony space of ocean was looked at.

But thoughts like these would not do. I broke away from them, and picking a road through the dancers, reached the place where Lady Brookes was sitting, and, after a few compliments upon her pluck in leaving the yacht, asked her if she would give me the next dance? No: she was quite unequal to dancing, she replied; but she was very amiable, and seemed impressed and amused by the scene, and flattered by the civilities shown her.

Presently the quadrille came to an end, and Sir Mordaunt and Miss Tuke, and Captain Spenser and some others, joined Lady Brookes. But the band would not give us much rest. In a few moments they burst out into a waltz, which I danced with Miss Tuke, and was heartily enjoying, when suddenly, as we whirled past Sir Mordaunt, he called to me. We stopped, and went back to him.

"Look, Walton," said he, pointing right over the stern: "isn't that a breeze of wind coming?"

I immediately saw the troubled starlight, and the sharper horizon away down upon the north-east.

"Yes," I answered, "there comes some wind, certainly; but it may prove only a catspaw."

"We ought to get on board the yacht, Mordaunt," exclaimed his wife, suddenly, and even sharply.

"Well, complete your dance, Walton. I can't interrupt Captain Spenser," said he, laughing, as the skipper, grasping a lively partner, flew past us, as though he were in tow of a comet.

We finished the waltz, but by the time the music had ceased the wind was all about us, and the chief mate bawling orders over the poop-rail

"Keep those yards aback! Don't forge ahead of the yacht!" panted Spenser, breathless after his capering.

Sir Mordaunt went up to him with his hand extended.

"My dear sir, you are not going yet? You'll disappoint us all if you don't stop and join us at the table below! This is only a summer draught—it'll be all gone in a moment."

But Sir Mordaunt would go. It was no catspaw that was blowing, but a steady, gentle breeze, that might freshen fast for all we could tell; and Spenser, probably guessing this himself, and certainly seeing by Lady Brookes' manner that entreaties would only tease her, ordered the yacht's crew into the boat, and at the same time hailed the schooner, to let them know we were coming. Then followed so much hand-shaking as made my arm ache again. Every soul aboard crowded the sides to see us get away, and as we shoved off they gave us a hurricane cheer, which we answered with hearty good-will. In a few minutes we gained the yacht. Lady Brookes and Miss Tuke were carefully handed over the side, the boat hoisted, the sails trimmed, and the schooner slightly leaning to the soft wind, and sliding as noiselessly as a sleigh over the long-drawn, invisible undulations. Neither our departure nor the coming on of the breeze, however, stopped the fun aboard the *Dido*. The music struck up again while our boat was hoisting, and at the same time they swung their yards, and got way upon the vessel. The moon would be late in rising, but the starlight was strong, and the ship was tolerably distinct, and stood up upon the black water like a rock covered with snow. They had removed the flags round the poop, so as to come no doubt more readily at the braces, and left the lanterns exposed, which at that distance looked like a number of lights ashore; so that, with the music, you might have imagined it was a small town out there, and the people winding up a holiday.

We all stood looking at her; but I believe Miss Tuke and I found her most significant, for we had seen her 'tween-decks, and, as it were, looked into her inner life. She was making a more southerly course than we, which imperceptibly widened the distance between us, and diminished her visionary and swelling proportions. The increasing interval was curiously defined by the

sound of the music, that grew bit by bit more thread-like and minute, until there buzzed such a tiny humming (amid which, nevertheless, the tune and time of it could be accurately followed) as you would have supposed only a band of Liliput musicians could send up.

"She will soon be out of sight," said Lady Brookes, who stood all this while holding her husband's arm and watching the ship.

"Wonderful to think of that vessel—that mere fragment like a chip of mother-o'-pearl—being full of human beings, and that she typifies the whole great world by the cargo of hopes and passions and sorrows and ambitions which she carries over this black ocean!" exclaimed Sir Mordaunt.

"You want to look at a ship from a distance, to comprehend what a very small thing man is," observed Norie.

"Small in point of size," said I; "but a wonderful little chap for all that. I am never less ashamed of my species than when I see a ship, and think of the pluck and genius and science it means."

"I can hear the music yet," exclaimed Miss Tuke. "They must be still dancing."

"Well, I thoroughly enjoyed myself," said Sir Mordaunt. "A queer adventure to stumble upon, Walton, and I shall remember the dinner and the dance and the lighted decks while I live. Spenser's a fine fellow, a gentleman, a handsome man, and, no doubt, a complete sailor. If this calm had lasted, we should have returned his hospitality. But there they go!" stretching forth his hand; "symbolizing life—the child and the bride, the old man and the young, rich and poor, all melting away in the gloom! Who's poetical among us? Here's a subject for a sonnet."

"It has been done over and over again," said I.

"And it's too late for poetry," quoth Norie; and pulling out his watch, he put it to his nose, and called out, "only half-past nine, though! I thought it was after ten."

Three bells were struck, whereupon Lady Brookes bade us good-night and went below, leaning on Miss Tuke's arm. By ten o'clock the ship was invisible upon our weather quarter, and

the Lady Maud was spinning before a rattling breeze, spitefully worrying the water under her, and flashing the white foam away from her side, as though like a sentient thing she had been fretting over her enforced idleness and meant now to take her revenge.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR meeting with the Dido was certainly a pleasant break, and for a day or two afterward we talked of nothing else. As the time went by without anything happening worth noticing, I could not but flatter myself that our cruise would prove as uneventful as the most timid passenger could desire. I speak mainly in reference to Lady Brookes. If she enjoyed the cruise, it was certain to do her good. On the other hand, as Norie said to me, all the virtue of the sea-breezes would stand for nothing against a capsizing of her nerves or any depression of spirits.

Nothing could have been more delightful than our run into the horse latitudes. Gales and dead calms, terrible thunderstorms, and breezes fair one hour and foul the next, are the characteristics of these parallels, which (so historians say) got the name of "horse" because, during the union between England and America, numbers of horses were exported from the mother-country, and it was reckoned that more of the animals died in these baffling, thunderous, and treacherous latitudes, than in all the rest of the passage. It was our luck to carry a strong breeze of wind, about two points abaft the beam, for over five hundred miles, and noble sailing it was. I don't say for speed, for the vessel's best qualities were not exactly hit by the wind, but for the freshness and liveliness and lastingness of it. We drove along under a top-gallant sail and fore-topmast studding-sail, which means that every cloth, with the exception of the square sail, was on the yacht; and, small as she was, it took two men to steer her, and then they had as much as they could do.

Many a time I would go right forward into the bows, and hang over the rail for half an hour at a time, watching the beautiful appearance of the bow-wave curling out like a curve of molten green

glass, and preserving this lovely arch for a distance of some fathoms, where it flashed into a mass of snow and white smoke, and was washed by the rush of the brilliant surges against the yacht's side, to recoil in a more dazzling smother of foam. The vessel's beam kept the deck comfortable, and her list, except when hove to in a gale of wind, would never be so acute as to rob her spars of the majesty of subdued inclination; and when my eye wandered from the pouring green and silver of the surges under her bows to the canvas on high, it was always with a thrill of delight and admiration, for the swollen spaces shone like white metal in the central cloths, and, with the deep blue sky beyond them, were almost blinding to look at; and it kept the heart dancing to mark the whole effect of these gleaming, leaning towers over the swiftly-flying belt of foam to leeward, the sloping decks glittering like dry, white sand, with here and there the sparkle of glass or brass as a yaw or a come-to dodged the lustrous object into the sunbeams, while for leagues round the water was throbbing and leaping under the sharp bright gale.

It was on one of these days that, while looking over the bows, I spied something in the water that made me beckon to Miss Tuke. Norie was talking to her, but she left him without ceremony, though he immediately followed her.

"Look!" said I, pointing to the water about twenty feet to windward, where a shape that resembled bright emerald was cutting along close under the surface, and keeping way with the yacht without any perceptible action of the fins or tail.

"There's another!" shouted Norie.

"And another!" echoed Miss Tuke.

"What are they, Mr. Walton?"

"Dolphins," said I. As I spoke, the fish I had first seen, a fine fellow, measuring, I should think, very nearly five feet, leaped clean out of the sea. He was as green, I say, as emerald while in the water; but the moment he shot out of it, his body became a bright yellow, all but the fins, which were of the color of olive, and he looked like a solid body of burnished gold flung up out of the foam. He was long enough in the air to enable us to observe his build, and I took notice of his long jaws and

flattish head and bright eyes. His playfulness set the others jumping, but they had not this fellow's beautiful bright yellow. One was like sulphur, another almost white, like clouded silver, without any sparkle; yet their wonderful gracefulness, the miraculous shifting of their hues from brilliant green in the water to metallic yellows and white when out of it, made them a fine sight to watch; and so delighted was Miss Tuke that she called Sir Mordaunt and her aunt to come and look, and we all stood gazing until the fish, for some reason, shot away from us, and though our own speed was at least nine knots an hour, yet these dolphins vanished right ahead of us, like arrows discharged from our forecandle. The eye lost them in a breath. Had they been dissolved in the green water by some instantaneous chemical process, their evanishment could not have been more amazingly sudden.

This noble wind carried us without a flaw well into the middle of the horse latitudes, and then left us. We reckoned ourselves too fortunate to have got it at all to grumble at its cessation; but still the calms and the heavy swell and the bothersome light airs were not the easier to bear because of the slant of luck that had carried us down to them.

It was on a Thursday morning that the breeze failed us. It was so oppressively hot in the cabin that Sir Mordaunt told the steward to get a couple of tables on deck, and set them out for lunch. On deck, at all events, some currents of air were to be felt from the flapping of the huge mainsail as the vessel rose and sank on the swell, and the awning was an effectual shelter from the sun, though so great was the heat that the pitch between the white planks was as soft as beeswax. The lunch was like picnicking: dishes and bottles and glasses on the deck, where they were not very likely to capsize, one of us with a plate on his knees, and Norie balancing himself on the skylight.

I remember it was on this occasion that I took particular notice how well Lady Brookes was looking. Her complexion was some shades fairer, or, at least, clearer, than it was when we left England. There was real life in the lustre of her eyes, whereas before I had

been struck with their want of spirit, that was hard to reconcile with their sparkling. I complimented her warmly on her improved looks, wishing perhaps rather to please her husband than her, for I cannot say she was a woman I much liked, though she had some good qualities, and her want of amiability was, I dare say, owing to her health, or, at least, to her habit of thinking of herself as a sufferer.

"I certainly do feel very much better, Mr. Walton," she replied.

"The voyage will re-establish you," said Norie. "But then you are fond of surprising us, Lady Brookes. Who could have imagined you would prove so excellent a sailor at the start? and now, here you are, drawing in health and spirits from a temperature in which I simmer like a boiling lobster;" and he pulled off his hat, and swabbed his pale face, that shone as though a flask of oil had been emptied over him.

"You were afraid that the heat would prove too much for my wife, Walton," said Sir Mordaunt, whom her ladyship's admission had greatly pleased. "But you see I am right. I could not have chosen a better cruising-ground."

"How much farther south have we to go?" asked Miss Tuke.

"Why, I don't know what course Captain Purchase means to steer," I answered. "Jamaica lies on a parallel of eighteen degrees north. Where time is no object, one can find a good many entrances into the Caribbean Sea. Do you know what the skipper means to do, Sir Mordaunt?"

"I believe he intends to head for the Mona Passage, and feel his way along the Haitian coast," he answered. "I leave everything to him, for he traded among those islands, you know."

He happened to be on deck, dressed (as usual) as if it was the month of October, and this sea the German Ocean, and I should have liked to ask him what his plans were. But whether Tripshore had repeated my conversation to him, or whether he resented my opinion of him, which I dare say my manner had conveyed, though not purposely, of late he had avoided me, giving me very short answers to my remarks, until it had come to my taking no notice of him at all. This posture of his made me un-

willing to strengthen his ill-will by putting any questions which he might interpret into a doubt of his judgment : moreover, Sir Mordaunt was so well disposed toward him that I should have acted an unfriendly part in emphasizing my doubts of his capacity as a seaman and navigator.

Lunch being over, I went to the side of the vessel to light a cigar, and catch the draught from the fanning of the mainsail. The swell was rather heavy, and there was not enough wind to steady the schooner, and her canvas swung and rattled with every roll, filling the air overhead with loud reports, like the explosion of small arms. Yet there was enough weight in the wind to keep us moving, and every now and again, as the stem of the yacht chopped down, a great mass of foam would be hove away, that covered the water for many fathoms around us with a hissing and seething surface, the effect of which was very striking, owing to our extremely languid passage through it. It was the color of the water, however, that made these churnings impressive. I never remember seeing the ocean, out of soundings, and, above all, in tropical latitudes, with so strange an appearance. It was a greasy, dark olive-green, as thick and slimy-looking as paint, with a singular sheen upon it, such as a cobweb catches from the sunlight, as though coated with oil ; and under this sluggish and sickly surface the swell ran in lazy folds, and the eye could trace these slow and portentous heavings to the very nethermost water-line, where the dark green hills rose and sank in undulations of a wintry sharpness of outline against the sky that was a pale blue down there.

The sun, that stood very nearly over our mastheads, was but lazily reflected in this sea : the flashing of it was sullen, with a reddish tinge ; but this was indeed the color of the sun.

"All this would be very tropical," said I to Sir Mordaunt, who had joined me, and said something about the appearance of the weather, "but for the look of the sea. Under such a sky as this it should be a beautiful blue."

"What do you make it, Walton ? Are we going to have a storm ?"

"Have you looked at the glass recently ?"

"Just before lunch," he replied. "It is steady."

"It doesn't seem reasonable to talk of a storm when there's not a cloud to be seen," which, in fact was the case at that time. "But—"

I was proceeding, when all on a sudden my eye caught sight of an object which, though it kept my mouth wide open, stopped my talking as if by a stroke of magic, and I gazed and gazed, with my cigar half-lifted to my mouth, and doubting my own sanity for the moment.

"Why, what do you see, Walton ? What *are* you staring at in that manner ?" exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, greatly surprised.

"Look !" I cried. "Follow my finger—*there* ! Do you see it ?"

He peered, and then, catching sight of the object, made a step backward in his excess of astonishment.

It was the picture of a dismasted ship inverted, high above the water-line and hanging in the air. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. The vision was absolutely perfect. It seemed to be at least half a mile high, and was the representation of a ship, or a barque, submerged to her bulwarks, with three stumps of masts standing, the centre one of which was considerably taller than the others, with apparently some fragments of canvas set upon it. But what struck me as the most amazing part of the spectacle was that, though the vessel had all the appearance of being buried as deep as her water-ways in the sea, there was no similitude of a sea under, or rather above her. It was like a water-color drawing upon the sky.

"A most beautiful mirage !" exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "Agnes ! Ada ! Come here quickly ! Come and see a wonderful sight !"

While the ladies hurried up to him, I ran for the glass.

"What is it, Mordaunt ?" I heard Lady Brookes say, in a tone of alarm.

"It looks like a ship falling from the sky !" exclaimed Miss Tuke.

By this time the men on deck had caught sight of the phenomenon, and stood staring at it with all their might, and expressing their astonishment in a regular buzz of voices. I put the glass to my eye and pointed it. I never

could have believed that refraction would fling an object that was no doubt sunk some distance below the horizon to so great a height, and, while enormously magnifying it (for the whole spectral fabric, with its three masts, was clearly to be viewed by the naked eye), leave it so exquisitely sharp too. It was this magnification that enabled us to see the mirage; for though the low freeboard of the schooner did not give us a wide horizon, yet the distance of the water-line was sufficiently great to dwindle a ship upon it into a mere speck.

The glass I levelled was a powerful one, and the vessel stood up before me as though she were not two miles off. I examined her carefully, and perceived the mirage to be the reflection of a barque upside down, apparently water-logged, and a complete wreck. She was rolling with a very regular motion, and I cannot describe the impression produced by this movement in a *picture*, with no water to be seen, as though she were sunk to her scuppers in the bright transparent *air*, and with the blue and somewhat hazy sky all around her. On the stump of her foremast she had her fore-yard standing, that swayed two and fro with her rolling, and she had a main trysail set, though the lower portion of it seemed to be in rags.

"Look, Sir Mordaunt," said I. "You can see her very plainly with this;" and I handed him the glass.

"Ladies, will ee please cast your eyes aloft," suddenly rattled out old Purchase. "There's another sight overhead."

"A sun-dog!" I exclaimed. "The air's like a looking-glass."

And, sure enough, over against the sun was another sun—the very ghost of a sun—a wan, sickly, yet perfectly distinct and luminous orb.

"What the deuce does *that* mean?" said Sir Mordaunt, staring up at it, as were all hands. "Two suns! What part of the world is this now?"

"Oh, twin suns are common enough," said I, keeping back in the hearing of Lady Brookes—who was apparently agitated by this conjunction of phenomena—the information that these sun-dogs are by ancient mariners regarded as the forerunners of bad weather. "But

yonder is a real puzzler. Surely a most beautiful mirage never was seen.

"There must be a wreck under that reflection," said Norie.

"You may be cock-sure of that," said I.

"And there may be living people on board," said Miss Tuke almost in a whisper, as though awed by the object.

Her words appeared to put a thought into Sir Mordaunt's head. He gazed at me earnestly and said:

"It may be a signal, set up by Heaven itself, to bring us to the help of some poor sailors there. We ought to run down and have a close look at the vessel. How far distant will she be, Walton?"

"Not very low behind the sea," I replied, "to judge by that reflection. The masts, you observe, are perpendicular with the horizon. Were the vessel far down, those masts would be inclined."

"Let us steer in that direction," said Sir Mordaunt, with great seriousness, and looking at the beautiful painting upon the heavens as though it were some holy vision. And then he gave the order to Purchase.

The mirage bore as nearly as possible W.S.W. The shift of helm brought the light easterly wind on our quarter, but it made the schooner look right into the eye of the swell, and her curtseying was fast and even furious, and occasionally she would bury her bows as high as the hawse-pipes in the surface of foam which her chopping motion dashed up out of the sickly green water, and sent seething for some fathoms ahead and on either side of her.

But all this while we stood looking with something of a breathless manner at the beautiful and wonderful illusion of that wreck afloat in the transparent air, projecting our heads over the rail to have it in sight, for it was now over our bowsprit end. It remained in view for about twenty minutes; it then began to fade gradually, like a rainbow, but its decay might be better likened to the extinction of a bright image in a looking-glass upon which you softly breathe. It soon entirely disappeared, yet the phenomenon of the double sun remained visible for some time after. When that was gone, we saw the reason of these

disappearances in the stealthy thickening of the atmosphere, until the azure grew so dusty as scarcely to look blue. The wind hung in the east, but it fined down perceptibly, and I counted upon a strong westerly wind following in due course, from the swell that was running up to us from that direction. Although we were protected from the sun's heat by the mist upon the sky, beyond which the luminary was a well-defined throbbing ball of flashing yellow shorn of its blinding rays, the heat was terribly oppressive, and if it had not been for the currents of air which the pitching of the schooner sent circling along the decks, it would have been scarcely endurable. It was as bad as the atmosphere of a closed glass-house on a summer afternoon.

I had often heard talk of mirages at sea, and had indeed been shipmate with an old seaman who had witnessed much such another sight as we had beheld; but although I remember the account he gave me of a full-rigged ship having been visible for nearly three-quarters of an hour upon the sky at a great height above the water, yet the only thing of the kind that I had ever encountered was that of the south east coast of the Mauritius. This coast was hove up by refraction, and rendered distinct to us when we were leagues from the point whence, under ordinary circumstances, it should have been apparent; and I recollect the consternation of the captain at the apparition, his conclusion being that he was seriously out in his calculations. Such a picture as that which had just melted away made a great impression on me, and indeed we were all equally affected, and could think and talk of nothing else. Sir Mordaunt, I am persuaded, found something supernatural in it—that is, in the circumstance of a vessel having her miserable condition denoted by a heaven-created signal, visible for I know not how great a distance.

"I dare say it was a mirage of that kind that first suggested the story of the Phantom Ship," said Miss Tuke.

"Very likely; and certainly, so far as the object we saw was concerned, it *was* a Phantom Ship," I replied.

"And the two suns!" exclaimed Lady Brookes. "Really, one would

suppose we had sailed into an enchanted land."

"Assuredly they that go down to the sea in ships see the works of the Lord and his wonders!" said Sir Mordaunt very solemnly. "Even now I behold something like a phenomenon, only this time it lies in a contrast. Mark the horrid green of the sea, and the chilling appearance of it under yonder smoky blue. One would suppose that such a sky as that is only to be seen over a town full of factories. And how the Lady Maud labors! I never saw the sea burst away from her so sullenly before, and yet we can barely be moving two miles an hour!"

"It just occurs to me," said I, "that the barque may be visible from your top-gallant yard there. It should be worth while trying to make her out before the atmosphere thickens, which will happen presently."

Saying this, I called to the steward through the skylight, and asked him to hand me up the telescope-case, into which I put the glass and slung it over my shoulders.

"What are you going to do, Walton?" asked Sir Mordaunt.

"Going aloft to look for the wreck," I answered.

"What! to the top of the mast?" ejaculated Lady Brookes.

"To the very tip-top," I answered, laughing heartily, and away I went. I had forgotten, however, that only the lower rigging was rattled down, and that half the climbing would have to be accomplished by "shinning." But I would not back out of it, and so I sprang into the shrouds and trotted aloft, blackening my hands very tidily with the tar that lay like soft black glue upon the hemp, and was presently perched upon the top-gallant yard, watched by some men on the fore-castle, and by old Purchase from the main-deck, who scowled at me under the great red hand with which he protected his eyes, as though he wondered what my game was now, and if this were another move in the direction of taking the command away from him.

At this elevation I was a great height above the sea, as the Lady Maud was very loftily sparred for a vessel of her tonnage; and steadying the glass against

the side of the mast, I carefully swept the water ahead to a distance of four points on either bow, but nothing was to be seen. I had more trouble to make this inspection, however, than I had reckoned upon, for the motion up there was uncommonly severe, and although the square canvas was furled, yet the quick swinging in of the jibs, and the jump of the foresail as the little vessel pitched, wrenched and jerked the masts very unpleasantly, and with the heavy swing of the rolling, obliged me to keep a fast hold with one hand. But, as I say, there was nothing to be seen, and stowing the glass away in its case I sung out my report to Sir Mordaunt, who, with the ladies and Norie, had come along to the foremost end of the awning to watch me. But, before descending, I lingered a few minutes to observe the singular appearance of the sea, whose unwholesome green, sluggishly swelling and falling, was infinitely more impressive to watch from this height than from the deck, in consequence of the magnitude of the expanse my elevated position enabled me to survey; while below me—the only object in sight upon this great world of waters—was the hull of the yacht, looking no more than a beautiful toy vessel, but with her proportions defined as I had never before had a chance of seeing them, and constantly dashing out a quantity of foam from under her bows, the form of which was exquisitely marked by the curve of the rails upon the churned-up snow of the water under the bowsprit.

On gaining the deck my first business was to get rid of the tar on my hands. This I effected by sending the steward to the galley for a little slush. Soap and warm water did the rest. Before I returned I peeped at the barometer, but noticed nothing beyond a little increase in the concavity of the mercury.

"It is very odd," said Sir Mordaunt, "that you can see nothing of the wreck."

"She will be further off than we think," said I, "and yet not much further off either; and if a man were stationed aloft I should expect to hear his hail at any moment. But what is your object in running down to her? Do you suppose there may be men aboard?"

"Yes," he answered; "that is, if

she's not an illusion! I wish you had seen her, though, for we don't want a goose-chase." He added, sinking his voice, "What think you of the weather? For my part I don't like the look of it at all."

It certainly had a portentous appearance, but I told him that the worst of it might prove to lie in its aspect, as the depression of the mercury was very trifling. The afternoon drifted away slowly; but though on three several occasions a man went aloft to look for the wreck, she remained invisible. Lady Brookes turned to her husband when, for the third time, the report came that there was nothing in sight, and said, in her nervous, irritable way, "Mordaunt, if there is no vessel, what could that reflection have been?"

"There *must* be a vessel somewhere in that direction, my love," he answered. "We are moving very slowly, and," turning to me, "I suppose, Walton, as she has lost the upper portion of her masts, and has only a little fragment of sail showing, we are not likely to see her until she is pretty close to us."

"Ay, and then again," said I, "the atmosphere is as thick now as it was transparent before." And I turned my eyes into the west, that is, over the star-board bow of the schooner, where I noticed a gathering darkness that could not be called clouds, for there were no vaporous outlines to be seen, but rather a shading of the sky that was dark on the water-line, and that lightened softly and gradually until it merged into the dusty blue that prevailed overhead and down to the sea over our stern and quarters.

About half an hour before we went to dinner the light air completely died out. This made the swell of the sea all the more unpleasant, and the Lady Maud wallowed in it heavily; but she raised no foam now, though sometimes she would dip her gunwales so deep that the water burst through the scupper-holes in flying jets of spray, as though a force-pump were at work behind them.

Tripshore was now on deck, and when the wind failed us he gave orders to strip the yacht of all but her foresail and fore-staysail, or standing jib. Sir Mordaunt and the ladies were below when this was done. I went to the

mate, who was always very civil to me, and well disposed, and spoke to him about the mirage. He had heard about it from the men, and his opinion was that if the air was clear the wreck would now be in sight. I asked him if he thought we were going to have dirty weather. He looked around him, and answered that the sky was puzzling, and he couldn't understand the color of the water. Sighting that sun-dog, he said, wasn't over-hopeful, yet there was no uneasiness in the glass, which was strange if that sky meant anything. He added, "It's more like thunder than wind, I reckon; yet I don't know but what we may get a stiff breeze from the westwards betwixt this and midnight."

"You're ready for it when it comes," said I, glancing at the naked mainmast.

"No use letting the vessel knock her canvas to bits when it can't sarve her, sir. Besides, there's no good in keeping such tall spars as them buckling and jumping. They'd be none the worse for housing."

I stood a few moments looking at one of the big mastiffs, that had jumped on to the taffrail, and was barking now and again in a deep angry note at the water, as it swelled up almost flush with the rail when the vessel sank her stern. There was something very fine and picturesque in the brute's posture as he balanced himself to the lifting and falling, while, with cocked ears and gleaming eyes, and shining fangs just distinguishable under the black leathern-like flesh of his jaws, he snapped with a deep-throated note. I called to him, being afraid that he would slide overboard during one of the heavier dips, upon which the fine animal sprang on to the deck; and, greeting me as he rushed past with a friendly dig of his cold moist nose against my hand, tumbled over his companion, and the two fell to skylarking about the decks.

Norie wanted to be scientific at dinner, and explain the cause of mirages and twin suns. I suspected that he had peeped into some book upon those subjects while dressing, for he talked like a man whose ideas were new. But for Miss Tuke, I believe we should have listened to him; but as fast as he began, she drew him away artfully, and having interrupted him spoke to her

aunt, or asked me or Sir Mordaunt a question. So he gave up after a bit, but he took her gracelessness with something more than amiability, and fixed such an admiring gaze upon her that I noticed Sir Mordaunt and his wife exchanged glances over it.

It gradually grew dark as we sat talking and eating. They had furled the awning, which enabled us to see through the skylight, and I remarked the lurid tinge in the atmosphere, but without commenting upon it, as I guessed by Sir Mordaunt's reserve that he wished me to hold back all forebodings in his wife's presence. He and I, however, were, I think, alone in observing the increasing shadow. The others put it down to the evening; but it was not time for the sun to go to bed yet, and the darkness that almost immediately follows the descent of the luminary in the tropics was of a very different complexion from the brooding, oppressive, reddish haze that had apparently covered the whole sky, and that was casting down a hot, faint, obscure light of its own.

"How fearfully the vessel is rolling!" exclaimed Lady Brookes. "The motion and the heat make me feel giddy." She put her hand to her forehead, and Miss Tuke passed a smelling-bottle to her.

"Let me advise you to lie down," said Norie.

"My cabin is so hot," she answered, peevishly.

"No hotter than it is here, nor even on deck; and you will not feel the motion in your bed, Agnes," said her husband.

She hesitated, and looked up at the skylight, and then seemed to acquiesce. I jumped up to offer my arm, for my self-balancing properties were better than her husband's; but I was scarcely on my feet when a glare of lightning flashed upon the skylight, and illuminated us all as though a rocket had been sent up, and at the same moment an unusually heavy swell striking the vessel, rolled her so sharply over that a number of plates, glasses, spoons, and such things toppled off the table, and fell with a great crash upon the deck. Lady Brookes squealed out, and for some minutes all was confusion, for the vessel having rolled one way, must come

back again, and bury the other side of her, whereupon more things fetched away from the table, and the din of breaking china and glass, and the jingling and clattering of the fragments on the deck, were bewildering enough.

"There is not the least occasion to be alarmed, Agnes," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, holding by the table, having been absolutely unable to rise from his chair during that wild and unexpected roll of the vessel. "Walton, you know that in these tropical climates lightning is as common as sunshine, and not a jot more harmful."

"Perfectly true," I shouted. "In the Malacca Straits I have been able to read a book right through my watch on deck by the incessant play of the lightning."

Here Miss Tuke went to her aunt, and began to coax her to lie down. Sir Mordaunt added his voice, and Norie backed him, and at last she yielded and disappeared with her husband and niece, while Norie withdrew to his own cabin, and the steward grovelled about on the floor picking up the broken china and glass. I finished my wine preparatory to going on deck. Presently Sir Mordaunt returned, looking very much annoyed.

"Now, Walton, what think you is the next joke?" said he. "Her ladyship's maid has tumbled into her own bed, and lies with the sheet over her head, quivering like a jelly in an earthquake. She's afraid of the lightning, and you may hear her declaring in a stifled cry that she wouldn't show her nose to save her life."

"Lady Brookes can do without her, I dare say," I answered, laughing. "But in a time of real danger all these quiverings and hidings wouldn't sweeten misfortune, Sir Mordaunt, eh?"

"Don't for Heaven's sake talk of danger, real or imaginary!" he said, sending a glance through the skylight. "Steward, when you have collected that mess, light the lamps, will you? And get my waterproof coat ready to hand to me when I call for it."

We lighted our cigars and went on deck. There should have been at least another hour of daylight left; but it was already as dark as evening, though I did not take particular notice of this

until I reached the deck, as my eyes had got used insensibly to the gradual enfolding of the gloom while we sat at dinner. Looking up, I saw that the sky overhead and in the west was covered by a curtain of dense vapor, which, owing, I suppose, to the light of the westerling sun, was of a deep, forbidding, bronze-like hue over our masts, though it brightened into an ugly and sallow orange toward the east, where the vapor was not so dense; but in the west the sky was like a pall of motionless smoke, thick, bluish, most portentous and sinister. The sun was behind it, and totally hidden. Under this frightful heaven—for frightful it truly was—lay the sickly-heaving sea, almost black in the western shadow, but drawing out into its ghastly sallow green as it stretched away under the lighter sky of the east.

"It is long since I saw such a sight as this," said I to Sir Mordaunt. "It will be black as ink presently."

Another sharp flash of lightning shot out of the smoky thickness in the west, and I marked the spark whirl zigzag across that part of the sky—a perfect fork of wire-like flame—and vanish in the sea. We listened, but no thunder followed.

"I don't like that silence," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, uneasily. "If that flash was so far off that the thunder it made is inaudible, what will the lightning be when it's overhead?"

"I'd as soon be in a vessel as anywhere else in a thunder-storm," said I. "How rarely you hear of a ship being struck. The masts and spars offer so many points, that the lightning is scattered by them."

Purchase and Tripshore were both on deck, and most of the men, this being the second dog-watch, though it was probably the heat and the appearance of the weather that held them in a crowd forward, puffing at sooty tobacco-pipes, and constantly looking up and around. The gloom increased every moment as the sun sank deeper and deeper into the darkness in the west on its way behind the sea, and very soon the lurid orange tint went out of the sky. The water-line, nay, the deep itself, grew indistinguishable, the outline of the little vessel faded, and there was nothing to re-

lieve the eye but the binnacle lamp that filled the air with a soft haze, and the illuminated skylights, and the bull's-eyes in the decks over the berths, which twinkled like glow-worms from the lamplight under them.

The yacht labored heavily upon the swell, and the small canvas that was exposed on her flapped heavily. The creaking and groaning was startling, for the silence upon the sea was profound, and there was no other sound but what came from the vessel, whose plunging and wallowing filled the air with the loud gurgling and sobbing of water, most unpleasant noises to hear in that darkness. There was no more lightning; but the heat! it made me feel as if I were stricken with a raging fever. I went to look at the compass, to see where the yacht's head had swung to, and perceiving a figure standing a little distance behind the fellow at the wheel, I took it to be Tripshore.

"What do you think this is going to be? Not a tempest, I hope," said I.

"If a tempest's thunder an' lightning, then it's a tempest that's coming," answered a deep wheezy voice, that gave me to know I had addressed old Purchase.

I could see nothing of him but his outline; but no sooner did he open his mouth than the same spirituous smell I had before detected in him filled the air.

"A tempest generally comprises wind," said I, willing to test his condition by a little discourse. "But so old and experienced a sailor as you should be able to predict the weather as faithfully as a barometer."

"It 'ud be a poor job if I couldn't tell the weather better than a b'rometer," he answered, shuffling his feet about, and talking with a certain thickness of voice which the fumes he distributed around him found a complete reason for. "What I says is, b'rometers be damned. I never was shipmates with one afore I took charge here, and if any man can say he's seen me looking at it for the purpose o' guessing the weather, I'll give him leave to make me swaller the mercury in it. Isn't that right, Tom Hunter?"

This was addressed to the man at the wheel, who, seeing the indecorousness of the skipper's language in my pres-

ence, and guessing his condition, and being evidently surprised by this sudden appeal, answered with a short uneasy laugh. That laugh, however, appeared to serve as a hint to the old man; for, without ceremony, he shuffled away to the other side of the deck, or, at least, to some place where he was clean out of sight. I went forward a few steps.

"Is that you, Mr. Tripshore?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know that Mr. Purchase is the worse for drink again?"

He made no answer.

"It's an abominable state of things," said I, "that in the eye of such a night as this the skipper of a vessel full of human beings, who look to his skill and judgment for guidance and safety, cannot keep himself sober. I shall certainly speak to Sir Mordaunt about him, though not now, as I want this storm to pass away first. I noticed that you have the whole foresail set. If there should be a cyclone in that blackness—and you should be prepared for the worst—you will be showing a whole ocean of cloths too much for the first outfly. Why not close-reef it while there is no wind?"

"I named that to Mr. Purchase, sir," answered Tripshore, "but he said no."

"He's too drunk to know what he says," I exclaimed, warmly. "Go and reason with him. If he refuses, give the order yourself. I'll take care you are supported." Here Sir Mordaunt, who was standing somewhere forward of the starboard main rigging, called to me—

"What's the matter, Walton? I hear your voice buzzing like a bumble-bee's. Anything wrong?"

"I was merely exchanging a few words with Mr. Tripshore," I replied.

"I've been watching a strange object in the water. Look now! do you see it?" As he said this the side of the deck we occupied swung into a hollow, and the water stood up close; and about a fathom away I saw the outline of a large fish revealed by a glancing of phosphorus that dimly shone around it, so as to make it seem like a luminous shape as it stealthily sailed, apparently within six inches of the surface, toward the bows of the yacht. "Is it a shark, Walton?"

"Yes, that should be a shark," I replied.

We watched it until the light it made was no longer visible.

"It's a great pity that those brutes cannot be put to a use, like the whale or the seal. There'd be some chance of their becoming extinct then in a few generations," said Sir Mordaunt, lighting another cigar; and raising his eyes, he rapped out, "I say, Walton, just look overhead! It is the very quintessence of night kept from falling by our mastheads. What fearful, unspeakable, unsearchable blackness! What's become of the lightning, think you?"

"We shall have it presently," I answered, wondering if Tripshore was doing as I had requested.

Sir Mordaunt approached the skylight, and called to the steward in a soft voice to hand him up his waterproofs. I requested the man to get mine too; and while I stood waiting, old Purchase went forward, shuffling along the deck like a fisherman, and I heard his thick gruff notes ordering the watch to lower the foresail and close-reef it. This eased my mind. As I bent down to take my oilskin from the steward, Norie came out of his berth.

"How's the weather, Walton?" he called, looking up.

"Black," I answered.

"Is it going to rain?" said he.

"I reckon it is," said I.

"Then here goes for volume the second," said he, and he very wisely bundled back to his cabin.

If the storm was not right overhead, it was assuredly not very far off. I never remember a more uncomfortable time. The breathless silence, the voluminous heaving of the black water, the impenetrable blackness, were sufficiently subduing; but the worst sensation was the feeling of expectation excited by the ponderous, brooding shadow—the wonder what was going to happen—whether it would open and let down an ocean of flame, or whether there was a gale behind it, or whether it would pass away as breathlessly as it had come up.

But our doubts were soon resolved. We had scarcely shipped our waterproof coats when some rain fell. Each drop was as big as an egg, and though the fall did not last longer than a man could

count twenty, yet so great was the weight of the drops that the deck boomed to the fall. Then came a pause, with nothing breaking the silence but the gushing sounds of water sluicing out of the scupper-holes into the sea. I was in the act of addressing Sir Mordaunt when a flash of lightning of the very color of sunlight struck through the blackness; nay, had the sun himself looked out in his full glory, he could not have spread a more piercing, widespread splendor. It was like looking at the yacht and the sea in the light of full noontide. How the eye could master so many objects in that breathless gush of yellow flame I cannot tell, but I could not have seen more had five minutes been allowed me. The masts, the line of bulwarks, the group of men standing motionless near the foremast in a crouching posture, some of them with their hands to their eyes, the whole sea black as ink, leaning its sharp ebon circle against the sulphur-colored radiant heaven—all these things I saw in that one second, and then the darkness was insufferable, thick as dense folds of midnight vapor, not a stir nor moan of air in it, of an opacity that made me pant, as though the black envelopment suffocated me. The flash fell from right overhead, and it seemed that the crash must follow before the blaze went out. This expectation made the two or three seconds of silence that followed appear as long as a minute; but then came the most ear-splitting roar that had ever deafened me. A crash indeed! Not a succession of peals, but one stupendous, unechoing explosion, that, smiting the oily surface of the water, boomed away in a dreadful roar, sinking and sinking its cadence until it became a soft melodious echo in the distance. But scarce had it faded, when another sunbright flash filled the sky. This liberated the rain, and it came down in a sheet, and the deck was so covered with immense hailstones that it was like treading on shingle. And now, as if two squadrons of aerial line-of-battle ships were engaging one another immediately over us, the air was filled with whizzing darts and lances of flames, dazzling crimson and yellow sparks, wild zigzag streams of fire, very showers of it, which filled the water with their tumultuous reflec-

tion, until it seemed that a thunder-storm was raging under as well as over us. And the thunder was as ceaseless. I could not have counted two between the explosions. The fierce, frenzied rattling, the ponderous booming, the sudden sharp explosion, mingled together and combined to produce one dreadful uproar. But all this while there was not a breath of air. The rain fell down in perfectly perpendicular streams, as could be seen by the lightning, that kept the heavy sheet of water sparkling like the surface of a tall cascade in the sunshine.

In the very thick of the hullabaloo I heard a woman's voice shrieking.

"Hark!" I shouted to Sir Mordaunt, as we stood together close against the starboard quarter-boat; and we ran, splashing and floundering, over to the companion. The yelling and squealing below might well have made any one believe that murder was doing down there; and the incessant crashing of the thunder, and the fierce lightning, that kept the whole sky flaming, gave these female shrieks a character very fit indeed to thicken the senses and make goose-flesh of one's skin.

Sir Mordaunt bundled below at a rate that was like to break his nose for him, while the water poured out of the brim of his hat and streamed away from his oilskins as though he had just been fished up out of the sea alongside. I followed him, in a wild state of mind, fearing that some one in the cabin had been struck by the lightning. But I soon saw what was the matter. Miss Tuke and Norie were kneeling upon Lady Brookes, who lay flat on her back on the floor, kicking up her heels, flourishing her hands, and screaming and laughing at the top of her voice. She was in hysterics; but if Norie hadn't bawled this out to us, I should have believed her clean out of her mind—raving mad, in fact. It was certainly a most painful scene. Her ladyship, as I have said, was a fine, well-made woman, and the fit made her as strong as a man. The united strength of Norie and Miss Tuke could hardly prevent her from rising; and before Sir Mordaunt and I could get near enough to lend a hand, she fetched Norie such a cuff over the head, that if he had not been holding on to

her it must have sent his heels into the air. All the while, too, she kept shrieking and sobbing and talking nonsense, while the frame of the yacht trembled to the thunder-shocks, and the cabin was filled with a succession of blinding flashes, sometimes yellow, sometimes blue, which came so swiftly one after another that it was like blinking the eyes against a strong and lasting blaze. I heard Norie tell Sir Mordaunt that he was obliged to hold her ladyship down to prevent her rushing on deck, and that he had been calling for assistance to get her to her cabin, as she was too much for him with only Miss Tuke to help. Sir Mordaunt immediately pulled off his dripping oilskins; and, dropping on his knees, seized his wife's hand and entreated her to be calm, himself so agitated that his broken words were scarcely intelligible. Presently she grew quieter, and then Norie made her swallow some brandy; and, with the doctor supporting her on one side and her husband on the other, she went staggering and sighing to her cabin, keeping her eyes tightly closed, that she might not see the lightning.

"What a fearful storm, Mr. Walton!" exclaimed Miss Tuke, holding her hand over her eyes too, for some of the flashes as they darted through the skylight were blindingly brilliant. "How long do you think it will last?"

"It will be passing very soon. It's just a tropical outbreak. Had you lived in the West Indies, you would be laughing at all this whizzing and booming," said I, but not very honestly; for I took it to be as dangerous a storm as could have burst upon us, and there is no West Indian living who would not have been awed and alarmed by it.

"I never saw such lightning before," said she, "nor heard such terrific thunder. There! see that!" she cried, raising her voice to a shriek, as one of the sharpest flashes which had yet fallen seemed to set the whole cabin on fire, and was instantaneously followed by an explosion that sounded as though a magazine full of powder had blown up. There was no use trying to put heart into her in the face of such an uproar as that. I advised her to join Lady Brookes, and bustle about, and take as little notice as possible of the lightning;

and then went on deck again, first peeping at the glass and observing no change in it.

The truth is, I could not persuade myself, from the indication of the mercury, that a tempest of wind—short-lived, indeed—would not follow this thunder-storm; and this being my expectation, the knowledge that Purchase was in no fit state to command the schooner, should a sudden extremity confront us, determined me to keep a lookout for myself, for it was evident that Tripshore would not act independently in Purchase's watch; and moreover, it would be Purchase's watch on deck until midnight.

The storm played furiously, and continued to do so for upward of a quarter of an hour after I returned on deck, during all which time the rain fell in torrents, and flashed up the sea into a surface of phosphorescent foam by its weight; but not a breath of air slanted those lines of water, which sparkled in the lightning in greens and blues and yellows, so as to make the whole scene one of awful beauty, truly indeed as though heaven were raining fire—an illusion that was perfected by the flames in the sea, which might have made you suppose the ocean itself was burning.

Both Tripshore and Purchase remained on deck, and the men forward crouched, with scarcely a move among them, under the bulwarks. I constantly looked aloft, to observe if the lightning had damaged us there, but nothing was touched. I could not be mistaken in that. Some of the flashes were so vivid that I could follow the masts to the trucks, and see the little vane at the head of the mainmast; and yet it was certain that the electric fluid had run over the yards and spars as water might, for at times I had perceived sparks of intense brilliancy whizzing along the top-sail sheets, which were chain, and along the jackstays, and flying off into the air, just as you may note the white fires flash away from the wires of an electric battery.

But in a quarter of an hour, as I have said, it became evident that the worst of the storm had passed, and that the body of it was veering to the eastward; and presently looking into the west, I spied what might very well have passed for a ship's light—a small, yellow star,

and then another, and yet another, until, and while the storm was solemnly moaning in one direction and the heavens all that way were tremulous with the glare of lightning, the sky in the opposite direction was quite clear and the stars shining. But the storm had left the calm as dead as it had found it, more breathless in one sense, if I may so say, by the weight and fury of the rain having flattened the swell and diminished the rolling of the vessel, that before had wafted draughts of air along the deck.

I took off my oilskin, and hung it over a belaying-pin to let it drain; and while I was doing that Sir Mordaunt came on deck, followed by Norie. He approached me close, to make sure of me, for it was still very dark, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Walton, thank God the storm is over! I really believed at times that the yacht would have been split in two and sunk like a bullet. Did you ever see more frightful lightning?"

"Never; and we want no more. How is Lady Brookes?"

"Pretty nearly right again, but low, of course."

"If only a little wind would come," said Norie, puffing as though he were suffocated, "her ladyship would be herself. What she wants—what we all want—is air. An atmosphere choke-full of electricity, not to speak of flashings of fire and crashings of the thunder, such as might make a man believe the day of doom had come at last, plays the deuce with weak nerves."

"How wonderful is this calm after that hellish uproar!" exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, removing his hat and looking upward.

The stillness was indeed wonderful, for the muttering of the departing storm was too far off to vex the ear; indeed, it seemed to define and heighten the silence, like distant music in the dead of a peaceful summer night ashore. The play of the lightning flashed faintly as far as the zenith, but left the glowing stars in the west undimmed, and nothing was to be heard but the plashing of large drops of moisture draining from the yards and rigging, and the soft tinkling of water trickling into the sea from the scupper-holes.

"It is seldom that so wild and heavy a storm passes so breathlessly," said I. "But, if I am not very much mistaken, we shall have a breeze of wind from the westward presently. Yonder sky is clearing fast."

"In that case it will be foul for us to reach the wreck," said Sir Mordaunt.

"Certainly it will; but I had clean forgotten the wreck," I answered.

"What should be done?" he asked.

"I am sure that mirage was meant as a call to us, and I should feel exceedingly uneasy if we missed the vessel."

"Why," said I, rather struck with this remark, for I had always considered my friend as of a literal and prosaic cast of mind, "if the wind should come westerly, all that can be done is to put the schooner under easy canvas, and ratch her leisurely in the direction where we suppose the wreck to be. A bright look-out for the vessel should be kept."

"I'll go and speak to Purchase," said he. "I am determined to have a look at the wreck, if she is to be seen and the wind will let us approach her," and he walked over to the skipper.

"Sir Mordaunt seems quite bitten by that mirage," said Norje. "I hope, if we are going to look for it, it won't keep us bothering about here long. It's simply roasting work without a breeze. Both day and night are equally insupportable, especially the night. When are we going to get those north-east trades you once spoke about? Have they given up blowing, think you?"

"I used to know where they are supposed to begin, but I won't swear to the latitude now," I answered, listening all the while with one ear to the humming and grumbling of the conversation going on between Sir Mordaunt and Purchase near the wheel.

Meanwhile the watch below had quit-
ted the deck at the sight of the stars,
and gone to their hammocks, and here
and there a man was slapping about him
with a swab. Just before Sir Mordaunt
rejoined me, I caught sight of a breeze
of wind darkening the starlit water in
the west, and in a moment or two Pur-
chase rolled forward, calling upon the
watch to make sail in his deep-sea roar,
to which rum, or whatever his liquor
might be, had given a shrewder huski-
ness. Sir Mordaunt took my arm, to

draw me away from Norie, and asked
me if I had spoken to Purchase during
the evening. I answered that I had.

"Did you notice anything peculiar
about him?" said he.

"I thought he was rather drunk," I
answered. "Is that what you mean?"

"I won't say that—I won't go as far
as that," said he, in a subdued, anxious
voice. "But I am afraid the man has
been fool enough to swallow more than
his head can carry."

"And not the first time either," said
I. "Not very long ago I found him
muddy and merry in his watch on deck;
and when I smelt his breath to-night, I
resolved to speak to you seriously about
him, though I should have waited for
the morning."

"I must talk to him," he exclaimed.

"I must call him into the cabin to-mor-
row and rate him. Mind you, Walton,
the man's not *drunk*. I don't even say
he's muddled. He's just a little thick.
I am sorry you have noticed this in him
before. Still, it won't do to be *too* crit-
ical. Here you have a fine, bluff old
seaman, who has run us to this point
safely and well; and, before we con-
demn him, let us make sure he is not
one of those men whom a very small
drop of spirits intoxicates"—

"No, no," I interrupted, "his nose
doesn't blush for nothing. A red nose
is the drunkard's conscience; and if
Purchase can't swig down half a pint of
raw rum without winking, I'll forfeit
fifty pounds."

But Sir Mordaunt would not hear
this. He said (of course very kindly)
that I was prejudiced—which I did not
deny; that it would be unfair to take
an extreme view of the old man's indis-
cretion; that if drinking was an habitual
vice with him, the matter then would be
a very serious one, but that he had only
been detected twice slightly the worse
for liquor since we had left England.
"Slightly, I say," he added, "because
it does not prevent him from attending
to his duties, as you may judge for your-
self"—pausing to give me an opportu-
nity of hearing the skipper singing out
to the men. "I have not spoken to
him, so let us give him a chance. It is
a hundred to one if he repeats this
folly."

A hundred to one if he doesn't,

thought I ; but I would not pursue the subject, mainly because I did not want to figure as an intruder, nor to be thought unreasonably prejudiced, and also because I could not help seeing it was my friend's dread of alarming his wife that made him reluctant to witness anything seriously significant in Purchase's "indiscretion." However, I might now take it that he would watch his captain critically, and spare me the burden of a secret which I should hardly have liked to part with, though I should feel I wronged my companions by withholding it.

But already the breeze had reached us, and the water was rough with it, and the yacht under her mainsail and standing jib was scraping along, looking well up to the bearings which Sir Mordaunt was anxious to make. And here I am bound to say that Purchase understood his master's directions, and had acted properly in keeping the schooner under easy canvas and ratching leisurely. Sir Mordaunt took care to call my attention to

this, and was evidently pleased because I had nothing to say. The breeze freshened slowly but steadily. Every vestige of the storm had long since vanished, and the stars were now dipping to squadrons of clouds sailing up from the west in swift procession, and in appearance so much resembling the trade clouds, that had they been coming up from the north and east I should have believed that we were leaning before the first of the regular winds. The breeze gathered weight fast, and presently the water was all white to windward of the yacht, and the booming of parted seas at the bow as regular as the grinding of a crank. After the oppressive heat of the calm, the sweeping air was as invigorating and delicious as an iced cordial. It speedily dried the decks, and I could see the dark patches of moisture upon the main-sail growing bit by bit more pallid, until the great sail stood like a moonlit cloud up and down against the heaven of the horizon.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

JAMES AND JOHN STUART MILL: TRADITIONAL AND PERSONAL MEMORIALS.

BY J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

"Who does i' the wars more than his captain
can,
Becomes his captain's captain."
Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. I.

"THE united careers of the two Mills," remarks Dr. Bain, who has just published a "Biography" of James, and a "Criticism" of John Mill, "covered exactly a century." On the 6th of April, 1773, James Mill was born, and on the 7th of May, 1873, John Mill died. As many years before the outbreak of the French Revolution the former came into the world as, from the time that the latter left it, the years will probably be before the outbreak of a no less needed than, at length, imminent European Revolution. Very cursory must here be my notes and reflections on their "united careers." But there was a certain degree of romance in the earlier life of the elder Mill, and in the connection of his mother's family with the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745 ; and there was very much of romance—very

much, that is, of enthusiastic and self-devoted feeling—in John Stuart Mill's affection for the lady who for twenty long years was but his friend, and but for seven short years his wife. Family traditions enable me to correct and amplify what Dr. Bain records of the earlier life of the Historian of British India and Analyst of the Human Mind ; and personal circumstances, and particularly a recent visit to Avignon, enable me also to amplify, and it may be to correct, what Dr. Bain says of the single passion of the great Logician's and Political Economist's life. What I have to say also, or rather to suggest, in the way of philosophical criticism, will be founded on my personal discussions and correspondence with Mr. J. S. Mill. But I shall sandwich my philosophy with biography. I shall introduce my criticism, or rather suggestion of a criticism, with a brief account of what seems of most interest in the earlier life of James Mill ; and conclude with a brief description of

the Provençal Tomb of John Stuart Mill and his wife, and of the Cottage he lived in near it, for the years between her death and his own.

I.

To say that Rousseau, "Ossian" Macpherson, and Voltaire were in the full tide of their vogue must here sufficiently indicate the rapidly advancing revolutionary movements of the great world when James Mill was born, in April, 1773, into the little world of the Forfarshire parish of Logie Pert. His father, a shoemaker, while working at his trade in Edinburgh, before settling in what would appear to have been his native parish, met and married a girl of the same county, who had gone to service in the capital, and was then but seventeen years old. This girl, Isabel Fenton, was the daughter of a farmer, said to have been, before the Rebellion of 1745, a proprietor. "Isabel, at all events, looked upon herself as one that had fallen from a better estate. Her pride took the form of haughty superiority to the other cottagers' wives, and also entered into her determination to rear her eldest son to some higher destiny. She could do 'fine work,' but was not so much in her element in the common drudgery of her lot. A saying of hers to her husband is still remembered—'If you give me porridge I'll die, but give me tea and I'll live.' . . . She was the object of no small spite among the villagers from her presumption in bringing up her eldest son to be a gentleman. . . . But it was the fancy of those that knew her that *she* was the source of her son's intellectual energy."

Of more, however, I fancy, than her son's "intellectual energy," she and the stock of which she came were the source. Dr. Bain may be right, from his point of view, in speaking of Forfarshire as the chief part of the Lowlands "that was so *infatuated* as to take the field for the Pretender." But the theory of heredity may, perhaps, support one in questioning whether the strain of chivalric self-devotion visible in James Mill, and conspicuous in John Stuart Mill, would have shown itself as it did in either of them had their maternal ancestors *not* been capable of the "infatuation" of rising for Prince Charlie. Isabel Fen-

ton's father joined the regiment of Lord Ogilvie. The adjutant of this regiment was Captain James Stuart, the younger brother of Stuart of Inchbreck,* in the adjoining county of Kincardine. Accompanying Captain Stuart went several of his brother's tenants, and particularly the Burnesses. Thus, in the same insurgent regiment, serving side by side, were the ancestors of insurgents of a higher order—nay, revolutionists—Burns and the two Mills. After the defeat of the Prince at Culloeden, Captain Stuart had many hairbreadth escapes from the Duke of Cumberland's troopers, and, with a price set on his head, had to trust to the fidelity of the tenants of his brother and the neighboring proprietors, while for months he lay concealed or wandered about in various disguises, and latterly in woman's clothes, till he got a ship to France. As the old ballad runs—

"Her arm it is strong, and her petticoat is long.
Come along, come along, wi' your boatie
and your song,
For the night it is dark, and the redcoat is
gone."

Entering the French army, and serving with distinction in the Seven Years' War, in which he had the satisfaction of seeing the "Butcher" Cumberland surrender with 40,000 men, Captain Stuart was created a Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and died at St. Omer in 1776.† Doubtless this and other such "Waverley" stories of her father's regiment would be known to "the proud" Isabel Fenton and told to her son.

"The excellent and able minister of the parish, the Rev Dr. Peters, Mill's friend all through," introduced him to his (Dr. Peters's) brother-in-law, Mr. Stuart of Inchbreck, nephew of the

* A branch of the family of the Earl of Castle Stuart, and lineally and legitimately descended, through the Dukes of Albany, from Robert II. See "A Genealogical and Historical Account of the Family of Castle Stuart," by the Hon. and Rev. Godfrey Stuart.

† See the "Memoir" prefixed to "Essays chiefly on Scottish Antiquities," by John Stuart of Inchbreck. Captain Stuart kept a diary of the campaign in a pocket-book—still preserved. It extends from the 18th of October, 1745, to the 21st April, 1746, and is printed under the title, "March of the Highland Army in the years 1745-46," in the "Miscellany of the Spalding Club," vol. i. pp. 275-345.

Chevalier James Stuart just mentioned, and Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen. While at the Montrose Academy, "then one of the most renowned burgh schools of Scotland," Mill appears to have made long walking excursions, one as far as Aberdeen, with his class-fellow, Joseph Hume; and it is said that, on the Aberdeen excursion, having climbed the famous castle rock of Dunnottar, "Mill had to hold Hume by the collar while he was venturing down the precipices." By Mr. Stuart, James Mill was afterward introduced as tutor to the children of his relative, Mr. Burnet of Elrick, "one of the heads of the family that gave birth to Bishop Burnet." According to the story often told by a daughter of Mr. Stuart, and cousin of these Burnets, this tutorship ended rather abruptly. After dinner, one day, in the town-house of the Burnets—now, I believe, 50 Schoolhill, and overlooking the old Grammar School, where Byron was a class-fellow of her brothers'—Elrick (in those days, lairds were always called, like lords, by the names of their places) made a haughty motion with his thumb to the tutor to leave the table. "Jimmie Mill," as he was always called by the lady referred to, with the proud spirit of his mother, resented this so much that he not only left the room but left the house, and went immediately to tell his friend, Professor Stuart, in the old college, once a monastery of the Franciscans or Gray Friars. And Mr. Stuart—a man not unlike, I fancy, Scott's Antiquary—though he said to him jokingly, quoting the old proverb, "Ye maun jouk, Jimmie, man, and lat the jaw gang ower!" had yet enough generosity of feeling to approve rather than blame the conduct of his *protégé*; and he now introduced, or, if an introduction had already been given, again recommended "Jimmie Mill" to his friend and neighbor in the country, Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn.*

* Dr. Bain gives a very imperfect version of this story. He prefers another of Mill's dismissal from a tutorship at the Marquis of Tweeddale's in consequence of his having drunk the health at table of one of the Marquis's daughters, his pupil. But considering the sobriety of Mill's character; still more, his social rank as a village shoemaker's son; and the high state kept up, and strict distinctions observed, in the households of

Mill's tutorship in this family (whether it preceded or followed the Burnet tutorship appears uncertain) enabled him, in 1790, to matriculate at the University of Edinburgh, where the Fettercairn family resided in winter. His pupil was their only daughter. "She had reached an interesting age, and made a lasting impression on his mind. He spoke of her in later years with some warmth, putting it in the form of her great kindness to him." But on a greater than Mill Miss Stuart made a "lasting impression." She was Sir Walter Scott's first love. While James Mill was supporting himself at the University by giving lessons to Miss Stuart, with feelings which the poor tutor dared not look, still less utter, Walter Scott, two years older, and about to be, or already called to the Bar, was getting into the dangerous habit of seeing her home on Sunday from the Grayfriars' Church. In youth, this passion kept him from all lower loves; and in age, he is found copying verses of hers. But this romantic attachment of a great genius—this passionate love as pure in youth as it was tender in age—the object of it reciprocated after the discerning fashion of Dante's Beatrice, and Petrarch's Laura, Byron's Miss Chaworth, and so many more, and married, at one-and-twenty, the wealthy, but otherwise undistinguished, son of a banker.*

In 1797—the year, by the way, of Miss Stuart's marriage—Mill finished his Divinity course. Among the prescribed discourses he then delivered it may be noted that there was an "exegesis" in Latin on the question, "*Num sit Dei cognitio naturalis?*" And on the 4th October, 1798, the Presbytery, of which his friend, the Rev. Dr. Peters, was Moderator, "Did and hereby Do License him, the said Mr. James Mill, to Preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

"persons of quality" in the end of the last century, and particularly in Scotland, such a story seems to me hardly credible.

* See Lockhart (he refers to her, however, only as the daughter of a northern baronet), "Life of Scott," vol. i., pp. 162–165, 215, 231–244. Scott's rival was a son of Sir William Forbes, and as Mrs. Forbes she became the mother of the distinguished Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh. See the "Life of Forbes," in which her portrait is given along with her husband's.

Imagine James Mill preaching the Gospel of Our Lord and Saviour! He failed, however, to obtain a church. And his defeat in the attempt to become minister of the pleasant village of Craig near Montrose, is said to have been "the immediate cause of his going to London." To London, anyway, he went in the beginning of 1802; and it should seem that he made the journey in the company of Sir John Stuart. He was now in the thirtieth year of his age. Whatever there was of romance in his life was past. He married in 1805. But "there was disappointment on both sides; the union was never happy." They had, however, nine children—the first named after Sir John Stuart at his own special request; the second after his daughter, Wilhelmina Forbes.

In the year of the birth of John Stuart Mill, 1806, his father commenced the "History of British India." The publication of this work, in 1818, led to his being appointed at the India House, in 1819, Assistant to the Examiner of Indian Correspondence, at a salary of 800*l.* a year. But for this, he might possibly have been either Professor of Greek, or Professor of Moral Philosophy, at Edinburgh; and not only would his own career have been somewhat, but his son's exceedingly, altered. As it was, his bitter struggle to make ends meet by literary work was now, at forty-six years of age, over; and his salary rose to 2000*l.* a year as Chief Examiner. His "Analysis of the Human Mind," begun in 1822, was published in 1829. But, amid all his official, philosophical, and political work, "he cherished," says Dr. Bain, "the associations and the companions of his early days. He loved Scotch songs. He delighted in the birds that fed in his garden. He cherished flowers, and enjoyed rural surroundings. And he could speak of his early struggles, in general terms, with much feeling." He can never, therefore, have forgotten the little cottage by the North Water Bridge, and the old Scottish Manse of Logie, with the burn brightly tinkling through the green in front, amid scents of thyme, sweetbrier, and broom. With some of those to whom it is only a tradition of nearly a hundred years ago, the Manse of Logie still abides in memory as an ideal scene

of godliness, peacefulness, and well-doing, while there raged afar the storms of the French Revolution.

Not only as the author of the "History of British India," of an "Analysis of the Human Mind," of several minor works, and a multitude of essays, and articles of all kinds; but as "a born leader, a king of men," at a very critical period of English history—a man of whom Dr. Bain does not exaggerate the calibre when he says that "had Mill not appeared on the stage at the opportune moment, the whole cast of political thinking at the time of the Reform-settlement must have been very inferior in point of sobriety and ballast to what it was"—James Mill must be long remembered with esteem and gratitude. But it is his own biographer and eulogist who writes also as follows: "It was said of the famous Swedish chemist Bergmann that he had made many discoveries, but his greatest was the discovery of Scheele. In like manner it will be said of James Mill that his greatest contribution to human progress was his son, whom he educated to be his fellow-worker and successor." No apology can, therefore, be needed for devoting the couple of pages, all that is here at my disposal for remarks on their "united careers," not indeed even to the most cursory criticism, but to suggestions as to the true starting-point of a criticism of the philosophical system of the son.

II.

It was at Athens that I first met John Stuart Mill. "Greece," says Dr. Bain, "was the home of his affections in the ancient world." I found him amusing himself reading the "Comedies" of Aristophanes, and arranging the trophies of the only "sport" he cared for, the hunting of—plants. I was introduced to him, I believe, by our fellow-countryman, Mr. Finlay, the historian of "Greece from the Roman Conquest," a work no unworthy complement of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The chief object of the introduction was that I might give him a fuller account of the circumstances of the recent death, he so greatly lamented, of Mr. Buckle at Damascus. Continuing our travels, we met several times afterward at Constantinople, at Brous-

sa, in a memorable excursion to the snowy summit of the Bithynian Olympus, and finally at Vienna. And various were the subjects discussed at these various places.

But I had just come from months of discussion with Mr. Buckle in Arabia, Palestine, and Syria. Of these discussions the central subject had been Mr. Buckle's peculiar theory about Moral Forces. A true theory of Moral Forces, could, as I believed, be arrived at only through a general investigation of the whole subject of Causation. Already, before I met Mr. Buckle, it had appeared to me that such an investigation should start from the results of physical research and its great generalization, the new principle of the Conservation of Force.* And hence the question I chiefly urged on Mr. Mill in these Eastern discussions was the bearing of this principle of Conservation, not only on fundamental physical conceptions, but, through the principle of Coexistence which it suggested, on the whole system of received philosophical doctrines.†

On returning to London, these discussions were renewed—Mr. Mill, with his characteristic kindness to young men, entering into a long correspondence with me on the subject. For the method I followed of proceeding from Physics to Metaphysics met, I need not say, with his entire approval. He was then working at his "Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy," which was "the chief part of his occupation for the two years" after his travels in Greece and Asia Minor. And, as Dr. Bain says, "He was much exercised upon the whole subject of indestructibility of Force. His reading of Spencer, Tyndall, and others landed Mill in a host of

difficulties, which," Dr. Bain says, "he did what he could to clear up."

About this time I found, on reading Ferrier's "Institutes of Metaphysics," which I had not hitherto perused, that he, as the result of a long course of metaphysical research, had arrived at conclusions similar to some of those which had been suggested to me by the results of physical research—nay, that, in giving expression to his ideas, he had been led to use a phrase almost identical with that in which I had formulated my New Principle. "Hence," says Ferrier, in closing a train of argument, "it may be truly said that *Every Existence is a Coexistence*." So I brought this at once under the notice of Mr. Mill, hoping thereby to strengthen my arguments for that new principle of Coexistence which was, with me, the development of the principle of Conservation—*Every Existence has a determined and determining Coexistence*.

Dr. Bain says that, soon after, apparently, Mr. Mill "wrote him a long criticism of Ferrier's 'Institutes.'" "I thought," said Mr. Mill, "Ferrier's book quite *sui generis* when I first read it, and I think so more than ever after reading it again.'" But it is to be regretted that Dr. Bain does not give us fuller extracts from this "long criticism of Ferrier." He tells us only that Mr. Mill thought "his system one of pure scepticism, very skilfully clothed in dogmatic language." But this makes one desirous to know how, and why?—giving one a sensation, indeed, of unsatisfied curiosity like that suffered by the Yankee, who, having promised to ask a stranger no further questions than this last one, "How he lost his leg?" was answered, "It was bit off!"

But however similar two doctrines may appear to be in some of their formulas, if their origins have been different, different also will certainly be their essential characters. Whether the theory of Coexistence developed by Ferrier from a metaphysical basis be "a system of pure scepticism" or not; a theory of Coexistence, developed from a physical basis, will, I believe, he found the reverse of such a system. The principle of Coexistence, developed from the principle of Conservation, finds its fuller expression in a new general theory of

* I had already endeavored to show the bearing of this principle on our fundamental conceptions of Matter; that it was utterly opposed to the conception still defended by Professor Challis, of Cambridge—the conception of Atoms as little, hard, *self-existent* bodies; and that it required a new conception of Atoms, as *coexistents*. See "Reports of the British Association," 1859, "Physical and Mathematical Section," p. 58; and a series of papers on "The Science of Motion," in the *Philosophical Magazine*, 1861.

† See my letter on "The Principle of the Conservation of Force, and Mr. Mill's 'System of Logic,'" *Nature*, vol. i. pp. 583.

Causation. In this theory, Causes are distinguished as physical, metaphysical, and ethical; defined, not as forces, but as relations; and correlated as complementary expressions of that conception of *mutual determination* which is implied in Coexistence. And what I would suggest as to the criticism of Mill's whole philosophical system is, that the true starting-point of such a criticism is a general theory of Causation based on that very principle of Conservation which, according to Dr. Bain, "landed," and, as I venture to think, rightly landed, "Mill in a host of difficulties."

For, on our general theory of Causation, whatever it may be, depends our metaphysical theory of the External World, our theological theory of God, and our ethical theory of the Moral Standard. But the theory of Causation, developed from that principle of Coexistence which is derived from the principle of Conservation, implies a Law of Thought, and leads to a Law of History. And hence, on this general theory of Causation, indirectly, at least, depends the view we take of the Association-psychology; our theory of what is required for the completion of Logic as a science; and our whole conception of Political Economy.

III.

Those travels in Greece and Asia Minor, in the course of which I had my first discussions with Mr. Mill, were undertaken by him some four years after his retirement from official life, in consequence of the transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown, and after the crushing calamity by which his happy release from official work was in a few months followed—the death of his wife. We parted at the *Erzherzog Karl*, Vienna, to meet again at Blackheath, London—I, in the meantime, going northward to Kissingen; he, westward to Avignon. The way in which he spoke of his "irreparable loss," and of "the Cottage which he had bought as close as possible to the place where she is buried, and where he lived during a great portion of every year," made a deep impression on me. From that time forth I had a great desire to see Avignon. That desire did not become less strong when the

tomb of his wife contained also the mortal remains of John Stuart Mill himself. At length, on my way back, last November, from a third series of Eastern travels, I was enabled to satisfy this long-cherished desire. And with some notes of this byway pilgrimage I would now amplify Dr. Bain's meagre narrative.

On the left bank of the Rhone, here dividing Provence from Languedoc; opposite the stately tower of Villeneuve, formerly a frontier fortress of France; surrounded—save on the side toward the Rhone where precipices make other defence unnecessary—by fine walls of the middle of the fourteenth century; with its old Fortress-palace of the Popes, surprising one with the simplicity of its lofty and massive grandeur, considering how effeminate was the luxury, how licentious the profligacy of its priestly owners; with a cathedral, the chapel of this colossal castle, founded on the rock, and chiefly of the eleventh century; with numerous other churches, and that especially of St. Claire, in which Petrarch first saw Laura; and with its grandly ribbed bridge of St. Benezet of the twelfth century—the famous "Pont d'Avignon" celebrated in nursery rhymes wherever the French language is spoken*—Avignon, more vividly, perhaps, than any other town, recalls the Feudal Period, and particularly that magnificent century of the first clear beginnings of the upbreak of the Catholic-Feudal System—the fourteenth. The last Crusade belongs to the end of the previous century. Another was now impossible. Boniface VIII. was the last of the great Popes, the heirs of Gregory VII. The papal court at Avignon became a most edifying scandal in the beginning, and Wickliffe made the first English translation of the Bible toward

* Sur le Pont d'Avignon

On y danse, on y danse !

Sur le Pont d'Avignon

On y danse, tout en rond !

Les Messieurs font comme ça, et les Dames font comme ça !

Sur le Pont d'Avignon, etc.

Why on the Bridge of Avignon, of all places in the world? The reason seems clear when one sees the bridge which has for centuries extended to but the middle of the rushing Rhone. It thus became probably a feat of boastful childish daring to dance on the grand old ruin.

the end, of the century. It was the century of the first rise of the Ottoman Power, and its first conquests in Europe—the fruits of that Fourth Crusade, which had been, in fact, a great European Civil War. It was the century of Bannockburn (1314); of Cressy (1346); and of Poitiers (1356). It was the century of the battle of Tarifa (1340), and the first use of cannons; of the first use, in the West, of the mariner's compass, and thus the preparation for the discovery of the New World. It was the century, in the far north of Scotland, of Barbour, the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, with his epic of "The Bruce; and of the more honored, but less worthy, predecessors of Blind Harry the Minstrel, with his lay of "The Wallace." It was the century of Cimabue and Giotto; the century of the Renaissance; the century of Dante, of Boccaccio, and of Petrarch. Avignon, during the whole of this fourteenth century (1309-1418), was the seat of the Popes or Anti-popes; and, for some twenty years (1327-1348) of that dissolute period, it was the impure scene of the pure passion of Petrarch and Laura. Biographical details have a scientific interest only in their general psychological or historical relations. I would fain, therefore, contrast what Petrarch wrote of his Madonna with what Mill wrote of his Wife. (They lie buried at no great distance from each other.) One would thus, I think, see finely illustrated the immense change wrought by these 500 years, both in the Ideal of Womanhood, and in the whole conception of Human Life. For this, however, I have here no space. And I must conclude my historical description of the place of Mill's tomb with but the remark that the tortures of the Inquisition Chamber of the Papal Palace at Avignon were avenged, in October, 1791, by the massacre of the Tower of the Icehouse (*glacière*); that there was, at that time, "a very good twice-a-week paper in Edinburgh, *The Courant*, which regularly reported the proceedings in France;" and that James Mill was then preparing for his second session at the University, and keenly interested in the progress of the French Revolution.

Sixty-seven years later, Avignon became sacred to his son as the scene of the death of his wife, after seven years

of marriage succeeding twenty of friendship, and sacred as the place of her tomb. Thus he writes in his "Autobiography:" "The final revision of the "Liberty" was to have been a work of the winter after my retirement, which we had arranged to pass in the South of Europe. That hope and every other were frustrated by the most unexpected and bitter calamity of her death—at Avignon, on our way to Montpellier, from a sudden attack of pulmonary congestion." In a letter to a friend, written at Avignon, he says: "The medical men here could do nothing for her, and before the physician at Nice, who saved her life once before, could arrive, all was over."

Through the narrow and now dull enough streets of Petrarch's "Babylon," one reaches the Porte St. Lazare. Then one turns to the right outside the walls, and after a while one comes to a road to the left that brings one, by a dark avenue of pines, to the cypress-planted cemetery. I wandered about for some time among the tombs of the Catholics. Very curiously illustrative of the theory of the origin of Religion in worship of the Dead were these tombs. For all of them were more or less of chapels, though most of them, of course, too small to be more than dolls' chapels. Archæologically interesting, however, as they might be, they were æsthetically tawdry, for the most part, to the last degree. Getting a little tired of my search for the tomb I had come especially to see, I at last asked my way, and was directed to the Cemetery of the Protestants, who are numerous and wealthy at Avignon, and found it divided from the rest by a high cypress hedge. And this was the style of that noble tomb. Within a square of low iron railing a border of flowers in profuse November bloom; within this, a narrow gravel walk; and then, a plain, entirely undecorated, but massive table-tomb of the purest white marble. The name of John Stuart Mill is on one end and along one side, with the dates of his birth and death, but no word more. And on the flat upper surface is this inscription—

"To the beloved memory of
HARRIET MILL,
the dearly loved and deeply regretted wife of
JOHN STUART MILL.

Her great and loving heart, her noble soul, her clear, powerful, original, and comprehensive intellect, made her the guide and support, the instructor in wisdom, and the example in goodness, as she was the sole earthly comfort of those who had the happiness to belong to her. As earnest for all public good as she was generous and devoted to all who surrounded her, her influence has been felt in many of the improvements of the age, and will be in those still to come. Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, this earth would already become the hoped-for heaven. She died, to the irreparable loss of those who survive her, at Avignon, November 3rd, 1858."

I do not know when I ever read anything that, by virtue of the intense and noble feeling expressed, made a deeper impression on me than this epitaph—reading it, as I did on the white marble tomb, amid the autumnal air, and in the sunset glow suffused on the cypress-planted Provençal Cemetery. Dr. Bain remarks on the "wordiness of the composition," and would apparently have preferred what he might have judged a more "polished elegy." He has also much to say of Mr. Mill's "extraordinary hallucination as to the personal qualities of his wife," and his "outraging of all reasonable credibility" with respect to her. But Dr. Bain admits that "Mill was not such an egotist as to be captivated by the mere echo of his own opinions." Those, he thinks, who would account for Mrs. Mill's ascendancy by her giving back to him all his views in her own form, "in all probability misconceive the whole situation. . . . The ways of inducing him to exert his powers in talk, which was a standing pleasure of his life, cannot be summed up under either agreement or opposition. It supposed independent resources on the part of his fellow-talker, and a good mutual understanding as to the proper conditions of the problem at issue." This certainly implies, for a woman, quite exceptional sympathies and faculties "on the part of Mill's fellow-talker." Mill himself said, "What was abstract and purely scientific was generally mine; the properly human element came from her; in all that concerned the application of philosophy to the exigencies of human society and progress I was her pupil, alike in boldness of speculation and cautiousness of practical judgment." Dr. Bain admits that, in such statements,

"we are enabled to form a probable estimate of what his wife really was to him." And such admissions, I think, are alone enough to convict of exaggeration such phrases as "extraordinary hallucinations," etc.

A comparison of what Petrarch wrote of his Madonna with what Mill wrote of his Wife, would, as I have hinted, have shown great changes in these 500 years. But in one thing these 500 years have not brought change—nor these 5000 years—in the need of the human heart for uttermost union, oneness with, life in, another. This, amid the meanesses, the basenesses, of the vast majority of mankind—this is that haven which so many long for, so few ever attain. In the Arthurian Romances of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the culminating epoch of the Feudal Period, this "*solitude à deux éternellement enchantée*," is symbolized in the life of Merlin and Viviana, after he has yielded to her the Secret of Entombment. In the Romances of Petrarch's century the story has already undergone degradation, and it is anything but such a divine union that is now symbolized in the triumph of Viviana. Nor was such a union realized by Petrarch. Mill was more fortunate. "When I was happy," he said, "I never went after any one; those that wanted me might come to me." Significant words! And it is probable that the vanishing of Supernatural Ideals will only make the need of intense and single-hearted human sympathy more felt, and draw those between whom there are any bonds of union more close in, it may be, an even exaggerated self-devotion and altruistic laudation.

Asking my way to the "*campagne*" of "*feu M. Mill l'Anglais*," I easily found it some ten minutes' walk farther along on the highway. Lying back some distance from the road, in an oblong plot, with gardens, paddock, etc., lined with trees, stands the "cottage he had bought, as close as possible to the place where she is buried"—a square, double-roofed house, with lines of three windows on each side. Here it was that he lived and worked "during a great portion of every year" of the fifteen between her death and his. For people don't die after "irreparable losses." What

chiefly makes life tragic is its infinite capacity of suffering *without* dying. But of how he lived and worked during this time I can here say nothing of what I had intended; I have already overrun my allotted space. This only can I here add: "Mill," says Dr. Bain, "disliked Grote's being buried in the Abbey, but of course attended the funeral" (1871); and as he and Dr. Bain walked out together, his remark was, "In no very long time I shall be laid in the ground

with a very different ceremonial from that." Two years later this prediction was fulfilled. On the night of his death, when he was informed that he would not recover, he calmly said, "My work is done." He was buried in the tomb in which he had laid his wife. And, as Dr. Bain finely says, "no calculus can integrate the innumerable pulses of knowledge and of thought that he has made to vibrate in the minds of his generation."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE LAST KING OF TAHITI.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

AMONG the recent changes that have occurred in the South Pacific, none appear so likely to exercise a permanent influence on the trade of the future as the annexation by France of all the finest isles in the immediate vicinity of the Isthmus of Panama.

This great step has been accomplished so quietly as to excite little more than a passing comment from the world in general, and no word of remonstrance from any of the Great Powers, who seem to consider the annexation of the Society Isles as merely the natural result of the "Protectorate" which was established with so high a hand in 1843, when France virtually possessed herself of the Marquesas, the Paumotu, or Low Archipelago, and the Society groups.

To these she has still more recently added the Gambier Isles, which lie to the southwest, in the direction of Pitcairn's Isle, and has thus secured a very admirable semicircle of the four finest groups in the Eastern Pacific. Here she can now consolidate her strength, and await the influx of commerce which must of necessity pass through this *cordon*, when M. Lesseps shall have opened the Panama Canal for the traffic of the world.

Here French ships will touch, on their way to and from the Loyalty Isles and Cochin China (the principal colonies of France in the Western Pacific); and ships of all nations, plying between Europe and Australasia, will necessarily pass the same way and contribute their quota to the wealth of the French Re-

public in the East, finding magnificent harbors, and now even arsenals, where much may be done in the way of refitting, if necessary.

Hitherto, the trade of the Isles has been shackled by various restrictive commercial regulations, and official interference has tended in many ways to hinder the progress of these, as of all other French colonies. Now, however, that the farce of a Protectorate, with separate and very confusing laws, has been abolished and that the Code Napoleon reigns supreme, greater freedom of action seems to be allowed, and the foreign residents find their position better defined and altogether more satisfactory.

France seems, however, to aim at still wider dominion in the South Seas. That the independent isles of Raiatea, Bora Bora, and Huahine should share the fate of Tahiti, seems almost a natural sequence. But the tidings which have now reached England of French action in regard to the Hervey and Austral Isles indicate that our Gallic neighbors seek a still wider range of dominion.

The inhabitants of these isles, all peaceful Christians, happy and prosperous, and governed by their own chiefs, were recently startled by the arrival of a French man-of-war, whose captain informed them that their trade must henceforth be diverted from New Zealand to Tahiti, as Great Britain had agreed to leave France undisputed mistress of all isles lying to the east of Samoa.

The people, who had at first received their French visitors with cordiality, at once took the alarm, and returned all presents which had been made to them ; whereupon the captain informed them that the French Admiral was then on his way to the Austral Isles, and would compel them to submit to a French Protectorate. Great, therefore, is the alarm of all the islanders, who remember with terror every detail of the appropriation of the neighboring groups.

As an illustration of how the thin end of the wedge was applied, it may not be uninteresting at the present moment to recall the circumstances under which this Protectorate was established.

In 1837 the French sent out an exploring expedition, commanded by D'Urville, whose somewhat remarkable official orders were, "d'appivoiser les hommes, et de rendre les femmes un peu plus sauvages !" *

The result of his report was, that the French decided on establishing themselves in the Marquesas, Society, and Paumotu Isles. Accordingly, in 1842 an expedition sailed from Brest to effect this purpose, its destination being a secret known only to its commander. The Marquesas were selected as the centre of operations.

A squadron of four heavy frigates and three corvettes, commanded by Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars, accordingly astonished the natives by suddenly appearing in the lovely harbor of Nukuheva, and very soon these simple folk learnt the full meaning of the gay tricolored flags and bristling broadsides. The ostensible pretext for this invasion was that of reinstating Mowanna, the friendly chief of Nukuheva, in what was assumed to be his ancestral right—namely, that of ruling over the whole group of twelve isles, each of which had hitherto considered itself as a distinct world, subdivided into many antagonistic kingdoms. However, a puppet king was the pretext required, and Mowanna furnished it, and was rewarded with regal honors, and a gorgeous military uniform, rich with gold lace and embroidery.

Of course, he and his tribe of Nukuhevans were vastly delighted, perceiving that they had gained omnipotent allies,

and when five hundred troops were landed in full uniform, and daily drilled by resplendent officers, their delight knew no bounds. They recollected how, when in 1814 the U. S. frigate *Essex*, commanded by Captain Porter, had refitted at Nukuheva, she had lent them a considerable force of sailors and marines to assist their own body of two thousand men, in attacking a neighboring tribe. The latter had offered a desperate resistance, and repulsed the allied forces, who, however, consoled themselves by burning every village they could reach, thus giving the inhabitants good cause to hate the white men's ships.

Now, with the aid of these warlike French troops, the Nukuhevans thought themselves sure of victory, with the prospect of retaining the supremacy. But when fortifications were commenced, and the troops surrounded their camps with solid works of defence, making it evident that the occupation was to be a permanent one, a feeling of detestation, mingled with fear of the invaders, gradually increased, and was certainly not lessened by several sharp encounters, in one of which a hundred and fifty natives are said to have been slain. However, the reign of might prevailed, and the tricolor has floated over the Marquesas unchallenged from that time to this present, when a French governor and staff rule in the Isles ; a French bishop, priests, and sisters, endeavor to counteract the teaching of the American Protestant Mission ; and French *gens d'armes* strive to keep order among a race who have not wholly forgotten their old intertribal feuds, and the joys of an occasional cannibal feast.

This appropriation of the Marquesas was immediately followed by that of the Society Isles, whither Admiral Du Petit Thouars proceeded in the *Reine Blanche* frigate, leaving the rest of the squadron at the Marquesas. He anchored in the perfect harbor of Papeete, and sent a message to Queen Pomare to the effect that unless she immediately agreed to pay somewhere about thirty thousand dollars as an indemnity for alleged insults to the French flag, he would bombard the defenceless town. The said insults were very much like those offered by the lamb to the wolf in the old fable—the pretext raked up being simply that

* To tame the men, but induce the women to become a little more timid.

Queen Pomare and all her people, having already become stanch Christians according to the teaching of the London Missionary Society, had positively refused to allow certain French priests to settle in the Isles and found a Roman Catholic Mission, with a view to proselytizing. These, proving obstinate in their determination to remain, had, with all due honor, been conveyed on board a vessel about to sail for some distant port, with a sensible recommendation to pursue their calling on some of the many isles which were still heathen.

The French Admiral insisted that, in addition to paying the indemnity demanded, the people of Tahiti should, at their own expense, erect a Roman Catholic church in every district where they had built one for their Congregational worship.

The unhappy Queen, terrified lest the arrogant Du Petit Thouars should commence bombarding her helpless capital, yet utterly incapable of complying with his unjust demands, fled by night, in a canoe, to the Isle of Moorea, knowing that no decisive action could be taken in her absence. Her best friend and adviser throughout these troubles was the British Consul, Mr. Pritchard. The Admiral perceiving this, caused him to be arrested and imprisoned. After being kept for ten days in solitary confinement, he was put on board an English vessel out at sea, and forcibly sent away from the islands without a trial or investigation of any kind.

On his arrival in England, the British Government naturally demanded an explanation of such proceedings. M. Guizot replied that the French authorities at Tahiti found they could make no progress there, because of Mr. Pritchard's great influence with the Queen—in other words, his determination, if possible, to see fair play. The French Government, therefore, approved the action of its officials, but promised to indemnify Mr. Pritchard for what they themselves described as his illegal imprisonment and pecuniary losses. We have, however, Mr. Pritchard's own authority for the fact that in the year 1880 he had never received one single *sou* of the promised indemnity, and England apparently considered it the part of wisdom, if not of honor, to let the subject drop.

So the pirates (for certainly, in this matter, the French acted as such) compelled poor Queen Pomare and her chiefs to yield to their demands. Some, indeed, strove to make a brave stand, and drive the invaders from their shores; but what could these unarmed islanders do against artillery?

They retreated to their mountain fastnesses; but French troops pursued them thither, built scientific forts, and remained masters of the position. It was a South Sea version of—

“The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.”

But in this case the lamb found no deliverer.

The good, sensible Queen, who had proved herself so wise a ruler of a happy and peaceful people up to this terrible November, 1843, was now declared incompetent to govern. The French Protectorate was established, and the Reine Blanche, having saluted the Protectorate flag, desired the Queen and chiefs to do likewise—an order which they were unable to obey till the Admiral politely offered to lend the necessary gunpowder.

Thus was the buccaneering expedition carried out, and the French established as rulers in the three groups.

Sorely as Queen Pomare's proud, independent spirit must have chafed under their tutelage, she contrived to endure it for thirty-five years. Born on the 28th of February, 1813, she succeeded her brother, Pomare III., in January, 1827, and reigned supreme till 1843. On the 17th of September, 1877, this loved mother of her people passed away, and with her all that was truly representative of their ancient independence.

I happened to arrive in Tahiti just at that period.*

A large French man-of-war having been sent on a special mission to Fiji (where I had for some time been living as a member of the Governor's household), I was most courteously invited to go on a cruise through the Tongan, Samoan, and Society Isles. The crowning-point of delight, to which all on

* “A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War,” by C. F. Gordon-Cumming. Published by Messrs. Blackwood & Son, Edinburgh.

board were looking forward, was that we should arrive at Papeete in time for the joyous festival held on the anniversary of the Protectorate, when crowds of the light-hearted people—ready for mirth on any pretext—would assemble at the capital.

Like most things to which we have greatly looked forward, our first impressions of Tahiti were sadly disappointing.

We arrived in a gray, howling storm, and everything looked dismal. Though we coasted all along the beautiful isle of Moorea (formerly called Eimeo), the envious cloud capped its lofty ranges, only showing a peak here and there. Certainly, such glimpses as we did catch were weirdly grand : huge basaltic pinnacles, of most fantastic shape, towering from out the sea of billowy white clouds which drifted around those black crags ; and below the cloud canopy lay deep ravines, smothered in densest foliage, extending right down to the gray dismal sea, which broke in thunder on the reef.

With strong wind and tide against us, as we crossed from Moorea to Tahiti, it was a great relief when, passing by a narrow opening through the barrier reef, we left the great tossing waves outside, and found ourselves in the calm harbor, which lay sullen and gray as a mountain tarn. At first we could see literally nothing of the land ; but after awhile it cleared a little, and through the murky mist we discerned fine massive mountains rising from a great gorge beyond the town of Papeete—a pleasant little town, with houses all smothered in foliage, which in fine weather is lovely, being chiefly hybiscus and bread-fruit. But the former is of that very blue-green tint which in rain looks as gray as an olive grove, while each glossy leaf of the bread-fruit is a mirror which exactly reflects the condition of the weather—glancing bright in sunlight, but in storm reflecting the dull hue of the leaden clouds.

And on the dreary day of our arrival, sea and sky were alike dull and colorless—all in keeping with the sad news with which the pilot greeted us as he came on board—namely, that Queen Pomare had died a fortnight previously, and that the people were all in deepest dule. Instead of all the great rejoicings, and balls, and himené-singing (the national music), and

all the varied delights of a Tahitian festival—the sunlight, the flowers, the gay dresses of all rainbow hues—we beheld crowds pouring out of the native church (for it was Sunday), all dressed in the deepest mourning, from their crape-trimmed black hats to their black flowing robes, which are all, without exception, cut on the pattern of the old English sacques, worn by our grandmothers—that is, a yoke on the shoulders from which the skirt falls to the feet and trails behind. The effect is very easy and graceful. It would be impossible to devise a cooler dress, as it only touches the neck and shoulders, and (very loosely) the arms. The one under-garment is low-necked, short-sleeved, and of such a length as to form a sweeping skirt, thus combining chemise and petticoat in one cool article of raiment. The dress is the same as that worn in the Sandwich Isles ; but there it is worn shorter and fuller, and, like everything else in that group, loses the grace and elegance which appear to be inherent in Tahiti. Now all looked sad and sombre. There were no flowers, no fragrant wreaths, no arrowroot crowns, no snowy plumes of *reva-reva* ; even the beautiful raven tresses of the women had all been cut off (so, at least, we were told, and certainly none were visible). This was mourning indeed ; and the *Court Circular* had ordained that the whole nation should wear the garb of woe for six months ! I confess I bewailed the ill-luck that had brought me to Tahiti at so inauspicious a moment, and just too late to see the fine old Queen, heroine of so many of my earliest dreams of South Sea romance.

After awhile, however, I found, as usual, that my luck was not altogether bad. About two months previously the French Admiral Serre had arrived, bringing a new French Governor. Very grievous domestic affliction had befallen the latter, and had so shattered his nerves as to render him utterly unfit for the post.

The person who would naturally have succeeded him in office had unfortunately made himself so obnoxious to the Queen, that she informed the Admiral that, should he be appointed Governor, she would at once retire to Moorea, thereby bringing all business to a deadlock. Thereupon the Admiral promised

that her will should be respected, and announced that he would himself assume the office of Governor till such time as a fresh appointment could be made in Paris. M. La Barbe remonstrated. The Admiral bade him be silent. He persisted, and was immediately placed under arrest for fourteen days; at the end of which time his sword was restored to him, and he had to put it on and go to thank the Admiral formally for his goodness in restoring it! But, as his presence in the Isles would henceforth have been unpleasant, he and his family were shipped on board a big transport, which was about to sail for France, and were deported without further question.

At this moment Queen Pomare died suddenly, to the exceeding grief of her people. Great was their anxiety to know what course the French would next adopt, there being good reason to fear that even the semblance of the ancient rule would now be dispensed with—a course which appeared the more probable as Queen Pomare's sons had not been remarkable for their steadiness, and the Royal Family was in a somewhat disjointed condition. The Admiral, however, devoted his whole energies to bringing together its various branches, healing their breaches, and inculcating sobriety, and generally getting them into a satisfactory condition.

He then proclaimed Ariiaue, the eldest son, and his handsome young wife, Marau, aged seventeen, to be king and queen, under the titles of Pomare V. and Marau Pomare, a ceremony of which the *Messenger de Tahiti* gave full particulars, under the heading, "Le prince royal, Ariiaue, est salué roi des Iles de la Société et dépendances," and told how the Legislative Assembly of Tahiti had been convened by "M. le Contre-Amiral Serre, Commandant-en-chef, Commandant provisoire des Etablissements français de l'Océanie, pour reconnaître et acclamer le nouveau Souverain de Tahiti."

The Legislative Assembly received with acclamations the decisions of the omnipotent Admiral, who not only proclaimed Ariiaue King, but further settled the succession for two generations to come. Queen Marau being half English (daughter of Mr. Salmon, an English Jew, married to one of the highest chief-

tinesses of Tahiti), any child to which she might give birth was excluded from the throne in favor of the little Princess Teriivaetua, daughter of the King's brother, Tamatoa and the charming Moë—ex-King and Queen of Raiatea—thus securing the pure Tahitian blood-royal.

Failing issue of the little Princess Vaetua, the succession was secured to her cousin, Prince Teriiahinoiatua, commonly called Hinoi, a very handsome boy, son of the third royal brother.

These decisions gave great satisfaction to the Tahitians, who, though well aware that all real power had been taken from their chiefs, still valued its nominal possession. It was, therefore, with a general feeling of pleasure that they hailed the announcement that this modern king-maker intended to escort the royal couple on a ground tour of their dominions, in order to receive in person the homage of all their people.

Greatly to my delight, Admiral Serre most kindly arranged that I should be of the party—a most exceptional piece of good luck, as under no other circumstances could I have seen either the country or the people to such advantage. It was really like a bit of a fairy tale—in every respect a most delightful trip—good weather, good roads, and most agreeable company. Besides the royal party there were about twenty French officers from the flag-ship *Magicienne*, and also their excellent brass band, consisting of twenty sailors, admirably trained by one of the officers, himself an excellent musician. Though we were so large a party, everything in the whole expedition was admirably arranged, and there was always good accommodation provided, and everything was done comfortably.

Each district possesses a very large *chêferie* or district-house, built for public purposes. Like all the native houses they consist chiefly of a heavy thatch roof, rounded at both ends, supported on a mere framework of posts, and leaving the sides all open, save at night, when they are curtained. They generally have good wooden floors, often smooth enough to dance upon. In these our feast was generally prepared, and always gracefully served. Our night-quarters were also most comfort-

ably arranged, and I was especially charmed by the beds provided for us—very large and soft, stuffed with the silky tree-cotton; abundant pillows, real mosquito nets and light curtains tied back with gay ribbons, and such pretty coverlets of patchwork—really triumphs of art-needlework; those most in favor have crimson patterns on a white ground; the designs are highly effective. It seems that a Tahitian housewife prides herself on her snowy linen and downy pillows—a very happy adaptation of foreign customs.

The island of Tahiti is divided into twenty districts, and it was arranged we should visit two each day. So each morning our procession of fifteen wheeled vehicles started at 7 A.M., preceded by native outriders, carrying the gay district flag, which made a pretty bit of color as we passed along the green glades. A drive of seven or eight miles brought us to our halting-point, where we found masses of people assembled to sing himenés of welcome—all, however, dressed in black, relieved only by wreaths and handkerchiefs of yellow, or else by a wreath or hat of snowy white bamboo or arrowroot fibre, and in their hair soft plumes of snowy *reva-reva*—a filmy ribbon extracted from the cocoa-palm leaf. I was delighted to discover that many of the women, who were supposed to have cut their beautiful long hair in mourning for old Queen Pomare, had only shammed, and their glossy black tresses were allowed to reappear.

Having halted and feasted at the morning district, we started again about two o'clock, drove seven or eight miles further—always through lovely country, and by a wide road of firm green turf, which follows the course of the shore—and so we reached our night-quarters, when we were again received by assembled multitudes and congratulatory himenés. Then the band played—as it had done at our noonday halt—to the great delight of the people, and we strolled about, and found enchanting bathing pools in some of the many crystalline streams, of which we crossed 150 in a drive of 160 miles! I need not say that bathing in the tropics is one of the chief delights of daily life. At sunset we reassembled for a great dinner, served European fashion, for each district pos-

sesses its own crockery, glass, knives, forks, spoons, etc. The Admiral provided French wines and bread. Then followed more himené-singing, while we sat listening, entranced, either in the great house, or on the beautiful sea-shore, in the perfect moonlight.

This was the outline of each day; but, of course, in every district we found special incidents of interest, and the exquisite beauty of the scenery was an ever-varying delight. The weather was perfect—not too hot, yet sunny. A brisk trade-wind brought the sea roaring and tumbling in heavy breakers on the coral reef about a mile from the shore where our road skirted the calm lagoon, so blue and peaceful and still. We drove through districts which seemed like one vast orchard of mango, bread-fruit, banana, faes, large orange trees, lemons, guavas, citrons, papawas, vanilla, coffee, sugar-cane, maize, and cocoa-palm, together forming a succession of the richest and most varied foliage it is possible to conceive. Sometimes we amused ourselves by counting such few trees as were *not* fruit-bearing, but even they were, for the most part, fragrant with blossom. Here and there the broad grass roads are edged with avenues of tall plantains, very handsome in a dead calm, but too delicate to endure the rough wooing of the riotous trade-winds, which tear the huge leaves to ribbons, and give the avenues an untidy look. It was on the 15th of October, 1877, that we started on this grand tour. Arriiaue, or rather Pomare V., led the procession, accompanied by his brother Tamatoa and his little nephew Hinoi. Then followed the Admiral, with his aide-de-camp and myself, in a comfortable open carriage, with excellent horses and a great half-caste driver. Queen Marau came next, with her lovely little sister, Mahnihihi, and little Vae-tua, who is next in the succession. Sundry and divers vehicles followed, containing the French naval officers, and some others. A few of the party preferred riding. The luggage had already been despatched in heavy *fourgons*, and the band, filling a couple of *char-à-bancs*, likewise preceded us.

We halted at various points, where deputations had assembled to welcome the King, and about eleven o'clock

reached Punavia, a lovely spot on the seashore, at the mouth of a beautiful valley, above which towers a grand mountain peak. A ruined French fort on the shore, and two small forts further up the valley, recalled the days when Tahiti made her brave but unavailing struggle for independence. Breakfast was prepared for us in a native house, which was decorated in most original style with large patchwork quilts, in lieu of flags, and relieved with graceful fronds of tree-fern.

Here, as at most other feasts, there was a considerable consumption of raw fish, which is considered a very great delicacy, and one for which many foreigners acquire a strong liking. There is no accounting for tastes! King Arriiaue, who took great care of me at meals, tried hard to teach me this enjoyment, and on my objecting, declared it to be mere prejudice, as, of course, I ate oysters raw—he might almost say alive. To this I could answer nothing, well remembering the savage delight with which I have often knocked oysters off rocks and branches, and swallowed them on the instant. But then they are so small, and some of these fish are so very large. Perhaps one's instinctive objection is to their size. Those most in favor are of a most exquisite green color.

During breakfast and afterward, the glee-singers of the district sang himenés—most strange and beautiful part songs. Afterward dancing was suggested, and I, recollecting the wonderful grace and picturesque charm of the very varied dances of Fiji, which are like well-studied ballets, looked forward to seeing those of Tahiti. But they proved very disappointing. Neither here nor anywhere else did we see any dance except the *upa upa*, which a few men volunteered to perform as a specimen of the old national dance. It is the identical dance which we have seen at Arab weddings, and in other lands—merely an exceedingly ungraceful wriggle, involving violent exertion till every muscle quivers, and the dancer retires panting, and in a condition of vulgar heat. In heathen days it was the distinguishing dance of an atrocious sect called the Areois—religious fanatics and libertines of the vilest order, who were held in reverent awe by the people, and allowed

every sort of privilege. They travelled from village to village in very large companies, sometimes filling from fifty to eighty canoes. Wherever they landed great sacrifices were offered to the gods, and for so long as they chose to remain in one place they were the guests of the chief, and had to be provided for by the villagers, whom they entertained by acting pantomimes and reciting legends of the very unholy gods, wrestling, gesticulating, and dancing, till they worked themselves up to a pitch of frenzy which was considered religious, and the night was spent in the wildest orgies. Their dress on these occasions consisted only of a little scarlet and black dye, the seeds of the vermilion plant and charcoal furnishing the materials.

Such being the associations connected with this most unattractive dance, it was for many years discountenanced by the chiefs, in their determination to put away every trace of heathenism. But under French influence it has been in a measure revived, and though the more respectable natives consider it objectionable, a certain number of dancers crop up at every village. Their position, however, appears to be no higher than that of strolling jugglers at an English fair.

In the afternoon we resumed our drive by the soft turf road, where the wheels glide so smoothly and silently, no jarring sound disturbing the harmony of nature. Here, as on each succeeding day, our path was one continuous panorama of delight. On the one hand, endlessly-varied foliage, and great green hills towering in strange fantastic form, seamed by dark valleys and crystal streams; and on the other side lay the calm glittering lagoon, reflecting, as in a mirror, the grand masses of white cloud, and bounded by the long line of breakers, flashing as they dashed on the barrier reef. Beyond these lay outspread the vast Pacific, its deep purple, dashed with white crests, telling how briskly the trade-winds blew outside. And, far on the horizon, the rugged peaks of Moorea rose clear and beautiful, robed in ethereal lilac.

We halted for the night at Paea, a charmingly-situated hamlet of clean comfortable houses, only divided from the white coral sand by a belt of green

turf and fine old iron-wood trees. (The iron-wood of the Pacific is a very different tree from that bearing the same name in America. In the Pacific it always means the casuarina, and has dark hair-like pensile foliage. It is a mournful tree, and is generally planted near graves. It is the *noko-noko* of Fiji, where, in common with the crimson drœcina, it is consecrated to the dead.)

The pride of Paez is its very large house for public entertainment. Here we found dinner laid, in European style, for three hundred guests. At one end was an upper table, where the chiefs of the district entertained the royal party, while the other tables were ranged down the sides of the building; each family in the neighborhood having undertaken to provide for one table, and there assemble their own friends. The whole great building was beautifully decorated in Tahitian style, with palm-leaves and tree-ferns, and festoons of deep fringe made of hybiscus fibre, all dyed either yellow or white. There must have been *miles* of fringe used in decorating that house. Yellow is happily admitted in court mourning, so most of the people wore at least a yellow necktie, a symptom of mitigated affliction, to express the pleasure that now mingled with their grief for the good queen:

“Le Roi est mort—Vive le Roi!”

We went to dinner in most orthodox fashion, the admiral conducting Queen Marau, and Arriiaue taking me. The table decorations were most curious and effective. At the first glance there appeared to be a series of white marble centre vases, which on close inspection proved to be graduated lumps of the thick fleshy banana stalk near the root. In these were inserted branches of the thorny wild lemon tree, and on each thorn were stuck artificial flowers made of colored leaves, or of the glossy white arrow-root fibre, or bamboo fibre, such as are used in making hats; and from some there floated a silvery plume of the lightest silky film, like fairy ribbons. This is the snowy *reva reva* extracted from the interior of young cocoa-palm leaves—a difficult operation, requiring the neatest hand and long practice. The worker keeps a split stick, stuck in

the ground beside her, and into its cleft fastens one end of each ribbon as she peels it, otherwise the faintest breath of air would blow it away. It is the loveliest gossamer you can imagine.

At the end of the feast, Tamatoa gave the example of adorning his own hat, and those of his neighbors, with these lovely plumes and all the pretty fanciful flowers. Then we adjourned to the grassy shore, and watched the clear full moon rise from the calm sea, while the glee-singers sang their soft beautiful choruses.

I wish it were possible to describe Tahitian himenés, so as to give others the faintest idea of their fascination. But the thing is impossible—they are a new sensation, utterly indescribable. No music of any other country bears the slightest resemblance to these wild exquisite glees, faultless in time and harmony, though apparently each singer introduces any variations that occur to him or her. The musicians sit on the grass, on mats, in two divisions, arranged in rows so as to form two squares. A space is left between these, where the “conductor” (should there chance to be one) walks up and down, directing the choruses. But very often there is no leader, and all sing apparently according to their own sweet will, introducing any variations that occur to them. One voice commences—others strike in—here, there, everywhere, in liquid chorus. It seems as if one section devoted themselves to pouring forth a rippling torrent of Ra!—Ra! ra-ra ra-ra! while others burst into a flood of La!—La! la-la-la-la! Some confine their care to sounding a deep booming bass in a long continued drone, somewhat suggestive, to my appreciative Highland ear, of our own bagpipes. Here and there high falsetto notes strike in, varied from verse to verse, and then the chorus of La and Ra comes bubbling in liquid melody, while the voices of the principal singers now join in unison, now diverge as widely as it is possible for them to do, but all combine to produce the quaintest, most melodious, most perplexing wild rippling glee that ever was heard. Some himenés have an accompaniment of measured hand-clapping, by hundreds of those present. This is curious in its way, chiefly as a triumph

of perfect time ; but I do not think it attractive. The clear mellifluous voices need no addition, and as they ring out suddenly and joyously in the cool evening, I can imagine no sound more inspiring. Yet none can be more tantalizing, for however often you may hear the same fascinating tune it somehow seems impossible to catch it. The air seems full of musical voices, perfectly harmonized—now lulled to softest tones, then swelling in clear ringing tones, like most melodious cathedral chimes heard from afar on a soft summer night.

In many instances the singers compose their own words, which sometimes describe the most trivial details of passing events, sometimes are fragments of most sacred hymns, according to the impulse of the moment. Probably the last fact gives us a clue to the origin of the word *Hymn-ené*, but I fancy that the words are often those of much older and less seemly songs than the hymns taught by the early missionaries. Some of the airs, too, are really old native tunes, while others were originally imported from Europe, but have become so completely Tahitianized that no mortal could recognize them ; which is all in their favor, for the wild melodies of the isle are beyond measure attractive and characteristic.

At every stage of this Royal progress, we were greeted by these bands of glee-singers at least twice a day, and often three times ; they sang as though they could never weary.

I, a guileless stranger accepted this delight as a matter of course, supposing that music was the life of these happy people, and that they warbled like birds, really because they could not help doing so. But it was all a delusion. It appears they only sing on occasions, and though I remained six months in the Society Isles, all the *himenés* I heard were crowded into the first fortnight. After that I only heard one, and that a very poor one. But the hideous dancing, which is the only ugly thing in Tahiti, and which was reduced to a minimum during the stay of the paternal Admiral (who strove so hard to inculcate the practice of all virtues), received so great encouragement after his departure, that all its votaries assembled at Papeete, and their evening revels took the place

of the pleasant gatherings at the band, which were among the marked features of the early part of my visit. Consequently, the more respectable section of the community were conspicuous by their absence, and an atmosphere of peace, amounting to stagnation, took the place of the stir and bustle which figured so largely in my first impressions of Tahiti.

But to return to the Royal progress round the Isles. On the following morning we were all *astir* by 5 A.M., and started immediately after early coffee—every one cheery and good-tempered—on every side hearty greetings, "*Yarra-na ! Yarra-na !*" and sounds of careless laughter and merry voices. There is certainly a great charm in the pretty liquid language and in the gentle, affectionate manner of the people, who seem to be overflowing with genial kindness. Two hours drive us to Papara, where a very grand reception awaited the young King and Queen, Mrs. Salmon, the Queen's mother, being chieftainess of the district. Her true native name is very long, and I fear I cannot write it correctly, so my readers must be content with that of her husband. She had assembled all her vassals in most imposing array, and a double row of *himené*-singers lined the road, singing choruses of congratulation, taken up alternately on the right hand and on the left with very pretty effect. Many relations of the family had also assembled to greet their royal kinsfolk, including two more of Mrs. Salmon's pretty daughters, and her handsome sons, fine stalwart men. Very quaint ceremonial garments were presented to the King and the Admiral. They are called *Tiputa*, and are the ancient Tahitian dress of great occasions. They are precisely similar in form to the Spanish *poncho*, being passed over the head and falling over the back and chest, to the knee. They are made from the fibre of bread-fruit bark, and covered with flowers and twists of the glossy arrowroot fibre, each stitched on separately. To the Queen the Admiral, and myself, were presented the most lovely crowns of the same silvery arrowroot, while for the gentlemen were provided garlands and necklaces of fragrant white or yellow blossoms, and charming hats of white bamboo fibre, manufactured by the ladies and their attendants.

The house was most tastefully decorated with great ferns and bright yellow banana leaves, plaited to form a sort of fringe. Wild melodious himenés were sung all the time of the feast, and afterward the band played operatic airs, till it was time for us to resume our journey.

In that district much cultivation has somewhat impaired the beauty of wild Nature, large tracts of land having been laid out for scientific planting of cotton and coffee, and, after all, the fields have been abandoned; the crops, left to run wild, are now rank straggling bushes, struggling for life with the overmastering vines or with the wild guava, which, having once been imported as a fruit tree, has now become the scourge of the planters, from the rapidity and tenacity with which it spreads and takes possession of the soil. At the same time, a scrub, which yields wholesome and abundant food for man and beast, cannot be said to be altogether an evil.

It is not often that civilization improves the picturesque beauty of a country, but assuredly the lovely hills and valleys of Tahiti and Moorea have greatly gained in richness by the introduction of the fruit-bearing trees which now form so important a feature in the general wealth of foliage, the dense thicket of orange trees having all grown from those brought from Sydney by Mr. Henry, one of the early missionaries. Strangely enough, the most healthy trees are those which have grown, self-sown, from the seed carelessly thrown about by the natives, when they retired to some quiet valley to brew their orange rum in secret. These trees have thriven far better than those much cared for and transplanted.

The splendid mango trees, whose mass of dark foliage is now so prominent a feature on all sides, were introduced less than twenty years ago by the French, who have taken infinite trouble to procure all the very best sorts, and have succeeded to perfection, for in no other country have I tasted any to compare with the mangoes of Tahiti. In the Sandwich Isles they are very inferior fruit, with a flavor of turpentine, and in most groups of the Pacific they have scarcely been introduced yet. Once even indifferent stocks have taken to the soil, it is a comparatively simple matter

to graft good sorts. The difficulty lies in conveying them alive. I took an immense amount of trouble, while in Tahiti, in the endeavor to introduce this valuable tree to Fiji. With infinite toil I myself collected, carefully dried, and packed upward of ten thousand fine mango stones, and despatched one case *via* New Zealand, and another *via* New Caledonia. Imagine my regret on hearing that on the cases reaching their destination, after their three months' detention on the way, every seed was found to have sprouted and died!

A pleasant afternoon drive, through fragrant orange groves, brought us to Papeooriri, where Queen Marau offered me a share of the house assigned to her (which, being purely Tahitian, and not built of wood as so many now are, felt like living in a bamboo cage), exceedingly airy and transparent, but lined with temporary curtains of white calico to screen us from the general public. We strolled along the coast till we found a delightful bathing-place, where the Anapu river flows into the sea. The two pretty girls, of course, bore us company, as also the Queen's handmaid, who was laden with *pareos* and towels; the *pareo* being simply a couple of fathoms of bright-colored calico, which, knotted over one shoulder, forms an efficient and picturesque bathing gown.

We returned just in time for such a fish dinner as Greenwich never surpassed. Fish of all sorts and kinds, cooked and raw to suit all tastes, excellent lobsters and crabs, huge fresh-water prawns, delicate little oysters which grow on the roots and branches of the mangrove which fringes some muddy parts of the shore. But, most excellent of all, is another product of the briny mud, altogether new to me, a hideous, but truly delicious, white cray-fish, called *varo* or *wurrali*. We all registered a solemn vow never to lose a chance of a *varo* feast. The tables were decorated in a manner quite in character, having pillars of the banana root stem, white as alabaster, with a fringe of large prawns at the top, and a frieze of small lobsters below—a very effective study in scarlet and white.

On the following day we crossed the ridge which connects the peninsula with the main isle. We journeyed to one end

of it, slept there, then retraced the road to the isthmus, and went down the other side, as there is no passable road round the further end. The scenery here was, if possible, lovelier than on the great isle, and we spent delightful days strolling about the beautiful shore, and living in villages of bird-cage houses with kindly people, who seemed never weary of warbling like thrushes, nightingales, and larks, all in chorus. The very best *himenés* of Tahiti were those we heard on the peninsula. The houses are embowered in large-leaved bananas and orange groves, and gay with rosy oleanders and crimson hybiscus. On the two following days we repeated much the same story, as we made our way round the other side of the isle, always by the same delightful grass road, with days of calm sunlight, followed by clear moonlight. At Tiarei we were heartily welcomed by a kind old chieftainess, who kissed us all on both cheeks, down to the aide-de-camp, when the Queen's laughter stopped her proceeding to the remaining eighteen officers.

A most lovely drive along a basaltic shore (the road being cut on the face of the cliffs) brought us to Papenoo, which is close to a broad clear river, where, of course, we bathed, then rambled in the warm moonlight, and sat on the shore, where the rippling wavelets murmured on a pebbly beach. The chief gave the half of his large house to the Queen, who shared it with me, he and his family occupying the other end. Of course, it was really one large room, but travellers soon learn the art of rigging up curtains, and so improvising separate quarters.

On the night of our return a very pretty surprise awaited us. The Tahitians had determined on a grand demonstration in honor of Admiral Serre, to prove their gratitude for the good he has done in many ways and his sympathy with the people, especially as shown in the support of their ancient rulers. It had been arranged that we should remain at Point Venus till evening, and drive back to Papeete after sunset. It is a distance of twelve miles, and the moon being late we knew that a few torches would be necessary for the last part of the way. Instead of this, we were met, nine miles from the town, by crowds, and

a large body of splendid, stalwart men, bearing torches, twelve feet long, of cocoa-palm leaves. These, some on horseback, some on foot, headed the procession, and were continually joined by new comers, till at last there were fully a thousand torches blazing, throwing a ruddy glare on the rich glossy foliage of bread-fruit and palm, while the smoke gave a dreamy mysterious look to the whole scene. The effect was altogether very striking, and as the procession was only allowed to advance at a foot pace for the sake of those on foot, the band fell into the spirit of the thing, and played cheery tunes, such as the Tahitians love. At the entrance to the town all lights were extinguished, to avoid all danger of fire, for the air was full of sparks from the cocoa-torches and the dry wooden houses are too combustible to run any risk. So we came in, in the dark, a great crowd, but all quiet and orderly.

A week later, a French man-of-war took the same large party to the island of Moorea, there to repeat the ceremony of visiting each district. Of all the multitude of beautiful isles I have visited, Moorea undoubtedly deserves the palm. Such marvellous basaltic needles and pinnacles, gigantic dolomite forms, like vast serrated shark's teeth, towering in mid-air, apparently rising from above the clouds, and lower mountains and valleys clothed with vegetation of the same rich character as that of Tahiti. Here our transit from one village to another was by boat, all in dead calm water, within the coral reef, giving us the very best opportunity of seeing the coast to perfection.

Our first night's halt was at Haapiti, where the King and Queen were magnificently received by Mrs. Brander, the Queen's eldest sister, herself the Great Chieftainess of the Isle. A large and very pretty temporary building had been erected for the great feast. It was built of palm and bamboo, and entirely thatched with large glossy fronds of the great bird's-nest fern. It did seem cruel to sacrifice thousands of these beauties for one day's feast. However, it might well be said of them here:

"In wasteful beauty showered, they smile unseen,
Unseen of men ;"

for each of those valleys and ravines is a mine of hidden loveliness, which few care to explore, save those adventurous spirits who climb like goats in search of the wild banana—the faes, which, unlike others of that family, carries its huge cluster of fruit upright instead of pendant, and grows most richly in the most inaccessible nooks.

The interior of the hall of feasting was lined with tree-ferns and oleanders, and festooned with miles of yellow hibiscus fibre. It was lighted with Chinese lanterns. Here were assembled a very large number of Mrs. Brander's relations and retainers—each with a shawl of yellow native cloth thrown over the black dress to express mitigated mourning. She herself wore only black, with a most becoming crown of arrow-root fibre, and plume of reva-reva. I ought to record her native name, which is of a preternatural length—namely, Tetuanui-yeiaiteruiatea. The pretty name by which she is known to her friends is Titaua, and the two baby daughters who accompanied her are Paloma and May, the youngest of a pretty flock of nine sons and daughters, the eldest of whom was born when her mother was but fifteen! After her in the procession came several gentlemen, wearing very handsome tiputas of bread-fruit cloth bark, richly ornamented with fibre flowers, and fringed with reva-reva. The labor expended on making them must have been very great. They made the usual address to the King and the Admiral, and the people sang joyous himenés of welcome. Then the chiefs presented their tiputas, and all present threw their yellow scarfs and their pretty hats and plumes at the feet of the royal party. I noted this with especial interest, having so often witnessed the same form of homage among the Fijians, who, at the close of their dances, invariably deposit their finery at the feet of the principal persons present.

Many picturesque incidents in the course of our beautiful expedition round Moorea rise to my memory, and visions of such beauty of scenery as could hardly be surpassed in the most enchanting of dreams. One splendid grove of glossy-leaved tamanu trees* remains especially

impressed on my mind, in connection with the very best himenés we heard in all our travels, some of the women having very fine falsetto voices. That tamanu grove, and a few noble old casuarina trees close by, mark the spot where, in heathen days, many a human sacrifice was offered to the cruel gods. Now a Christian church occupies the site of the ancient Marai, and all is peaceful and happy.

About two miles inland from that village of Tiaia lies a lake about a mile long. It is not attractive, its waters being brackish and its banks muddy, but it contains good fish, and wild duck haunt its sedgy shores.

At a later period I returned to this isle of beauty, on a visit to the French *pasteur* (the Protestant Mission having found it necessary to send French clergy to the assistance of the missionaries of the London Society, in order to be able to claim their rights as French citizens, and so counteract the Government tendency to show great favor to the priests).

About the same period I had the pleasure of again forming one of an expedition to the atoll group of Tetiaroa, where Pomare was duly recognized as sovereign. Altogether his position was apparently secure, and all save a very favored few in Papeete were taken by surprise, when one fine day in June, 1880, it was suddenly announced that the King and the native Governors had ceded the kingdom to France, and that same afternoon the Protectorate flag was hauled down and the tricolor run up.

What influence was brought to bear on Pomare V. is not known, but doubtless the certainty of a life pension of 12,000 dollars a year (to be enjoyed in peace, in his own fashion, free from the incessant tutoring which made his kingly rank a burden, devoid of all honor) was a very strong inducement. The annexation of Tahiti was formally proclaimed in Papeete on the 24th of March 1881, and was made the occasion of a brilliant festival, such as the light-hearted crowd are ever ready to welcome.

Great were the official rejoicings. From every ship in the harbor, and every corner of the town, floated the tricolor, which, being freely distributed, likewise adorned the tresses of the women and the button-holes of the men.

* Tamanu : Tahitian chestnut.

Great was the noise of big guns, and the amount of powder expended on salutes. An imposing column of all branches of the service—sailors and marines, marine artillery, with their guns, infantry and *gens d'armes*, marched round the town, headed by the band. "A Tahiti, comme en France, on aime à voir passer les soldats," says the *Messager de Tahiti*.

So the lovely little town was *en fête*. Every himenô-chorus had arrived from every corner of the isles, making the whole air musical. Thousands of natives, all in their brightest, freshest dresses, kept up incessant movement in the clear light or cool shade. Everywhere games and feasting were the order

of the day. In the Governor's gardens a brilliant banquet, for upward of a hundred persons, was served in a great tent, all as graceful as the combined taste of France and Tahiti could make it. Then followed a lovely garden festival—games, music, waltzing, with a night of brilliant illuminations and fireworks. All these, combined with lovely surroundings and perfect weather, made the great official festival of Tahiti a day which the French naval officers very naturally consider one to be remembered forever, but which, perchance, may have caused some of the older inhabitants an angry and bitter pang for the independence of their country, thus lost forever. —*Contemporary Review*.

OILING THE WAVES—A SAFEGUARD IN TEMPEST.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

IN the course of many wanderings in many lands, I have repeatedly had occasion to notice the action of oil in smoothing the surface of troubled water, and have marvelled that we should hear so much of its use, and yet continue to act as if it were wholly a fiction.

It is now many years since I first endeavored to call public attention to the simple precaution which, lying within the reach of all, might prove so invaluable a safeguard to all seafaring men, especially suggesting that a few extra kegs of oil should be considered part of the necessary equipment of every boat which plies its trade along our rocky and billowy shores.*

Yet year after year has passed by, each season swelling the multitude of unnumbered dead who have perished within sight of land; and hitherto no steps have been taken to bring this knowledge into practical, systematic use.

Brought up in the heart of the Highlands (where the excitement of leistering salmon by torchlight on a dark night, is a sport not altogether unknown, even in these days of Salmon Commissioners and watchers and water-bailiffs), we were well aware of the use often made of a

good flask of oil in smoothing the surface of the deep brown pools in which the silvery fish lie, all unconscious of the impending spear.

And kinsmen returning from Bermuda have told us how the fishers there pour oil on the sea whenever the ripple prevents their seeing clearly enough to strike their fish; and also, how those at Gibraltar do likewise, to enable them the better to discern where the largest oysters are to be found.

In our schoolroom days we learned how Pliny had remarked that "all seas are made calme and still with oyle, and therefore the dyvers do spurt it abroad with their mouths into the water, because it dulceth the unpleasant nature thereof, and carryeth a light with it;" and in later years it seemed a remarkable confirmation of his words to find that the divers of the Mediterranean actually do spurt oil in the manner he described, in order to clear the light under the surface of the water, by the stillness so caused.

On our own northern coast, the herding fishers say they can tell at a distance where the shoals of oily fish are lying, by the smoothness of the water over them, and the Cornish fishers can likewise detect the position of the pilchards. In the same way, those engaged in the

* "From the Hebrides to the Himalayas." By C. F. Gordon-Cumming. Vol. i. pp. 347-49.

seal fisheries know where their victims are eating their oily prey below the water by the unruffled surface above them. So, also, the track of a wounded whale or porpoise is clearly defined by the escape of oil, and it has often been observed that the body of a dead whale always floats in calm water—however rough the sea all round may be, no breakers can form near that natural oil-vat.

As regards a practical application of the lesson, the men of St. Kilda seem to have been the first of our own countrymen to discover one. There, as usual, necessity proved the mother of invention. This lonely little isle is girt by precipitous cliffs, and has but one landing-place, and no harbor. Every fishing expedition therefore involves the hazard of extreme danger in returning to shore, for, should a sudden tempest arise, and lash the stormy waves to fury, no boat would dare to approach the isle under ordinary circumstances. But the islanders have one abundant harvest in the multitude of all manner of sea-fowl which constitute the sole wealth of St. Kilda. Some of these are so full of oil that the people do not always take the trouble to extract it, but some slovenly householders simply pass a wick through the body of a dead bird, and, drawing it out by the beak, actually light the wick thus oiled, which goes on burning for a considerable time.

It seems to have occurred to some reflecting islander that this abundant oil-supply might be somehow specially adapted to the requirements of the beautiful white-winged creatures, to whom wind and wave are alike ministers of delight. So the thought of carrying sea-gull oil to sea took form, and the fishers made puddings of the fat of sea-fowls, and fastened them astern of their "cobles," to hinder the waves from breaking.

Away to the north-east, their neighbors in the Shetland Isles likewise found means to apply the lesson they had learned, from noting the smooth surface of the water which invariably betrays the spot where a seal chances to be feasting; and they had remarked that the sea was most glassy when the victim was an oil-yielding fish, such as cod or ling. So familiar is this effect that the Shetlanders have a special and singularly descrip-

tive word to express it, namely, "lioom." If you have ever noticed the appearance of the sea in a dead calm, you will at once perceive how the very sound of this word suggests the oil-like smoothness of surface.

The hardy Shetland men are a race of bold fishers, and seek their harvest far away in the deep sea, sometimes rowing forty or fifty miles ere they reach the best fishing-grounds, in boats so small and light, that a good haul soon overweights them. Yet in these they face the fiercest storms and most treacherous currents. The worst dangers await them as they near home, for there are certain points where the currents meet, and headlands, off which the sea is always tempestuous, while, in the straits between the islands, the tide rushes in an impetuous flood, more like a rapid raging river than like a well-regulated ebb and flow. However calm may be the outer sea, these headlong sea-rivers are always tumultuous, breaking in crested billows, and marking their course by a pathway of foam, extending for miles out to sea.

Even in calm weather it is rarely considered safe to cross these currents at high tide, and the experienced fishers lie off till it slackens. But when, homeward-bound and heavily laden, they encounter foul weather, and are compelled to face these furious tideways, then in truth they have to encounter such peril as test the coolest heads and most iron nerves. And then it is (but only when driven to the last extremity) that they put in practice the seal's method of producing the "lioom," and purchase their safety by sacrificing part of their hardly earned cargo. Cutting open their fish (chiefly cod and ling), they tear out the livers and, after crushing them to free the oil, throw them overboard on every side, and immediately, as if by a miracle, the mad raging of the waters is allayed. In one moment a film of oil overspreads the surface, and, though the great waves still heave and roll, they are spell-bound and cannot break, and the little boat, which but a few seconds before was in imminent danger of being swamped, now rides securely on the smooth green billows, which from that moment have become powerless to work mischief.

The idea which the Shetland islanders and St. Kildians thus worked out for themselves had already presented itself to other men sailing on the great waters. About the middle of the last century the attention of the great Dr. Franklin was called to the subject by a letter from a gentleman who told how, during a stormy voyage on a Dutch ship, the captain, in order to prevent the waves from breaking over the vessel, poured a small quantity of olive oil into the sea, —a little at a time, not more than four quarts altogether—and so effectual did this prove, that the writer suggested that surely the same simple means might be made greater use of, were it only generally known.

Dr. Franklin also observed that whenever whaling vessels were lying in New-Port Harbor (Massachusetts) the water was always smooth on account of the leakage of blubber. He accordingly tried sundry experiments to test the working of this phenomenon. On a stormy day he went to a large pond which was so much exposed to the wind as to form waves, and on these he sprinkled a small quantity of oil. At first he took up a position to leeward, but observed that though the oil instantly spread in all directions, it could not work effectually against the wind, as it was quickly driven back to the shore. So he went round the pond to windward, where he found that one teaspoonful produced an instant calm over a considerable space, and, spreading rapidly, soon made an oily film over an extent of at least half an acre, which became as smooth as a looking-glass. One drop of oil forms a film of about four feet in circumference. It seems strange that, after this subject had been taken up by so learned a man as Dr. Franklin, so many years should have been suffered to elapse ere any definite effort was made to turn it to practical account.

He afterward tried the experiment on a larger scale on the surf at Portsmouth (New Hampshire). Selecting a tempestuous day, he sailed out half a mile from the shore, and poured a moderate quantity of oil on the tossing waters. The effect was instantaneous, for, although the swell continued, the surface was not wrinkled or broken, and, though the sea around was white with crested waves,

there were none in the smooth track left by his boat; and he noticed that a barge rounding the headland under sail at once turned into that oily path as on to a turnpike.

I have sometimes noticed the same smooth track left by a steamer, as the result of the oily water which she is continually throwing out. I first observed this one evening in the Gulf of Pecheli. There was a little sea on, but nothing to speak of, and the sun was sinking in liquid gold. Its reflection was crossed by a horizontal line of perfectly smooth water, extending as far as we could see on either hand. There was no vessel in sight, but our captain maintained that it was the course of a steamer, and that the smooth waterway was caused by the oil from the machinery. He said this result was always produced in a greater or less degree, and that we only saw it thus plainly because of the sun being at so low an angle.

In the present instance we actually followed the smooth line of oily water, till on the following day we caught up the steamer just as she anchored off the Taku Forts at the mouth of the Peiho.

This brought the subject of "smoothing the waters" back to my mind. Soon afterward, while crossing the Yellow Sea, *en route* to Nagasaki, in a small brig, we came in for some rough weather, and, though we had no occasion actually to test the matter, I was greatly interested at hearing from our Danish captain of many cases in which he had known of oil being cast on the waters to prevent waves from breaking. He said he had himself carried a long wicker basket astern, containing oil-bags, so contrived that by their gentle dripping a constant supply should be kept up. The result was admirable. Not one wave broke over the poop; the only objection was the expenditure of oil, and that was a trifle not worth a moment's consideration compared with the damage which would certainly have been done had even one breaker been permitted to form, as anyone must realize who has once experienced the awful crash when a huge curling wave strikes a shivering ship; the weight of falling water, crushing boats and bulwarks, and sweeping the deck.

Another nautical friend, Captain Champion (under whose care I have

visited many a beautiful spot in the Fijian Archipelago), has also tested this magic power of oil, in allaying the tumult of the waters. On one occasion, when off the coast of New South Wales, he encountered a hurricane so severe that he believes his schooner would undoubtedly have been swamped had he not had recourse to oil-bags, which acted almost miraculously in soothing the waves. He made five small canvas bags, each to contain about three pints of oil (fish-oil is found to be the most efficacious). To each of these he attached a cord of about a dozen fathoms in length, and threw them overboard from different points of the ship—fore and aft. The leakage from the bags was sufficient to spread an oily film over the surface of the ocean, close round the ship, lasting for two days and nights, during which time the schooner was able to ride peacefully in comparatively smooth water, and not a sea broke over her.

Other men have tried the use of oil bladders, just pricked with a needle, and hung over the sides of a vessel, so as to keep up a continual dripping. Several small bladders, containing perhaps a gallon apiece, are found to answer better than one large one, being more diffusive in their action.

Is it not almost incredible that, in the face of so much evidence of the power of oil in literally smoothing the troubled waters, so little practical use should have been made of this knowledge? How very rarely do we hear of its playing any part in those lamentable wrecks, when men are left to perish on foundering vessels because no boat dares to face the breaking billows.

Or those still sadder cases, when brave hearts and strong arms have gone to the rescue, only to be themselves dashed to destruction by the violence with which they have been hurled against the wreck. And yet, a few gallons of oil poured out to windward of the vessel would have so smoothed the broken waves that the boat would not only have been safe herself, but would have been able to rescue the shipwrecked crew.

Unless an oil-cask breaks loose by accident, and gets stove in, so that the oil floats out unbidden on its soothing errand of mercy, we hardly ever hear of the use of this most simple safeguard of

nature's own devising, and in these exceptional cases the result is invariably recorded, as if some strange phenomenon had occurred, instead of its being the inevitable result of a certain cause.

Yet vessels engaged in collecting palm oil on the African coast, or Ceylon, or the Pacific Isles, and, still more frequently, whaling ships laden with whale oil and blubber, have often reported the strange calm of the water on which they floated, while their neighbors were pitching in a chopping sea, and which they attributed to the mere leakage of oil, pumped up with the bilge water.

From Newfoundland and Labrador we have heard how such vessels, when riding out fierce gales, have saved themselves by throwing overboard small quantities of blubber, and many cases are on record of vessels having been well-nigh wrecked, the breakers pouring over them till they seemed on the point of foundering, when happily the oil-casks have broken adrift and been smashed, and so instantly have their contents overcome the mad waters that the raging waves could no longer break over the ship, though they heaved and tossed as tumultuously as before. They seemed spell-bound, and could not succeed in forming crests. And so the men have been enabled to work the pumps, and of course the oil from the broken casks in the hold kept up the supply, effectually preventing the waves from breaking, and the vessels have actually been enabled to ride out the storm, and eventually reached their desired haven.

All on board have known that the preservation of the ships, and of their own lives, was due to the action of that precious oil, yet year after year thousands of vessels start to face the dangers of the deep and never think of shipping a few extra casks of oil, in case of need. Nor, when the moment of danger has arrived, do they ever think of pouring out even what they have on board for common use. And yet from time to time some one escapes from a wrecked vessel and tells how he attributes what seems his almost miraculous preservation to the fact of some one having had the rare good sense to station a man in the stern of the boat, to pour out oil at intervals, and so prevent the waves from breaking over her astern. The result seems always

satisfactory, and the boat which, but for this precaution would inevitably have been swamped, reaches the land without so much as shipping a bucketful of water. A notable instance of this has been recorded by Mr. Ritchie as having been observed by him during a hurricane on the island of Porto Santo. He had just seen a vessel torn from her anchor and engulfed by the terrific breakers, when he espied a boat in the middle of the bay, coming toward the shore. Her fate seemed inevitable, but, to his amazement, the huge waves on which she floated never broke, but rolled right up on the strand, and there deposited the boat, so high that the men had only to jump out and scramble up the beach. The mystery, which so amazed him, and which appeared to him little short of a miracle, was simply due to the fact that as the boat neared the breakers, the captain had stove in the head of a keg of oil, and offered the soothing contents to the raging spirits of the deep.

Repeated efforts have been made by Messrs. W. and R. Chambers to bring such facts as these to the notice of all who "go down to the sea in ships," but their statements have unfortunately been generally received with indifference or disbelief. Yet they have from time to time published the evidence given by the masters of vessels in such minute detail as to place their accuracy beyond all possibility of doubt.

Thus in *Chambers's Journal*, August 10th, 1878, they quote a statement from the New York shipping list for 1867, where an experienced shipmaster deposes that he has twice saved the vessel under his command by oiling the sea. In one awful gale he lost all his sails and the rudder, and knew that his ship could not have ridden the storm for another hour but for this blessed safeguard. He had five gallons of oil, equal to about thirty quart bottles, which he started over the side of the vessel to windward, allowing it to drip slowly. This lasted fifty-six hours, and, though the waves still heaved tumultuously, the water was smooth, and the vessel was saved, with her cargo and crew. This captain recommended that all vessels of heavy tonnage should be fitted with a couple of iron tanks of forty gallons each, one on each side, with faucets so arranged

that the oil could readily be transferred to small casks in case of need. He also recommended that all ship's boats should be provided with tanks of five gallons each, always kept full, and ready for emergencies.

Very noteworthy is the evidence of Captain Betts, of the King Cenric, running from Liverpool to Bombay with coals. He ran into a heavy gale which raged furiously for five days. Happily the chief officer had seen oil-bags profitably used during storms in the Atlantic, and bethought him of applying the lesson, so he got two canvas clothes-bags, and poured two gallons of common pine-oil into each. Having slightly punctured the bags, he hung one over each side of the vessel, towing them along. The effect produced was magical. The waves, which had previously been breaking over the vessel, causing her tremendous shocks, now broke at a distance of many yards, while all around the ship, and in her wake, lay a wide belt of perfectly smooth water. The crew were thus enabled to repair damages, and were relieved from this most imminent danger.

The oil in the bags lasted for two days, by which time the worst fury of the storm was over, and there was no occasion to renew the supply. So, the expenditure of about thirty shillings' worth of oil was the means of probably saving a valuable ship with its cargo, and many precious lives.

In the summer following the publication of these statistics, Mr. Chambers had the great satisfaction of receiving a letter from H.B.M. Consul at Wilmington, North Carolina, containing the deposition of Captain Richardson, master of a brigantine just arrived from Bristol. She had been overtaken off Bermuda by a heavy gale, which increased to a hurricane, and blew for thirty-six hours, during which the ship was seriously damaged. Happily Captain Richardson had seen the article quoted above, and it occurred to him to try the experiment. So he prepared one canvas bag, holding about three quarts of kerosene oil; this he pierced with small holes, with his penknife, and, having attached it to a six-fathom rope, he kept it trailing to windward, and found that the topping seas no longer broke, and

the vessel was enabled to ride out the gale, which was the most fearful ever witnessed by those on board. He considered that the safety of the vessel was due to the use of the oil, and recommended others in like danger to prepare six-gallon canvas bags, and to enlarge the holes after awhile, the texture of canvas becoming closer as it swells with wetting.

Quite recently, Mr. Chambers has received further details of cases in which the crews of wrecked vessels have undoubtedly owed their lives to thus casting oil on the storm-vexed waves. One case was that of the screw-steamer *Diamond* of Dundee, recently wrecked off the island of Anholt. Her chief mate says he had often heard of the effect of oil in preventing the sea from breaking, and especially recalled its use in the case of a whaler in the South Seas, whose crew had given up all hope of saving her, when some oil casks were accidentally crushed, with the extraordinary result that not another wave broke over her.

Bearing this in mind, and seeing no sign of a lifeboat coming to the rescue of the *Diamond*, he determined to try the experiment himself, though the ship's boat had apparently little chance of braving such a sea. He provided each boat with a five-gallon can of oil, and told off one of the company to pour it gradually over the stern. Immediately the sea in the wake of the boats became perfectly smooth, and they passed right through the boiling surf, and reached the land in safety without shipping a sea. None of the men in the boats believed, when they left the ship, that all would reach the shore alive; and the people on land watched their approach with wonder, deeming it impossible for even the lifeboat to live in such awful breakers.

The writer who quotes these cases draws from them the very practical suggestion that every lifeboat should be fitted with a proper oil-tank, to be kept always full, and so planned that the crew should have no trouble beyond that of turning on the tap at the moment of need, when the oil should drip of its own accord. He commends the suggestion to the builders of lifeboats, and especially to the consideration of the National Lifeboat Institution. And he

further urges that the Board of Trade should insist on a sufficient supply of oil, for this special purpose, being put on board every ship, as a necessary part of her outfit. Also, that some philanthropic society should issue a pamphlet containing a collection of all the most remarkable instances on record, of the action of oil on breakers, for gratuitous distribution among all seafaring men.

There can be no doubt whatever that the adoption of these simple precautions would save many precious lives and valuable cargoes, and therefore the indifference with which the subject has hitherto been ignored can only be characterized as culpable neglect.

With regard to the objection which naturally presents itself, that the well-filled oil-tank would add a considerable item of dead weight to a boat, the answer is obvious, namely, that the labor—to say nothing of the danger—of battling with the waves would be so enormously lessened that the mere weight would appear a comparatively trifling drawback. It might even be found that any accidental leakage of oil might tend to keep the boats water-tight, at all times.

Another simple and most practical method of applying this invaluable safeguard has been suggested, namely, that every life-buoy should have a small bag of oil attached to it, which could be punctured with a knife at the moment of throwing it to a drowning man. Any one who has seen a poor fellow fall overboard, even when quickly followed by a well-directed life-buoy, knows how uncertain are the chances of ever recovering either. How every eye is strained to descry such puny objects on the great waste of heaving, foam-flecked waters! If a vessel is running before a sharp breeze, the life-buoy and the swimmer will be left far behind, ere she can be stayed and a boat lowered; and it is hard indeed to mark the exact spot on that wearily monotonous expanse of ever-moving ridges, where the search must begin.

Far different would be the case were the life-buoy accompanied by a dripping oil-bag. Every one on the vessel would see the smooth surface formed all around it, and not only would the boat go direct to the spot, without the unnecessary loss

of a moment, but the poor swimmer would have a far better chance of reaching the life-preserver, and would moreover be protected from the breaking waves.

Yet another means has been suggested by which this precious quality of oil might be made available, namely, its use in shells, so constructed as to burst on striking the water, and which might be fired from mortars, placed on the beach so as to either fall outside the breakers, or by subduing them to facilitate the launch of the lifeboat, or to fall to windward of a wrecked vessel, and so enable the lifeboat to approach her in comparative safety. Surely the ingenuity which devises such intricate mechanism for destructive shells and infernal machines, might contrive some method by which the oil-shell might be safely despatched on its errand of mercy.

Though the casting of oil on troubled waters has been so persistently regarded merely as a poetical figure of speech, notes of its actual use have occasionally appeared in books of travel. For instance, it has long been known that when the fishermen of Lisbon find the surf on the bar of the Tagus unusually rough, they empty a bottle or two of oil into the sea, and thereby smooth the waves so effectually that they can pass the breakers in safety. But no one ever took that hint as the embryo of some grand scheme for overcoming the horrors of landing in the surf at Madras, or at many another port where traffic is endangered by the fierceness of the breakers.

No one ever tried to apply it to the dangerous bars at the mouths of several of our own large rivers, of Aberdeen for instance, where we have had to mourn such pitiful wrecks of fine vessels, literally dashed to pieces by the mad surf breaking on the bar. Among the good ships that have perished at the mouth of the Dee are numbered two in which I had sailed so often that they seemed to me like old friends, and, as I bewailed their fate and that of the kind brave men drowned within sight of their homes, I thought of the fishers on the Tagus, and marvelled if British ingenuity would never find means to turn their simple precaution to account.

It has been reserved for the nineteenth century to find the practical application

of the observations made by Pliny eighteen hundred years ago.

The subject has at last been taken up in good earnest, and it is to a citizen of Perth, Mr. John Shields, that is due the honor of taking the initiative in a movement which, if fully carried out, must prove of incalculable benefit to our seafaring population. Five years ago, as he stood beside a mill pond on a windy day, he observed that the waters, which had been considerably ruffled, suddenly became smooth. On examination, he found that this arose from oil having been accidentally spilt from some machinery, and instantly forming such a film on the surface of the pond as to offer no resistance to the wind.

Happily, it at once occurred to him that it might be possible to apply oil in such a systematic manner as to calm the entrance to a harbor in stormy weather. The idea having once suggested itself, he never rested till he had thought it out, and devised means of executing it.

The plan he hit upon was that of laying iron and lead pipes from the beach, right out across the harbor, to the open sea, terminating in the deep water, 200 feet beyond the bar, and then, by means of a force-pump on the shore to pump oil into the tubes, and eject it at the bottom of the sea, outside the harbor, so that, as it rose to the surface, it might be driven inward and prevent the formation of breakers on the bar. The pipes are fitted with three conical valves fixed seventy-five feet apart at the sea end of the pipe. These are forced open by the stream of oil as it flows out, and instantly close when the pressure is removed.

Mr. Shields fixed upon Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire (the easternmost headland of Scotland, and consequently a spot exposed to the full force of every gale that sweeps the east coast), as the most suitable spot for his test experiments. Here, then, he proceeded to submerge 1200 feet of lead and iron piping. A large barrel containing about a hundred gallons of oil was placed in a shed on the beach, in connection with the force-pump.

Toward the end of February last some preliminary experiments were tried on a small scale, but the amount of oil expended was very trifling, and the effect

was disappointing. One of the fishers standing by remarked that he could not understand it, as his own life had once been saved by hanging pieces of whales' blubber overboard, and he was certain that the same means systematically applied must produce the desired effect.

On the first of March we may say that the apparatus was fully and practically tested for the first time, and with such success as to leave no doubt that it must shortly be a recognized necessity in all harbors dangerous of access. On the day in question a gale was blowing from the south-east, accompanied by a heavy sea. Huge green billows, from ten to twenty feet in height, curled in white crests as they neared the harbor mouth, and broke in mad surf above the bar. No boat could have dared to face those breakers, and any luckless vessel wrecked on that rockbound, inhospitable coast must have been abandoned to her fate.

No better day could have been selected to test the soothing power of oil. If any perceptible difference could be produced on those raging, tumultuous waters, it was evident that the gaining of a complete mastery over them became merely a question of how much oil was to be expended. In the present instance the big hundred-gallon cask was filled. The forcing pump was set in action, and a large quantity of oil was driven through the pipes, whence it was ejected at the bottom of the sea, at some distance beyond the impassable barrier of mighty breakers. The oil immediately rose to the surface, and formed a thin film on the water, extending right across the harbor mouth. Straightway the dangerous white crests disappeared, and, though the strong tide still swept inward in huge swelling billows, they were shorn of their terror, and became perfectly smooth rollers, on which any vessel or boat might safely have ridden into dock.

Owing to the strength of the tide and the severity of the gale, the oil was swept shoreward so rapidly as to render continuous pumping necessary. But as long as the oil supply was kept up, the surf was kept down, and there remained no reasonable doubt in the minds of the spectators that henceforth the raging of the waters could be subdued at will, and that ships might be enabled to make the

port in safety, no matter how wild the tempest.

It is needless to say that this experiment created a very deep interest in the neighborhood, and a large number of persons faced the storm in order to witness for themselves a phenomenon which, thanks to Mr. Shields' invention, may hereafter prove one of the best safeguards of our dangerous coasts; and all were fully convinced of its efficacy.

As a matter of course, many details were yet imperfect, and much waste was believed to have arisen from leakage of the pipes at points within the harbor. It was proposed when the gale moderated to take up the pipes for further examination; and it seemed probable that it might be found desirable to line the iron pipes with lead for greater solidity. (Possibly a lining of gutta percha might prove still better.)

These, however, are mere matters of detail. If once projectiles were invented by which the breakers could be exorcised at the very spot and the very moment when a ship was about to seek refuge in the harbor, they might perhaps be found as efficacious and more economical than the system of pipe-laying.

Since the first report of Mr. Shield's invention appeared, letters have been received from all quarters adding individual testimony to the value of oil in saving boats from capsizing or from being swamped, either at the moment of launching or when attempting to rescue fishing-nets on the approach of foul weather.

One correspondent tells us how two (I can hardly resist writing two fool-hardy) Italians crossed the Atlantic last year from Buenos Ayres to some port in the Mediterranean in the Leone di Caprera, a small sailing-boat. On several occasions they encountered rough weather, and would inevitably have been lost had they not repeatedly calmed the water round them by the free use of oil, of which they had laid in an abundant supply. The tiny vessel in which this perilous voyage was performed was exhibited last year in Milan.

The captain of a steamer writes that, some months ago, he encountered a heavy gale in the Bay of Biscay. Several steamers were lost, and his own vessel was in danger, waves breaking

over her with great violence. He had two canvas bags made, each to contain a quart of common lamp oil. The bags were punctured, and hung over each bow, with sufficient line to let them tow freely. The result was most satisfactory. Scarcely a sea came on board, each wave as it reached the oil ceasing to curl, and undulating past the ship without a break. The oil in each bag lasted eight hours. On the following voyage he was compelled to put the matter to a still more practical test, and the result surpassed his most sanguine expectations. He says :

I was compelled to abandon my vessel at midnight. There was a heavy sea, and though the boats were provisioned, and in readiness for lowering, the sea which was running alongside and breaking over the ship made me doubt the possibility of the boats ever living in it, even if the difficulty of launching them was overcome.

I caused two tins of common lamp oil, each containing about two gallons, to be emptied, one over each side ; and, after giving it time to diffuse itself over the water the boats were lowered, and sheered clear of the sinking ship, without shipping so much as a bucketful of water. The waves were still towering thirty or forty feet above us, but without a breaker or a white-topped one among them ; while ahead and astern they were breaking heavily. I believe that, under Providence, we owe our lives to the use of oil, and trust that it may ere long be recognized as an efficient aid in saving life at sea.

Major-General Hendry, writing to the *Globe* with reference to the experiments at Peterhead, gives a remarkable instance which occurred in 1846, in which the use of oil was the means of saving the lives of the crew of a schooner which was caught in a heavy gale off Sable Island. Persons standing on the low sandy shore—where furious billows, swept by the whole force of the storm, were dashing with appalling violence—were amazed to see a schooner tearing her way through a sea of white foam, while two men in the after-part of the vessel were apparently throwing something at intervals high up into the air.

The schooner was the "Arno," Captain Higgins, with twelve men, from the Quero Bank, where they had been fishing. They left the bank at the commencement of the gale. The captain let go his anchor in twenty fathoms of water, paid out three hundred fathoms of hemp cable, and brought the vessel's head to wind. In a tremendous sea he held on until noon, when, seeing no prospect of the gale abating, he cut his cable and put

the vessel before the wind, preferring to run her on shore before night to riding there and foundering at her anchor. He lashed himself to the helm, sent all his men below, but two, and nailed up the cabin doors. He had two large casks placed near the foreshrouds and lashed there. He then directed his two best men to station themselves there and lash themselves firmly to the casks, which were partly filled with blubber and oil from the fish. They had each a wooden ladle about two feet long, and with these ladles they dipped up the blubber and oil and threw it up in the air as high as they could. The great violence of the wind carried it far to leeward, and spreading over the water, made its surface smooth before and left a shining path behind ; and although the sea would rise very high, yet the top of it was smooth, and never broke where the oil was. It was raging, pitching, and breaking close to her on each side, but not a barrel of water fell upon her deck the whole distance. The vessel was so old and tender that she went to pieces in a very short time after the crew, with their clothing and provisions, were saved.

The *Scotsman*, March 15th, 1882, tells of yet another ship, which was undoubtedly saved by oiling the waves :

The ship "Airlie," of the Dundee Clipper Line, arrived in the Tay yesterday from Calcutta with a cargo of jute. Captain Foreman reports that on the 28th of February, the ship encountered a terrific gale, which lasted four days. For an hour and a half the vessel lay on her beam-ends, and in order to save the ship the master decided on trying to allay with oil the violence of the sea, which was running mountains high. A number of bags were filled with oil, and the bags having been perforated, so as to let the oil escape gradually, were towed for forty-eight hours to windward. Captain Foreman reports the experiment to have been eminently successful, the water in the immediate vicinity of the vessel becoming "quite smooth." A big mountainous wave would have been seen bearing down on the ship, and when within two ship's lengths or so from the vessel, when it came among the oil, it would suddenly fall. Had it not been for the oil experiment, the captain is of opinion that if the vessel had not altogether foundered, she would have had her decks cleared, and sustained considerable damage.

Further evidence will doubtless be multiplied. But the great point has now been fairly proved namely, that this most gentle of mighty agencies may be enlisted in the service of all whose business lies in the great waters, whether on the shores of our own storm-swept isles, or in those distant seas where England's sons face dangers and hardships for the increase of her wealth.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

WHAT IS THERE LEFT FOR ME TO SAY?

BY ETHEL DE FONBLANQUE.

WHAT is there left for us to say,
 O love, my love, this winter's day?
 When winter snowflakes drift and fall
 Adown our frozen garden wall,
 And silent is the garden walk
 Where we have paced in eager talk.

What is there left for us to say
 But what we know by heart to-day?
 There is no need for you to tell
 The love of which I know so well;
 There is no kiss that you can take
 But what a thousand dead ones wake
 To warmth and love again for you,
 Who know my heart and love are true.

There is no look hid in your eyes
 Which I could learn with new surprise,
 There is no word I could not say,
 There is no prayer I could not pray,
 Where, full within the light of love,
 I lift my thankful eyes above.

Temple Bar.

THREE GREAT DICTIONARIES.

DICTIONARIES, like Blue Books, are not considered very entertaining; but a wonderful amount of information may be gleaned from them. Buckle read Johnson's Dictionary to enlarge his vocabulary, as he read Burke to improve his style. This is probably the only instance in which the dictionary was read for that purpose. It is now used exclusively as a book of reference. Is there a dispute as to the spelling or meaning of a word? The opinion of a dictionary is held as final, as an appeal to Lindley Murray on a grammatical point, or an appeal to the Bible on a question of morals.

Thousands of people renewed their acquaintance with a dictionary about five years ago, when "Spelling Bees" were the craze. Dictionaries were consulted more frequently than they had ever been before, and Spelling Bee competitors became voracious readers of Walker and Webster, Chambers and Collins. The competitions revealed many irregularities and inconsistencies

in the spelling of words. It frequently happened that a word spelled according to one dictionary was pronounced incorrect by another, and disputes frequently arose in consequence. For instance, a competitor spelt a well-known medical term "hæmorrhage," but as Walker's Dictionary gave *e* instead of the diphthong, he was ruled out of order. Commenting upon these differences, a London newspaper expressed a doubt whether the dictionary-makers knew how to spell the words they had tabulated. In some cases no particular dictionary was announced, but several disputes arising, a standard of appeal became necessary. In one case, Walker's was adopted; in another, Ogilvie's; in a third, Collins'; in a fourth, Chambers'; in a fifth, Webster's. Against the latter, it was urged that it was not a good authority on English spelling, and that it gave many words which could never gain the sanction of any standard English writer. The Spelling Bees had their day, but if they

had done nothing else than draw attention to the deficiencies and differences of dictionaries they served a useful purpose. Our object, however, is not to discuss these differences, but to give some idea how dictionaries are made.

Every reader likes to know something of the life of his favorite author—what determined his preference for literature, what struggles he encountered before he became famous, his hours of work, and his methods of working; and a brief account of how great dictionaries are compiled cannot fail to be interesting.

The first real English Dictionary was Dr. Johnson's, published in 1755. How long this immense undertaking had been the object of his contemplation, Boswell did not know; but in 1747 it appears that Johnson had, at the suggestion of Dodsley, forwarded a plan for an English Dictionary to Lord Chesterfield, then Secretary of State. Though the great patron of literature took some interest in the proposed undertaking, it was left to the publishers to take the responsibility of carrying it out. The terms upon which Johnson undertook to compile it were £1575, out of which he had to pay his six assistants. A curious circumstance in connection with them is, that although Johnson had such a great antipathy to Scotland, yet five of these were Scotchmen. As the work occupied most of his time for seven years, it cannot be said that he was paid extravagantly. He boasted, that he might have done the work easily in two years, had not his health received several shocks during the time; but it is doubtful whether he possessed sufficient industry to enable him to accomplish his task in that time, for the patience of the proprietors was repeatedly tried and almost exhausted by Johnson's dilatoriness. When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Mr. Andrew Millar, the publisher, returned, Johnson asked, "Well, what did he say?" "Sir," answered the messenger, "he said, 'Thank God I have done with him.''" "I am glad," replied Johnson with a smile, "that he thanks God for anything." Johnson appears to have been as thankful at the completion of his task as Charles Lamb was when released from the drudgery of the East India House.

Various accounts of Johnson's

methods of compiling his Dictionary have been given. Bishop Percy declared that Boswell's was confused and erroneous. To write down an alphabetical arrangement of all the words in the English language, and then hunt through the whole compass of English literature for all their different significations, would, Percy considered, have taken the whole life of any man. According to Percy, he began his task by devoting his first care to a diligent perusal of all such English writers as were most correct in their language, and under every sentence which he meant to quote he drew a line, and noted in the margin the first letter of the word under which it was to occur. He then delivered these books to his clerks, who transcribed each sentence on a separate slip of paper, and arranged the same under the word referred to. By these means he collected the several words and their different significations; and when the whole arrangement was alphabetically formed, he gave the definitions of their meanings, and collected their etymologies from Skinner, Junius, and other writers on the subject.

What few books Johnson read for the Dictionary were read very cursorily and unmethodically. He frankly confessed that he was compelled to supply the manifest deficiencies in the labors of his predecessors, "*by fortuitous and unguided excursions into books, gleaning as industry should find, or chance should direct.*" The Dictionary had one good effect upon him—it compelled him to read books he might not otherwise have read. He confessed that he had never read either Bacon's works or Milton's until he was compiling the Dictionary; and went so far as to declare that a dictionary of the English language might be compiled from Bacon's writings alone. When complimented upon its publication before that of the French Academy he humorously asked, "What would you expect from fellows who eat frogs?" His Dictionary made him famous, and he was called "Dictionary Johnson," as well as "the Great Cham of Literature," but his literary fame did not prevent him from being arrested for a small debt. During the progress of his Dictionary, he had spent the money for which he had contracted to write it; but he never complained of the publish-

ers' allowance. Boswell once said to him, "I am sorry, sir, you did not get more for your Dictionary." His answer was, "I am sorry, too; but it was very well: the booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men." In several cases they paid him more than he asked.

Many protests have recently been made against the introduction of so-called American words, such as "valedicted," "interviewing," "collided." Students of English literature know perfectly well that the Americans have not coined these words, but preserved them, while this country has allowed them to die out, probably because it has coined a new word to displace the old. It was, of course, a matter of necessity that new names and new uses of old names must be found for the new things and circumstances of the new continent; but Dr. Murray believes that the Americans have been far more conservative of English than Englishmen, who, treating the language as their own, have abused it. The word *valedicted* may be frequently met with in religious newspapers, and is formed on an analogy of valediction, valedictory; *interviewing* expresses a new feature of modern reporting; and *collide* has been in regular English use since 1621, and was first used by Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy." It is certainly shorter to say a train *collided*, than "came into collision." We have mentioned these words because they have an important bearing upon Dr. Johnson's selection of words. Dean Trench obviously refers to Johnson when he says that a dictionary-maker has no right to select what he considers the *good* words of the language. Johnson inserted only such words as he considered were good. Boswell said that Johnson would not allow *humiliating* to be "legitimate English," nor *civilization*. He frankly admitted, however, that his judgment was wrong in many of his definitions. When at Plymouth he made that remarkable confession that "ignorance, pure ignorance," was the cause of a wrong definition of the word *pastern* in his Dictionary—a confession which greatly surprised the lady who put the question to the great literary lion of the day.

Like every work of Johnson's, his Dictionary bore the stamp of originality.

Such a publication gave the fine old Tory a good opportunity of expressing his convictions. A few examples of his definitions may be quoted as illustrations:

"*Tory*, a cant term, derived, I suppose, from an Irish word signifying a savage. One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state, and the apostolic hierarchy of England: opposed to a Whig.

"*Whig*, the name of a faction.

"*Pension*, an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.

"*Pensioner*, a slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master.

"*Excise*, a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by *wretches* hired by those to whom excise is paid."

Naturally, the Commissioners of the Excise were offended by this severe reflection upon their business, and consulted the Attorney-General for redress. He replied—to quote Boswell—"that the passage might be considered actionable," but advised that it would be more prudent in the Board not to prosecute." The action of the Commissioners did not, however, trouble the easy-minded dictator; for, in another work, he said that "the authenticity of Clarendon's History would have been brought into question . . . by the *two lowest of all human beings, a scribbler for a party, and a Commissioner of Excise.*" But Boswell asked it to be remembered, that this indulgence does not display itself only in sarcasm toward others, but sometimes in playful allusion to the notions commonly entertained of his own laborious task. Thus:—

"*Grub Street*, the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called *Grub Street*.

"*Lexicographer*, a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

That Johnson's Dictionary has faults cannot be denied; but it is better to recognize its good qualities than to point out its shortcomings. It is claimed for it that it was the first English Dictionary which could be considered a standard, all its predecessors being, in comparison, mere lists of words; that Johnson was the first to illustrate his meaning by quotations from standard authors; and that his definitions are

above all praise in their happy illustration of the meaning of words. The main value of his Dictionary, then, lies in his definitions and his quotations: for without quotations, a dictionary is, as Voltaire said, a skeleton.

The second great dictionary is that of M. Littré. For two centuries the French Academy has been engaged in writing a dictionary of the French language, and has not yet finished the work! One man has done what the Academy has failed to do, and his name is M. Littré. His work is truly a monument of labor, and there is nothing in any language to compare with it. It consists of 5000 pages covered with small and compact printing. In it he has given the biography of every French word, its etymology, and illustrations of its use by authors of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries. Like Dr. Johnson, he received very little help from outsiders. For quotations he read nearly all the books himself, and his wife and daughter did most of the copying for him, a "domestic arrangement" of which he speaks in the highest terms. He had them by his side, and they carried out his instructions to the letter. They entered into the spirit of the work, and they understood the man better than strangers could have done. In truth, it would have been hard to have obtained assistants so devoted as were his wife and daughter; for Littré "scorned delights and lived laborious days."

Most of his dictionary was written in a small country house, at Ménil-le-Roi, near Paris. Owing to illness and weakness, his wife was not able to do as much as the daughter, who, said her father, was young and full of enthusiasm. She consecrated her whole time to the service of the Dictionary. Interruptions were few, except on Sunday, when she rested from her labor. To Littré, however, Sunday was like any other day. His daily routine was as follows: Rising at eight o'clock he went downstairs, taking some work with him, while order was being restored in his workshop, which served also for bed-room. In the intervals thus employed he composed the preface to his dictionary. Commenting upon this employment of spare moments, he tells us that Chancellor D'Aguesseau wrote a

book while his wife was preparing dinner. At nine he returned to his workshop, and revised proofs which had come in during the interval. This work occupied him until breakfast. From one to three o'clock he wrote his article for the *Journal des Savants*, and from three to six he worked at the dictionary. At six he descended for dinner, which was always ready to the moment.

Like all true scholars, he cared more for his books than for dinners, and did not linger over the table. "After dinner, rest awhile" is the advice of doctors; but M. Littré infringed this precept, and said that he never suffered from the infraction. At midnight his assistants retired, and at three his daily task was usually finished; but if unfinished, he continued working, and sometimes did not retire until daylight had appeared. These nocturnal labors were not without some compensation. A nightingale had established her home in a lime-tree in his garden, and with a pure glorious voice broke the silence of the night. In Paris, M. Littré said he suffered much from intruders and strangers; but the evening and the night were his own, and he employed his time as at his country house. The work was commenced in 1859 and finished in 1872. It took thirteen years to collect materials for it, and thirteen to print them; and, working as he did, we are not surprised to hear that ever since the completion of his great work, M. Littré suffered from sleeplessness.

It is gratifying to record that the French have done honor to their illustrious benefactor, who recently completed his eightieth birthday. His friends and admirers instituted an international Littré stipend, the interest of which is to be paid over in triennial course to a philologist, a physician, and a philosopher by turns, Littré having contributed worthy service in each of these branches of science. At Vienna, also, a committee was formed for the creation of a Littré fund, to be devoted to prize essays on subjects selected by M. Littré.

It has long been a source of regret that we have no English dictionary equal to Littré's. Philologists contend that our modern system of spelling is radically wrong and indefensible when regarded from an etymological point of

view ; and they assert that, judged by the light of comparative philology, "our most esteemed dictionaries, from Bailey to Johnson, and from Webster to Worcester, are mainly accumulations of unintelligently dogmatic solecism." To make a dictionary worthy of the present state of philology and of the great English nation, is certainly a project of national interest, and one which has aroused much enthusiasm on the other side of the Atlantic. A suggestion for a supplement to existing dictionaries originated with the Philological Society, and arose out of a paper on "Some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries," read in 1857 before the Society, by Dean Trench. The Dean contended that a dictionary should be "an inventory of the language," and should contain not only such words as the lexicographer might think worthy of preservation, but *all* words, bad as well as good.

A very little investigation, however, convinced the committee that a supplement would be inadequate, and a new Dictionary was therefore resolved upon. Accordingly, in January, 1859, the Society issued their "Proposal for the Publication of a new English Dictionary." In this pamphlet the characteristics of the proposed work were explained, and an appeal was made for readers. In the prospectus the promoters contended that the first requirement of every lexicon is, that it should contain every word occurring in the literature of the language it professes to illustrate. They repudiated the theory, which converts the lexicographer into an arbiter of style, and leaves it in his discretion to accept or reject words according to his private notions of their comparative elegance or inelegance. The committee considered that England does not possess a dictionary worthy of her language ; nor, as long as lexicography is confined to the isolated efforts of a single man, is it possible that such a work should be written.

This appeal, it is stated, met with a most liberal response ; some hundreds of volunteers began to read books, make quotations, and to forward their slips to sub-editors who had volunteered to take charge of a letter, or part of one. The general editorship was undertaken by Mr. Herbert Coleridge, but he died on

the very threshold of the undertaking, and his death is said to have been the first great blow to the undertaking. He was succeeded in the editorship by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, and for several years the work of reading, extracting, arranging, and sub-editing was conducted with zeal. But the zeal appears to have been of short duration. The cause of the decline is attributed to the attention of the promoters having been diverted by the Early English Text and other Societies : to the fact that there was no immediate prospect of surmounting the financial difficulties of preparing and publishing the work on the vast scale to which the accumulating materials showed that it would extend. A few of the readers, however, continued working. They realized the value of the undertaking ; they possessed a large amount of enthusiasm ; and, when Dr. Murray was appointed editor, nearly two tons of materials were handed over to him.

The renewal of the Dictionary scheme began in 1876, and in March, 1879, an agreement was entered into with the delegates of the Clarendon Press in the University of Oxford, whereby the Philological Society's materials are now being employed for a dictionary which will preserve all the essential features of that projected by the leaders of this Society, twenty years ago, but will be considerably more extensive.

Shortly after his appointment, the editor issued an appeal to the English-speaking and the English-reading public for "readers." To this appeal only 165 responses were received. In the following year, however, the number rose to 754, some of whom read six, eight, ten, or twelve books. Altogether 1568 books were undertaken during the second year, and 924 finished. As showing the industry and the enthusiasm of some "readers," it may be mentioned that of the 361,670 slips supplied to the editor, 11,000 came from one reader, 10,350 from another, and 19,200 from a third. In order to classify them properly and keep them safely, the editor has had erected an iron building in his garden. This is *his* workshop, or, as he calls it, his lexicographical laboratory. This is fitted up with shelves and over 1000 pigeon-holes. Every one of the slips or quotations for each word,

passes through five hands, and four assistants are constantly employed sorting and classifying the materials as they are received.

Dr. Murray speaks in high terms of the interest taken in the Dictionary by the Americans, and does not hesitate to say that he finds in them an ideal love for the English language as a glorious heritage, and a pride in being intimate with its grand memories, such as one does find sometimes in a classical scholar in regard to Greek, but which is rare indeed in Englishmen toward their own tongue.

Dr. Johnson boasted that his dictionary was written "with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great." Dr. Murray's experience is somewhat similar. He writes that the number of professors in American universities and colleges who are reading for the Dictionary is very large, and in several instances a professor has put himself down for a dozen works which he has undertaken to read personally, or with the help of his students. He adds :

"We have had no such help from any college or university in Great Britain; only one or two professors of English in this country have thought the matter of sufficient importance to talk to their students about it, and advise them to help us."

The editor says it is marvellous and, to the inexperienced, incredible how dictionaries and encyclopædias simply copy each other. He gives several illustrations of this statement, and declares that the Philological Society's dictionary will tacitly insert no word merely because it is given in another dictionary, without stating distinctly that the word has been found there, and nowhere else, and may therefore be a mere *essay* of the maker. It will, he continues, take no quotation from Richardson, Johnson, or Todd, unless the quotation cannot be found in the authority cited, or, what is more common, the authority cannot be identified, and then it will be distinctly stated that this is Johnson's, Richardson's, or Todd's quotation, and therefore offered on his authority. Reminding his contributors that some of our most valuable contributions consist of odd slips for rare words, he expresses a hope that no one will encourage the slovenly habit of fan-

cying that if he neglects a word when it strikes him, somebody else will be sure to pick it up. He states that he never reads the leading articles in the daily papers without finding some word worth extracting; and he does not remember a single instance in which anybody else has taken the trouble to send the same word to him.

Of the value of the Dictionary the editor gives us an idea in his letter to the *Academy* (Jan. 1, 1881) :

"I am sure that if literary men and students of English in any department had the faintest conception of the amazing and enormous light which this Dictionary is going to throw upon the history of words and idioms, they would work with enthusiasm to hasten its appearance. To myself, I may say, the handling of the materials, the two and a half million quotations which the labors of more than a thousand readers, and nearly a quarter of a century have amassed, affords an endless succession of surprises; every day I learn therefrom things which I had never dreamed of, and of which I know nobody else has dreamed. I never turn over the pages of *Notes and Queries* without finding men laboriously elucidating, or partially elucidating, points of which the full explanation lies ready in our pigeon-holes waiting to be edited and published."

In pleading for additional workers, he adds : "We are doing for England and the English tongue, a work which will be built upon, extended and completed, but will itself never grow old; generations of Englishmen will rejoice in our light, and bless the workers who gave the light in which men shall see to do better work." A still better idea of the completeness of the Dictionary may be formed when we say that the word *abyss* occupies not fewer than thirty-six pages. The following is an extract, illustrating the treatment of one word :

CASTLE (kaa's'l), *sb.* Forms 1-4, castel; 3-4, castelle; 4-5, castell; 5-6, castle. Pl. 1, castelu *n.* castelas *m.*; 2-3, casteles, castelles, kastelles; castles; 3-4, castelles, -is; castels; 5-6, castles. Gen. 5-6, castles, castle's *a. p.* [Entered Engl. by two channels: 1. in O. E. put for Lat. *castellum* in its late sense of *village*; 2. in 11th century from Norm. Fr. *castel*, fortress, Lat. *castellum* in its classical use, *dimin.* of *castrum* a fort. The O. E. *castel* for *castellum* was at first *n.* and *castel* from Norm. Fr. *m.*; but in 12th century *m.* in both senses. Pronounced *castel'* as late as 1400.]

1. *obs.* A village (transl. Lat. *castellum*.)

a. 1000. *Cott. Gosp.* Matt. xxi. 2. Farað on þæt castel. c. 1175. *Hatt. Gosp. ibid.* Farað to þam castelle. c. 1380. WICLIF, *Luke* xix. 30, Go 3e in to the castel, which is aȝens þou. [Vulgate. *Ite in castellum, quod contra vos est.*]

a. 1564. T. BECON, *Christ's Chron.* (ed. 1844), 47. He entered into a certain castle, where a certain woman called Martha made him a dinner.

2. A fortress or fortified house. [Through Norm. Fr. *castel*.]

1018. O. E. *Chron.* (ed. Earle), 178, *pa hæfdon þa welisce menn gewroht ænne castel on Herefordscire.* 1140. *Ibid.* 265, & wan castles. c. 1210. *Ancrer Riwele*, 62, Me mit quarreus wiðuten asailæð pene castel. 1370. CHAUCER, *Frankl. T.* 477, Sometime a castel al of lime and ston. 1450. TREvisa, *Polychron.* (1865) I. 291, Hauenge nowble castelles and hie. 1597. SHAKSP. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 52, This castles tatter'd battlements. 1629. COKE, *Inst.* The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress as well, for his defense against injury and violence, as for his repose. 1817. COLERIDGE. *Syb. Leaves* (ed. 1862,) 281, That she should hear the castle bell.

Met. 1627. MASSINGER. *Gr. Duke of Fl.* iv. 2, Eat some sugar plums; here's a castle of March-pane too.

3. *obs.* Plural: a camp [transl. Lat. *castra*]. c. 1300. *Cott. Psalt. Ps.* lxxvii. 28, In mid þar kastelles fellen þai. 1382. WICLIF, *ibid.*, And tho fellen down in the myddis of her castels. [Vulgate. *In medio castrorum*], *Exod.* xiv. 19, The lord that sede before the castels of Yrael. 1483. CAXTON, *Gold. Leg.* xlvii, Theyse ben the castellis of god.

4. A tower or raised part on the deck of a ship. *Obs.* except in FORECASTLE, q. v.

c. 1310. *Morte Arthure*, 3617, The toppe castelles he stuffede with toyelys. 1611. COTGR. *Gaillard. m.*, The round house, or hinder castle of a ship.

5. A tower of wood, borne by an elephant in war, etc.

a. 1300. K. *Alisaunder*, ed. Weber, i. 2027, Apon everiche olifaunt a castel, Therein xii knyghts, y-armed wel. *Still used in the sign of the "Elephant-and-Castle."*

6. *Obs.* A kind of close helmet.

1585. HOLIN. ii. 815, Entred Sir Thomas Kneuet, in a castell of cole black, and ouer the castell was written, etc. 1609. SHAKS. *Tr. and Cr.* v. 2. 187, Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head.

7. In chess, the piece shaped like a castle, otherwise called a *Rook* (or *Rock*).

1649. DRUMM. OF HAWTH., *Fam. Ep.* (1711), 146, Here is a king defended by a lady, two bishops, two knights at the end of the lists, with two rooks, fortresses, or castles. 1847. H. STAUNTON, *Chess-pl. Hbk.* 5, The Rook or Castle is next in power to the Queen.

Phrase. (2.) To build castles in Spain. [Fr. *châteaux en Espagne*, found as early as 13th century, but actual origin unknown. As it was varied with *châteaux en Asie, en Albanie*, M. Littré concludes that the phrase at bottom only meant to build castles in a foreign country, where one had no standing ground, Spain being finally taken as most familiar, or perhaps with reference to the arms of Castille, derived from the castles built in that province against the Moors.] In English found in 14th, and on to end of 16th century; then replaced by *castles in the air*, still used. *Castles in the welkyn, in the skies*, are rarer variations.

a. 1400. *Rom. Rose*, v. 7, Thou shalt make castels thanne in Spayne, And dreme of joye, alle but in vayne. 1477. CAXTON, *Jason*, xix, He began to make castellis in Spaygne, as louers do. 1594. *Laprimaudaye's French Acad.* 2. 182, Some. . . have their wittes a wool-gathering, and as wee use commonly to say, are building of castles in Spaine. 1580. NORTH. *Plut.* (1676), 171, They built castles in the air, and thought to do great wonders. 1580. GASCOIGNE, *Voyage into Hollande*, And buildeth castles in the welkin wide. 1649. DRUMM. OF HAWTH., *Poems*, 42/2, Telling strange castles builded in the skies. 1664. BUTLER, *Hud.* ii. 3, Write of victories next year, And castles taken, yet i' the air. 1751. SHENSTONE, *Wks.* (1764), i. 267, To plan frail castles in the skies.

And from these terms *Castle-building*, the forming of ideal projects, and *Castle-builder*, one who indulges in such visionary fancies.

1711. *Spectator*, No. 167, I am one of that species of men who are properly denominated *castle-builders*; who scorn to be beholden to the earth for a foundation or dig in the bowels of it for materials; but erect their structures in the most unstable of elements—the air—fancy laying the line, marking the extent, and shaping the model. 1859. SIR W. HAMILTON, *Metaph.* ii. 272, Reverie or castle-building is a kind of waking dream.

Comp. CASTLE-BOONE, CASTLE-GUARD, CASTLE-TOP, CASTLE-WARD, q. v.

Also CASTLE-COMEDOWN, *sb.*, used by Foxe for *total destruction*; CASTLE-GARTH, the precincts of a castle, a castle-yard; CASTLELIKE, *adj.* resembling a castle; also (*obs.*) of, or pertaining to, a castle; CASTLESHIP, *sb. obs.*, the jurisdiction or privileges of a castle; CASTLE-STEAD, *obs.* a castle and its buildings; CASTLE-TOWN, *prov. N.* the hamlet close by or under the walls of a castle; also a town defended by a castle (hence now the proper name of many towns and villages); CASTLE-WICK, *sb. obs.* the territory attached to, or under the jurisdiction of a castle; CASTLE-WISE, after the manner of a castle. And *obv. comb.* as *castle-ditch, castle-gate, castle-hill, castle-wall, castle-yard, sb.*; *castle-crowned, adj.*; *castlewards, adv.*, etc.

1553. FOXE, *Martyrs* (1596), 1902, Her high buildings of suche ioyes and felicities came all to a *Castle Comedowne*. 1851. PALGRAVE, *Norm. and Eng.* i. 567, Isembard's *Castle-garth* now constitutes a suburb of St. Valery. 1611. COTGR. s. *Chastelain*: A territory vnto which Castlelike Jurisdiction and Royalties belong. 1598. FLORIO. *Castellania*: a castleship; the priuileges or territories of a castle. 1611. COTGR. *Chastellenie*: a Castle-wicke, a Castleship, the tenure or honour of a Castleship: the Estate, Jurisdiction or Dignitie of a Lord Castellain. 1864. *Glasgow Herald*, May 16, These cothouses were often called the *Castletoun*, because they belonged to or lay near the castle. 1665. *Life of E. of Essex*, Harl. Misc. (1793) 169, This was a castle-town and of great strength. c. 1595. NORDEN, *Spec. Brit.*, *Cornwall* (1728), 55, An auntient howse castle-wise buylded. 1724-69. DE FOE, etc., *Tour*, iii. 329, Houses . . . built for the most part Castle-wise. 1559. *Mirror for Magist.* 776, That ancient castle-crowned hill to scale. 1598. SHAKS. *Merry*

Wives, v. 2, 1, Wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch.

CASTLE (kaa's'l), *vb. w.* [from CASTLE, *sb.* 7].

1. *intrans.* In chess, to bring the castle up to the king, and then place the king on the other side of it.

1656. F. BEALE, *Chesse-play*, 8, He may change (or Castle) with this Rooke. 1847. STAUNTON, *Chess-pl. Hbk.* 19, If, he castle on the Queen's side, he plays his king to Q. B.'s square.

2. *trans.* as to "castle the king," to cover him by the above manœuvre; also *met.*

1868. C. R. MARKHAM, *Abyssin. Exp.* in *Macmill. Mag.* 87, The Abyssinian is allowed time to castle his king.

Castle-boon, *castell-boone*, *obs. sb.* Some fee or customary gift made to the lord of a castle by his tenants.

c. 1450. *Plumpton Corr.* xix, They and their tenants were to be quit of Castell-boone, and of drink-money for the foresters, upon payment of a rent of four shillings a year.

It is obvious that the labor of collecting these numerous references, involves effort and research beyond the powers of any one "harmless drudge."

The materials, if completed uniformly with their most advanced portions, giving a full sentence quotation to each word, sense, and authority, would fill a work of twelve quarto volumes of two thousand pages each; but by reducing the quotations to short sentences, clauses or phrases, of a line or a line and a half, sufficient to illustrate the meaning of the word and complete the sense, without altering any other essential feature of the dictionary, it has been estimated that it may be comprised in less than seven thousand quarto pages of the size of M. Littré's French Dictionary, making a work of one and a half times the size of that, or more than four times the size of Webster, say, to four thick volumes quarto. It is expected that it will be completed in ten years; and the first part of four hundred pages containing the letter A will, it is hoped, be ready this year. — *Temple Bar.*

THE STORY OF A BLOCK OF COAL.

BY PROFESSOR A. H. GREEN.

IN the days when men thought more about words than things and when a large part of their philosophy was very much like a great game at definitions, many attempts were made to frame a concise and unimpeachable description of man. "A featherless biped" was well enough; but perhaps nothing was hit upon so happy and so sharply distinctive as the phrase which defined man to be "a fire-making animal." In earlier and more poetic days the same notion took form in the legend which tells how Prometheus stole fire from heaven and taught to mankind, and to mankind alone, the secret of using and maintaining it.

For many ages after man first became acquainted with fire, wood was his only fuel, and for many ages a supply amply sufficient for the needs of the sparse population of those distant times was furnished by the dense forests primeval, which had for many a year been gradually spreading unchecked over the larger part of the dry land of the globe. But these were not the days of forethought and statistics, living from hand

to mouth was the rule, the store seemed inexhaustible, the idea that it might give out and the necessity for replacing the incessant drain by fresh planting occurred to no one, and the day at last came when a scarcity of fuel began to make itself felt. It was then too late to remedy the evil; the growth of trees is slow, the human race multiplies apace, and the land that can be spared for planting is limited in extent. Did we now depend on wood alone for our firing, the distinctive prerogative of making fires would have long ago become a luxury well-nigh confined to the wealthier members of the race.

Therefore it is well for us that from time to time in bygone periods of the earth's lifetime, when there were no fire-making animals to burn up the wood, the course of events was so ordered that trees and plants, instead of rotting as they died, were packed away in a condensed form underground, and that in this way cellars well-nigh boundless in extent were stored with a fuel from which the fire-maker, when he at last came upon the scene, might derive

warmth, comfort, and power after he had all but used up the wood of his own epoch. For this is literally the origin of the coal which has now as near as may be superseded wood as a source of heat.

To turn back in thought and watch nature forecasting so long beforehand the needs of her children to come, will be a pleasant and profitable task ; and though the story if fully told would be a long one, the main outlines go into a small compass.

Almost any child will now tell us that coal is "mineralized vegetable matter;" the grounds for this belief are perhaps not so generally known, and a word may first be said on this head. A little search among the lumps of coal in the scuttle will generally show us a piece which has broken with fairly even faces in two or perhaps in three directions. Two of these faces, when there are three of them, are bright and do not soil the fingers ; the other is dull and grimes the skin when it is touched. On this last face there lie scattered about patches of a black, friable, fibrous substance so exactly like charcoal that it is called "Mineral charcoal;" "Mother of Coal" is another name given to it. The most superficial examination is enough to suggest the woody nature of this substance, and the microscope leaves no doubt on the point, for it enables us to recognize in it vegetable tissue and vessels.

Mineral charcoal forms a very considerable item in the composition of some coals of second-rate quality, but in the deep black coals with pitchy lustre which we prefer for household use there is often very little of it to be seen. In coals of this class no inkling as to their composition can be obtained by the unaided eye, but when they are ground thin enough to be transparent and examined under the microscope, they too can in many cases be clearly seen to be largely made up of various parts of different kinds of plants.

One of their constituents deserves special mention, partly because it is extremely abundant in many English coals, and partly because it shows in a very striking manner—

"What mighty issues spring from trivial things."

Has the reader ever noticed, high up among the heath and swamps of a fell-side, a stem thickly covered by overlapping scale-like leaves, which sprawls over the ground and branches in a way that gives it some resemblance to a horn, whence it is called staghorn moss? If he come across this early in the autumn, he will find rising from the prostrate stem erect branches, each of which carries at the top a club-shaped spike, and will understand why the plant also goes by the name of club-moss. Gather one of these spikes : as we pull it off, we shake out a thick cloud of yellow dust. This dust is made up of very tiny balls called spores, by means of which the reproduction of the plant is effected. These spores are lodged in little bags or spore cases which lie in the spaces between each pair of the scaly leaves that cover the club-shaped head. The dust is known as *Lycopodium* powder, and it may be bought at any chemist's shop. Two points about these spores are specially to be noted in connection with our present subject. They are very combustible : throw a pinch of the powder into the air and hold a lighted match under it, it disappears entirely with a sudden bright flash. They cannot be wetted : spread some of the powder on a sheet of paper and let a little water fall on it ; the water collects into drops and may be made to run over the layer of powder, but the spores themselves remain perfectly dry.

Now the microscope shows in many coals enormous numbers of minute rounded bodies, larger than the spores of the club-moss and differing from them in some other respects, which resemble, however, most closely the spores of an allied genus of plants common in some tropical countries, but represented by a single and not very common species in England. Further in the rocks among which coal occurs, the remains of plants that lived at the time when coal was being formed are found in great abundance. Among these we frequently meet with cones, covered like the heads of the club-moss with overlapping scaly leaves, and carrying between each pair of leaves spore-bags that contain the same kind of minute rounded bodies as are seen in coal. Again, one of the commonest of these fossil plants

is that known as *Lepidodendron*, or the scaly tree, because it is covered outside with a pattern of lozenge-shaped scales. In well-preserved specimens cones such as have just been described are found springing from the ends of the branches of *Lepidodendron*.

Every step in the evidence is complete, and there can be no doubt that some coals are largely made up of spores very closely akin to those we shake out of the spikes of a club-moss ; with this difference, that the plant which furnished them, instead of being a creeping herb, grew to the size of a forest tree and was a tree in its habit.

Thus far we have been treading on safe ground : as to what other plants and what portions of these plants contributed to the manufacture of coal, we are yet much in the dark. Investigations now in progress by the highest authority on the subject will throw before long further light on the question : but we may rest assured that coal is made up of vegetable matter, and of scarcely anything else besides vegetable matter, which has been for many a long day sealed up in sheets underground and has undergone chemical and physical changes that have brought it into its present state.

For some of those who do not live in colliery districts it may be necessary to describe the way in which coal lies in the earth. The rocks among which coal is found are sandstones and clays, they lie in beds or layers, and have been formed out of sand and mud which were carried by rivers into still-water and then settled down on the bottom. Beds of coal occur at very irregular intervals among these sandstones and clays : they vary in thickness from a fraction of an inch to many feet. Underneath every seam of coal there is a bed of rock known as the underclay, or seatstone ; it differs in character from the beds of sandstone and clay that lie between the coal seams, and it always contains fossils which are known to be the roots of trees ; now and then the trunks of these trees are found standing erect as they grew, still attached to the roots and running up through the coal and the rocks that lie above it. This seatstone is obviously an old soil, and on it the trees grew out of which the coal above it was formed.

Changes then must have gone on during the formation of coal and the rocks which accompany it ; each seatstone and the bed of coal which lies upon it mark a time when the country was a tract of land dry enough to allow of the growth of trees ; but the sandstones and clays which lie above show that there must have followed a time when the country was laid under water ; then the old state of things must have been brought back, the country a second time became dry enough to support a growth of trees, and these supplied the materials for a second seam of coal ; once again the land was flooded, and after a while again laid dry ; and this oscillation must have been repeated many times over, at least as many times as there are seams of coals in the measures, and probably oftener.

And now let us try and picture to ourselves what the country was like on which these events took place, and how these changes were brought about. Much that is high land was now high and always above water then. The Scotch Highlands formed part of a lofty tract which stretched across the North Sea to Scandinavia ; a portion at least of the hill range which runs from St. Abb's Head to Galloway was a hill range then ; then as now a cluster of mountains stood up in Cumberland and Westmoreland ; the highlands of Donegal and Connemara were highlands then ; Wales was mountainous as now, and from it a long spur of land, less lofty but composed like it of hard rocks, ran eastward across the centre of England ; this is now all but buried, but two of its higher points peep out at Dudley and in Charnwood Forest. Land also of some elevation stretched westward from Wales over the sea which now lies to the south of Ireland.

But if we could see the England of that age we should miss many of the features which diversify and beautify the England of to-day ; we should not find the rugged moorlands that run like a backbone from Derbyshire to the Cheviots, nor the Cotswolds, nor the Chalk range that stretches from Dorsetshire to the Wash and beyond that inlet to Flamborough Head, nor the lovely coast scenery of North Devon and Cornwall. Where these and other minor un-

dulations now give variety to the scene, dull, heavy, low-lying plains, flat as the fens of Cambridgeshire, intersected by sluggish rivers and dotted over by marshes and pools, stretched far as the eye could reach. These swampy expanses were all but encircled by the high ground, the main lines of which have been just marked out, but there were gaps on the west through which the eye could discern the Atlantic of those times rolling far away westward like the Atlantic of to-day. Huge piles of sand and shingle held back the salt water and prevented it from flooding the plains.

The hill country was clothed with pine forests and covered by a dense growth of sundry kinds of fern, and graceful tree-ferns and cycads were sprinkled over it. But a more weird vegetation spread in a tangled jungle over the plains. Intermingled in thick profusion there grew many a tree such as human eyes have never looked upon : the *Lepidodendron* waved its graceful branches to the wind and shed forth its spores in clouds ; stems, resembling gigantic horse-tails, shot up into the air, and gave off perhaps branches that carried whorl-shaped clusters of slender leaves ; every here and there stood solid, massive trunks, fluted like a Grecian column, and these too probably were crowned with a cluster of leaf-bearing and cone-bearing branches like those of *Lepidodendron* ; many other less common forms were doubtless present, but they have left behind them comparatively few and doubtful remnants.

From time to time individual trees died and fell to the earth : parts decayed, but the more durable portions resisted decomposition, and gradually covered the surface with a layer of dead vegetable matter that was afterward to become a seam of coal. Among the less perishable parts were the bark, and notably the spores, whose resinous nature kept them dry and enabled them to defy the action of water, that "sore decayer of your dead body."

And now the machinery comes into play by which this embryo coal-seam is to be sealed up and kept safe for use on some far distant day. The land begins to sink slowly, and a basin is formed that catches the water of the rivers which flow down from the surrounding high-

lands. A lake arises, and into it the streams roll down mud and sand ; these are spread out in sheets and piled up in banks on the top of the layer of dead plants ; still the land goes down, and more and more sand and mud is spread over the bottom of the water ; now and again, during heavy storms, the sea bursts through the barriers that hold it back and floods the area ; and then, after a while, the breach is repaired, and the lake becomes fresh again.

At length the sinking of the land stops, sandy shoals and banks of mud rise from beneath the water and lift their heads in every direction, till a swampy flat is established dry enough to permit of the growth of a second jungle and the accumulation of the materials for a second seam of coal. After a while sinking sets in afresh, and our second coal bed is buried beneath piles of sand and mud. And so the process goes on ; during each period of rest a sheet of dead plants accumulates over the flat, and during the period of subsidence which follows this is covered up by deposits of mud and sand. The weight piled over it compresses the peaty sheet, and chemical changes go on which in the end turn it into coal. Afterward earth-movements bring it up from the depths to which it has been carried down, a portion of the rocks which once covered it is stripped off by the action of running water, and it is placed within the reach of man.

But, when within his reach, how was it that man discovered that coal would burn ? Possibly thus. There is in coal a hard, yellow, brassy mineral, which flies in the fire and not unfrequently startles the circle that has gathered round its cheerful blaze. When exposed to damp air this mineral undergoes chemical change, and during the process heat is given out, sometimes in sufficient quantity to set the coal alight. In this way it occasionally happens that seams of coal, when they lie near the surface, take fire of their own accord. One day a savage on a stroll was startled by finding the ground warm beneath his feet, and by seeing smoke and sulphurous vapors issuing from it. He laid it first to a supernatural cause ; but curiosity getting the better of superstition, he scraped away the earth to find whence

the reek came. Then he saw a bed of black stone, loose blocks of which he had already noticed lying about, and parts of this stone were smouldering, and as soon

as air was admitted burst into a blaze. That savage little thought that he was laying the foundation of England's commercial greatness.—*Good Words*.



A DAY AT MARGATE.

BY MARGARET LONSDALE.

DURING the months of August and September a large portion of the people of England is *en vacance*, as the French more neatly put what we clumsily call "taking a holiday." Whether our holiday consist of scaling perilous heights among the mountains, or of taking a more or less humdrum tour with Cook or Gaze for a month, or of braving the chilliness and mist of a Scotch grouse moor, or of conducting our family and its attendant nursemaids to some fashionable watering-place, we all do the same thing in one way or another. For that portion of the community who cannot afford to take a "long vacation," excursion trains are run by obliging railway companies, so that a "happy day" may be spent at the seaside at a minimum of expense. Anybody so disposed may spend a long, if not a happy day, at Margate during the summer months. And if it be not a happy day, it will be their own fault, since Margate, filled with its summer visitors and the contents of a lengthy and over-crowded excursion train, affords the study of a side of human nature which cannot fail to be curious and interesting to intelligent lookers-on.

It is perhaps in itself one of the least ugly of Kentish watering-places—it is impossible to say more for it than this, yet on a bright summer's day, with enough breeze to show white horses on the distant sea, and curling waves of some fierceness on the sandy shore, with purple cloud shadows and green streaks chasing one another over the middle distant water, and dancing boats with little brown sails bobbing about, one need not look at the ugly stretch of flat sandy country on the other side of the town which groups itself not unpicturesquely round one side of a small bay, and along a low chalk cliff. Toward the pier—the usual frightful long snake,

built out into the sea for convenience—and on to the sands, rush the crowd of excursionists which the train has just disgorged.

On the sands some half naked urchins are running in and out of the water, some are busily engaged in digging trenches, and then making sandbanks to resist the on-coming of the ever crawling tide. This, as it suddenly breaks down the barrier raised against it, and rushes into the holes, they greet with shouts of opposition, and immediately proceed to dig another hole further away, in order, apparently, to enjoy the process over again. Bare-legged sprats of all shapes and sizes dance in the surf, some of them anxiously watched over by nursemaids and parents; others ride double on much enduring donkeys up and down the hard sands with shouts of ecstasy. Lovers walk in a languishing and absorbed condition in the midst of the merry noise, and splashing, and shouting; or sit on wet and slightly unsavory rocks gazing at each other across shallow pools. On along the parade toward the pier we follow the crowd; small boys are fishing for crabs over the edge of the pier, at a tremendous distance below.

A curious stream of people flits to and fro before us as we seat ourselves to watch the fishing; and what is most observable, never a word of pure Queen's English meets our ears. The crowd is mainly composed of the lower class of London tradespeople come down either for the day or for the week, to make holiday and to enjoy themselves in their own fashion. This is much the fashion of their betters, and if it be true that imitation is the sincerest flattery, no apter illustration of the court paid to "betters" in England could be found than on Margate pier in August.

If a satire upon Hyde Park in the

month of May had been intended, it could hardly have been better contrived. Becurled and bewigged damsels, laced and high-heeled till even waddling is difficult; youths sedulously got up, and looking occasionally as if they had rather not be supposed to belong to their somewhat ignominious-looking elderly companions; bold-faced women, with curious collections of sham jewelry about their heads, ears, necks, and arms, and further displays on their gloveless and sunburnt hands (albeit not a bit bolder or more overhung with gewgaws than their more refined and educated sisters of the Row); elderly-looking rakes; and *bonâ fide* English tradesmen and tradeswomen, smart and untidy, jolly, commonplace, and frivolous, absolutely contented with, and bent on, displaying themselves and their costumes, and looking for the most part as if they had not an idea in their heads beyond, although doubtless if we could only just scrape of a little of the outer coating of veneer we should discover warm hearts, clear heads, and even capabilities of high aspiration and of self-sacrifice underneath. But this is neither the time nor the opportunity for investigation of anything beyond outsides, so we only watch while all these pass up and down, and back again, some helping to fill the pleasure boats which go out perpetually on *id.* excursions, some reading yellow-backed novels as they walk along, some controlling the insatiable desire of their infants to fling themselves over the edge of the pier into the sea below.

From this Vanity Fair in middle class life, which somehow leads us to severer strictures and more moral reflections upon the greater Vanity Fair of high life than we are accustomed to make, we retrace our steps, and turn away from the town, and by some straggling lodging houses, to a large building, placed on a chalk cliff considerably above the sea and the rest of Margate. This building is the "Seabathing Infirmary, or National Hospital for the Scrofulous Poor of all England," and within these walls a struggle with the most treacherous, the most crippling, the most insidious, the most incurable of diseases, is steadily, and courageously, and scientifically carried on.

It is well termed the "National Hos-

pital;" and perhaps the general public to whom the name "scrofula" only suggests vague horrors into which they hesitate to inquire further, are scarcely aware how much of personal interest, from a purely selfish point of view, every living soul ought to feel in the attempt to stem, in any degree, what may be properly called a national scourge.

The conviction of the nature of the disease was curiously expressed by our ancestors, when they called it the "King's Evil," and believed, even up to the time of Queen Anne, that some of the "divinity which doth hedge a king" was needed for cure of scrofula, and the touch of an anointed sovereign (thus suggesting a miracle) was deemed the only remedy. Though it is true that in no rank of life are men free from the tendency to this disease; it more especially attacks the ill fed, ill-clothed inhabitants of badly ventilated dwellings, and unlike most other complaints, does not usually kill its victims, at any rate, not quickly. As a rule they drag out, from year to year, a miserable existence, deprived perhaps of a limb, perhaps of a sense, probably unable to work for their living, and very possibly transmitting the poison to a younger generation, where it may assume an even more acute form.

Here we come to the selfish reason why a scrofulous hospital is a national charge. For not only does this disease cripple many useful members of society, but it gnaws at the root of national life, by destroying our health as a people, and by degrees, if we refuse to recognize this fact, it will certainly force itself upon our notice. It is not even too much to say that this is a case for the application of the old proverb, "Charity begins at home," for no one in any class of life can venture to say how nearly this disease may touch his own family, or at any rate, how it may affect his descendants.

This infirmary exists solely for the relief of the suffering poor; it contains no divided interests—even such as a medical school would imply; and there is altogether such an entire freedom and absence of strict hospital regulation as may give rise to the idea, apparently pretty generally entertained, that the institution is a Convalescent Home, that is, a place of recovery for sick people

who have already been treated in a hospital.

This, however, is far from the case. It is intended only for the treatment of acute disease ; some of the most serious operations known to surgeons (alas! here only too commonly necessary) are successfully performed ; and the favorable results are mainly owing to the excellent conditions under which the patients are placed.

Imagine a large building of two stories high, standing in about three acres of ground, including a good-sized garden with covered seats for the inmates, and a private walk down to the sands. From the big gates courtesy meets the visitor ; the porter civilly recommends us to make our application to see the hospital to the superintendent, since we had come at a wrong hour, and ought not properly to have been admitted—and thus gives a pleasant impression of the place at its very doors. The old part of the hospital, raised nearly eighty years ago, is built round a quadrangle, and is, in spite of an (in some respects) old-fashioned appearance, light and airy and generally cheerful, even to eyes accustomed to plenty of light. But to London patients, by whom these wards are largely filled, what must be the charm of windows looking toward the open sea? As a rule, however, except after an operation, scrofulous patients are not confined to their beds ; and they most of them dine together in a large hall full of long tables, giving them something of the amusement which travellers gain from each other's company at the foreign *table d'hôte*.

Long, well lighted passages, white and airy, where clean-looking young nurses are to be met, lead to the new wing of the hospital, constructed on all the best modern principles, containing lofty wards, with spotless walls looking as if they were tiled, but which really are composed of bricks covered with white cement, each brick costing $4\frac{1}{2}d$. The floors are double to ensure dryness, deal underneath, and teak above, and are really a pleasure to walk upon, needing from their perfectly smooth and firm surface no external polish in the way of finish. As we pass through the still unused wards we observe a heating apparatus in the middle of each, and a large

fireplace adorned with blue tiles at the end. Another passage leads us to a gigantic bathroom, a swimming-bath, lined with white glazed tiles, which may be filled with warm or cold sea-water at will. This is lighted from the roof.

On again, and we enter a beautiful little chapel, looking less like a hospital chapel (to the eyes of people acquainted with those dismal and unsightly arrangements) than anything we had ever beheld. This church is richly and even lavishly adorned ; its apsidal east end is full of small windows, with stained glass, by Clayton and Bell ; indeed every window is painted, and almost every bit of wall covered with some painted text or pattern designed by the same able hands. Through the still unremoved scaffolding it may be seen that the roof is high, and rich in wood-work, and that no pains or cost have been spared to make the little chapel worthy of its purpose, and pleasant to the eyes of the patients who shall hereafter worship in it.

Under the courteous guidance of the superintendent of the infirmary we are finally led up a staircase to a long balustraded roof, reminding us, by its whiteness in the bright sunshine, of Eastern countries and customs. Here patients, who are not able to get beyond the grounds of the hospital, may be carried, and here they may sit and enjoy sunshine and sea-breezes in absolute quiet, far above even the sea-shore sounds of galloping donkeys and shouting children, with only the distant plashing of the waves upon the beach below, or the occasional cry of sea-birds above, to disturb their peace. At high water, the occupants of the flat roof seem to be almost out at sea themselves, and nothing nearer a sea-bird's existence for maimed or helpless people could well be contrived.

Imagine patients, who have long been suffering from some of the many forms of scrofulous disease, shut up in the crowded lanes and streets of our great city, perhaps with a monotonous square yard of sky visible from their window, perhaps only some black wall—suddenly transferred to this bright whiteness and purity, and surrounded by an endless expanse of sea, sky, and sunshine ! Imagine, above all, the children—sad-

dest of all the sad sights among the victims of scrofula—transported here. It may be scarcely necessary to describe, for it has been so often done, yet can we be too frequently reminded what some of the dwellings of the London poor are like? Words are, after all, insufficient, and their homes must be seen for their full squalor, darkness, and impurity to be appreciated. Children, to whom sunlight and air are among the necessities of existence, are bred up in holes and corners where neither the rays of the blessed sun, nor much of his light, nor even a breath of air which is not defiled, can enter. Poor crippled beings will sometimes spend the greater part of long weary lives alone in these foul habitations. Much has been done to improve the condition of the poor in this respect; but much still remains. Meanwhile it may be said, without exaggeration, that every minute spent by children in such air as that of Margate—nay, every breath they draw there, is of advantage to them, even apart from the medical treatment and skill, and the good food which they here enjoy. And let it be understood that in no other hospital in England are the same advantages to be found in combination as at Margate, of which place it has been said that, were it possible for a person to be put together again after he had been cut in two, it might be done at Margate.

And such conditions are indeed much. For although medical and surgical treatment is absolutely necessary for the control or the cure of scrofulous disease, yet the air of a general hospital—always more or less vitiated—is so fatally pernicious to children suffering from this terrible complaint, that the treatment of scrofula under hospital conditions is often practically useless. Medical skill must be aided by the purest attainable air in unlimited quantity, and often also by constant sea-baths; and change of air and scene, as well as good food and tonics, constitute a large portion of the cure.

And if it were only thoroughly realized that delay in the case of scrofula is apt to become fatal, and that therefore no effort should be spared to save the little children of our country while it is yet possible, this institution and its in-

habitants would surely receive a larger share of public support, if not out of compassion for the undeserved suffering of inheritance, at least from a large-minded desire for the welfare of future generations of Englishmen.

It is not difficult to let our compassion be roused as we walk through the wards at Margate, and find a row of children either with disease distinctly marked by deformity and ugliness, or, on the other hand, by the unusual beauty of complexion, the peculiar pathetic dark-gray eyes and long black eyelashes, which are so remarkable in many scrofulous children. And if we make the acquaintance of some of these children, we shall find a curiously sharpened mental condition, and in some cases a precocious sensitiveness, not usually to be met with among the lowly born and bred. This, one of the fruits of the disease, renders them specially unfit to struggle against physical disadvantages for their livelihood. Upon them and their welfare, therefore, much of the superfluous energy which is abundant in our country might advantageously be expended. In many cases, if the complaint were attacked in its earlier stages, entire cure would be the result, and thus, to say nothing of the suffering which would be saved, the only effectual check to the disease, nationally speaking, might be given.

Yet it seems that because the hospital is not in London it is therefore considered as more local and less general in its character than the great metropolitan hospitals, whereas it is really, as I have tried to show, more absolutely national and appeals more to the interest of every individual English man and woman, as well as to their humanity, than any of the well-known London infirmaries. Margate is not now a fashionable watering-place; rich people no longer go there, and therefore the scrofula hospital is not heard of in quarters from which the much-needed help can flow. If rich people do hear of it, or do occasionally glance at a blue paper which may be sent them, before thrusting it into the waste-paper basket they say to themselves, "Oh, that everlasting Convalescent Home at Margate, or somewhere, wants money; but then they all want money, and Margate is no

more an object of charity than any other, I suppose."

Let the splendid new wards, with their Eastern roofs, bathroom, and chapel, answer this too common remark. To the munificent liberality of one man, Sir Erasmus Wilson, the scrofulous poor of England owe their increase of means and appliances for the treatment and cure of their sufferings. He has not considered £25,000 too much money to spend upon doing the work in the best possible way; nor has the architect, whose name is well-known to the public as the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, evidently deemed any pains or expenditure of thought and artistic talent too great for the needs of the case.

It is not indeed given to everybody to do what these men have so nobly done for the poor, but yet it must be clear that this increase of building, in answer to repeated calls upon the infirmary for more accommodation, implies also increase of income; so that without a large addition of extraneous help, the prospect of making the hospital even partially free seems to vanish further and further into the distance. Yet the inevitably heavy weekly payment for board must stand in the way of the full use of the institution. Scrofulous patients need the best food, and no expense is spared by the managers to supply it—wines and spirits and costly articles of diet being freely ordered for the patients when considered necessary by the medical men. At present the directors do not find it possible to charge less per month than £1 for children, and £1 4s. for adults—little enough, and yet very often too much for the patients readily to furnish. If the most hopeful cases—the children—could be admitted at only half the present cost, the usefulness of the charity would be more than doubled.

Do not these facts appeal to the women of England? and will not the tenderness towards little children, which exists in every woman, and only needs

to be roused, lead them to consider whether by some special exertion they cannot meet a special need? I plead that at least some thought and attention should be given to the sufferings of scrofulous children—sufferings at once too well known to medical men, and too little considered by the community at large.

Those people who daily, in the autumn of each year, amuse themselves, and lay in a stock of health on the sands and pier at Margate—should they not open their eyes and their hearts to the fellow-creatures so near them, and yet so far off, within the infirmary walls? It needs no high degree of education or of refinement to do this, no large expenditure of time or trouble; and these visitors, wives and daughters of men of business, if they would give some of their thoughts and energies to the matter, might be largely instrumental in getting the institution more widely known, and the objects of it properly understood and liberally supported by their friends in London.

Let people go down, by excursion train or otherwise, to Margate, and see some of these invalid children breathing pure, instead of vitiated air, leading healthy out-door lives, eating nourishing food under kind and wise superintendence, and thus storing up within themselves health and spirits with which to return to their sunless city homes. Compare those who have lately arrived, with some whose cure is nearly completed, and the mere sight will produce an impression such as no eloquent report or newspaper appeals can effect. It is impossible not to believe that if only a clear impression of these facts can be produced, the necessary result must follow, and that a consistent national support will be given to the only existing hospital for the treatment of a disease which is eating into the very vitals of our national strength and vigor.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THACKERAY AS A NOVELIST.*

It is odd to note how opinions differ as to the greatness of Thackeray and the value of his books. Some people regard him as the greatest novelist of his age and country, and as one of the greatest of any country and any age. They hold him to be not less sound as a moralist than excellent as a writer, not less magnificently creative than usefully and delightfully cynical, not less powerful and complete as a painter of manners than infallible as a social philosopher and incomparable as a lecturer on the human heart. They accept Amelia Sedley for a true woman; they believe in Colonel Newcome as in something heroically lofty; they regard William Dobbin and "Stunning" Warrington as finished and subtle pieces of portraiture; they think Becky Sharp an improvement upon Madame Marneffe, and Wenhams a better work than Rigby; they are in love with Laura Bell, and refuse to see either cruelty or caricature in their author's presentment of Alcide de Mirololant. Thackeray's fun, Thackeray's wisdom, Thackeray's knowledge of men and women, Thackeray's morality, Thackeray's view of life, "his wit and humor, his pathos and his umbrella," are all articles of their belief. Of Dickens they will not hear; they are inclined to despise Balzac; if they make any comparison between Thackeray and Fielding, or Thackeray and Richardson, or Thackeray and Walter Scott, or Thackeray and Disraeli, it is to the infinite disadvantage of Disraeli, and Scott, and Richardson, and Fielding. All these were well enough in their way and day; but they are not to be classed with Thackeray. It is true (they admit) that Thackeray could neither make stories nor tell them; but he liked stories, for all that, and could talk charmingly of "Ivanhoe" and the "Mousquetaires" by the hour together. It is true that he was very much afraid of passion, and was not too capable of understanding a vice, especially if the passion and the vice were gigantic or extraordinary. But, *en revanche*, how severe he was upon snobs, and how vigorously

he lashes the smaller vices and the meaner faults! It is true that he was not good at romance, and saw most things—art and nature included—rather prosaically, and rather ill-naturedly to boot, as one might see them who has been for many years a failure, and is (naturally) a little resentful of other men's successes; but then how excellent are his pictures of club humanity and club manners, and how thoroughly he understands the feelings of those who go down into the west in broughams! If he writes by preference for people with a thousand a year, is it not everybody's duty—everybody with a particle of self-respect—to have that income? and can any one who has it not be possibly endowed with either wit or sentiment, either humor or understanding? Thackeray, it is argued, writes *of* gentlemen *for* gentlemen; therefore he is alone among artists—therefore he is "the greatest novelist of his age." This is the position of those who are thoroughgoing believers in Thackeray.

The position of those who wear their rue with a difference, and do not think that all literature is comprised in the "Book of Snobs" and "Vanity Fair," is—to those, at all events, who are no longer young and inclined to be cynical and superior—more easily defended. They like and admire their Thackeray in many ways, but they look upon him rather as a writer of genius who was innately and primarily a Philistine than as a great novelist or a great man either. To them there is something artificial in the man and something insincere in the writer; so that it is natural, after all, that his best book should be a literary *tour de force* rather than an organic and individual work, and that he should never have been seen to such advantage as when, in "Esmond" and in "Barry Lyndon," he was working imitatively, and writing up to a standard and upon a model not wholly of his own contriving. They admit his claims to eminence as an adventurer in "the discovery of the Ugly;" but they contend that even there he did his work more shrewishly and pettily than he might and ought; and they go so far in this connection as

* Extracts from the Works of W. M. Thackeray. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

to think that a snob is not only "one who meanly admires mean things," as his own definition declares, but one who meanly detests mean things as well. They consider him narrow and vulgar in his view of humanity, very limited in his outlook upon life, inclined to be envious, inclined to be tedious and pedantic, prone to repetitions, and apt, in bidding for his readers' applause, to appeal to their baser rather than their nobler qualities, and to secure their sympathies by making them feel themselves spitefully superior to their fellow-creatures as he loves to portray them. They look on his favorite heroines—on Laura and Ethel and Amelia; and they can but think him stupid who could have believed them either interesting or admirable, either true or attractive. They listen to him as he regrets that it is not possible for him to attempt the portraiture of a man; and, with Barry Lyndon in their mind's eye, and the knowledge that Casanova, brilliant blackguard that he was, had suggested no more than that to him, they wonder if, after all, the impossibility he complained of was not rather fortunate for him than otherwise. They compare his fear of, and contempt for, Becky Sharp with Balzac's attitude toward Madame Marneffe; and they suspect that the Englishman was the Frenchman's inferior not only in genius, but in humanity as well. They hear him heaping contumely upon the murders and adulteries that pleased the men of 1830, as they had pleased the Elizabethans before them; and they see him turning with terror and loathing from these—which, after all, are effects of vigorous passion—to busy himself with the story, elaborate and careful and minute, of how Barnes Newcome beat his wife, and how Mrs. Mackenzie scolded Colonel Newcome to death, and how old Twysden bragged and cringed himself into good society and an interest in the life and well-being of a little cad like Capt. Woolcomb; and it is not surprising if they think his morality more dubious in many ways than the morality he is so bitterly anxious to ridicule and condemn. They reflect that he sees in Beatrix Esmond no more than the makings of a Bernstein; and they are puzzled, when they come to consider the contrast between the two portraitures, and to mark the

difference between the part assigned to Mrs. Esmond and the part assigned to the Baroness, to decide if he were more short sighted or ungenerous, more inapprehensive or more cruel. They grow weary, easily and often, of his dogged and determined pursuit of the merely conventional man and the merely conventional woman; they cannot always bring themselves to be interested in the cupboard drama, the tea-cup tragedies and cheque-book and bandbox comedies, which he regards as the whole stuff of human action and the very web of human life; and from their theory of existence they positively refuse to eliminate, with him, heroic qualities like romance and mystery and passion, which are—as they have only to open their newspapers to see—essential conditions of human existence, and integral elements of the human character. They hold that his books contain some of the finest work in English prose—as, for instance, Rawdon Crawley's discovery of his wife with Lord Steyne, and Henry Esmond's return from the wars, and the chapters in which the Colonel and Frank Castlewood give chase to and run down their kinswoman and the Prince; but they hold that, in the main, their influence is a dubious influence, and that few have risen from them one bit the better, or one jot the happier for their perusal.

That is, perhaps, their strongest argument. Genius apart, Thackeray's morality is that of a highly respectable British cynic; his intelligence is mainly one of trifles; he is wise over little and trumpery things. He delights in reminding us—with an air!—of such facts as that everybody is a humbug; that we are all rank snobs; that to misuse one's aspirates is to be ridiculous and incapable of real worth; that Miss Blank has just slipped out to post a letter to Capt. Jones; that Mrs. Dash wears false teeth and a wig; that General Tufto is almost as tightly laced as the beautiful Miss Hopper; that there's a bum-bailiff in the kitchen at Number Thirteen; that the dinner we ate t'other day at Timmins's is not paid for; that all is vanity; that there's a skeleton in every house; that passion, extravagance, excess of any sort, is unwise, abominable, and a little absurd; and so forth. Side by side with these assurances are admirable

sketches of character of a certain sort, and still more admirable sketches of habit and of manners—Major Ponto and Capt. Costigan, Gandish and Talbot Twysden and Major Pendennis, old Sir Pitt and Brand Firmin, the heroic De la Pluche and the engaging Farintosh and the versatile Honeyman, and a whole crowd of amusing portraiture besides; but they are not different—in kind, at least—from the reflections suggested by the story of their several careers and the development of their several individualities. Esmond apart, there is scarcely a man or a woman in Thackeray's works whom it is possible to love unreservedly or to thoroughly respect. That gives the measure of the man, and determines the quality of his influence. He was the average clubman plus genius and an incomparable style. And, if there is any truth in the theory that it is the function of art not to degrade, but to ennoble—not to dishearten, but to encourage—not to deal with things ugly and paltry and mean, but with great things and beautiful and lofty—his influence, it is argued, is emphatically one to be disputed.

Thus the two sects: the sect of those who are with Thackeray, and the sect of those who are against him. The present volume of extracts from his works, "chiefly philosophical and reflective," if it is calculated to set them by the ears on one of the main points at issue—the nobility of Thackeray's morality—is calculated to make them heartily agree upon another—the question of Thackeray's pre-eminence as a writer of English and the master of one of the finest of prose styles in literature. The volume has been carefully compiled, and is absolutely representative, so far as certain sorts of comment and reflection are concerned, of the artist's manner. What that manner is we know. It is the perfection of conversational writing. Graceful, yet vigorous; adorably artificial, yet incomparably sound; touched with modishness, yet informed with distinction; easily and happily rhythmical, yet full of color and full of malice and intention; instinct with urbanity and instinct with charm; Thackeray's style is a type of a certain order of high-bred English, a climax in a certain order of literary art. He may have been a little man, but as-

surely he was a great writer; he may have been a faulty novelist, but assuredly he was a fine artist in words. The style he wrote, considered merely as style, is probably less open to criticism than that of any other modern Englishman. He was neither super-eloquent, like Mr. Ruskin, nor a Germanized Jereny, like Carlyle; he was not marmoreally emphatic, as Landor was, nor was he slovenly and inexpressive, as was Walter Scott; he neither dallied with antithesis, as did Macaulay nor rioted in verbal vulgarisms, as Dickens did; he abstained from technology and sapience as carefully as George Eliot indulged in them; and he avoided conceits as sedulously as Mr. Meredith goes out of his way to find them. He is, in some sort, a better writer than any one of these, in that he is always a master of speech and of himself, and that he is always careful, yet natural, and choice, yet seemingly spontaneous. It was his to write as a very prince among talkers, and in words to interfuse and interpenetrate the elegant and cultured fashion of the men of Queen Anne with the warmth, the glow, the personal and romantic ambition, peculiar to the century of the second Renaissance—the century of Byron and Wordsworth, of Landor and Dickens, of Ruskin and Tennyson and Carlyle. *

The influence of such a style as his is not easily over-estimated. He has stated the case for himself in his own incomparable manner, and he may as well be heard in his own cause:

"Who was the blundering idiot who said that 'fine words butter no parsnips?' Half the parsnips of society are served and rendered palatable with no other sauce. As the immortal Alexis Soyer can make more delicious soup for a halfpenny than an ignorant cook can concoct with pounds of vegetables and meat, so a skilful artist will make a few simple and pleasing phrases go farther than ever so much substantial benefit-stock in the hands of a mere bungler. Nay, we know that substantial benefits often sicken some stomachs; whereas, most will digest any amount of fine words, and be always eager for more of the same food."

Here is the whole argument in a nutshell. It is a fact that certain "substantial benefits"—those, for instance, that we receive at the hands of Balzac and Dickens—do "sicken some stomachs;" and that "fine words," when they are of Thackeray's seasoning and

dishing, do so please a vast number of persons that they are "always eager for more of the same food." How else shall we explain the relish with which we read his eternal disquisitions on the cult of Burke and Debrett? the reiteration of his prelections upon humbug and snobbishness? his moral slippancy, his ethical impertinences, his limited views of life, and love, and marriage, and the politics of dining out, and the duty of getting on? He repeats himself perpetually. And yet, if we are only in the mood for him, his repetitions are a hundredfold more seductive and suggestive than other men's novelties. Here, for instance, is his translation of the famous (and heroic) expression of Julius Cæsar :

"There is no good (unless your taste is that way) in living in a society where you are merely the equal of everybody else. Many people give themselves extreme pains to frequent company where all around them are their superiors, and where, do what you will, you must be subject to continual mortification—(as, for instance, when Marchioness X. forgets you, and you can't help thinking that she cuts you on purpose; when Duchess Z. passes by in her diamonds, etc.). The true pleasure of life is to live with your inferiors. Be the cock of your village; the queen of your coterie; and, besides very great persons, the people whom Fate has specially endowed with this kindly consolation, are those who have seen what are called better days—those who have had losses. I am like Cæsar, and of a noble mind: if I cannot be first in Piccadilly, let me try Hatton Garden, and see whether I cannot lead the *ton* there. If I cannot take the lead at White's or the Travellers', let me be president of the Jolly Sandboys at the Bag of Nails, and blackball everybody who does not pay me honor. If my darling Bessy cannot go out of a drawing-room until a baronet's niece (ha! ha! a baronet's niece, forsooth!) has walked before her, let us frequent company where we shall be the first; and how *can* we be the first unless we select our inferiors for our associates? This kind of pleasure is to be had by almost everybody, and at scarce any cost. With a shilling's-worth of tea and muffins you can get as much adulation and respect as many people cannot purchase with a thousand pounds' worth of plate and profusion, hired footmen, turning their houses topsy-turvy, and suppers from Gunter's. Adulation!—why, the people who come to you

give as good parties as you do. Respect!—the very menials, who wait behind your supper-table, waited at a duke's yesterday, and actually patronize you! O you silly spendthrift! you can buy flattery for twopence, and you spend ever so much money in entertaining your equals and betters, and nobody admires you!"

That, if we take it seriously, is as cynical and as petty a piece of argument as can be found in philosophy. It is not particularly edifying if we take it the reverse of seriously. But how felicitous are the epithets, how attractive the rhythms, how perfect the diction! how admirable is the whole passage as an essay in a peculiar kind of sentiment and as an achievement in a certain kind of tone! how excellent the discretion, how faultless the tact, how persuasive the manner! It belittles us as we read; but it makes us feel superior, too. The writer, as we can see, is laughing in his sleeve at everybody; but he has taken us into his confidence, and he encourages us to laugh with him, like the exquisite artist in demoralization that he is. There are some hundreds of such occasions for sympathy in the present volume. Some are plaintive; some, gibing and bitter; some, kindly and tender; some, merely flippant; some, even hearty and sincere. But, be their import what it may, their charm is unimpeachable. One has only to sympathize with Thackeray to find the book irresistible; just as one has but to be out of temper with him, and hungry for something better than he has to give, to find it depressing, discouraging, and, on the whole, either futile or immoral.

It only remains to say that the compiler, who is evidently a firm believer in Thackeray, is entitled to much praise for the manner in which he has done his task, and that the volume, which is embellished with a pleasant and expressive portrait, is one of permanent interest and attractiveness, whether it be considered as a *corpus* of worldly philosophy or merely as a manual of style.—*The Athenæum*.

ELK HUNTING IN NORWAY.

BY CLEMENT BUNBURY.

IN all my wanderings I have hitherto had perseverance enough to keep continuous notes, or even an elaborate diary ; in Norway alone do I give myself a complete holiday from all note-writing whatsoever. As our last trip, however, was somewhat out of the beaten track, I will try and put some account of it on paper.

How we hate tourists, and what a contempt we have for them in Norway, and yet, at one time or another, I have myself been to see most of the places the most indefatigable of tourists would think of "doing." This dislike to tourists is natural enough on the part of those who go to the country for sport. Diligences, hotels, beggars, and all the other evils that spring up in the track of the tourist, will destroy the principal charm of the country, its primitiveness. If you want to escape from the bustle, and worries, and cares of life, without having to wander very far afield, "Go and take up an elk forest on the eastern frontier of Norway, if that is not a sufficiently delightful change after a London season you are hard to please." On a salmon river you can have a fairly quiet time if you desire it, but you must work sometimes, for you lose caste if you never catch a fish, whereas if you do not kill an elk in your forest, no one can think the worse of you ; so that if you find it too much trouble to hunt, life can be spent in worse places than in a Norwegian forest in August and September, as long as the tobacco lasts.

Some years ago, I came across three Englishmen in a lovely valley "bear hunting," at least that is what they called it. Their mode of hunting was for each to take his rifle, his lunch, a bottle of claret and plenty of cigars to some agreed-on spot at one end of the valley, and there take up his position until the beaters, who were supposed to be driving the bears, came up to him ; he then went home. No bear had been seen by them up to the time I met them, but one of the party was so delighted with the sport, that he had written for a fresh supply of cigars and claret, and

after they were exhausted he intended continuing his "bear-driving" at his club in London.

Elk hunting may of course be made quite as pleasant a sport, but on the other hand it may be, and if you wish to be successful must be, very hard work. Notwithstanding the hard work, and many blank days, we could fairly congratulate ourselves on having had a real good time. One great and most important element toward success we took with us—a first rate cook. Those who have roughed it on pemmican, black bread, and skeer (sour milk), will quite understand the value and extreme rarity in Norway of a good cook. One of the most striking peculiarities of the country is a curious frowsy taste in everything one is given to eat. The cheeses have the flavor the strongest, but everything tastes as if it had been habitually kept in its owner's pocket. Of course I am not speaking of food at the best hotels in the large towns, though there the taste is not quite unknown in the cheese, in the eggs, and even in the beer.

The Messrs. Wilson of Hull deserve the gratitude of all sportsmen for continuing to run a steamer, even though it is only the old Tasso, to Trondhjem, for no one can dream that she pays. She is slow and comfortable, is a good target for abuse if you feel seasick, and is commanded by a Swede who is one of the best fellows that ever sailed out of an English port.

From Trondhjem there is a railway to Christiania, some 350 miles, which distance a train manages to accomplish in two average days ; in summer, when it is practically light all night long, the distance can be done within the twenty-four hours. Trains in Norway do not run in the dark, at least not after the 15th of September. There is another line that runs due east from Trondhjem, but it is not completed beyond the Swedish frontier, or so they tell you at the ticket office, and officially, no doubt the line only exists so far ; but in reality the line is complete with but little break all the way to Stockholm. We were

told that if we took a ticket, costing a few shillings, as far as the line was officially open, we could travel without further payment as far as Stockholm. This sounded very Norwegian, but I cannot otherwise vouch for it. The classes on the railway are second, third, and fourth; there is no first class. No one ever travelled first class, and so a man was sent round with a paint-pot to add another stroke to the number on the carriage door. Thus class first became class second, and so on. Unfortunately the paint in the pot was too light, so that the two strokes are not quite alike. Every one now travels in the rechristened second-class carriages, though I never heard that the fares had been altered. Neither of these railways was of much help to us in getting to our forest, and we decided, after laying in an ample supply of stores in Trondhjem, to travel by road.

It was all plain sailing at first, but afterward, when our baggage was loaded on to the small up-country carts, we had some trouble, and had to pay double fares. We made no demur to this, for the luggage was heavy, and the fares are very low; if we had demurred it is impossible to say how it would have ended, for they are obliged by law to provide horses for a proper weight, and no one knew how much a proper weight might be, nor had they ever seen a weighing machine in their lives. My friend "G." and I drove in a country cart without springs—oh! the agony of up-country travelling, anywhere and everywhere. Our guide, courier, and cook, Peter, was in a cariole and was responsible for the dogs—Trugan, an elk hound, a splendid beast something like a stout honest-looking wolf, and Don, a flea-bitten pointer.

Dogs are a vexed question in Norway, English dogs being absolutely forbidden in the country by law. It is said that the law was passed from a fear of hydrophobia; it is also said to have been passed from jealousy of English sportsmen on the part of the townspeople. Don, our dog, was born in the country, and was better than no dog at all, and that's about how good he was. Trugan found him useful to fight with when there was nothing else doing.

About thirty miles of our journey we

accomplished in a little steamer over a big lake, and at the end of the lake is a station as comfortable as any in Norway. Here we rested a day or two, partly to fish the lake for trout, partly because it was the last place at which we should be able to get beer, in fact it was on the border line of civilization. Thence we journeyed painfully and slowly up a beautifully wooded valley, the road in the Norsk manner going up and down utterly unnecessary hills for the sake of following a bee-line. Patience is a virtue in most places, in Scandinavia it is an absolute necessity. Nothing whatever is gained by trying to hurry man or beast in Norway or Iceland. Peter was a Norwegian, but he had been cook on board an American vessel, and really had a kind of glimmering intelligence of the difference between his rustic fellow-countrymen and a Yankee. One exploit of his on this journey showed that the old Adam was still strong within him. He put two dozen eggs loose into a basket, put three or four pounds of loaf sugar, also loose, on top of them, left them to jolt about at the bottom of his cariole for about ten miles, and then professed to be astonished at the result.

It was late in the evening of a day in the last week in August that we at last reached the farmhouse at the east end of our forest, where we were to take up our quarters. Trugan had caught a hare on the road, and that, with our stores, made us independent of native supplies from the first. Our plan was to provide all our own food, paying the farmer for milk, potatoes, etc., that he supplied us with; eggs cost about one penny for three, and other things in proportion. We paid one shilling a day each for lodgings, firing, and housemaid. Peter was cook, parlor maid, and baker, and excellent his bread was, although he treated with contempt the small oven we took out with us.

The next day we bought a kid to provide fresh meat, until some Lapps could bring us down a reindeer, for which we were to pay twenty-eight shillings. When the deer arrived the funny little Lapp acted as butcher for us, stipulating only for a cup of coffee as payment. The venison was really very good; it lasted us a fortnight in the form of steaks, stews, and pasties, and

we were very sorry to have to exchange it at last for Norwegian mutton. The best sheep in the flock cost us nine shillings. The river at first provided us with good trout, but the weather continued so beautifully fine that the mighty river shrivelled up by degrees, until it was utterly unfishable. Then the forest provided black game, ryper (wood grouse), and capercaillie, though it is needless to say that it did not provide them in large numbers, still there were enough to make a change in our bill of fare. The hills provided a few hares and a fair number of ptarmigan. It must not be supposed that the white birds tasting like a dry fir board that one buys in London shops in winter, are at all the same thing as ptarmigan in August before they have been driven by the snow to feed upon fir-trees.

A wild berry, something like a large white raspberry, but growing on a small plant resembling a strawberry plant, and called "molteberry," was most valuable to us, and mashed up with cream and sugar, or with Peter's excellent rice pudding, need not have yielded to the best strawberries and cream. So far for our commissariat department, a most important one when hard work was to be done, and the workers kept in good temper.

Elk hunting is only allowed during September; we amused ourselves in the meanwhile with our rods and guns. On August 28th, while ptarmigan shooting, we came across a two-year-old elk in the open, and saw the brute trot quietly away with Master Don wildly pursuing him. Master Don got well thrashed for that, and we lived on the memory of that sight of elk for nearly a month.

On September 1st, our stalker arrived, John, a Swede, with his elk dog—a dark brown, long-coated little least, exactly like a small bear; his name I heard a hundred times, but never managed to catch. He was a clever little dog, understanding his master and his business perfectly, and had as well developed a taste for all kinds of berries as any real bear in the country. An elk had died in our forest during the winter, and a bear and two cubs had paid the body a visit from time to time, until they had cleared away nearly every vestige of the carcass, but the work was over before we arrived.

The place for some distance round was literally laid waste, the grass torn up, and all the trees clawed and scratched for a considerable height; I suppose this is a bear's way of showing his satisfaction for a good square meal.

John told us he had shot several bears in his own country, but I always fancied he was very shy about trying to find one when with us, and very ready to pronounce any tracks we saw "meget gammelt." Every farmer owning a tract of forest land has the right to kill one elk on that track; we hired this right from fourteen farmers, but the forest had been so disturbed by cattle and haymakers that there were probably not ten elk on the whole extent. There is a heavy fine for shooting a calf, and a heavier fine for shooting two elk on the same tract, but this must be very difficult to enforce, for the boundaries are almost purely imaginary in many places. The informer always get half the penalty, and the poor of the parish, the rest—in theory.

One mode of hunting elk is for two men to go out with dogs ranging loose in front of them, casting left and right like pointers until they find the beasts and chase them, barking wildly, while the men run forward on the chance of getting a shot as the elk are driven past. Our forest was too thick, and there were not enough beasts for this kind of hunting. Our plan was to go out with John leading his dog by a string, and work up wind until we found fresh tracks, and then follow them till we came on the elk, or till dark put an end to hunting. Weary work sometimes, and wanting no small amount of perseverance to start early after three weeks of blank days.

One day's hunting only varied in detail from another, and the account of one day will be quite sufficient to give an idea of the sport. The question of scent always puzzled me, for sometimes the dog would suddenly become excited, and lead us several hundred yards in a new direction, until we came on a fresh-looking trail, and after following it some distance would lose it again, refind it after a time, and finally lose it entirely. Nor was this only where the tracks may have been older than we thought, for in cases where we had started beasts, and

followed them, within a quarter of an hour the dogs had often great difficulty in keeping right. John often rubbed a footprint, and then put his hand to his nose, and said how long it had been made; this I always looked on as tall talk.

One day toward the end of our third week's hunting, at the extreme end of our ground, where the forest began to give way to moorland, with only occasional thick clumps of trees, we came upon more signs of elk than we had ever before seen. Following up one of the tracks to where it entered a clump, the dog began to get excited, and after a few minutes the stalker motioned to me to go forward. I put the rifle on full cock, and crept forward noiselessly in hopes of getting a sight of a beast. After creeping onward about fifty yards, peering in every direction, I came upon a place where two or three elk had been lying down shortly before, and from the appearance of the tracks they must have started off at a gallop. They had been gone perhaps half an hour, probably they had seen us or got our wind while we were trying some of the other clumps. The excitement of those few minutes while creeping forward expecting every moment to come on a mighty elk, was enough to reward one for hours of toil. Had John been as deeply versed in human nature as he was in elk nature, he would have sent us forward whenever we showed signs of getting half-hearted. After the beasts were once started he was never in a hurry to follow them up, knowing that they will jog along for a considerable time, nearly always making a circuit, and recrossing their own path at some point. Accordingly we had our lunch near where the deer had started from. The clump seemed to be their favorite harboring-place, for we found many places where they had been lying down, and the shrubs all round were stripped bare of leaves and twigs. On starting again it was at first very easy to follow the trail; there were three elk, pronounced by John to be a big bull, a cow, and a small calf. The bull was the one I was most interested in, though I was glad the calf was there, as it would keep its fond parents from travelling too far.

After crossing the more or less open

country for a time the stalker stopped his dog, and pointing to a bit of forest far away up the mountain side, said, "If they have been disturbed again, *i.e.*, by cattle, or haymakers, they are up there, but if not, they are down there," pointing to a clump a mile or so to the left front. We made for "down there," and there sure enough were the tracks of our three friends, where they had walked sedately into the clump. Working round to get the wind in our favor, I again crept forward almost on hands and knees, leaving John and his dog nearly bursting with excitement. Yard by yard I advanced without a sound; though the ground was covered with stumps and dead branches, a red Indian on the war trail could not have been more perfectly noiseless. Oh, how thick that wood was, and how close together the trees grew! Suddenly just in front of me, almost as if from under my feet, I heard the trampling of feet, and the rush of three heavy beasts; but as bad luck would have it, the only one I caught a glimpse of was the calf. They certainly were not thirty yards from me when they first jumped up, and though I ran quickly forward to a spot whence I could see the open ground beyond, the beasts swung round, and broke cover behind us, and I saw them no more. We set off once more to follow them, but with little hopes of coming up with them again before nightfall. After tracking them some distance we came to where they must have seen a man in a red shirt haymaking, and not liking his looks they had started off again at a gallop, and all in different directions. We followed the big bull, but the track led us right away for the mountains beyond the forest, and we had reluctantly to give it up for the day, the sun warning us that we should have no time to spare if we wished to avoid being benighted in the forest. After getting out of the forest we still had four or five miles of road before reaching home, but so pure is the air, and so healthy the life we led, that such a walk, after the day's hunting, was by no means so great a drawback as one might have expected.

Our conversations during these walks and at lunch were curiosities in the way of philological studies. Norsk was what we professed to talk, but John's knowl-

edge of the language, though more extensive than mine, was less accurate. He always professed to understand me, and often made stupid mistakes in consequence. Once when I told him how we had slain and skinned a mighty reindeer in Iceland, he shook his head solemnly saying "Dead! dead!" several times. What it was he thought I had killed I do not know, probably my grandmother.

Once he and I were horrified by my rifle suddenly going off. It appeared that after creeping forward on the lookout for elk, I had forgotten to put the rifle on half-cock on finding the beasts had gone. The bullet struck the ground within two or three yards of John's heels. How startled he looked, as I dare say I did too, for the sound of the report in the still forest was enough to awaken the dead! The elk must have nearly jumped out of his skin when he heard it, for we found a space of nearly eighteen feet cleared at one bound, and then the signs of a headlong gallop. It was clearly no use going after him till he had had time to discover he was none the worse for the shot, so we sat down, and smoked a pipe before making a cast away to the left in the hopes of coming on him if he ran in a big circle, as usual. In less than half an hour's time, on coming to the edge of a wide open moorland, there was the great beast about 500 yards away, still cantering clumsily. John told me not to fire, thinking the elk would harbor in a wood he was making for, but on creeping up to the wood we found he had passed straight through, with no intention of stopping anywhere our side of the Swedish frontier.

Another day when out alone, with Trugan tied by a rope to my belt, the dog suddenly put up his head, cocked one ear, and ran a few steps forward; then after sniffing about with his nose in the air for a minute, he set off at a steady trot, pulling me after him for fully a mile, until he brought me to quite fresh traces of elk. I thought several times he must be simply making the best of his way home, it seemed impossible he could have winded the beasts so far off. He never swerved to right or left, but kept straight on, looking the very perfection of intelligence. When

once on the track he went half wild with excitement, and pulled me along over fallen trees, through densely thick places, anyhow, and anywhere, as long as he could only get along. It was the hardest work I ever did, to carry a heavy rifle through a thick forest, manage such a powerful dog, and yet advance without a sound. In a place where the trees were too thick for one to see ten yards in any direction Trugan suddenly ceased pulling, lay down and began to bark and yell at the top of his voice; never did I hear such howling. Close by I heard the stampede of elk without a chance of seeing them; it was annoying, but it was all of a piece with our luck all through. I let off some of the steam of my excitement on Trugan with a good thick stick, which made him yell louder than ever; the great brute seemed made of noise, it was like beating a huge, inharmonious drum. Presently the elk came galloping down somewhere in my direction, and getting a glimpse of one of them as it crossed between two trees, I fired at it as if it had been a rabbit, but the bullet lodged in a tree between us. This was the first shot we had fired at elk, and could hardly be considered a satisfactory result of nearly three weeks' hunting; still we always hoped that the luck would change one day, and one single "if" in our favor, and it would be all up with a big bull elk.

It was not until the Thursday of our last week that the "ifs" were all on our side. We were given to understand that the owners of the adjoining forest were willing to let us hunt their ground on the same terms as we held our own. "G." had accordingly been over it once or twice, and had always found elk but had never got a shot at them. The last day I was to go out with John, I promised him ten shillings extra pay if we got an elk that day. Notwithstanding this stimulant, we hunted a large strip of our own forest in vain, crossed over the river, and drew the adjoining forest absolutely blank until a late lunch time. After lunch, starting in a half-hearted sort of way, and while still smoking, the dog soon began to show signs of being near game. Good little dog, what a treat it was to be out with him after the rollicking, loud-sounding Trugan! After looking at his dog, John whispered

to me, "Very near," and pointed down the hill to the left. I crept forward, and in a few minutes saw two huge beasts quietly feeding in a small open patch about a hundred and twenty yards off. My first impulse was to take a snap shot at the first I saw, but as they did not dream of my existence, I raised the rifle quietly, and took aim at the biggest. I suppose he saw the movement, for he turned, and looked up at me. Aiming straight at him, I fired; the smoke blew back in my face, and when it cleared away both beasts were gone. Almost instantly after, I saw two huge beasts cross an open patch not far from me, and I gave the biggest the benefit of my other barrel. Calling out to John to come on with the dog, I ran to where I had last seen the elk, to find out the result of my shots. John seemed in no hurry to come; the elk I understand are sometimes dangerous when wounded, but I should think very rarely. After following the trail for some time without seeing a trace of blood, we were satisfied neither of the two had been touched. I could not believe that I had missed clean and clever a steady shot at a beast as big as a horse, and so we retraced our steps to where they had been standing when I fired the first shot. As soon as we got back to the place I pointed out to John where the one I aimed at had been, and on looking on the ground I saw a large drop of blood on a small dead stick. With a shout of triumph we started to follow up the tracks, and then found there had been three of the animals, they had turned down the hill at first, then two had wheeled round, and passed up to where I had fired the second time, and so away into the forest. The third track led down the hill, every few yards there being great splashes of blood, at sight of the first of which John jerked out, "Dead, dead."

Yes, there, a few yards farther on, lay the mighty beast on his side stone dead. The bullet had hit him full in the throat as he looked up at me, and passed down into his lungs, killing him almost instantly. An enormous creature he was, big enough to provide the village with meat for nearly all the winter. The first feeling of exultation at having at last been successful soon passed away, and it was almost with a feeling of sad-

ness that we covered the mighty carcass over with heavy boughs, after having got him ready to be carried off on the morrow. On our way home we again came across the other two, a cow and a calf; they were apparently quite demoralized, and after getting nearly stuck in a bog, they stood and looked at us on the open moor, not more than 100 yards away. I suppose they were looking for their lord and father. If my second barrel, fired in the excitement of the moment when I first saw them, had taken effect, I might have got into serious trouble for shooting two on the same property, but there would have been no objection to my shooting either where they were now standing; but the sight of so much blood had sobered me, and I was content to watch the stupid clumsy beasts slowly cross the moor and disappear. How such great uncouth beasts could have so long kept out of our sight seemed a perfect miracle. At first sight they looked about the size and color of the buffalo cows one sees in Egypt.

The news gave G. quite as much pleasure as my success had given me. Nothing could have been more cheery and free from jealousy than our sporting relations during three different years in Norway. We emptied our last bottles of beer in honor of the event, and looked forward more contentedly to our departure on the following Saturday.

The next day we found out the owner of the forest where the beast was lying, and after paying him an *ex post facto* rent, we went up with him, and about half a dozen men, to cut up and bring away the carcass. As far as we could judge, it must have weighed over 500 lbs. We took a piece of the sirloin to eat, but I cannot say I thought it as good as G. pronounced it, still it was good as a change. The skin, and the head and horns, I brought away with me, but in a London house, the mighty head is likely to prove somewhat of a white elephant. The beast was said to be a six-year old bull, with a fair head—none of the heads are nearly so fine as the American ones.

On our way back to Trondhjem, finding that the steamer did not cross the lake the day we arrived there, G. chartered her on his own account for the moderate sum of thirty shillings for the

thirty miles. We had a good passage home, but the hold in which the head was put was unfortunately very hot and stuffy, so that by the time I got home,

people passing my cab must have thought that it did not require a very keen nose to smell, though a mile away, a Norwegian elk.—*Temple Bar.*

"POOR WHITE TRASH."

CHRONOLOGY is no test of antiquity. Wherever we see progressive, restless men, politicians, artists, men of affairs and society, like our beloved Periklean Greeks, we feel that they are men of to-day, our own inspiring and instructive companions. Wherever we see stationary, contented men, who plough with a stick, and fight with a club, think the earth to be flat and their ancestors gods, there are your ancient, outgrown generations, whatever their date. Thus the primitive ages of bronze and stone still linger among Patagonian and Oceanic savages; Homeric races exist in Russia and Africa; you can see what feudalism was if you hasten to Japan before the race it there has reared passes away; and yes, you may even see your own ancestors in the heart of the Appalachians of the Eastern United States.

I have made personal experience of these truths lately, in a visit of two months to the mountain region of Kentucky. I was there so shut off from the nineteenth century that it was like a dream to think that out beyond the mountain-barrier, existed a contemporaneous world, full of ideas, projects, motion. And now, how like a dream it is, to think that in the heart of *this* world exists that other, of men who have never heard the shriek of an engine, the click of the telegraph, the whirr of machinery; of men who, in many cases, neither read nor write, who never take a newspaper, and who often can barely count ten. These are the "no account" people, the "poor white trash."

They are attached to the land in two relations: they are either tenants of some large landholder, and pay their rent in produce; or, more rarely, they are independent owners of little "patches." In either case, they raise an easy living of maize and bacon, and are therewith content. They all live in log-houses, with a great chimney at one end, into which a mighty fireplace, fit for

a yule-log, opens from the interior. I was quite startled, a few days ago, by seeing identically such a chimney in the vicinity of Ely. The wide chinks between the badly-fitting logs are plastered up in winter with mud, which is knocked out in summer to let the breezes in. Many of these houses have no window, and depend for light on the door or the fire, according to the season. I once had occasion to need a candle in the night, but I was seventeen miles from a match, and had to send to a neighboring house, whence my wants were supplied by a pine torch, lit from the embers on the hearth. I have never seen more than three rooms in a house, and frequently there is but one. In this the whole household sleep, and the "stranger within their gates" shares with them the floor and fire.

My Kentucky hostess was the owner of something like three thousand acres of land, and in her company I visited many of the "poor white trash," tenants on her own or neighboring farms. One Saturday, we went to see a "foot washing" at a little church several miles away. Soon after breakfast, my friend and I were in the saddle and on the way—a charming way, through the bright American air of an October morning; up-hill and down-hill, through woodland and clearing, now by rough and stony paths, now by bits of half-made road, and over the creeks by primitive fords. It needed but a change of costume and one wild bugle-call, to change us all to mediæval times. Rounded mountains stretch away from the rough wooded knolls close by to the soft purple curves in the horizon. Ragged cultivation varies the scene with interest, if not with beauty. Here, the wild verdure of a square of woodland has been all burned away; the tall trunks, stripped and blackened, stand gaunt in the midst of rank, uneven maize or sweet potatoes. There, the whole valley lies open to the

sun and rich in corn. Every mile or so a little log-cabin sits in a varied growth of beans, potatoes, maize and tobacco; over its fence sprangles a squash-vine in ungainly joy, and the precious melon patch has not yet lost all its melons, prime resource of Kentucky hospitality in these autumn days. The cabin has for its roof-tree, perhaps, two or three tall stalks of sorghum, waving about their dried-up, long, yellowish pennons; but more likely it has a high-grown castor-oil bean, whose palmate leaves and dead-red clustered fruit give a tropical sense to the eye. Doubtless, too, it has a "piazza," emulating the stately pillared coolness of the southern villa by a shaggy roof of bark upheld by crotched saplings, fresh cut from the wood. Under it stands the water-pail, a dried gourd floating about in it to serve as a glass; under it hang the saddles and brooms, the gear of house and cattle; under it, perhaps, an old woman sits spinning or weaving.

Often we pass by groves of young pawpaws, whose long leaves already cover the ground with a yellow carpet. Here and there a solitary fruit clings to the twig, but for the most part they have fallen to the children and pigs, who have a great appetite for this small, insipid, banana-like fruit. The pigs have not given up hope yet, and still haunt about, rustling the dry leaves, and every now and then suddenly running forth into the road, to the terror, which seems half-playful, of our horses, who veer at every appearance of the black little beasts.

Occasionally, we meet a woman slowly jogging along on horseback, a child behind her, lightly holding by her dress, while another sits in her lap. In some mysterious way she seems to manage with perfect ease the horse, the baby, the switch, and the umbrella she holds above her. Passengers are few, however; those we do meet pass us with a bow and an indistinct greeting, unless, as is generally the case, they know my friend, when they say, "How do you make it, Miss Laura?" to which she cheerfully replies, "Very well, thank you."

When we reach the last creek, the horses wade into the deepest middle, and there stop to drink, while we look

up and down. It is a pretty scene—the broad clear stream overhung with rich foliage, sun and shadow and reflection playing in its waters, green mosses glinting brightly here and there where a rough root or boulder lifts them into morning light. And over the stepping-stones down at the turn of the creek, in her brilliant white sun-bonnet, goes a Kentucky maid, barefoot and slender, with a water-melon under her arm.

A pull up the steepish bank, a moment's ride in a noble native avenue of oaks, and we are at the church. It is a rough structure of hewn logs; at one end a huge outside chimney rises, made of stones picked from the field or the stream, and unshaped by any tool. Just six logs make the side wall. From one of these logs, a longish section has been cut, and into this a rude window fitted, two panes high and several long. Below it flaps a board which serves as a blind at night. Thus Kentucky gains that necessary "dim religious light." The rag weed grows undisturbed up to the walls on every side, and a row of saddled horses stand tied to the "snake-fence" close by. These two facts alone indicate that this rough cabin is a church. It must be admitted, however, that it is built far more solidly and carefully than most houses in this region.

Within, two or three rough benches stand about at every angle, as they may; one or two seats are made of boards, laid across stones that are equal neither in stability nor height. A rough kind of scaffolding serves as a pulpit, on which now stand a water-pail, a rusty tin basin, and two or three straw hats.

Like house, like audience; the women are all in sun-bonnets, the plainest of calico gowns and great aprons—the men in homespun or jeans, and mostly in homespun. They sit about as it chances; a great dog lies sleeping in the middle of the floor; a little boy tries a somersault once in a while over the back of a bench; a bareheaded woman with her hair down her back, sits nursing her child on the floor, with two or three half-grown girls in slouchy sun-bonnets for company; others walk about as the spirit moves them; but as for the preacher—like Tennyson's brook,

"Men may come and men may go, but he goes on forever."

At last, a short intermission is announced, in which the people sit around on the grass outside and eat great lunches, which they have brought in carpet-bags hung to their saddlehorns. Presently, a sort of discordant wail sounds forth from the church; it is intended for the singing of a hymn, and the people slowly put up their ancient carpet-bags and return to the service. The Communion proper now begins. There is at first nothing unusual about it except its style. During our absence a rough little table, unsteady in the legs, has been set out and covered with a coarse but clean white cloth. Upon this stands a bottle of wine and two glasses, and two plates of unleavened bread. After the latter is passed, what is left is tumbled off upon the table, and a glass of wine set on each plate. When this returns its remaining contents are carefully poured back into the bottle through a funnel, an operation which absorbs the whole interest of the congregation. Without waiting for the end of the services, nor in fact for anything else, a woman immediately comes up and hustles the whole "plunder" into her carpet-bag. Meanwhile her "back-hair" falls down, but nothing disturbs the preacher, who goes right on, solemnly and regularly.

The peculiar part of the Communion, the foot-washing, now followed, for this sect believes that we are bound to obey the command to wash one another's feet as literally as the other commands given in regard to the sacrament. The preacher, telling them to prepare by taking off their shoes, pulled off his coat, tied a towel about his waist, took the basin and washed the feet of the nearest man; he, in turn, washed his neighbor's feet, and so on, the last man washing the preacher's feet. The women did not join in this part of the ceremony. After it was over, the preacher tried to turn the water out of a broken window-pane, but, not succeeding, he set down the basin with great deliberation as though he had attempted nothing.

Now followed a hymn. There was but one hymn-book in the whole church. This the minister and three men, chosen for their stentorian powers, held between them after the fashion of one of Luca

della Robbia's groups. The minister read a line, then every one sang it independently, coming to a sudden stop at the end and waiting for the next line. Thus they worked their way through to the end of four stanzas; the whole congregation then stood until the minister, with much seriousness, shook hands with each one. The "foot washing" was over. The women climbed into their saddles with the help of the snake-fence or of the stout hand of some friend, and all were off.

The dignity of these later proceedings had been no less striking than their simplicity. These people had been present at what was, to them, a rare and impressive ceremony, and their feeling for it made an atmosphere which any sensitive visitor must feel, in spite of the dog, the rusty basin, the sun-bonnets and the logs; the human spirit makes its own drama. This had been a sacred place and a sacred time to these hearts; to them there had been no incongruities. To us, doubtless, fresh from Boston Trinity, its congregation and its pastor, this rough cabin, this rude pastor and his ruder flock, seemed foreign enough to all our ideas of worship; but these people had no such standard; church and service alike were in perfect harmony with their whole life and with all their ideas; *we*, indeed, were the incongruous element, with our outside manners and fashions.

As we were leaving the church, the preacher invited us and nearly half his congregation beside, home to dinner. He himself belonged to rather the better class of "poor whites." He had three rooms in his house, sent his children to school, sometimes even taught school himself. The room into which he first introduced us was furnished with two great feather-beds, a spinning-wheel, and a table; his water-pail had a tin dipper in it instead of a gourd. I laid my hat aside on the bed, when it was speedily, though with some shyness, seized on by the women, who presently began to "try it on." The men meanwhile sat and talked, rocking their chairs back and forth. I was pleased to hear the preacher close a discussion upon the dogma of foot-washing in the following liberal words "I read the Book that we should wash feet; the early disciples

practised it as much as they did the rest of the sacrament, and ez for those who say we have no recórd of it, neither have we any recórd of the practise of the rest of the sacrament. But if anybody reads the Book differently, let him believe it, and *all be friendly*." He was a man of breadth in his own range. The talk then ran off to politics, the grand question being—if a man might carry "concealed weepsons." The majority of the company were of the decided opinion that he should be allowed to carry them, but be "brought up right smart," if he used them for anything but self-defence.

Dinner was now ready; although about a dozen great water-melons had already been eaten; but the Kentuckian never counts water-melons. On our first arrival, a dog had been sent out to catch the chickens, while the two daughters ground maize for fresh meal, between two millstones! We had for dinner everything that the land and the season could produce—chicken, bacon, green maize, beans, sweet and Irish potatoes, honey and baked apples, biscuit, "cookies," cake, and a jovial apple-pudding. We could barely catch a glimpse of the table-cloth, and we sat crowded up between a door and a bed behind us, and the feast before us. The meat was passed on great platters, from which we helped ourselves, with our own knives and forks; and butter was served in the same style.

But if we had neither napkins nor pie-plates, still we had a fly-flap; for a small boy hovered behind us, wearing the most preposterous hard round hat that civilization can produce, or barbarism admire—the only thing of the kind I ever saw a "poor white" have—and he waved above us a long pawpaw-switch with the hand that happened to be out of his pocket.

Here again, as at the church, we were struck with a certain dignity arising from self-respect, content, an easy hospitality, and unconscious ignorance.

I do not need to multiply proofs of the status of this people in material civilization; every traveller in the Southern United States can tell scores of stories to illustrate it. Their ideas and their morals are co-ordinate with their habits and their manners. Their crimes are not

the cool, calculating crimes of the intellect; but the hot, quick crimes of the passions are common—one even hears of murder with startling frequency.

One of the most striking characteristics of the "poor white trash" is content; I mean by that, an utter lack of emulation and ambition. They care neither for better houses, schools, nor churches, nor even for better clothes or more money. They indeed "let the world wag on as it will," with little care and less thought.

How came men so ancient in their type, so indifferent to progress or "style," to exist in the heart of the nineteenth century, in the United States, at that? Slavery and isolation have done it. They sprang from slavery and will continue, until the railroad breaks the spell of the mountains, their simple, peaceful life. In former times they had no money with which to buy slaves, machinery, and land, and so could not compete as farmers; on the other hand, there was no room for them as farm-laborers. So they settled down on unoccupied lands, and became in time the contented owners of little patches that supported them. Slavery, to be sure, no longer exists; but the habit continues wherever the new life does not penetrate; and the new life does not penetrate readily over roads varied by the deepest of ruts and the largest of stones, and changing their course from season to season, now to get around a fallen tree, and now to avoid the effects of a flood.

So they go on, all by themselves, jogging along on horseback, clad in homespun, content with the primitive plenty of maize and bacon, pleased with the luxuries of water-melons and the entertainments of the "meeting-house," buried at last on the sunny hillside. The world without asks nought of them, nor they ought of the world without.

As soon as the railroads enter, all will change. First of all, they will bring a market; at once with them will come a sense of a wider world, motive to labor for more than daily bread. Their very existence will carry a motion and a thrill to the heart of every region within hearing-range of their shrieking engines; they will teach what education and business are worth—the ideas of men and the use of the world.

But, one is tempted to ask, why not let these Arcadians alone? Why should we wish them to exchange their simple, easy, assured living, their contented quiet minds, their hospitable hearts, for the complex conditions of a high civilization, for anxious, driving ambitions, for the hard selfishness of a life-and-death competition?

There is an old saga of a king and queen to whom a fair son was born. Twelve fairies came to the christening, each with a gift. A noble presence, wisdom, strength, beauty—all were poured

upon him until it seemed he must excel all mortal men. Then came the twelfth fairy with the gift of discontent, but the angry father turned away the fairy and her gift. And the lad grew apace, a wonder of perfect powers; but, content in their possession, he cared to use them for neither good nor ill; there was no eagerness in him; good-natured and quiet, he let life use him as it would. And at last the king knew that the rejected had been the crowning gift.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

TITLES OF BOOKS.

FEW outside the circle of authors and publishers have any idea of the trouble involved in choosing titles for new books. It is reserved, perhaps, to publishers alone to estimate titles at their full value. Applied to books, the question, "What's in a name?" is one of not small importance, and those who know the full significance of the subject would not reply to it lightly. So many considerations are there, so many *pros* and *cons* for deliberation, before a title is allowed to pass the embryonic stage of its existence, that publishers are apt to regard a settled title as half of the book itself. The factors that combine to make up a good title are many, and some of them, perhaps, more far-fetched and complicated than may at first sight appear. To begin with, titles are copyright, and, therefore, woe be to the unwary publisher who employs a title belonging to a litigious rival! for it is the publisher, and not the author, who is responsible. Even a colorable imitation of a previously used title would most assuredly bring down the wrath of the courts, in the form of substantial damages.

Before the proposed title is finally passed for press, all the available book catalogues for about the last forty years must be diligently searched, to see that it has not been previously adopted. To prevent the possibility of mistakes, the next process is either to institute inquiries at the British Museum—and this is a long and tedious affair—or to visit and inquire at the large wholesale book-

sellers of the Row whether there be a book in the market under the proposed title. As there is no thoroughly reliable, or rather, official, list of books published in this country—and such an authoritative register is urgently needed—it sometimes happens that a work is issued which, for some reason or other, does not find its way into the usual trade catalogues. In proof of the great want of an official list of titles, it may be stated, as being well within the mark, that scarcely does a single week pass in the year without some one publisher communicating with some other respecting infringement of title. It says something for the good-sense of this class of the community, and the straightforward, honorable feeling among them, that comparatively so very few cases of infringement of title come before the courts. An authoritative list of books, published monthly or annually, would save much searching and waste of time, while the advantages accruing from such a publication to the reading public would be many.

Apart from the dread of legal phantoms, it is not advantageous to the publisher of either that two books should be in the market under the same or even mistakably similar titles. Booksellers in the country, when ordering from their wholesale agents in town, are liable, under these circumstances, to have the book they do not want sent them; and extra expense of carriage and time, besides a great deal of correspondence and confusion, follows as a matter of course.

Such unpleasantnesses do not react to the benefit of the sale of either of the two publications. Speaking generally, there are many well marked varieties of the species title. Publishers and old hands at writing are therefore accustomed to speak of "selling," "catchy," "mistaking," and "weak" titles. Under the first of these groups would be included those titles which catch the eye at once, are harmonious to the ear, and convey instantly to the mind either a clear conception of the scope and intention of the book, or raise in the imagination a desire to know more concerning its contents. Among recently published books, "The Land of the Midnight Sun" may be instanced as a good title of this class. Those who know or have read about Scandinavia at once perceive its appropriateness and applicability; those who are unaware that the sun can ever be seen at midnight naturally have their curiosity aroused by the very fancifulness of the title, and desire to know more about the work. This title is also one likely to linger long in the memory.

Biographies are about the easiest class of books for which to select titles, the name of the subject of the memoir being generally sufficient. Novels are certainly the most difficult books to name suitably. Though in other classes of books misleading titles often turn out to be good selling titles, among novels they are a great mistake. Not a few worthy farmers of the South Downs and Wolds must have ordered Ruskin's work on sheepfolds, and we wonder how many unsuspicious and simple-minded persons have taken "Adam and Eve" to be a book treating of the cradle-time of our race; and have not many enthusiastic students procured Kingsley's "Yeast," thinking that they were getting a work upon *torula* and kindred organisms? It was not so very long ago that a young lady asked at a library for Ouida's "Moths," to enable her to pursue further her entomological studies. At any rate, a novel should show clearly from its title that it is a work of fiction. For this reason, the use of Biblical quotations as titles—a practice unfortunately in vogue just now, with certain writers—is to be deprecated. Religious people are thereby

offended; scoffers are sometimes taken in, by expecting works named in this manner to be in keeping with their particular opinion; while the regular novel devourers are liable to overlook books with such doubtfully interesting titles. Then, again, should the hero or heroine be selected for the title, it would be a cause of mistakes to the mass of the public did the name bear any resemblance to that of a well-known dead or living person.

There is one novelist whose books bear simply the names of flowers, and though a voluminous writer, it is not likely that this class of title will be exhausted, and the plan has the merit of distinctness. A growing custom, and one in keeping with the so-called æstheticism of the present time, is to call novels by a few well-known words from some old English song or carol. This method may only be a passing fancy, but it is unconventional and, for the class of books to which it is applied, is an agreeable change from the stiff titles to which we have lately been accustomed, and it is particularly appropriate to the stories of certain living writers. The press, nowadays, pours out such an overwhelming quantity of works of fiction, that the ultimate fate of any particular novel depends somewhat upon its name. The title should be inseparably connected with the main incidents of the book, so that the recollection of the plot will at once recall the title, and the mention or sight of the title be sufficient to vividly bring to mind the plot. Among titles which seem to fulfil these conditions may be mentioned "Oliver Twist," "Bleak House," "Felix Holt, the Radical," "Vanity Fair," "Love or Marriage," "Citoyenne Jacqueline," "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "A Confidential Agent," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Talisman," "Westward Ho!" Titles which linger longest in the memory are generally short, or "catchy," as they may be called, and such usually consist of one or two words only. If possible, a title should be either euphonious, as "Robinson Crusoe," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Barnaby Rudge," "Ready-Money Mortiboy," "Dorothy Fox;" or else distinctly difficult of pronunciation, as "Theophrastus Such,"

"Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P.," "Rose Turquand," "Among the Gibjigs," "Flitters, Tatters, and the Councillor," "Kickleburys on the Rhine," "Contarini Fleming." Titles falling under the former category are likely to prove the more advantageous. The trick of alliteration, combined with some of the qualities already mentioned, is not without its advantages "Pickwick Papers;" "Summer Snow," "Fallen Fortunes," "Cripps, the Carrier," "Lost for Love," "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Peregrine Pickle," "Roderick Random," "Rob Roy" "White Wings," are instances which occur at once to the mind.

As a general rule, those titles are weak which commence with an article. Cataloguers ruthlessly discard all such affixes, and index the books by the initials of the second word. Long flabby titles, consisting of a number of short words, are seldom successful.

The enormously growing number of children's books is severely taxing the ingenuity of publishers and authors to supply good titles. But with this class, as with books of travel, science, art,

poetry, adventure, or metaphysics, the titles should at least refer the work directly to its proper division. There is a considerable class of people in this country who order books through the libraries or their booksellers simply from being attracted by the titles which they see in advertisements, and who know nothing whatever of the style or merits of the writers.

Authors would do well to leave, as a rule, the final selection of title to the publisher, and when sending in a manuscript merely suggest several, from which he can make a choice. The opinion of a publisher as to the relative value of titles is generally more reliable than that of an author. The former, from his position, must be better able to determine what will be likely to command public attention than a private individual, who has probably never regarded the matter as one worthy of serious consideration. We have heard of more than one book which has been written by an author to a title supplied by a publisher, thus reversing the ordinary course of events.—*London Spectator*.

GOOD-MORROW AND FAREWELL.

"Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis."—*Vergil*.

I HAD a garden once upon a time,
Wherein I wandered free,
Sharing hushed fragrance at the hour of prime
With early bird and bee.

I loved to watch the dim, mysterious night
Flit stealthily away,
And listen to the chirpings of delight
That hailed the dawning day.

"Good-morrow to my stately lilies tall,
And roses bright with dew;
Good-morrow, little hyssop on the wall,
And laughing pansies blue!

"Good-morrow, thistle, in the corner there,
With prickles hedged about,
Your friend the finch will soon be here, to tear
Your woolly gray-beard out."

The salutation hath a ring of war:
I loved him not at all,
I longed to root him up, and fling him far
Over my garden wall.

But when I bade the gardener hew him down,
He shook his palsied head,
"He hath his use," he answered with a frown,
"And virtue too," he said.

I looked away, with scornful gesture proud,
I grudged him breathing-space,
"'Tis asses' provender," I said aloud,
"And this is not his place."

The gardener, bending with a hollow moan
Unto his wonted toil,
Made answer, "Where the asses hold their own,
Thistles will hold the soil."

An odor floated toward me like a prayer
From sweet-lipped suppliant sent,
Then of my cream-white roses I was ware,
Breathed deep, and was content.

For in my borders gracious things were set,
Old "Honesty" was there,
And "Thrift," and hoary thyme, and mignonette,
And "Heartsease" everywhere.

Outside my garden wall there grew a tree
Whose gloomy boughs outspread,
And threw a pall of darkness silently,
Persistent overhead.

Day after day more doleful grew the shade,
More hurtfully it fell,
And scared the dancing sunbeams as they played ;
I said, "It is not well."

And passion-tossed, I to the gardener cried,
"Cut down the hateful tree !"
He said, "It grows upon the neighbor's side,
So ye shall let it be."

His words upon my trembling, troubled heart
Boomed like a funeral knell ;
Then, then I knew that joy and I must part,
And say a long farewell.

For one by one died all my pretty flowers,
My heart died slowly too,
"Farewell, my pleasant lily-haunted bowers !
Farewell, my pansies blue !"

I closed my garden door, and turned the key,
Not without quiet tears ;
The thistle held the ground in spite of me,
With all his pointed spears.

Temple Bar.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE OLD RÉGIME; COURT, SALONS, AND THEATRES. By Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The many readers who enjoyed Lady Jackson's previous volume entitled "Old Paris" will welcome the opportunity of spending a few hours again with her in the salons and court of that "city of magnificence and pleasure." The entertainment which she offers us this time is possibly not quite so grand and glorious, for indeed the days of the Grand Monarque could never be repeated, and there could be but one Hôtel de Rambouillet. But it is none the less interesting and even more profitable, since in a period marked off more definitely by historic limits, and in which there is less confusion of brilliancy, she has been able to outline events more distinctly and give full-length portraits of many famous men and women. The period extends from the death of Louis XIV. to the crowning of Louis XVI., a period of much historic interest, as it marks the transition from the grandest age of French royalty to the age of the revolution, when royalty was dragged in the dirt and destroyed. Immediately upon the death of Louis XIV., Paris threw off the sanctimonious sham which had been maintained by the king in his pious old age, the dissolute court of the regent, the Duc d'Orleans, was established, and an era of profligacy inaugurated unequalled in the history of Europe, unless perhaps by the court of Catharine of Russia.

But there is a better side of this age of general corruption, and a view of the brighter features is given us in Lady Jackson's book. It was a period of great intellectual activity, and poets and artists profited by the extravagancies of a pleasure-refining society. However the name and fame of Madame de Pompadour may be execrated, she should be praised for her liberal and enlightened patronage of literature and science. To her taste and talents also was due in great measure the success of a whole school of art, which for richness and beauty is still unsurpassed. Many names famous in art and literature are scattered through Lady Jackson's pages, and she possesses a happy faculty for making the reader familiarly acquainted with their owners. A few well chosen facts and choice anecdotes, woven together with great literary skill, often afford a better view of the character of the great men and events of that time than could be obtained from the sober pages of history. She writes in a lively and piquant style that never produces a dull page, and in picturing the brilliant society of the literary

salons, she seems to have caught the intellectual verve of the men and women who composed those famous assemblages.

AN ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge. New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

The importance of the service which Professor Skeat has rendered to all students of the English language cannot be too highly estimated. It is of importance, not only to special students of comparative philology and early English, but to all English-speaking peoples who are interested in the origin, history, and development of their language. Eminently fitted for the work by his previous studies in English, the fruits of which have so frequently appeared in the excellent publications of the Clarendon Press, he has produced a dictionary of etymologies which will at once become the standard of authority, and will practically supersede all other works of a similar character. The chief aim of the author has been to correct the errors of previous writers, to sift out the truth from the mass of rubbish that has accumulated about the subject of etymology and present it in a clear, and accurate form. The peculiar obstacles to be overcome and the enormous labor involved in performing this task can only be appreciated by those who have been obliged to consult the old dictionaries, and have frequently found themselves hopelessly entangled in the mazes of contradictions and absurd guesses. Not only are words inaccurately quoted and puzzlingly misspelled, but words are often found to have been invented for the special purpose of deriving others from them, and fanciful explanations have been freely put down, which at best have no other merit than that of novelty. Indeed the poetic imagination has generally played a prominent part in the work of etymologists, and scientific accuracy, if aimed at, has not often been reached.

But this work of correction constitutes only the fundamental part of Professor Skeat's labor. Valuable materials for the explanation of our language have been rapidly accumulating in recent years, which are to a large extent utilized here for the first time. By the aid of the latest works in comparative philology, many more words are traced back to their Aryan roots, and from the texts of old English writings, which have been carefully reproduced by various English societies, organized for that purpose, important illustrative material has been derived which serves to fix the

chronology and explain the changes of very many words. The method adopted for presenting the history of each word is admirable for its clearness and simplicity. A brief definition is given, followed by an exact statement of the language whence the word was taken, with an account of the actual changes, in their order, though which the word has passed before reaching us. A few quotations are then added, with a list of derivative and cognate forms. This is a decided improvement upon the old method, to be found in almost any dictionary, of giving a confusing list of more or less related words without attempting to distinguish those only which contribute to the explanation.

One other feature of the work, which the author believes to be the most important, and one which has entailed a vast amount of labor, is the actual verification by himself of all significations, spellings, quotations, and references of every kind. The exact source or edition whence every word is copied is precisely indicated, so that the reader may readily verify any statement for himself. This has never before been possible in works of this kind, and thus innumerable blunders and perversions have easily become current. An appendix contains a list of Aryan roots, lists of prefixes, suffixes, homonyms, and doublets. Special lists are also arranged so as to show the distribution of the words of the language, according to the sources to which they originally belonged. This and other new features presented in the appendix will undoubtedly prove to be of great convenience and value.

THE AMERICAN IRISH, AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON IRISH POLITICS. By Philip H. Bagenal, B. A. Oxon. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

Mr. Bagenal is one of the editors of a leading London journal, and the materials for his book were mainly gathered during a visit to this country last year, undertaken for the express purpose of studying the social and political character of the Irish colonists in America. He has been diligent in his search for facts, and the information which he here offers in a clear and condensed form will prove very serviceable to those who are interested in any of the various plans of the troublesome "Irish question." The book is divided into two parts, the first tracing the history of the American Irish from the first immigration in 1643 to the present time, the second part discussing the present troubles in Ireland. The author believes that "the roots of the agitations and disturbances which have convulsed Ireland and shaken England are to be found in America," and presents strong testimony to confirm his theory. He found

here "a people numerous, comfortable, and influential, animated by a spirit of nationality beyond all belief, and impelled to action by a deep-seated hostility to the English Government," and expresses the opinion that without the material assistance received from this side of the Atlantic the efforts of Mr. Parnell and his party, during the last twelve months, must have been comparatively feeble. The present revolution was planned and carried out by men who for years had harbored in this country; Irish newspapers filled with the most violent revolutionary principles are sent to Ireland by every mail, and distributed by thousands; and in every part of the United States the Irish inhabitants are bound together by organizations headed by skilful leaders, and inspired with the single purpose of liberating their native land from English tyranny.

One important inference can be plainly drawn from the facts presented by Mr. Bagenal, namely, that the millions of Irish citizens now among us, exercising a powerful and dangerous influence in political affairs, will never become in any proper sense Americanized until a satisfactory conclusion of the struggle between England and Ireland has been reached.

PERMANENCE AND EVOLUTION: AN INQUIRY INTO THE SUPPOSED MUTABILITY OF ANIMAL TYPES. By Mr. S. E. B. Bouverie-Pusey. London: *Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.*

This is an amusing and dashing little work by an anti-Darwinian champion of some originality. Mr. Bouverie-Pusey is not content with acting on the defensive, like most previous opponents of evolutionism; he boldly carries the war into the enemy's country on his own account. Natural selection exerts itself upon a groundwork of spontaneous variation, say the biologists of the new school. There is apparently no such a thing as variation at all, retorts our author, and I defy you to prove it. Varieties seem to be just as real and permanent as species, and what Mr. Darwin calls spontaneous variation may perhaps be nothing more than reversion. Our horses may be descended from half a dozen different wild species, and what seems to be "sporting" in their breeds may really be mere intermixture of various ancestral traits. Our pigs, our sheep, our rabbits, and our pigeons are just as likely to be derived from crosses with twenty original wild forms as from a single one. In short, variation under domestication may, after all, be resolved into a simple result of hybridism. This is clever and ingenious reasoning, and Mr. Bouverie-Pusey supports it by many excellent bits of telling sophistry. But unfortunately he knows too little of practical biology to enter the lists successfully

against so fully armed a veteran as Mr. Darwin. His alternative explanations of Mr. Darwin's facts are extremely neat and pretty, but they lack the necessary quality of *vraisemblance*. By inventing a hypothetical ancestor for every separate breed of pigeons apparently produced at the present day, it is easy to save the theory of absolute immutability; only it would be equally easy to save any other theory in the world if we might make the same extravagant number of gratuitous assumptions in its support. What is to become of science if we must postulate a distinct ancestor for every kind of red, blue, or yellow flower that we can produce out of a single wild stock? *Entia, non sunt multiplicanda* is a better principle after all than such reckless creation of hypothetical species as this. Eleven native British wild sheep are too many for any one but a theorist with a point to prove, and when Mr. Bouverie-Pusey expresses his willingness to accept a hundred and ten if necessary, his critics are inclined to doubt his wisdom in displaying his hand so openly before them. It is clear that he is not a working naturalist in any direction; if he were, whatever he might think about specific immutability, he could hardly doubt the reality of wide variation within the limits of the species itself. It may be added that his unpleasant habit of referring to adversaries by their surnames alone, without the customary prefix of "Mr.," reminds the reader of the German controversial style, and is quite alien to the courteous and graceful traditions of English literary life.—*Athenæum*.

GIPTS OF THE CHILD CHRIST, AND OTHER STORIES. By George MacDonald. London: Chapman & Hall.

No one ever opens a volume from the pen of Mr. George MacDonald without an anticipation of the delight always to be derived from imaginative conception and subtly interpretative handling; nor is the anticipation ever followed by total disappointment. It must, however, be granted that Mr. MacDonald is an unequal writer; indeed, inequality is of the very essence of a genius which manifests itself for the most part in spiritual vision. Such a genius may in itself be constant, but its highest developments are reached only in favorable moods; and, when the mood is absent, the imaginative product is apt to strike the reader as being somewhat thin and unsatisfactory. Mr. MacDonald is the very reverse of a literary hack; it is absolutely impossible to him to put his whole strength into work which is, as the phrase has it, "written to order"—that is, written in the absence of a dominating productive impulse. This is evident in his longer works—witness the descent both in conception and craftsmanship

from such a book as "Robert Falconer" to such a book as "The Vicar's Daughter"—but it is still more evident in a collection of short tales like those which are contained in these two volumes. In working through the ground covered by a three-volume novel the true vein is sure to be struck somewhere; we are certain in some page or in some sentence to catch the consecration and the gleam; whereas the short story may be begun and ended in a mood unvivified by inspiration, and is, in consequence, decidedly disappointing. Mr. MacDonald has a literary conscience; we feel that he is never careless even in the production of a pot-boiler; but even a careful pot-boiler is a pot-boiler still, and in the production of these articles of commerce the author of these stories has many equals and not a few superiors. Two of the stories in these volumes—"Port in a Storm" and "The Butcher's Bills"—are average magazine tales and nothing more; the "drama" entitled "If I had a Father" is a labored failure; but the remainder of the work, though it may not show Mr. MacDonald on his highest level, does possess many of the qualities which make his best work notable. The sketch of the lonely little girl in "The Gifts of the Child Christ" is full both of spiritual insight and of unstrained pathos; and the central situation, which I will not spoil by trying to describe, is a masterpiece of reverent tenderness. In "Photogen and Nycteris" we have a piece of purely imaginative work that recalls "Phantasies" the book which Alexander Smith admired so warmly, and which—whatever may be said about its inspiration being derived from Tieck—has never, save by a few, been appreciated as it deserves. "Stephen Archer" is a realistic study in prose which may fitly stand beside such work in verse as the less intense of Mr. Buchanan's "London Poems" slight enough in texture, but rich in grace and charm and sympathetic vision. One can hardly say of any of these stories that it will raise its author's reputation, but one can say of all of them that they will sustain it; and surely this is no faint praise.

"AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS:" NOAH WEBSTER. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is a volume of a series which is under the editorship of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, and which promises well. Webster certainly achieved a remarkable success. His dictionary, essentially American as it was in conception and execution, has taken a place as an English authority. Whether it will hold this place in the future may, indeed, be doubted. There are enterprises in the dictionary way now in hand which may possibly supersede

it. Still, the fact of its at least temporary success, a provincial work by a provincial author, remains to the perpetual honor of the man. A very determined, hard-headed, and yet enthusiastic person he was, and his life is well told, not without a touch of quiet humor, in his book. Webster's activity was not confined to the dictionary. A spelling-book which he brought out in early life was, in fact, his chief subsistence during the years while he was laboring at his great work. He was a pioneer of spelling reform, and did something in that way, though he cannot be said to have had the courage of his opinions. He had a great share in passing the Copyright Act which still regulates authors' rights in the United States. It is but a shabby affair, giving them less than is conceded in any other civilized country,—twenty-eight years only; but till Webster exerted himself, copyright did not exist. He was interested also in political matters, showing a strong, sensible, moderate judgment in respect of them. The advocates of Civil-Service reform in the States may look back to him as a pioneer. He opposed the "spoils system," when Jefferson inaugurated it. Another work in which he anticipated a later generation was his revision of the translation of the Scriptures. His biographer—who, by the way, is singularly free from the biographical vice of indiscriminate praise—confesses that he had neither taste nor scholarship sufficient for the work. On the whole, though Webster cannot be placed even in the second rank of the "Men of Letters" that belong to the English-speaking nations, he was a notable person, who did good work, and plenty of it, in the eighty-four years of a very full and busy life.



FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE number of Sanskrit students has increased so rapidly in the University of Vienna that it has been found necessary to appoint a second professor—Dr. Hultsch, who assists Prof. Bühler in teaching the elements of Sanskrit, and has classes in Pali, Prakrit, and Hindi.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON and the Rev. M. Harvey, a well-known resident of St. John's, are engaged upon a history of Newfoundland, the oldest British colony. The volume is intended to be an exhaustive treatise, written up to date, and illustrated by artists who are now at work on the spot. Messrs. Chapman & Hall are the publishers.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are about to publish a volume of "Essays at Home and

Elsewhere," by Mr. E. S. Nadal, one of the secretaries of the United States Legation in London.

M. CASTAN has identified a MS. in the library of Besançon as one of those in the collection of Charles V. of France, of which the catalogue is still preserved. M. Delisle, of the Bibliothèque nationale, had already identified seventy-seven out of about 300. This MS. is a collection of moral treatises, written in French, and illuminated with forty-eight miniatures, with Charles V.'s favorite bordering of blue, white, and red. On the last page is an *ex libris*, seven lines long, with a signature in the handwriting of the King. This has become almost illegible, and can only be deciphered from a photograph.

MESSRS. BICKERS promise an *édition de luxe* of Evelyn's "Diary," accompanied by 124 engravings (portraits of the most notable and distinguished characters spoken of by the diarist), as well as the original illustrations.

THE well-known publishing firm of Hoepli, of Milan, announce the publication of a "Storia universale della letteratura dai primi tempi e presso tutti i popoli civili fino ai nostri giorni," edited by Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis, of Florence. The collection will consist of eighteen volumes in all—nine volumes of text, each accompanied with one of the anthology. The first is to appear in the course of the present month.

MR. FROUDE, in the first two volumes of his "Life of Carlyle," regrets that he has not been able to discover more of the letters which passed between Goethe and Carlyle. It now appears that a series of hitherto unedited letters which passed between these distinguished men, and which have been recently discovered, will shortly appear in the *Magazin für die Literatur des In- und Auslandes*.

THE last-elected vice-presidents of the Browning Society are Dr. Walter Bache, as the representative of Music, and Mr. Henry Irving, as the representative of the Drama. They hold office beside Sir Frederick Leighton for Art, Miss Swanwick for Greek translation, Messrs. Llewellyn Davies, H. R. Haweis, and the Hon. A. Lyttelton for Theology, M. Milsand for France, and Lady Mount Temple for gracious Womanhood.

AN interesting "Luther" collection has just been bought by the City of Berlin. It contains nearly 5000 objects all more or less connected with the Great Reformer, and is particularly rich in portraits of Luther at all periods of his life, his wife, children, and relations, friends, disciples, princely protectors, enemies, and forerunners in the cause of religious liberty.

THE Earl of Lytton is now engaged in preparing for publication during the ensuing autumn the earlier volumes of his father's Life. Any one who may be in possession of correspondence with the late Lord Lytton will greatly oblige the biographer by entrusting it temporarily to his care at Knebworth.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have in the press Prof. Sayce's long-expected edition of the first three books of Herodotus, which will form a volume of "The Classical Library."

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have nearly ready for issue to the public, through their canvassing agencies, an edition of Burns's works in parts, and also in two volumes.

As an instance of the growing interest taken in the technicalities of librarianship, it may be mentioned that the rules for cataloguing books finally agreed to at the meeting of the Library Association at Gray's Inn in September last, have been recently translated into German in Petzholdt's *Neuer Anzeiger für Bibliographie*; and they have also appeared in French in a late number of the *Messenger des Sciences Historiques*, published at Brussels.

THE author of *Olrig Grange* and *Hilda*: among the Broken Gods, is at present engaged upon another volume of poems.

AT the recent matriculation examination of the Calcutta University eight women passed successfully, of whom six are natives of India; and at Bombay seven women were successful, including four from the city of Poonah. At the First Arts examination at Calcutta a female candidate obtained a scholarship of the first grade.

SCIENCE AND ART.

IMPROVED GUN CARTRIDGE.—It has always been the aim of artillerymen so to proportion the size of the powder-chamber in the gun, the amount of powder, and the size of the projectile, that the full power of the explosion shall be brought upon the projectile without any escape of gases, or unburnt material. The cartridge, which would seem to the uninitiated to explode all at once, does not in reality do so. It burns through from end to end, and as it does so, the expanding force of the gases evolved acts with increasing power on the projectile as it moves along the bore of the gun. Now, it has been proved by experiment that if slow-burning powder be exploded in a vessel sufficiently strong to withstand the shock, it can be ignited—turned into gas—and held, as it were, in subjection for any required time. This fact has been taken advantage of by Captain Maitland, R.A. By means of a metal ring fixed round

the base of the shot, he retains it in the breech of the gun until the powder is sufficiently fired to produce a pressure of about two tons to the square inch. By this means an altogether unprecedented velocity is obtained. It will be understood that the method is only applicable to breech-loading ordnance, and that the retention ring is somewhat larger than the bore through which it has ultimately to be forced by the pent-up gases.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.—The importance of a knowledge of chemistry to the modern agriculturist has been recently exhibited in a very practical manner in France. In the northern part of the country there are many growers of beetroot who are also distillers. A residue from beet distillation, called *vinnasses*, is found to contain the nitrogen, phosphates, and salts of potash which the plant has originally drawn in from the soil. This liquid is now returned to the ground, and by its aid a good crop of beet can be looked for every two or three years. It is customary to alternate the beet-crops with wheat on the same ground; and it was found that in one case, although the beet maintained its quality, the wheat deteriorated. Upon an analysis of the soil being made, it was found deficient in phosphoric acid. Phosphates of lime were then put on the soil, after which treatment the wheat rapidly recovered its normal vigor.

SELF-REGISTERING COMPASS.—A new and apparently useful invention has just been made by Mr. Robert Pickwell, civil engineer, Hull, and consists of a self-registering ship's compass, by means of which a diagram is produced showing: 1st, the exact steered course of the ship; 2d, the length of time the ship has been kept on any course; 3d, all the changes of the courses, and the exact time when such changes took place; 4th, in the event of a collision at sea, the bearing of the ship's head at the time is clearly shown. The diagram is applicable to long as well as to short voyages, and can be taken off and consulted daily, or be allowed to run the whole voyage not exceeding one hundred and fifty days. The compass itself is perfectly independent of the registering apparatus, which can be easily applied to any ordinary compass in general use.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROGRESS.—In connection with the course of Cantor lectures now being delivered at the Society of Arts (London) by Captain Abney, there is in the same building an interesting exhibition of Photographic Processes and Apparatus. The gradual progress of the art-science from its first feeble attempts to the grand results possible by modern methods, is well illustrated by specimens lent by the pioneers of photography. Photo-

graphs burnt in upon porcelain by Mr. Henderson's method are specially worthy of notice, and the exhibitor suggests a very useful field of employment for such pictures. The foundation-stone of a building can have cemented into it a slab or slabs of porcelain bearing an inscription with a picture of the structure itself or of the buildings which it replaced. Such inserted slabs can also be used for gravestones, in this case bearing the portrait of the deceased. It need hardly be said that the permanence of a burnt-in picture is beyond suspicion.

In one of his lectures, Captain Abney demonstrated in a very practical manner the intense sensitiveness of a photographic plate as now prepared. A wheel having black-and-white sectors painted upon it, was rapidly revolved in front of the camera, but in complete darkness. An electric spark from a battery of six small Leyden-jars was suddenly caused to illuminate it. The experimenter estimated the duration of the spark at less than five-millionths of a second. The resulting photograph displayed an image of the wheel seemingly at rest!

FLEUSS DIVING APPARATUS.—The Fleuss diving apparatus has been already fully explained by us. It may, however, be again mentioned that the object of the inventor was to enable the diver to carry on submarine operations without the necessity of having air pumped down through flexible tubes. A supply of pure air is secured by Mr. Fleuss in a different way, namely, by an apparatus which the diver carries with him under water, for filtering the breath and admixing oxygen therewith, thus rendering it capable of being re-breathed. Part of this apparatus consisted of a heavy helmet and collar; but these Mr. Fleuss has now superseded by a lighter head-gear for shallow-water diving, reserving the more cumbersome helmet for deep-sea diving.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—A new musical instrument, the invention of Mr. Baillie Hamilton, was recently experimented upon in the speech-room at Harrow School. It is of the harmonium type, in so far that its sounds are produced by vibrating metallic reeds; but the arrangement of these slips of metal comprises a very important modification. In the first place, the reeds are what are technically known as "free"—that is to say, they can vibrate in and out of the frame in which they are set. These reeds are divided into groups of three, and each triplet is connected by a bridge. The effect of the arrangement is that a quality of tone approaching to that of the human voice is attained, and the rasping effect common to inferior harmoniums is altogether got rid of. The experiment was cer-

tainly satisfactory; and when some little defects in the instrument have been corrected, it will form a dangerous rival to instruments of its class.

GREEK ARCHÆOLOGY.—The Archæological Society of Greece, to which the government has given the control of all matters relating to excavation and discovery of antiquities, seems to have issued a code of laws which will greatly hamper those who are endeavoring to trace the history of the past by the relics left by the former inhabitants of the country. No man is allowed to commence an excavation, even on his own ground, unless he agrees to give the proceeds to the Greek museums. In consequence of this prohibition, a great deal of secret digging goes on, and the treasures found are smuggled out of the country. In this way, their value as antiquities is much reduced; for the position where they were found, and the circumstances which led to their discovery, are lost sight of altogether.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.—Professor Ayrton's lecture on Electric Railways before the Royal Institution dealt with much that must have been new to the majority of his hearers. After stating that the whole question was one of cost, and depended upon whether electric transmission of power could be made cheaper than any other known system, he proceeded to point out various disadvantages attached to existing railways. The weight of a locomotive equals that of six carriages loaded with passengers, so that its mass adds fifty per cent to the horse-power necessary to propel the carriages alone. This weight cannot be reduced, or the driving-wheels would fail to grip the rails. Another still more serious result of employing such a heavy motor as an ordinary engine is, that the line throughout—its bridges and all its parts—must be made of great strength, and consequently at much greater cost, than if there were no locomotive to consider. The advantages of an electric motor are in comparison very great; for experiment shows that for every fifty pounds of dead-weight, one horse-power can be developed; a result to which neither steam, gas, nor compressed-air engines can attain. The few experimental electric railways already tried have been very limited in extent; the two rails acting as carriers of the current, and making connection with the motor through the wheels of the train. In such short lines no great leakage occurred; but in long lines the leakage from the rails to earth, and especially to moist earth, would prove most disastrous to success. Professor Ayrton proposes to obviate this difficulty of leakage by laying a well-insulated cable parallel with the rails to convey the main current.

The rails would be divided into sections, and only that section upon which the train was actually running would be connected with the main cable, the connection being made by the moving train itself. By another device, it is proposed that the train should graphically record its exact position on a map at the terminus, or in a signal-box as might be required. These various plans were demonstrated by a working model, which further showed that a complete block system could be guaranteed. A moving train coming on to a blocked section of the line would not only stop, for want of propelling current, but would be automatically braked.

MISCELLANY.

SPEAKING FISHES.—Silence has always been looked upon as one of the characteristics of fishes; now it appears that it is not right. The fishes speak, even sing, if we are to believe the German naturalist Stern, who has published on that subject an interesting article in the *Revue Politique et Littéraire*. Those who ascribe mutism to fishes are very much mistaken, for some fishes whistle, grunt, or bark. Every fisherman knows the grunting of the fish called sea-swallow (*Trigla hirundo*). The tourists who have visited Sicily must have observed the noise produced by the *Trigla volitans* which is offered for sale to strangers at Messina; *Scivena aquila*, living also near the shores of Italy, at the epoch of the fray produce a sort of concert which must have been the origin of the fable of Syrens. Alexander von Humboldt during one of his voyages could only with difficulty quiet the sailors of the ship, who were frightened by the noise of fishes belonging to the family of *Scivena*. Stern quotes still some similar facts. He also thinks that a certain polyphony must be heard in the bosom of the sea.—*Novoe Vremya* (*New Times*), St. Petersburg.

CARNE SECA.—This *carne seca*—dried or jerked beef—is exported to the amount of thousands of tons yearly from Montevideo, Rosario, and other parts of Uruguay and the Argentine Republic. In some of the *saladeros* or factories over a thousand head of cattle are killed daily in the season, one man being usually the executioner of the lot, and killing them by puncturing the spinal cord at the back of the head. The animals are cut up and the flesh piled in great heaps with layers of salt by semi-naked savages, half Basque, half Indian, who have a peculiar knack of causing the flesh to detach itself in flakes from the bone by giving it a slap with their broad, cutlass-like knives. Wonderful quickness and dexterity are exhibited in every department of the process, but the whole forms

one of the most disgusting spectacles imaginable. Mixed with black beans and *fariña*, or cassava-meal, jerked beef becomes the staple food of the lower orders throughout the coasts of South and Central America.—*Chambers's Journal*.

"RESTORERS" OF ANCIENT MONUMENTS.—The "restorer" of ancient monuments in Egypt seems to be as devoid of taste and skill as he is often credited with being in England. An official decree has recently been made public in Egypt appointing a commission, with the object of preserving the monuments of Arab art. Many of these monuments and buildings have long been the delight of architects and painters on account of their rich peculiarities of structure, though many of them have been allowed to go to decay, and, in Cairo especially, they require an immense amount of care and labor to restore them to their original beauty. The manner in which this work has been attempted is clearly shown by an article which has appeared in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, the writer of which graphically describes the ruthless manner in which certain buildings of interest were demolished and then rebuilt in quite another style. Beautiful ceilings and inlaid wood-work were torn down, and a work of devastation rather than restoration carried on. In one case the Government refused to pay the contractor, and a lawsuit resulted, wherein the architect of the restoration was obliged to admit that the old roof beams so delicately worked had been employed as scaffolding for his masons, and that the smaller pieces of cabinet-work, marqueteries, panels, and stalactitic ornament had been used to light their kitchen fires, so that not a particle remained of those wonders of grace and ingenuity which had been the glory of Cairo. Much as has been said about the misdeeds of the "restorer" in this country, no comparison with the above can be quoted, and we may therefore congratulate ourselves upon being somewhat in advance of the architects and builders who practise in Egypt.—*Building and Engineering Times*.

HOW PLANTS FEED.—It is now recognized that a plant does not draw its food from a nutritive solution fully prepared, but prepares it itself by direct and intimate contact of its cells (which have always a slightly acid reaction) with the earth particles, in which nutritive elements have been fixed by way of physical absorption or chemical precipitation. The analytical chemist has to use strong mineral acids to redissolve these fixed matters, and there is the inconvenience that the acids also dissolve elements in combination by which a plant could not directly benefit.

Hence imperfect information as to the degree of fertility of soils. M. Petermann is now seeking to develop a new method of analysis—viz. by dialysis of arable soil. In a preliminary paper to the Belgian Academy he finds that (1) arable soil yields to distilled water, from which it is separated by a vegetal membrane, the following nutritive substances: lime, magnesia, oxide of iron, potash, soda, chlorine, sulphuric acid, silicic acid, phosphoric acid, and nitric acid. (2) Arable soil contains organic matters which pass easily by diffusion through a vegetal membrane.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.—One who knew nature and animals well, and loved them dearly, the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, of Alderney Manor, has told us that a little dog had been cured of a painful malady by having dropped into his eye from a quill, daily, some irritating liquid. No one but his master could persuade him to submit; but in him Jack had perfect confidence. When the cure was complete Mr. Berkeley saw the dog steal out of the house, and, after looking cautiously round, bury in the flower border the quill which had been an instrument of wholesome discipline; but the animal waited till the cure was complete. On another occasion, when his kind master, then an invalid, missed his slippers, it was found that the same favorite dog had carried them and placed them in front of the fire, exactly where the servant was in the habit of arranging them. After that time this office was always faithfully performed by Jack. A sky terrier of our own, though not a lover of cats, became so much attached to a breed kept at our lodge, that one evening, when he was taking a walk with our female servants, Rough could not be persuaded to pass the root of a fir-tree beside a cross-road at some distance. On examination it proved that one of the domestic kittens, which had been given away in the neighboring village, had tried to find its way home, but had probably got into difficulties, and was literally "up a tree," mewing pitifully. The dog and cat marched home together lovingly. A squirrel which had escaped came back to the window where its cage had stood, and pleaded so eloquently, by jumping on a bird-cage, and trying to run round as if in its accustomed swing, that its own house of captivity was replaced. For several days it returned, daily gave itself a swing, ate its nuts, and no attempt being made to detain it, seemed to enjoy the society of the family. It constantly returned, and brought with it various friends to be fed at our windows. I once took care of a little spaniel pup, which could not feed itself. Its mother used to come at the same time daily, to fetch me from the house to the stables, where she watched jealously over the delicate

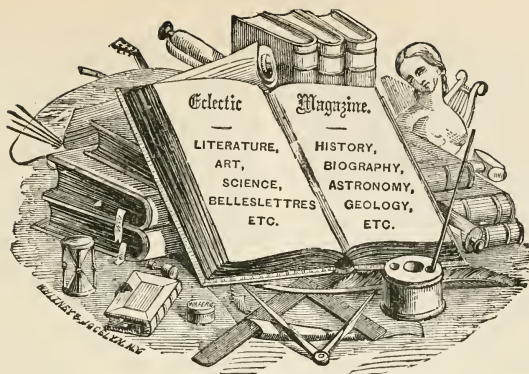
creature, suffering no one but myself to approach it. For months afterward, long after my poor fragile nursling was dead, I used to fancy, at the same hour, that I heard the low, appealing cry with which its mother used to call me to the yard, and afterward her glad bark, which I had not heard again, when the puppy had received nourishment. It is only the voices of Nature which are never out of harmony.—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*.

CHINESE EMBALMING.—A recent number of the *Celestial Empire*, referring to a discovery of some ancient graves near Shanghai, gives an interesting account of Chinese burial in former times. A man of means purchased his coffin when he reached the age of forty. He would then have it painted three times every year with a species of varnish mixed with pulverized porcelain—a composition which resembled a silicate paint or enamel. The process by which this varnish was made has now been lost to the Chinese. Each coating of this paint was of some thickness, and when dried had a metallic firmness resembling enamel. Frequent coats of this, if the owner lived long, caused the coffin to assume the appearance of a sarcophagus, with a foot or more in thickness of this hard, stone-like shell. After death the veins and the cavities of the stomach were filled with quicksilver for the purpose of preserving the body. A piece of jade would then be placed in each nostril and ear, and in one hand, while a piece of bar silver would be placed in the other hand. The body, thus prepared, was placed on a layer of mercury within the coffin; the latter was sealed, and the whole then committed to its last resting-place. When some of these sarcophagi were opened after the lapse of centuries, the bodies were found in a wonderful state of preservation; but they crumbled to dust on exposure to the air. The writer well observes that the employment of mercury by the Chinese of past dynasties for the purpose of preserving bodies ought to form an interesting subject for consideration and discussion in connection with the history of embalming and "mummy making."

TO TERESA.

DEAR child of mine, the wealth of whose warm hair
Hangs like ripe clusters of the apricot,
Thy blue eyes, gazing, comprehend me not,
But love me, and for love alone I care;
Thou listenest with a shy and serious air,
Like some Sabrina from her weedy grot
Outpeeping coyly when the noon is hot
To watch some shepherd piping unaware.
'Twas not for thee I sang, dear child;—and yet
Would that my song could reach such ears as thine,
Pierce to young hearts unsullied by the fret
Of years in their white innocence divine;
Crowned with a wreath of buds still dewy-wet,
O what a fragrant coronal were mine!

EDMUND W. GOSSE.



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THE FAITHS OF THE WORLD.*

FEW subjects are of wider sweep, or of more thoroughly human interest, than that which is handled in the lectures recently delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow, by eminent professors and ministers of the Church of Scotland, and now collected in the volume named below. Going back to times before the dawn of authentic history, and having its living illustrations in existing races which between them constitute by far the larger part of the present inhabitants of the globe, it spans the entire development of mankind, from the earliest and simplest movements of thought down to the complex relations and accumulated knowledge and experience of our modern civilization. Nor is it only from the breadth of its scope that the subject derives its interest. Of all the faculties

making up the totality of human intelligence and capacity, the most mysterious, because the least earthly in its character and the strangest in its operation, is that faculty which stretches out toward the invisible and immaterial, and seeks its satisfaction in things which are objects not of sense but of faith. That this faculty, out of the working of which all the religions of the world have grown, whether spontaneously or from implanted germs of supernatural knowledge, is no artificial or alien product of a perverted evolution of human nature, but one of its elementary and universal constituents, may now be said to be placed beyond reasonable doubt. A race or tribe entirely destitute of the religious instinct has yet to be found. From time to time, indeed, a few scattered and obscure instances have been alleged of savages among whom no ideas of the supernatural and no traces of worship could be detected; but they have failed to

* "The Faiths of the World." St. Giles' Lectures. Second Series. W. Blackwood & Sons: 1882.

stand the test of subsequent and more accurate investigation. Not that any adverse conclusion could legitimately have been drawn from the fact, if fact it were, that tribes of men might occasionally be met with in so rudimentary a stage of manhood as to display no perceptible sign of an aptitude for religion. Within the undeveloped nature, still dominated by the physical appetites, the capacity for religious feeling might only be dormant, waiting for the culture which should start it into action. What, however, seems now to be ascertained is, that the supposed exceptions have no real existence, and that even where man is least developed and least human, he is still conscious of some awe of unseen Powers, and exhibits some dim groping of the religious sentiment after a spiritual world ; in other words, that the faculty which makes him capable of religion is innate and universal. Nor only that : it may be called the most characteristically and peculiarly human of all his faculties. If of the other elements or constituents of his nature it may plausibly be affirmed that they have their rudimentary counterparts in the most highly organized of the animal tribes, in the possession of this he stands alone, and "none but himself can be his parallel." Here between the man and the brute the frontier line is most decisively marked. In the instinct or capacity of religion the stamp and seal of genuine humanity is, above all, to be found.

To observe, therefore, on a wide scale and under the most diverse circumstances, the working and outcome of a faculty so mysterious and universal, ought to be full of interest to every student of man and his relations—to everyone, indeed, in whose breast the familiar sentiment finds an echo :

"Human I am, and nothing that pertains
To man I deem alien from myself."

The subject, if it be pursued into all its details, is no doubt a vast one—too vast for any but students of ample leisure and opportunity. But it is not so much in the minute ramifications and complicated details of their mythologies and ceremonials that the interest of the great ethnic religions really lies, as in their outlines and framework, their general spirit and tendency, and especially in the testi-

mony which each in its own way bears to some spiritual instinct or desire in human nature. Only let the distinguishing character of a religion be correctly apprehended, and it will yield up the best part of the instruction which it is capable of affording. To delineate with accuracy the sketch which shall display, briefly but comprehensively, its essential features and purport, requires, of course, the hand of an expert, familiar with the original sources of information, and able to discriminate between the fundamental ideas and the accidental accretions ; but to profit by the sketch, and to master the lessons conveyed by it, is quite within the reach of ordinary readers. For these, if they would arrive at a practical apprehension of what the faiths of the world have to teach, there is no need to explore the sacred books for themselves in the archaic texts, or to grope their way amid the accumulated traditions or monumental remains of the faded past ; it is enough to enter into the labors of the scholars who have devoted a lifetime to the study, and to ponder the results of their researches with the insight that is begotten of sympathy and reverence.

We have said that the subject is interesting, but a stronger epithet might have been used without exaggeration. As we attentively follow such condensed sketches and explanations of the ancient faiths as those which Principal Caird and his colleagues have placed in our hands, a series of mental images is invoked by them of the most curious and even fascinating kind. We seem to be gazing on a long procession of the supernatural, tricked out in all manner of fantastic disguises—a masquerade of nature-powers, and gods, and goblins, and demons, now vaguely majestic and now coarsely grotesque, accompanied by symbols and ceremonials in the invention of which the wildest imagination might be held to have exhausted itself. As the strange array moves along with its ever-shifting scenery and personages, the interest is never allowed to flag ; and when the last figure vanishes from the spectator's sight, what more natural than that his pent-up wonder should break forth in the demand—What interpretation can be given of phenomena so weird, and so full of perplex-

ing mystery? That is the inquiry which we shall endeavor to answer; but before offering our solution of the enigma, we must ask the reader to allow the main divisions of the mystic host to pass, in a series of brief sketches, before his mental eyes.

Following the order adopted in the lectures, we first see our Aryan progenitors, in their primeval home on the table-land of Central Asia, personifying the great forms and forces of nature, and pouring forth their hymns to the bright over-arching sky and boundless firmament, under the names of Dyaus, Aditi, and Varuna; to Indra, Agni, and Surya, the triad of storm, fire, and sun; and to the other elemental powers—as the forms under which the one absolute substance that alone is, manifests itself to human sense. This was the simple pantheism of the early Vedic period, the pantheism, only half formulated into dogma, of a vague poetical nature-worship; but, under the influence of growing thought, we soon find it expanding and consolidating itself into the full-blown Brahmanism which to this day is the religion of the vast majority of our Indian fellow-subjects. Here we are confronted by the singular phenomenon of the severest pantheistic dogma expressing itself in the form of the coarsest and most realistic polytheism that the world has ever seen. According to the Brahmanical philosophy, the wise man's creed is curiously short and simple. I believe, he says, that in the universe there exists but one Being, and that Being is the universe; or even in briefer phrase, There is but one Being—no second. As a poetical explanation of this creed, a passage may be cited from one of the most important of the sacred books, the "Isa Upanishad," the following literal translation of which is given by Professor Monier Williams (Hinduism, p. 45):

"Whate'er exists within this universe
Is all to be regarded as enveloped
By the great Lord, as if wrapped in a vesture.
There is one only Being who exists
Unmoved, though moving swifter than the
mind;

Who far outstrips the senses, though as gods
They strive to reach Him; who Himself at
rest

Transcends the fleetest flight of other beings;
Who, like the air, supports all vital action.

He moves, yet moves not; He is far, yet near;
He is within this universe. Whoe'er beholds
All living creatures as in Him, and Him—
The universal Spirit—as in all,
Henceforth regards no creature with contempt."

Yet of this abstract dogma the practical outcome was the most populous of all pantheons and the grossest of all idolatries. Hindostan speedily became a land of temples, and idols, and holy places, where the craving for objects of reverence, unsatiated by myriads of greater and lesser deities, found vent in the deification and worship of innumerable objects, of which diseases, cows, serpents, monkeys, trees, rivers, and fountains may be named as suggestive samples. Headed by the mysterious and many-named triad, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, as the highest embodiments of the eternal essence which is perpetually manifesting itself in creation, dissolution, and re-creation, the gods of Hinduism troop in tens of thousands before our astonished gaze, male and female, monstrous and hideous, horrid and obscene, like the nightmares of some distempered dream. Nothing is too revolting, nothing too absurd, to be enrolled in this strange pantheon. As the writer whom we have already quoted says, speaking from his own observation:

"Everything great and useful—everything strange, monstrous, and unusual, whether good or evil—is held to be permeated by the presence of divinity. It is not merely all the mighty phenomena and forces of the universe—all the most striking manifestations of Almighty energy—that excite the awe and attract the reverence of the ordinary Hindu. There is not an object in earth or heaven which he is not prepared to worship—rocks, stocks and stones, trees, pools, rivers, his own implements of trade, the animals he finds most useful, the noxious reptiles he fears, men remarkable for any extraordinary qualities—for great valor, sanctity, virtue, or even vice; good and evil demons, ghosts and goblins, the spirits of departed ancestors, an infinite number of semi-human, semi-divine existence—inhabitants of the seven upper and the seven lower worlds—each and all of these come in for a share of divine honor, or a tribute of more or less adoration. Verily, the Hindu Pantheon, has a place for everybody and everything."—P. 168.

It is with a feeling of relief that we greet the next shifting of the scene, as the procession of the supernatural pursues its shadowy course. The gods, and

monsters, and demons, with all the strange doctrines of transmigration and penance, of ritual and caste, which have grown up around them in the Hindu cult, are now replaced by the gentle, ascetic form of Gautama, the great Buddha or Enlightened One; the preacher of salvation, not by external penances and sacrifices, but by extinction of inward desire; the apostle of a resigned and tranquil pessimism, whose gospel for wearied humanity has no promise of life, but only of a *Nirvana*, an eternal calm, of which nothing can be affirmed but the absolute negation of individuality and consciousness. "Self-restraint and purity," cried the prophet, "the knowledge of the noble truths, the realization of *Nirvana*—this is the greatest blessing." According to Buddhism, the "path of the holy ones" is literally the path to spiritual suicide; for its goal is the annihilation of the desire even to exist, and the wise who attain it become like the flame of an extinguished lamp. A religion, one may well say, of sweetness without light, of patience without humility, of morality without love, of self-abnegation without hope; the consecration of an innoxious apathy, reserving its highest honors of canonization for "the houseless celibate, who is neither pleased nor displeased with anything, cares not for learning, clings not to good or to evil, and has severed himself from all passion and all desire." So profoundly anti-social and barren a philosophy of life could never have established itself except among the dreamy races of the far East; and even for them, its practical insufficiency has been proved by the fact, that among its professed adherents it has scarcely ever existed in its primitive form, but has been generally adulterated with a large admixture of mythological doctrine, and the worship of nature-powers and of demons. Among the four hundred millions of China, who are popularly and loosely credited to Buddhism, and give it a numerical pre-eminence over all other religions, not a single Buddhist pure and simple, it is said, can be found.

It is to the unique land of changelessness just named that we are next introduced—the land which "in every department of life exhibits the image of petrification." The religion of China—

the old State religion antedating by long ages the Buddhism which it incorporated, and already hoar with antiquity before Confucius expounded it—how shall we describe it as it passes before us in the homely garb of secular life, bearing no symbols of mystery, and lifting no eye above the earth? It is the deification of bureaucracy, of civil government and administration. "The kingdom of heaven!" exclaims its sage: "yes, it is the empire with its ordered ranks and institutions; it is the social fabric knit together by law and custom. Conduct is the one thing needful: to be loyal to the State and to the Family—that is salvation." What! we may well ask in surprise: no demand on faith, no theology, no recognition of the supernatural, no sacrificial rites or worship of the Unseen? Well, Confucianism tolerates all these, but they are not of its essence. "It does not deny the facts of theology; it denies that they are susceptible either of affirmation or of negation. It regards them as beyond the reach of human experience, and therefore as no fit subject for the contemplation of man; and it proposes to put in their room those rules for the conduct of life which are the peculiar province of the moral sphere."—Lect. p. 81. To the same effect writes a recent expounder of the system:

"There is nothing spiritual in the teachings of Confucius. He rather avoided all reference to the supernatural. In answer to a question about death, he answered, 'While you do not know life, how do you know about death?' Life, then, was his study, and life as represented by man as he exists. The question whence man came and whither he is going never troubled him; he simply looked on man as a member of a society, and strove to work out for himself by the light of ancient records how he might best contribute to his own happiness, and to that of the world in general."—Prof. Douglas, *Confucianism*, p. 68.

Even in China, however, where human nature presents its most prosaic, matter-of-fact type, the soul has been unable to satisfy itself with a religion which is limited to the earthly and visible: in defiance of logic and consistency, it has rebelled against the supremacy of the agnostic creed, and has shared its allegiance with alien systems which profess to lift the veil of the unseen world. Just as Buddhism, to se-

cure a permanent existence, has been compelled to admit into its bosom temples, and altars, and a ritual of worship, so the State religion of China has not been able to dispense with public homage to the Unseen and Spiritual; and thrice a year, in the person of its imperial head, reverently kneeling on the lofty "Altar of Heaven," the nation offers solemn prayer and sacrifice to Shang-te, the supreme Ruler of heaven.

If on passing from Brahmanical polytheism to the teaching of Buddha we encountered a strange contrast, another no less marked meets us as Confucianism is succeeded, in our imaginary procession, by the religion of Zoroaster, the Mazdeism of ancient Persia. Here we are launched into the midst of a complex theosophy, according to which the universe is divided into two hostile camps under the rival powers of good and of evil, of light and of darkness, the beneficent Ormuzd and the malevolent Ahriman. Of these eternal yet not altogether equal powers—for the supremacy is the prerogative of Ormuzd—whatever the one is the other is not. Both create, but each according to his nature—the one good creatures, the other evil. Over the realm of Ormuzd, Ahriman, rising from the abyss of everlasting darkness, glances with the serpent's eye that scatters blight and disease; into the world which came good from the hand of Ormuzd he introduces his pestilent host, whose office is to pollute and destroy. Through heaven and earth the conflict rages; Ahriman's creatures are embattled against those of Ormuzd, each class under its own mighty chief; and the ages resound with the storm-strife of unimaginable monsters and demons. In this terrific struggle man is, of course, embroiled; for no sooner was he made, male and female, than the demons corrupted him, and his soul henceforth became a battle-field for the contending powers. Only by protecting himself and the creatures of Ormuzd from defilement by the evil ones, can his salvation be secured; and since physical infirmity, disease, and death are the prolific sources of the uncleanness which betrays the soul into the power of the demons, and every dead body is a stronghold of the corpse-fiend, whence the miasma of pollution is poured forth to wrap the

whole world in a deadly taint, the devout have enough to do, by ceremonial lustrations and precautionary rites, to keep themselves demon-proof, and to preserve from contagion the peculiarly sacred elements of fire, earth, and water. Yet not without ultimate hope for the groaning creation does the long warfare roll on through the heights and depths. Although the mythical hero of light, the miraculous Zoroaster, at an early stage of the struggle fell before the lightning-stroke of the fiend, in the far-distant future there shall be born to him a greater son, Saoshyant the Saviour, in whose days the regeneration shall come to pass, and death shall be swallowed up in victory. Then, according to the legend—

"A fiery star strikes the world, which trembles under its power as a lamb in the grasp of a wolf. Then the mountains are levelled; the elements melt; the molten brass finds its way to the abyss of hell; Ahriman perishes, all demons perish. Three days men are bathed in the molten brass, but for the good it is as warm milk. Then all come together again, son, brother, friend; all drink from Saoshyant's hand heavenly homa juice mingled with the milk of the heavenly cow, and he awards to everybody according to his greater or less desert."—Lect., p. 135.

The next scene in our procession is contributed by Egypt, "the cradle of all civilization, the birth-place of all history," imaged to us by its mysterious Sphinx—

"Staring right on with calm eternal eyes."

Here, again, we encounter the anomalous admixture of pantheistic with polytheistic doctrine, which, as we have already seen, attained its fullest development in the later form of Brahmanism. The pantheon of Egyptian worship was a crowded and comprehensive one; innumerable rural and provincial deities, honored in the several districts of the land, here met together, and were assigned suitable niches alongside of the greater gods of universal acceptance; and the number was swelled by the frequent reappearance of what were substantially the same objects of adoration under various local appellations. Nowhere has an idolatrous cult been more highly organized, or invested with more imposing and popular forms. Some

idea of it may be gathered from the following extract from Dr. Dodd's lecture :

"A numerous and honest priesthood maintained a costly and perpetual ceremonial. Clothed in robes of the richest materials and rarest workmanship—robes of which the modern ecclesiastical vestments of the Greek and Roman Churches are the imitation and the relics—the priests passed in procession through sunlit aisles or shady recesses ; through avenues of sphinxes, or through crowds of worshippers ; now chanting in full chorus the praises of the gods—now, in humility or adoration, bending before their altars and invoking their favor and protection. The great temple of each city was the centre of its life. Not for worship only, but for recreation and enjoyment, its courts were frequented. There the eye was filled with beautiful forms, and the ear with harmonious sounds. As incense floated into the air, and music resounded through the corridors, and all that was bright and costly regaled the senses, a continual crowd of worshippers or spectators resorted to the attractive scene, so that the temple became, not only the centre of the city life, but the bond of civic fellowship, and the pride and joy of the inhabitants. Cities vied with each other in furnishing a complete and costly ceremonial. Religion permeated the whole being of the people."—Lect., pp. 152, 153.

Indeed, as owing to the singularly prophylactic property of the climate we are still able to see, the whole land was like a canvas for the pictorial representation of the popular mythology. Brilliantly painted on temple and tomb, on column and wall, on mummy-case, and papyrus-roll ; sculptured out of granite and basalt, incised on tablet and sarcophagus, and carved on the face of the living rock—the figures of the gods, with their distinguishing emblems and appropriate functions, were at once the artistic adornment and religious consecration of almost every place and object which played a conspicuous part in the people's life. What they were like scarcely needs to be repeated, for the inexhaustible supply has made them common in all the museums of the world. There, to name only some of the more prominent figures, we may still become familiar with Osiris, lord of Hades, and Isis his consort, and their hawk-headed son Horus, and Typhon the rival brother and murderer of Osiris, who under the form of an erect hippopotamus pleads against the departed soul in its judgment : there we may see depicted in human form Amen the invisible ; Ptah, the creator ; and Athor,

Ma ; and Neit, goddesses of love, truth, and the dawn : there, in shapes compounded of man and brute, Anubis, orderer of funerals, with the jackal's head ; Thoth, god of letters, with head and neck of the ibis ; Kneph, god of the breath, with the ram's head ; the ancient father-god Seb, with the crocodile's ; the sun-goddess Sekeht, with the lion's ; the gods of the sun and moon, Ra and Khons, both hawk-headed and crowned with the disk ; and still lower in scale, the wholly bestial forms of the animals in which the spirit or breath of the gods was supposed to incarnate itself, as the famous Apis-bulls, cats, apes, beetles, hawks, crocodiles, and snakes.

Such were the gods of Egypt ; such the grossness of its popular idol-worship. Yet out of the midst of this polytheism rises a strain which is almost monotheistic, and the religious books or papyrus-rolls of the nation abound in lofty hymns to the praise of the Self-existent One, the God who alone is, and there is no second to Him, the Beginner of becoming, who made all things but was not made. Even the gods themselves are represented as confessing their individual nothingness, while they adore this ultimate nameless Power, as in the striking chorus quoted by Renouf : "Thou art youth and age, thou art heaven, thou art earth, thou art fire, thou art water, thou art air, and whatever is in the midst of them." By this doctrine of a single, supreme, all-pervading Power, of which the deities of the popular worship were but so many personifications, the religion of Egypt was preserved from much of the degradation of mere fetishism ; and as, notwithstanding the grossness of its external forms, it was associated with a high moral code and an intense conception of human responsibility, enforced by the solemnities of a judgment after death which none could evade, it may perhaps deserve the eulogium pronounced on it by Dr. Dodds, when he says that it

"Gave forth more scintillations of what we have been taught by revelation to regard as truth, than any other of the ancient faiths. . . . The more we study this ancient faith, the more clearly we come to see that God never left Himself without a witness to man ; and that, in some measure at least, the religion of the Egyptians, like the law given by Moses,

was a shadow of things to come."—Lect., pp. 179, 180.

Passing on now to the classic land of Greece, alert to catch the complexion of its early religion, we find another atmosphere around us. From the burning East, where man under the pressure of his environment took his religion in a sombre seriousness, whether it issued in a melancholy mysticism or a grotesque and burdensome ritual, we escape to a young world redolent of freedom, beauty, and joy. Here on a genial soil, and beneath a smiling sky, man felt himself in harmony with nature, and rejoiced in her loveliness and vigor. Full of exuberant life himself, everything around him appeared to him to live too. Woods and streams, mountain-tops, valleys, and grottos, the blue waters flashing on the lovely bays and headlands—all seemed to his fancy to be alive with some mysterious spiritual presence, and to be peopled by demigods and heroes, nymphs and satyrs; while above all, a dynasty of greater gods laughed and feasted and quarrelled on the heights of Olympus. "There were deities of every city, and mountain, and grove, and river. There were deities who presided over every stage of human life from its beginning to its close; over every event, whether of joy or sorrow, by which our mortal lot is checkered; over every endowment of the mind and every affection of heart." Yet the primitive Greek can scarcely be said to have taken his religion seriously. In moral growth he was a child rather than a man; and being little burdened by any consciousness of demerit or sin, his instinct of the supernatural surrendered itself to the guidance of his poetical fancy, and was satisfied with consecrating the creations of his exquisite artistic faculty. As Mr. Keary well says, in his work on the "Outlines of Primitive Belief,"* just published: "The creed of Hellas was a belief in the beauty of the world and of mankind." Not enough in earnest to construct any definite system of religious doctrine and worship to satisfy the soul's spiritual needs, the Greek gave a festal character even to his sacrifices, and his

most serious beliefs were the myths in which his imagination arrayed the phenomena of nature, when once it had transfused into them the consciousness of life and emotion. To use the words of Sir G. Cox, when tracing the genesis of the Greek mythology:

"From personification to deification the steps would be very rapid; and the process of disintegration would at once furnish the materials for a vast fabric of mythology. All the expressions which had attached a living force to natural objects would remain as the description of personal and anthropomorphous gods. Every word would become an attribute, and all the ideas once grouped round a single object would branch off into distinct personifications. The sun had been the lord of light, the driver of the chariot of the day; he had toiled and labored for the sons of men, and sunk down to rest, after a hard battle, in the evening. But now the lord of light would be Phœbus Apollo, while Helios would remain enthroned in his fiery chariot, and his toils and labors and death-struggles would be transferred to Heracles. The violet clouds which greet his rising and his setting would now be represented by the maiden Iole, or by herds of cows which feed in earthly pastures. There would be other expressions which would still remain as floating phrases, not attached to any definite deities. These would gradually be converted into incidents in the life of heroes, and be woven at length into systematic narrative. Finally, these gods or heroes, and the incidents of their mythical career, would receive each a local habitation and a name."—*Tales of the Gods*, pp. 45, 46.

This conception of the growth of myths in early Greece helps us to understand what at first sight seems almost inexplicable, how among a primitive and simple people, and in a condition of society by no means utterly debased, a theology should have grown up which attributed the most lawless and sensual passions even to gods of the highest rank. Beneath the quickening beams of the sun the impregnated soil teems with fertility, and bears to him countless offspring; the dawn flies before his hot pursuit; the dew-drops reproduce his image; the earth lies clasped in "blue ether's arms." Let such physical facts be transmuted into living action—for the fertilizing sun and all-embracing sky let a personal Zeus be substituted—and we see at once how the inevitable result is the story of a deity of unbounded and shameless passion. But though we may thus dissociate, at least to some extent, the sensual mythology from the moral

* "Outlines of Primitive Belief among Indo-European Races." By C. F. Keary. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

state of the people whose fancy gave it birth, it is obvious that the religion which centred in such beliefs must have been utterly unable to bear the strain of experience, as the tragic side of human life was gradually forced upon the consciousness, or to accommodate itself to the intellectual movement which set in after the Persian war. Standing apart from the national development, its vitality of necessity ebbed away; art, philosophy, the glorious tragic drama, finding in it nothing to ally themselves with permanently, only undermined its foundations, and precipitated its final and utter collapse.

From Greece to Rome is from poetry to prose. Of the two great branches of the Aryan race which settled in Southern Europe, to the Greek were assigned the splendid gifts of imagination and art, to the Roman the more solid endowments of sobriety and order. Hence the religion which grew up in the fair Italian provinces was eminently prosaic and practical. It was based on the family home and the adjoining family sepulchre; it was the religion of the hearth and the forum. Each primitive family had its domestic altar, of which the *paterfamilias* was the priest by right of his headship; its *Manes*, the half-deified spirits of its ancestors; its *Lar familiaris*, the originating and presiding genius of the stock; its *Lares* and *Penates*, the inalienable household gods.

"Around that family altar the ancient Romans gathered for morning and evening worship: there incense and sacrifice were offered; there libations were made; there prayers were said before and after every meal, a part of which was duly burned as the allotted portion of the Deity. He and they, so to speak, took their meals together, and every repast became an act of worship. This simple faith seems thus to have sanctified every stage of human existence, every act and event of domestic life. It consecrated the mystery of birth as introducing the little child into a living and everlasting connection with his father's gods. It made marriage the most solemn of all religious rites, by withdrawing the woman from the worship and protection of the gods of the family of her father, and placing her under the guardianship of the gods of the family of her husband. . . . It was a system, too, which bound by the closest tie the living and the dead, the human and the divine. Thus over all the relations of life—over birth and death, over all the activities and sufferings which lay between, as well as all the hopes which lay beyond—there was thrown, from time imme-

morial, the mantle of religion, the sanctity of the presiding family gods."—*Lect.*, pp. 225, 227.

And as with each individual family, so was it also with the great composite family, the State. It, too, had its *Lares* and *Penates*, its presiding genii and tutelar divinities; its sacred hearth and fire; its high priest or pontiff in the magistrate or king. Here, then, we have the form assumed by the old homely national faith, before it was corrupted by luxury, and adulterated by the importation of foreign superstitions and ceremonials; here the model to which, in degenerate days, reforming patriots strove to bring back the worship of their fellow-citizens, when its severe and cheap simplicity had been lost amid the costly and licentious rites which conquest transplanted to Rome from Greece and the East. Not that the deterioration was entirely owing to external influences. With the growth of wealth and leisure, the old simple faith naturally developed itself in more complex forms and observances; and the national genius for organization helped on the process, by parcelling out the domain of religion, till every element of the physical world, every province of toil, every stage of life, was assigned to some presiding deity. But although, from a comparatively early period, the popular reverence was thus divided between an innumerable host of greater and lesser objects of worship, celestial, terrestrial, and infernal, each of which had its function and its niche in the general pantheon; there is reason to think that some vague sense of the divine unity long underlay this idolatrous polytheism, as if the countless deities were not so much distinct individual beings with whom man had separately to reckon, as names and forms of one supreme Power manifesting itself diversely in the different departments of nature and human life. But however that may be, and undoubtedly gross as the later religion of Rome was, with its deification of the emperors, and the amazing and monstrous superstitions officially regulated by the colleges of pontiffs, of augurs, and the keepers of oracles, there is no doubt that in its fountain-head the Roman faith and worship were unusually free from the coarser

elements of an idolatrous cult. Indeed we believe that Dr. MacGregor is justified in founding a claim on behalf of the early religion of Rome to a considerable degree of spirituality, on the fact that in it "God was adored under no outward form or semblance whatever; and, instead of temples made with hands, in His own great natural shrines, amid the mysterious gloom of mighty forests, on the smoky mountain-tops, in the cave on the hillside where the full-bodied stream was born, or by the fountain in the hollow bubbling up among the flowers." And if so, this was no mean compensation for the absence of the poetical imagination and artistic grace, which threw a sensuous glory over the religion of Greece.

Passing on now to the branch of the Aryan race which occupied Northern Europe, we meet with a religion originating as before in nature-worship, but profoundly modified by the influences of climate and physical environment. Life for the hardy sons of Scandinavia was a perpetual battle for existence, amid which they grew up fierce and fearless, enamored of adventure and warlike enterprise, and prone to superstitious fancies and feelings which threw lurid hues over their instinctive conceptions of the supernatural. To them Nature was no dead, soulless thing. In all its phenomena, in every revolution of its seasons, in the whole play and strife of its elemental forces, it seemed, in their eyes, to be alive with a mysterious vitality, and actuated by invisible powers, whether of good or evil purpose; but, unlike their more favored kinsmen of the genial South, whose world laughed around them with brightness and fertility, these simple but imaginative Norsemen were solemnized by the tragedy of nature, the annual crushing out of its life and light by the long winter and relentless frost. Theirs was a rude creed, with a rude worship. In sacred inclosure or artless forest-temple, before shapeless wooden images of the gods, they chanted their hymns and presented their sacrifices of thanksgiving or expiation, not shrinking even from the terrible offering of human victims in seasons of national crisis or terror. Wild too, and weird, often grotesque, yet sometimes singularly beautiful, was the mythology

which grew up among them, as their interpretation of the world and the powers which seemed to rule it. Odin, the All-Father, was their supreme deity, from whom sprang gods and men; yet even he was not conceived of as self-existent and eternal. Anterior to him were the everlasting principles of heat and cold, ever contending in ceaseless strife; and out of their interaction and union chaos came into being, fraught with the potency and promise of all life, divine and human. From this elemental and formless mass sprang Odin, the world-ruler and orderer of battles; from him Thor, the mighty but beneficent thunder-god—and Balder the beautiful, the genius of summer and the sun, whom Hoder, the blind winter-god, unwittingly slew. Out of the same germinating chaos emerged a countless host of lesser gods and giants, of elves and dwarfs, to people and rule the realms of nature; and Loki, the fire-god, the spirit of evil; and the mystic tree Yggdrasil, Odin's ash, which overshadows the whole world, covering the sky with its branches, and striking its roots into the unknown abysses beneath. But for these beings, from Odin downward, there is no absolute permanence: out of chaos they came, and to chaos they shall return. In the awful "twilight [or doom] of the gods," the powers of evil shall be unbound, and in the dire conflict that shall ensue, the gods shall perish, earth and heaven shall pass away, and ancient chaos seem once more to reign.

"The sun darkens; the earth sinks in the sea.
From heaven fall the bright stars.

The fire-wind storms round the all-nourishing tree;

The flame assails high heaven itself."

Yet, according to the latest form of the legend, possibly influenced by Christianity, beyond the tremendous catastrophe the eye of faith discerned a regeneration toward which all things are moving. The passing away of the old shall be but the birth-throe of the new. The silent mysterious powers which wrought in the production of the world that now is, shall raise out of the second chaos a better world—a new heaven and earth, a paradise of unfading summer, wherein the valiant and just shall once more live.

Strange and fantastic as these myths

must appear to us, they enshrined a religion which trained the old Norseman in a rude piety and holy awe of future retribution for evil-doing, and contributed to make his character what, with all its roughness and even fierceness, it eminently was—brave, straightforward, and manly; a character which may be fairly described, in the words of Sir G. Cox, as “fearless, honest, and truthful, ready to smite and ready to forgive, shrinking not from pain himself, and careless of inflicting it on others.” For to him these conceptions were no offspring of idle fancy, but sternly real and practical, interwoven with the daily incidents of life, and furnishing the key to his destiny.

“To the Northman,” says Dr. Burns, “every cause in nature was a divinity. He heard some god in almost every sound, he saw one in almost every change. The thunder was the rattle of Thor’s chariot, the lightning the flash of his hammer, swiftly hurled from his strong hand; the wind was Sleipner, the fleet steed of Odin; the dew, foam from the bit of the horse of night. When the hard winter-crust of earth began to thaw, it was Rind yielding to the rough wooing of her persistent lover; when in spring the early flowers bloomed, and the first braid was seen, it was Gerd cajoled by Skirnir to listen to the addresses of Frey. As the yearly wave of verdure washed up the hillside, and the herdsman drove his cattle from the lowland meadows to the green uplands, Sif was beside him with her yellow hair; as the farmer looked at his fields covered with rich grain, he blessed the nuptials of Odin and Frigg. The fisherman, rowing his boat through the dancing waves, saw in each of them a daughter of Oeger; listening on shore to the loud tumult of the angry sea, he heard the wrathful clamor of these fickle maidens. The huntsman was haunted by a divine presence in the silent depths of the forest; the child, as he looked upon the rainbow, was told by his mother that that was the trembling bridge by which the gods crossed from heaven to earth. When the long days of summer were over, and winter with its darkness and cold had come, the sad tale of the death of the bright and good Baldur was doubtless told at many a fireside, and many a tear shed over the unhappy fate of that best beloved of all the gods. The whole world was divine to the old Northman. Nature was to him, ‘what to the thinker and prophet it for ever is, preternatural.’”—*Lect.*, pp. 260, 261.

One more scene, and we will dismiss the pageant for its interpretation; for we need not pause over Judaism, which lies in the line of direct revelation, nor over Mahomedanism, its bastard progeny. Of all the strange spectacles that

greeted the eyes of Cortes and his daring band when they dashed like a thunderbolt on the empire of Montezuma, the most amazing was the popular worship of Mexico—“a worship,” to borrow the words of Mr. Bancroft, its laborious delineator, “so sanguinary and monstrous, that it stands out an isolated spectacle of the extreme to which fanatical zeal and blind superstition can go.” Developed out of earlier and simpler cults, the Aztec religion was a complicated and cumbrous polytheism, in which several older national pantheons were awkwardly compounded, yet so as to preserve a dim appearance of subordination to a single supreme head. So far as we can now discern, the attribute of supremacy was especially connected with the god Tezcatlipoca, whose name, equivalent to “shining mirror,” seems to designate him as the sun-god, and to indicate the influence of nature-worship on the formation of the Aztec mythology: he was addressed under many epithets, such as soul of the world, creator of heaven and earth, lord of all things, supreme. But in popular estimation, the god who stood first and filled the largest space in the national cult of Mexico was the hideous and blood-stained Huitzilopochtli, the tutelary deity of war, who was also by origin a nature-power, being connected with the round of the seasons by his snake-emblem, and the myth of his annual death and revival. Subordinate to these were gods innumerable, presiding over all the departments of life, whose grotesque images, crowding the temples and thoroughfares, might have recalled by their frequency, though certainly not by their grace, the Athens which stirred the Apostle’s spirit as he saw it wholly given to idolatry.

For “in Mexico,” as Mr. Tylor remarks in his volumes on “Primitive Culture,” “idolatry had attained to its full barbaric development. As in the Aztec mind the world swarmed with spiritual deities, so their material representatives the idols stood in the houses, at the corners of the streets, on every hill and rock, to receive from passers by some little offering—a nosegay, a whiff of incense, a drop or two of blood; while in the temples more huge and elaborate images enjoyed the dances and processions in their honor, were fed by the blood and sacrifices of men and beasts, and received the tribute and reverence paid to the great national gods.”

Of the whole system of Mexican worship, by far the most prominent feature was its astounding ferocity. It was drenched in every part with human blood. Its priests were an army of sturdy butchers, whose highest function was to cleave the victim's breast with the sacrificial hatchet, and pluck out its palpitating heart; its devotees were cannibals who devoured the victim's flesh in sacramental feast, and, like the priests of Baal, cut themselves with knives and lancets. Each month had its festivals of slaughter, and in the capital alone 20,000 human victims are said to have been annually offered. From slaves and criminals, from prisoners captured in wars undertaken for the purpose, from troops of children purchased for sacrifice, was the ghastly death-contingent continually recruited. Some were fattened in the sacred cages, others loaded with honors and sated with sensual delights, to make them the more acceptable offerings; some perished on the altar by the fatal stroke of the priest, others in the mockery of gladiatorial combat; some were flayed alive, others flung headlong into mountain whirlpools and lakes. Never was superstition so sickening with intolerable horrors. Yet, if we may accept as genuine the Aztec forms of devotion preserved by the Spanish ecclesiastics of the time of the Conquest, with these unutterable abominations was mingled what Mr. Wordsworth, in the Bampton lectures of last year, does not hesitate to call a "refined spirituality." The liturgical prayers and addresses are far too long to quote, but some idea of their tenor may be formed from the account given by Dr. Lang, after Mr. Bancroft, of the ordinal used at the confession of his sins, made once for all, and never to be repeated, by the Aztec penitent:

"In the pleading of the priest with 'the Lord most compassionate,' there is a pathos which reminds us of the Penitential Psalms of Holy Scripture; and in the priest's address to the penitent, although mixed with darker counsels, there are presented most searching exposures of the exceeding sinfulness of sin—a sinfulness from which there can be deliverance only through the mercy of 'God most clement,' but from which there is deliverance when the soul is penitent and forsakes the evil of its way. 'Of thine own will and volition'—thus the priest is described as saying—'thou hast defiled and stained thyself. But

thou hast come to the fountain of mercy. Thou hast snatched thyself from Hades, and hast returned again to come to life in this world as one that comes from another. Now thou hast been born anew; thou hast begun to live anew, and our Lord God gives thee light and a new sun. See that thou live with much circumspection. Weep; be sad; walk humbly, with submission, with the head low and bowed down, praying to God. Look that pride find no place in thee, otherwise thou wilt displease our Lord, who sees the hearts and thoughts of all mortals."

And the address concludes with the injunction to offer a slave in sacrifice to God, and invite the principal men to feast on the victim's flesh!

The problem which we have proposed is now ready to our hand. These diverse faiths, which for long ages embodied the spiritual aspirations of whole races of mankind, and some of which not only survive to this day, but still dominate the lives of hundreds of millions of our fellow-men—by what impulses were they originated and shaped, and what relation do they bear to truth—in other words, to revelation and Christianity? To these questions very different answers have been given, two at least of which may be summarily dismissed.

To many a theologian of the past the ethnic religions have appeared to be chiefly due to the promptings of the spirit of darkness, the old Deceiver, who out of his malicious hatred of mankind stimulated their diseased imaginations to frame and believe a tissue of soul-destroying lies. In every object of heathen worship a veritable demon has been discerned, in each article of belief some horrible parody or fatal delusion. Thus the ground on which the fiery Tertullian rested his denunciation of the Roman theatre was the idea, that the spectacles were connected with a religion which the unclean spirits of the devil had made their own. Thus by the more philosophical Origen it was laid down as an axiom, that all the gods of the Gentiles are demons. On the other hand, the freethinker, to whom all religions were obnoxious, cut the knot by substituting human priestcraft for diabolical inspiration, and attributed the world's faiths to the invention of scheming and dishonest adventurers, who invoked the terrors of an imaginary supernaturalism

to establish their dominion over the minds of the ignorant and superstitious. Both religion and philosophy may be congratulated on the disappearance of these theories from the domain of candid and intelligent thought. Instead of supposing the priest to have manufactured the religion, we have now learned to reverse the order, and to perceive how much more truly it may be said that the religion originated the priest. And as to the rough-and-ready hypothesis of Satanic delusion, how utterly insufficient it appears to modern Christian thought is well shown by the following passage from the Bampton lectures already named, in which Mr. Wordsworth pleads for a reverential and sympathetic spirit in all our handling of the ethnic faiths :

"To us Christians the religion of heathenism is rather a mysterious, half-ruined temple; and one in which it is more meet to fall down and worship, than to wander unawed and unabashed, noting each column and capital, each change of style and variation of artistic finish, without thinking of Him for whose glory it was reared."

In truth, the moment we realize the fact that for ages these religions retained their hold on the minds and hearts of great and populous nations, we are compelled to admit that there must have been more in them than the mere falsehoods of delusion or imposture. What so long fed and nourished, however imperfectly, the soul of man, in its hunger for spiritual truth, cannot have been all empty husk or indigestible stone; it must have possessed some affinity to the soul's wants and aspirations, some power of satisfying the desires of the seekers after God. The principle enunciated by Dr. Matheson to account for "the wide and long prevalence of the system of Confucius," if boldly expressed, is at bottom sound: "No form of faith could exist for half an hour except by reason of the truth that is in it; much less, in the absence of such conditions, could it persist for upward of two thousands of years." In a recent essay on the religion of Zoroaster, Professor M. Williams speaks to the same effect when he says: "No religion could have held its ground, or acquired real influence over the mind, unless it attempted with some success to solve the problems which have ever perplexed the intellect or burdened the

heart." To this view every increase of our acquaintance with the ethnic religions lends support, and renders it increasingly impossible to account for them either by human knavery or demoniacal perversion.

Putting aside these older theories, we have next to deal with one of modern origin, which has been begotten of an alliance between agnosticism and the new evolutionary cosmogony. It is the theory which traces back religion, in common with every other faculty and product of human nature, to the properties of the atoms out of which, by physical processes, the universe is supposed to have evolved itself. According to this view, the genesis of religion is as follows: Primeval matter, fermenting, produced living germs; these, gradually developing themselves in different directions under the diverse influences of their environments, gave rise to various tribes of sentient creatures, some of which, in the course of unnumbered generations, attained more complex organizations and higher instincts than others; one tribe in particular, being favored with unusually propitious circumstances, shot ahead of the rest till it became erect in form, and exhibited the first rough sketch of rational and social man. Continuing the advance, these primitive men associated themselves together in rude polities under chiefs whom they regarded with reverence; and when the chiefs died, the feeling of reverence attached itself to their memory, and they were conceived of as being still in some sort guardians of the societies they once ruled, and capable of being propitiated by prayers and gifts. Here then, at last, was the beginning of belief in the invisible and supernatural, here the fruitful germ of all religion and worship. By a natural growth this cult of dead chieftains expanded into various complex forms of superstition, and all the world's faiths, including Christianity itself, have sooner or later been the result.

Now, so far as our discussion is concerned, the points to be noticed in this theory are, its ascription of man's spiritual consciousness to a purely physical origin, and its reduction of his whole religious faculty and experience under the operation of the laws of matter. It is

on this account that the theist must protest against it. Not because, in the formation of the physical universe, it substitutes continuous evolution for discontinuous acts of creation, and includes even mankind under the same law, so far as their material form with its organic life is concerned—for theism need have no quarrel with evolution, so long as a divine evolutionist is presupposed, and the highest element of man's being is excepted from the physical order of nature; but because it denies to man a spiritual self, and a spiritual relation to his Creator, and leaves him nothing but what is material, nothing that is not shared with him by even the lowest of living things—so that the faith and devotion of the saint and the martyr must be assigned to the same category as the instincts of a mollusk and the appetencies of a vegetable. Well said Pascal, "*Incrédules les plus crédules.*" Convince us that we are but cunningly compacted bundles of atoms, which secrete-consciousness and thought as the liver secretes bile or the crustacean its shell, and that when we die we are simply resolved into carbonic acid, ammonia, and water—and then, if religion shall still seem worth being discussed, we may be persuaded to seek its origin in the particles of the primordial cosmic vapor.

Two theories yet remain to be considered, which, while they agree in attributing to the ethnic faiths a foundation in truth, at the same time exhibit them under curiously opposed aspects. According to one, they were melancholy corruptions of a primitive revelation, and marked the downward course of human degradation; according to the other, they were the products of the unfolding human consciousness as it awoke to a sense of its relation to the supernatural—steps, however feeble and wavering, in an upward progress toward truth and morality. Which of these we adopt must depend on the attitude held by us toward the hypothesis of a definite revelation, made originally to the undivided family of mankind, and carried with them by its various branches as they separated to occupy different tracts of the earth. Granted that every nation or tribe started with such a revelation, the inference that the several forms of heathenism must have been so many

corruptions of it would be irresistible. But of the gift of such a revelation there really is no adequate proof forthcoming—no evidence that stands the test of critical examination. The earliest records of Genesis, even when taken as literally as it is now possible to take them, carry us but a very short distance in this direction; and the most primitive traces that are discernible of the heathen religions point with scarcely an exception in the opposite. We speak, of course, of a revelation of definite doctrines and institutions, such as might possibly have undergone corruption into the mythologies, beliefs, and cults which became prevalent outside the narrow sphere of direct divine guidance. A few traditions may have been common to widely separated races; a dim idea of relationship to the unseen Power may have been handed down from the first; the voice of conscience may always have testified that God was not far from the children whom He had made in His own likeness. But such things as these are in no way equivalent to a definite revelation, to the corruption of which the heathen religions might be traced; and we may be thankful that it is so, and that we are thus relieved from the necessity of attributing to our forefathers the enormous depravity which could wilfully transform a God-given faith and worship into the licentious fables and monstrous rites of idolatrous heathenism. For ourselves, we cannot but sympathize with Professor Max Müller when he says that it seems almost "like blasphemy to consider the fables of the heathen world as corrupted and misinterpreted fragments of a divine revelation once granted to the whole race of mankind."

We are thus brought, by a process of exhaustion, to find the source of the ethnic religions in man himself, and to regard them as the offspring, under various conditions, of that mysterious spiritual faculty which we believe to be his most distinguishing characteristic. Perhaps not in all cases without stimulus from traditionary fragments of knowledge, derived from intercourse with the favored race to which the earliest revelation was granted; nor in any case without some secret indefinable leading by Him who made the human spirit for himself. But such limitations or condi-

tions do not evacuate the conclusion to which we are brought—that the ethnic religions were originated and gradually wrought into their several shapes by the effort of the growing spiritual consciousness to find God, and to formulate its sense of relation to the supernatural. No other account of them seems to us to be in harmony with the facts ascertained by modern discovery and critical analysis, or to explain how what may be called natural religion has become variously embodied in ideas and practices manifestly due to the laws of human thought, controlled by the influences of environment and race.

For fantastic, defective, and erroneous in different ways as all the heathen faiths are, there is not one in which a considerable substratum of truth may not be found—not one which does not testify to the possession of the same religious and moral nature, and furnish some means of approach to God. Even the later Hebrew prophets seem to have apprehended this, notwithstanding their jealousy for the honor of Jehovah; and we observe that, in his recent Hibbert lectures, Dr. Kuenen takes the famous passage, Malachi 1:11, to mean that, wherever the Gentiles were serving their own gods with true reverence and honest zeal, they were in reality offering to the true God acceptable worship. Some thought of this kind seems to underlie Tertullian's terse saying that the human soul is naturally Christian, and Augustine's, that Christianity is as old as the world. And, as might be expected, a similar view pervades the volume before us. In the opening lecture, a singularly thoughtful and interesting one, Dr. Caird strikes the key-note when he asserts "an essential relation between Christianity and the pre-Christian religions," and says that we may "discern in the characteristic ideas of the pre-Christian religions the germs, at least, of conceptions of God and of His relations to the world, which find at once their unity and their explanation in our Christian faith." And in the last lecture, summing up the subject, Dr. Flint answers back in the same strain by the declaration that "all heathen religions comprise elements of truth, features of goodness, disclosures of God, means of spiritual life; and in so far they lead up

to the absolute religion, the full-orbed faith, in which all rays of light are concentrated, and on which there is no darkness at all." How these statements can be justified is what we have yet to show, as far as our space will permit.

It would be easy, we confess, to place too much reliance on the various superficial coincidences which have frequently of late been pointed out between Christianity and one or other of the ethnic religions; yet some of them are of real weight, and in aptness remind us of Plato's felicitous guess—that if ever a perfect man appeared on earth, he would be put to an ignominious death. It is more than curious, for instance, to find Confucius, several centuries B.C., enunciating the golden rule of not doing to others what we should wish them not to do to us; and Buddha about the same time urging the precept, "Let a man overcome evil by good, let him overcome anger by love." The Biblical doctrine of judgment to come is remarkably anticipated in the Egyptian ritual of the dead; and the wide prevalence of sacrifice furnishes not a few points of resemblance—such as the Egyptian transfer of the penalty of transgression from the offerers to the victims—and the Brahmanical principle that the sacrificer himself is the victim. Still more remarkable are the traces of the idea that human deliverance must come through the self-oblation or suffering of a divine personage—an idea which may be recognized under such different forms as the avatars of Vishnu, the tragedy of Osiris, the annual crucifixion of Xiuptecutli, the Aztec god of fire, and the hanging of Odin on the tree Yggdrasil, commemorated in his Runic song:

"I mind that I hung on the gallows-tree
Nine whole nights,
Wounded with the spear, and to Odin offered
Myself to myself,
On that tree of which none knows
From what roots it sprang," etc.

The Mazdeism of ancient Persia, again, presents us, as we have seen, with the conception of a future Messiah, whose advent shall bring about the restitution of all things; and, to cite one more coincidence, infant baptism was a rite of the Mexican religion, by which the child was supposed to be born anew, cleansed

from inherited defilement, and made partaker of a purer nature.

It is, however, on broader features than any of those just mentioned that the connection between Christianity and the ethnic religions may be most securely rested. The first of these may be defined as the sense of a real relation between God and man. Underneath heathenism in general lay the conviction that between the natural and the supernatural, between the visible and the invisible, between earth and heaven, man and God, there stands no impassable barrier. Vastly as beliefs, myths, forms of worship, differed among different nations, they all embodied the sentiment that God in some way draws near to men and makes Himself known, and that men can not only seek Him but find Him. Agnosticism has never established itself as a national creed. Concurrent with this primary conviction in which all the religions were rooted, there prevailed a sense of estrangement and unrest, causing men to feel as if the unseen Majesty had withdrawn from them in anger, and was to be feared and propitiated rather than joyfully trusted : hence the confessions of wrong-doing, the washings, the penances, the sacrifices, which have abounded among all nations. No race, however, despaired of success in the endeavor to appease its deity : hopes of pardon and acceptance, of favor and blessing, sustained the worshippers in their devotions and austerities, and threw forward a dim light into the world beyond the grave. Here then were real if faint adumbrations of the three great Christian doctrines of revelation, sin, and redemption. To these ideas — rudely conceived, indeed, but perpetually present and potent—the soul was true in all its wanderings, in all its ignorance and superstition. It might clothe them in forms that were grotesque, monstrous, terrible, in its vain imaginings and blind groping for peace, but they were never entirely obliterated. Through these ideas Christianity still finds access to the heathen heart—upon these it still builds up that better knowledge which has the promise of eternal life.

Nor is this the whole account of the connection we are illustrating. We may go even further back in the order of re-

ligious conceptions, and discover a remarkable link between the ethnic religions and the Christian faith in the fundamental idea of the divine nature. Broadly speaking, the faiths of the world may be divided into two classes : those which are pantheistic, and those which for want of a better term may be styled deistic. In the former, the infinity of God is the predominant thought ; in the latter, His personality. To the pantheist, God alone appears to be real, permanent being : He fills all, underlies all, is the substance of all ; nature is but His veil ; individual, finite existences are but the transient modifications of His universal, all-pervading essence. By the deist, on the other hand, God is apprehended as a definite, individual Personality, moulded after the fashion of man, only immeasurably magnified ; as a Being who is not only above the world but outside the world, and whose relation to His rational creatures is a merely external one—a relation of law and jurisdiction, not of spiritual presence and gracious indwelling. Of the religions which we have sketched, Hinduism, Buddhism, and the esoteric faith of ancient Egypt, belong, as we have seen, to the pantheistic division ; in the rest the dominant element is deistic. Now if we ask which class is most in harmony with the Christian faith respecting God, the reply must be that they stand equally related to it, but on opposite sides. For Christianity is both pantheistic and deistic : it confesses God as being both infinite and personal ; above the universe, yet pervading the universe ; the Fount of law and moral rule, yet the universal Life in whom we live and move and have our being. Hence it appears that, in regard of the idea of God, the contrast between the heathen systems of religious philosophy and Christianity is not the absolute contrast between falsehood and truth, but rather the contrast between separated fragments or adulterated representations of truth, and truth purged from corrupting accretions and rounded off in full-orbed perfection.

Our conclusion, then, about the great heathen faiths is this, that in their inmost essence they were not barely vain and false superstitions, instigated by Satanic delusion or imposed by priestcraft on the credulity of mankind, but

genuine religions begotten of the spiritual element in human nature, and exhibiting the ways in which the soul dimly felt after God and in some measure found Him ; and that amid all their defects and errors they have not been powerless for good, but in the absence

of revelation have done something toward keeping alive faith, sustaining morality, and preparing the way for that one divine religion in which they all find their correction and completion.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



AN ATTEMPT TO REACH MERV; OR, SIX WEEKS IN SERRUKHS.

IT was on Good Friday morning that my friend Campbell and I rode out of the Herat gate of Meshed, the capital of Khorassan and the holy city of pilgrimage of all Shia Mahomedans. The day that we chose for our start may perhaps account for our not having succeeded in our object, which was to reach Merv, and see something of Turkoman life. Our companions were two Orientals, whom we dubbed respectively the Nabob and the Holy Man. The former was a descendant of a once powerful Carnatic potentate, whose progenitors had for some generations been settled in Persia ; he himself had travelled all over Europe, and in addition to a knowledge of English, had acquired what one rarely meets among Orientals, the feelings and sense of honor of an English gentleman. The Holy Man, whom we called so from his scrupulous attention to his religious duties, which sometimes delayed us at inconvenient moments, was a good specimen of the Persian gentleman, pious—not to say bigoted—deatly dressed, punctilious and urbane.

An unusually rainy spring had carpeted the waterless plains with a temporary covering of flowers and grass, which rendered our journey much more pleasant than it otherwise would have been. A three days' ride brought us to the plains of Jâm, a country evidently subject to the Turkoman raids, where every village was walled and carefully shut in at night with heavy wooden doors ; while every field was provided with a little mud tower, in which the hunted husbandman could find refuge from the mounted Turkoman, who could not follow through the low aperture.

At the village of Ferimân, we were joined by the Khan of Jâm, who was himself desirous of getting to Merv, as he had been deputed by the Prince

Governor of Meshed to endeavor to bring about a better understanding between the Persian government and the Tekkeh Turkomans who inhabit that oasis. The Khan brought with him a body of about seventy horsemen, besides a long string of baggage camels, so that our cavalcade assumed very imposing proportions. Our chief hope of getting into Merv lay in a Turkoman of the Tekkeh tribe, Tâj Sirdir by name, celebrated as a daring and successful raider, who, before the Russian conquest of the Khanates beyond the Oxus, had driven a thriving trade in kidnapping men and women for the slave-market of Bukhara. This trade having failed, he had been sent to patch up matters between his people and the Persian government ; hence his presence among the followers of the Khan, though we had previously made his acquaintance at Meshed.

On the second day after leaving Ferimân we reached the river Keshaf Rood, now so swollen by the winter snows as to be completely unfordable. We wasted a day in fruitless search for a ford, and ended by having to construct a bridge out of snags and willows, a work of considerable ingenuity. A short day after the one occupied in building the bridge, brought us to the mud fort of Moozderân, between which and the frontier fort of Serrukhs lay a descent of three thousand feet from the high table-land, and then thirty miles of waterless desert. We bivouacked one night at the outermost foot-hills, and on May 2d reached Serrukhs, where we took up our quarters with the military commandant, a young colonel of nineteen, who spoke a little French acquired at the military college at Teheran. On the morrow Tâj started to arrange for our reception by his tribe at Merv ; he was

in high spirits and confident of success, and we already looked forward to a speedy release from durance at this outpost fort. With some difficulty we persuaded the little colonel and a ragged company of soldiers to accompany us outside the mud walls to see the Turkoman caravan cross the Tejend Ab, which flows about half a mile to the north-east of the fort. In ordinary seasons it is easily fordable, but the late rains, to which we were indebted for our green ride over the desert, had now made it a swift muddy stream, flowing in two channels, each eighty to a hundred yards in width, and deep enough for it to be no child's play to swim the horses and camels through the current; indeed only half the caravan succeeded in crossing before nightfall.

Campbell rode off on the following morning with the colonel and a few men to watch the crossing of the remainder of the caravan, leaving me engaged in a leisurely toilet from which I was suddenly startled by hearing the guns of the fort begin to fire with ball. I rushed to the roof to see what had become of Campbell. There he was with the colonel safe enough, except from the ill-directed artillery of our own bastions, and from his position, he could see how matters occurred on the other side of the river much better than I, who was about a mile off from the scene of action. His attention, as he afterward told me, was first attracted by some musket shots fired from the place where the caravan was loading up, and there was evidently a sharp fight going on round the little mound on which was the camp. The attacking horsemen apparently failed in their first attempt, and drew off to the shelter of a bluff, where though hidden from the caravan, they were plainly visible to Campbell and near enough to tempt the guns of the fort to the futile expenditure of ammunition which had disturbed me. A second charge across the open was made and again repulsed, and then after a pause forty or fifty of the assailants crept sword in hand through the tamarisk jungle by the river and made a rush for the camp; a smart fire from the improvised defences caused them to give ground, and a well-timed charge of ten or a dozen of the defenders fairly completed their rout, for after a short

parley the attacking party remounted and rode off at a slow and seemingly dejected pace down the river bank. Many details we learnt subsequently from a messenger sent over by Tâj. It appears that the raiders were Mervees and therefore clansmen of the Turkomans, under whose convoy the merchants were travelling; on this account they had not dared to fire a single shot during the whole attack, as they were acting against rule and custom in molesting their tribesmen's convoy, and would be called heavily to account for any blood spilt. The raiders, who it seems had been out after us two days before but had come up too late, were under the leadership of a Duzd-bashi (Raid Leader) named Dugarir. He was wounded in the first charge, then tied on his horse by his friends and led up in front of them during the second charge, in hopes that he would die and thus justify the plundering of their tribesmen's caravan, and with his blood to avenge they would have been able to face explanations with the tribe at home. Their amiable intentions toward Dugarir were, however, frustrated by his falling off his horse, and as he perversely refused to die he was left on the field and eventually carried into the camp. In the second charge two or three of the assailants were wounded by the men of the caravan, led by Tâj, and some of their horses were killed. While all this was going on, the Persian garrison ran helter skelter down to the river to join their colonel, leaving only fifteen gunners to serve the six guns, while the gates were open and the fort nearly empty.

On the morrow the uncertain nature of our hopes began to dawn on us; the caravan were waiting, they said, for reinforcements from their clan in Merv, which meant to us a delay of three weeks before the invitation of the tribe could come to us; and what was worse than the delay was the doubt that arose as to the power of our friend Tâj to get the chiefs of all the clans to invite us and subscribe to our safe conduct. It was not till three days after this that the caravan at length started, and there was then nothing for us to do but to wait patiently the arrival of a messenger with the invitation. We varied the monotony of our life by an occasional ride down to

the river bank, but even this required a guard of thirty to forty men, while for an hour's ride up or down the river the whole garrison must turn out, such was the "terror of the Turkomans." There were just inequalities enough in the ground to give cover to large bodies of horsemen, to whom it would be an easy task to cut off small detachments of the Persian garrison. We began to be much troubled with mosquitoes, which swarmed on the banks of the river, and seemed to follow us into the fort, where they remained our guests for the night. My own torments, however, were nothing to those of our pious friend, the Holy Man, whom it quite consoled me to watch at his afternoon devotions. There he was, a victim bound for the slaughter, with his arms and neck bare, and almost covered with blood, and the defunct bodies of his tormentors whom he had managed to slay in the pauses of prayer. I am sure, poor fellow, that his devotions ought to have scored double. One afternoon we rode a distance of three miles with a party of soldiers ordered to cut wood for fuel at the nearest bush; another day we went out to look at the process of cutting a canal, by which the fort and the ground around it was to be irrigated; but days of outing like this only occurred at rare intervals. The ordinary twenty-four hours' employment consisted of trying vainly to sleep by night, despite the fleas, mosquitoes, etc. (and the etc. were very large and voracious), eating mutton and rice periodically washed down with brackish muddy water, of such amusement as could be derived from our limited library, and of the evening walk round the mud ramparts. Life was even more monotonous than at sea, and for days and weeks the little garrison was absolutely cut off from the outer world, till the utter physical stagnation seemed to sink deeper and deeper into one's being. Twenty days had now gone by and no answer from Tâj about his doings at Merv; the weather too was getting hot, the thermometer seldom standing below 90°. We began to be much troubled by the number of big hairy-legged poisonous tarantulas, with bloated bodies the size of a walnut, which crept out of the innumerable crevices in the mud-walls of our living rooms. Their bite is more

venomous and painful than the sting of a scorpion, and that I escaped being bitten I attribute to the surprising accuracy which we all acquired in flinging a book laterally so as to squash the soft body of the advancing spider. The Holy Man was a special adept at this measure of self-defence. The tarantulas more particularly invaded us at dinner-time, attracted by the lights placed on the tablecloth on the floor. Each member of the party always sat down to meals with a little pile of books at his hand, and many a time was I startled, while bending over cross-legged into my soup-plate, by the sudden slam of a book against the wall behind me, projected by my holy friend opposite, who, with a "Praise be to Allah!" would daintily pick up almost a handful of flattened tarantula that in another moment would have been on my neck.

Toward the end of May, when our stay in Serrukhs had already dragged on over the fourth week, we received a visit from a certain Begunj, one of the most infamously celebrated of the many raid leaders of Merv. Three days before, we had sent off a post-bearing Turkoman, Oraz Geldy by name, to Meshed to catch the mail to Teheran, and to hurry up an incoming postman some days overdue; he took with him a pony of Campbell's, on which to bring back certain stores. Next morning we were surprised to see Oraz Geldy turn up again, bringing in the remains of our much-longed-for post-bag, which he said he had got from Begunj, the raider, whose man had tracked our postman to a place called Gumbazli, four miles from Moozderân, and there shot him, in spite of his being an Ishân or priest. So said Oraz Geldy, who had been stopped by Begunj early that morning; the latter had twenty men with him, and had announced his intention of cutting off all our communication with Meshed. For the portion of the mail brought in we had to pay twenty krâns (francs), and it was proposed that Campbell should buy back his captured pony, but to this he objected as likely to prove a bad precedent for further extortion. That the "priest" should have been shot with so little ceremony seemed an unlikely tale, even for these parts, and we more than suspected that he had only been

carried off. Oraz Geldy was dispatched again with his Meshed bag, but accompanied by a certain Saruk Turkoman, who volunteered as a messenger of peace to bring in the wounded man if still alive. He carried with him a bag of flour as a present, and an invitation to the robbers to come in and submit themselves.

The Saruk came back after a few hours, and reported that no blood had been spilt, that the old Ishân had been caught asleep, stripped, and hurried off to an old mud fort by the river. Meanwhile Begunj and his men had sat down to feast on the bag of flour; they had ransacked the post-bag and thrown away some of the letters and papers, keeping the rest for some purpose difficult to guess, for it was by mere chance that they met Oraz Geldy.

That evening a small Turkoman caravan from Merv came and camped in the fort, showing that they placed considerable trust in the good faith of the colonel; there were about a score of Turkomans with some camels and ponies for sale, and few bundles of carpets, the small dark red rugs made only in the desert, and much prized in Persia for their fast colors and almost eternal wearing powers. The caravan-leader, a Mervee, was very indignant with Begunj and his doings, and declared that he would give him a taste of his sword-blade. He brought us the first news of Tâj's arrival at Merv, and also rumors of a disputed succession to the chieftainship of the tribe, which accounted in some way for the recent irregularities of Dugatir, Begunj & Co.

The old "priest," our captured postman, came in next day none the worse for his adventures, bringing too with him the pony which had been released by Begunj, who sent in a message to the colonel that he would like to meet him for a palaver on the river bank. Begunj's band had broken up, it was said, so after due precautions the colonel sallied forth to his interview with the rascal. In a couple of hours he returned, accompanied by the redoubtable Begunj himself, and pointed him out to us with an air of triumph, for no former commandant had ever been able to get the old thief to set foot inside the fort; presently he was peaceably sipping his tea

about the floor, while he secured our favor by giving up some stray letters out of the bag that he himself had stopped. I have never seen a man whose whole appearance was so wolf-like; his small gray eyes never rested for a moment, and his face, well scarred over, was ferocious and cruel to a degree unusual even among these savages. How he came to trust himself inside the fort to the word of a Persian I could not make out; he perhaps looked to our presence as a guarantee against foul play. He was accompanied by only two or three of his men, all that remained of his band.

The few incidents that characterized the remaining weeks of our stay in Serukhs can be briefly narrated. Hope deferred of reaching Merv, and the various ills that were sapping our bodily strength, had made me long to get out of the place almost at any cost, though Campbell was still keen to go on. Whether it was the water, the climate, or the fact that every mouthful of food was fly-blown, I know not, but we all began to suffer in health before the fourth week of our stay was out. It began with Campbell, who one fine day had a violent fit of vomiting after breakfast; at dinner following, the Holy Man was seized in the same way, and the Nabob's stomach was sympathetically affected. I was the only well one of the party, and well only in that I could digest my food, for utter prostration, mental and bodily, had come over me, and I well remember passing whole hours in dreamy discomfort, doing nothing and unable even to think or care as to what might happen. The spirits of all were flagging from inaction, and it was curious to note the different ways in which we were affected—one had sore eyes, another strange blister-like eruptions, while a third was awakened in the night by a feeling of feverish pain, to find his face, chest, and hands covered with a red rash which by morning had disappeared. It was not the heat, for though above ninety degrees there was a constant breeze. Our supply, too, of provisions was fairly good except in the matter of fresh vegetables and wine; but the Tejend water was muddy and slightly brackish, and we had no good filters, still less any distilling apparatus.

The servants became demoralized,

and took to gambling and opium-smoking. One day they were caught dicing in a tent hard by, and the Nabob administered speedy correction for this infraction of Mahomedan law. His court of justice was quite a diversion to our monotonous existence. There he stood under the shadow of the only tree the fort boasted, his honored head shaded by an umbrella held by his trusty Sheerazee servant. The offenders were brought before him, and in the most mellifluous Persian he pointed out to them the enormity of their offence, and described the pains of hell that would certainly be their lot. A little smart castigation, which elicited much weeping and calling on the mercy of Heaven, etc., impressed the matter on their minds. The Nabob's action was grand throughout, and I doubt whether in the palmiest days of their rule his ancestors had ever been more promptly obeyed—for it is always a gratification for one servant to be allowed to beat another—and in this case, as the punishment was not carried too far and was clearly deserved, the matter was brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and we relapsed into the past monotony, broken only by the periodical arrival of the post, and of messengers from Merv.

Their intelligence was very indefinite; party faction ran high in Merv, but still Tâj begged us to wait, as he yet hoped to get the tribe as a whole to invite us as we desired; but the news we got about the same time from Meshed forced us to put a definite term to the period to which this waiting on could be protracted; for besides the state of our bodily health, our presence in the Holy City was required by the arrival there of some friends. Had we done Tâj's bidding I believe we might still to this day have been waiting on at Serrukhs. But the duration vile was not yet quite ended for either of us. The flies were now our great enemies; everything was covered with them, and it was impossible to keep the room clear. Till this time I never fully realized the sufferings of the Egyptians. Some small satisfaction we did obtain by laying streaks of gunpowder in a sort of labyrinth, surrounding little heaps of sugar on the floor, and by the explosion annihilating some hundreds of our tormentors; but this was a diversion we could only afford twice a day, for the

supply of powder was limited, and must be husbanded in case it should be wanted against nobler game.

The Khan of Jâm was detained along with us in Serrukhs by the state of affairs in Merv. From him we had an interesting account of that place, and of the Turkoman "parliaments," for he had visited the oasis several times. The respect paid to veteran opinion, he said, was extreme, regardless of wealth or social position; young men never spoke at all. A marked characteristic was the unanimity with which a decision was received when once clearly approved by a majority of the graybeards; the whole assembly rises with a shout of "Allaho Akbar" ("Allah is greatest"), and from that moment the question so settled becomes law to the tribe without. But all this referred to a time when they were more or less led by an universally recognized chief; at this time they had no proper leader; the old chief was dead, and his son did not seem strong enough to reign in his stead. This was a fact brought home to us by every stray Turkoman we now saw, each telling some new tale of internecine squabbles; and a letter now arrived from Tâj admitting, in a somewhat roundabout way, that he could do nothing more just at present, though still hopeful for the future.

Our journey back to Meshed was becoming every day more and more difficult from the waterless and grassless state of the desert; the spring herbage had long since been burnt up, and the pools of water, at which the mules had enjoyed a muddy draught on the out journey, were now turned into dusty hollows, or at best but pits of stinking clay.

Our last ride outside the fort before we turned our backs on it for good and all, was to the ruins of the old mosque of Ulugh Baba, which lay three miles to the north, almost opposite the mounds now covering the site of old Serrukhs, the ancient Syrinx, which are on the farther bank of the stream. The mosque must in its day have been a fine specimen of the blue and yellow tiled edifices found all over western Asia; little remained now except the ruins of the cloister round the court, and the arched gatehouse forming the entrance. On the latter, which was highly ornamented with blue mosaic work and interlaced

design, might yet be read the dedicatory inscription bearing the date 757 A. H., corresponding to 1356 of our era.

On our return to the fort we found a messenger from Merv, bringing further letters from Tâj, who informed us that so numerous and powerful were the obstructionists in the council at Merv, that he feared there would be little chance just now of getting the tribes collectively to invite us to visit them. The obstructionists, it would appear, were principally composed of the baffled raiders and their friends, whose defeat in their attempt to capture the caravan had made them sulky.

This news determined us to wait not longer in Serrukhs. The poor Khan of Jâm was very dolorous over all this, for he dared not get away with us, being tied down by the instructions of his government. He ended, I believe, in passing the greater part of the summer at Serrukhs, and returned, at last, worn out by fever, without having got any nearer to Merv than we had done. Campbell accordingly wrote at once to Tâj, saying that we were obliged to be back at Meshed at a certain day, but would return as soon as he (Tâj) should be in a position to receive us as guests. This letter was dispatched next day by Tâj's messenger, and in twenty-four hours from his leaving us he returned with an answer, having accomplished the two hundred and forty odd miles of desert from Serrukhs to Merv and back in that short time, riding one horse going and another returning; he was a big brawny savage, too, of at least sixteen stone weight. We had sent to Meshed for our escort, and the week that elapsed before it arrived was occupied in corresponding with Tâj, who still hoped, in time, to arrange matters, but repeated that at present he could do nothing, a small portion of the tribe only being anxious for our coming. Moreover the dissensions on the matter of the chiefship were becoming serious, and till this was settled our visit could not be satisfactorily arranged. Just at present—so we learnt from the messengers—Tâj was busily engaged in undermining the influence of Baba Khan, one of the candidates for the chiefship; and it was very evident that while thus engaged he could not fully attend to our business.

And so, finally disappointed of our visit to Merv, weak and ill many of us from sickness brought on through bad water, and all of us enervated by the monotony and want of proper exercise during the month and a half that we had spent at Serrukhs, we for the last time filed out at the Meshed gate of the fort in the late afternoon of the 15th of June, and at 6.30 P.M. began our wearisome march over the now arid desert. Beside our mounted escort we had some twenty-five of the garrison who were going on leave; they, poor fellows, were on foot, and tramped bravely on through the whole night, while we rode at marching pace so as not to separate from our mules. Never do I remember to have found a night so long, not even when ill and lying awake in bed. There was no ticking of a clock to chronicle the passing hours, and the stars on the western horizon seemed as though they never would set. The longing to sleep is almost overpowering in the hours before dawn, but the moment you begin to doze, your body bends forward in the saddle, and you awake to find yourself falling off, and your horse starting from a touch of the spur that you have inadvertently given him. From half past six that night till eight the following evening we rode on, always at foot's pace, stopping an hour at midnight for supper, and for three hours next morning. I think I never before was so tired as when at last I got off my horse at Moozderân fort. The very slowness of the pace, whereby we saved our beasts, added to the intense weariness brought on by our being so out of condition at starting.

Our journey back to Meshed was entirely devoid of incident. This time we had no need to make a bridge over the river where we had been delayed on our outward journey; the water hardly reached our horses' knees at the ford, and a month later a muddy bed with pools at intervals would have taken the place of the roaring torrent which had given us so much trouble to cross at the end of April.

From the ford, instead of turning off to the left into the Jâm plain, we now kept along the right bank of the river, and on the evening of the fourth day after leaving Serrukhs, camped in a

charming garden called Husainabad, some five miles outside Meshed. How we revelled in the sound of running waters and the cool shade of the trees, a form of enjoyment that no one can appreciate who has not spent some time in a burnt-up desert on a fare of salt water and flies ! For myself, I thought I never could tire of drinking water that was not salt, or weary of lying on a carpet beside a rivulet, eating melons in the shade.

The following day, though loth to leave the pleasant brook, we cantered on to Meshed at sundown, and took up our quarters, not within the Holy City this time, but in a garden full of plane-trees and vines outside the walls, which rejoiced in the appalling name of the "Garden of Blood," why so called I never could find out. Here for a week or two we gladly rested, enjoying the

company of our lately arrived friends, interested with various matters that had occurred during our absence, and making preparations for a journey over another part of the border.

Although on this occasion we had been disappointed in getting to Merv, our hopes were high for the future. Our stay at Serrukhs—heaven knows tedious enough at the time—was not without interest in the retrospect. We had become acquainted with many odd specimens of the human race, and seen the life of an outpost Persian fort in a way that rarely falls to the lot of the traveller. In addition to this, Campbell and I mutually congratulated each other that henceforth no place could seem dull, no life monotonous, when compared to that of the six weeks we had so amicably spent together in Serrukhs.—*Temple Bar.*

PEEL AND COBDEN.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

IN Mr. Morley's "Life of Cobden," which will surely rank among the best and most memorable of political biographies, the figures of Peel and Cobden are brought together, first in antagonism then in a reconciliation which revealed their real relations to each other. To each figure, and to the two conjoined, something of special interest attaches at the present moment.

Cobden I had the happiness of knowing well, and I can bear witness to the truth of Mr. Morley's portrait of him. A man more transparently honest, more single-minded, more truthful, more entirely devoid of selfish ambition and of selfishness of every kind, more absolutely devoted to the service of his country and of humanity, never, I should think, appeared in public life. The persuasiveness of his eloquence was simply the result of his character. His kindness of heart, his charity, his candor, had remained unimpaired by all his battles. Wrong and oppression he hated with all his soul : but he had no enmities, any more than he had rivalries. His nature was entirely sweet and sound.

He was no bagman, though his ene-

mies called him so, and he freely called himself so in jest. He had not received a good education at school, but he had educated—and not only educated, but cultivated—his intellect in gratifying his boundless love of knowledge. He had explored and studied Europe, economical, social, and political, with a curious eye and a comprehensive mind. He was acute and exact in observing the connection of the different influences which form national character with each other, and was a true social philosopher, though without a formal system. His insight into political character and tendency was very keen. In 1849 he foresaw the Tory Suffrage Bill of 1867. "May I predict that, if we should succeed to the extent above named, there would not be wanting shrewd members of the Tory aristocracy who would be found advocating universal suffrage to take their chance in an appeal to the ignorance and vice of the country against the opinions of the teetotallers, Nonconformists, and rational Radicals, who would constitute nine-tenths of our phalanx of forty-shilling freeholders." Nor was he without literary or even

without classical interests, notwithstanding his rather economical sayings about the scanty waters of the Ilyssus, and the territorial insignificance of the scenes of Greek history. He would talk, and talk well, about Greek oratory and the Greek drama, which he had explored as well as he could through translations. He was apparently a little disappointed by the absence of passionate rhetoric in Demosthenes. Mr. Morley justly praises Cobden's style, which he might have done, perhaps, without disparaging the classical models. Cobden's style is excellent for its purpose, which is that of the pamphleteer; the styles of Bacon, Hooker, Milton, Swift, Addison, Hume, Burke, are also excellent for their several purposes. The lesson which an intelligent reader learns from the classics is, I submit, precisely that which Mr. Morley seems to think they do not teach—attention to things, not to words. A really classic writer is as free from all ornamental encumbrance as a Greek statue.* Cobden's favorite poet was Cowper, who touched him morally. For poetry of the deeper and more philosophic kind he probably did not much care. But he had an eye and a heart for nature. Mr. Morley has not got quite correctly the reply to a friend who had asked whether it was worth while to take a long journey for the purpose of seeing Niagara. The words were, "There are two sublimities in nature—one of rest, the other of motion: the sublimity of rest is a distant view of the Alps; the sublimity of motion is Niagara." On the whole it may pretty safely be said, that among all those who affected to scorn Cobden's vulgarity and narrowness, there would not have been found so rich or so comprehensive a mind.

In a striking passage quoted by Mr. Morley, Cobden says emphatically that

* I should also venture to demur to Mr. Morley's apparently low estimate of England's scholarship. Germany has, perhaps, more men eminent for recondite erudition, though she has never produced such an Athenian as Porson; but England has probably a far greater number of scholars who thoroughly understand and enjoy the classics. It may seem a paradox, but I fancy that one reason why we have had comparatively so few editors and commentators is that we have had so many readers.

the basis of his own character was religious, that his sympathies were with religious men, and that it was his "reverence" that sustained him through the labors and struggles of his public life. I have no doubt that he speaks the truth. He was not in the least sectarian; he was a devout believer in phrenology, the crude precursor of scientific rationalism; but he certainly was religious, and always felt that in bravely doing his duty, in upholding righteousness, in laboring for the good of his kind, he was in the hand of God.

This man, was not an un-Englishman, but, on the contrary, the truest and heartiest of patriots. National swagger he hated as well as national injustice; but the pages of his life show that he was as proud as any swaggerer of the high qualities and the great achievements of his countrymen, while he had a large-minded and generous appreciation of the special excellences and advantages of other nations. England, as represented by him, was a gentleman, and not a bully. He desired for his country the leadership of international morality, and he believed that her real interest was bound up with the interest of humanity; but he did not disregard her interest: on the contrary, he always looked to it first, and never without distinct reference to it proposed any plan of cosmopolitan improvement. If he advocated and encouraged a friend to advocate colonial emancipation, it was not because either of them wished to deprive their country of anything that could bring her wealth or strength, but because both of them were convinced that these distant dependencies brought neither wealth nor strength, but, on the contrary, loss of money and weakness: that, in a military point of view, they entailed a forfeiture of the advantages of an insular position; and that the only bond which could permanently and usefully unite England to free colonies was the bond of the heart. He certainly looked forward to the ultimate junction of Canada with the United States, and the union of the whole English-speaking race on the American continent; but he expected this to take place with the consent of the mother country, and believed that it would be greatly to her advantage. In questioning, as his friend

questioned, the expediency of retaining Gibraltar, he was actuated by no indifference to English honor, or wish that England should make Quixotic sacrifices, but by the conviction that since the introduction of steam and other changes the naval and military importance of the rock had been greatly diminished; while, as it often had thrown, so it would be sure again to throw, insulted Spain into the ranks of our enemies. I have no doubt that while he fully appreciated the genius for war and government which Englishmen had shown in the conquest and administration of India, he would gladly have resigned that glittering appanage had it been possible to retire without leaving anarchy behind; but here again he would have been actuated not by the craven motives which Jingoism imputed to him, but by a profound conviction that on the whole the Indian empire was materially a bane to us, and that there was great danger of its becoming a moral and political bane also. Some strong men agree with him on that point. His opinions on the subject of imperialism might have been confirmed, as those of his friend are, by seeing England, with all these distant objects of far-reaching ambition on her hands, unable to cope with a rebellion of Land Leaguers at home, and beginning to doubt whether she will be able to maintain her union with Ireland.

These volumes show that Cobden had no sympathy with Repeal. His policy for Ireland was the abolition of the feudal land law, which fosters great estates and, in the case of Ireland, absenteeism. The feudal law ought indeed to have been abolished, by the abrogation of primogeniture and entail, before entering on a course of more violent and equivocal legislation. But Cobden had not fathomed the Irish abyss. He did not see that if Ireland were given to the Irish, and all of them were collected in their native land, not a third of them could live.

Cobden, I repeat, was not an un-Englishman. Nor was he a Quaker. He disliked all armaments which were capable of being used for purposes of aggression, and he had a belief, well founded, at all events, as the army was then constituted, that militarism was the

great pillar of aristocracy; but he emphatically declared that he was ready to incur any expense that might be necessary for the purpose of maintaining the supremacy of England on the sea. He meant what he said, too, when he told the House of Commons that though opposed to a war which he deemed unjust, he would in a just war serve in the hospital if he could not serve in the field. He certainly erred in pronouncing against the volunteer movement, in which he saw another reinforcement of aristocracy, but failed to see a great antidote to panic. Nor can it be truly said that he never laid himself open to misconstruction. Mr. Kinglake says that Cobden and his great associate had no chance of getting a hearing when they strove to keep the peace with Russia, because, as they had declared against war in general, it was impossible that they should command attention when they spoke against any particular war. Mr. Morley replies with truth that Cobden had not declared against war in general. But he had attended Peace Conferences, the object of which was to denounce all war. A demonstration for or against a definite measure or course of policy, such as the repeal of the Corn Laws or the support of the Ottoman dominion, is often useful; but a demonstration in favor of a general principle always seems to commit, and usually does in fact commit, those who take part in it to an indiscriminate application. Cobden's authority on questions of peace and war was undoubtedly weakened in this way.

Hardly any mind can escape the bias of its history; Cobden's had no doubt contracted a bias, and a serious one, from the Free Trade struggle. Absolutely free from any sordid sentiment, from any disposition to believe that man lives by bread alone, from any conscious preference of material over moral and political considerations, he yet was inclined to overrate the beneficent power of commercial influences, and consequently the value of commercial objects. This was seen at the beginning of the war between the free and slave States in America, when, though his heart was as thoroughly on the side of political and industrial freedom as that of any human being could be, he was for a time pre-

vented from raising his voice for the right, if not held in a wavering state of mind, by his strong feeling in favor of the Southerners as Free Traders, though he could hardly have helped knowing that with them, as with the Turks, Free Trade was not an enlightened principle, but the barbarous necessity of a community incapable of manufacturing anything for itself, as appears more clearly than ever now that, slavery being abolished, manufactures have been introduced into the South, and have brought Protectionist tendencies with them. The same thing was seen again in the case of the French Treaty. Mr. Morley is mistaken in thinking that anybody objected to negotiating with the French Government on account of its character and origin: we were all ready to do business with Nero; though certainly, if there was a hand which Liberals might be excused for not wishing to take even in the course of business, it was that of Louis Napoleon. The objection which some of us felt was to abetting the Emperor in an arbitrary use of his treaty-making power for the purpose of over-riding on a question of domestic policy the well-known sentiments of his Legislature and his people. We thus, for a commercial object, became accomplices in absolutist encroachment. There could be no mistake about the matter. The Emperor assured Cobden that the Legislative Body was irreconcilably hostile to every manner of Free Trade, and Cobden himself says that it would be impossible to assemble five hundred persons in France by any process of selection, and not nine tenths of them at least in favor of the restrictive system. An apprehension, which events have too well justified, was felt that Free Trade itself would be tainted in the mind of the French people by association with the violence done by a high-handed stretch of power to national opinion. It must be admitted also that, as in the case of the arbitrary monarchy of Prussia, on which he bestows praises rather unwelcome to the Liberal ear, so in the case of the French Empire, Cobden's political toleration of all forms of government which were or seemed to be economically beneficent carried him somewhat too far. Nor could I at the time, nor can I now, share the contempt

with which he treated all suspicion of the French Emperor's designs, and every suggestion that necessity might at last impel the conspirators of the *coup d'état* to an attack on England, from which, if so compelled, they would no more have shrunk than they shrank from the perfidies and massacres by which they raised themselves to power. Alarm always takes forms more or less irrational and ridiculous; but all Cobden's expressions of scorn for English panic would have been nearly as applicable to the nervousness of Austria and Germany, upon each of which the French bandit sprang without notice, and without any cause of war except his personal necessities and those of his dynasty. That Free Trade and peace are closely connected in fact as well as in the motto of the Cobden Club is very certain, but the relation is not simply that of cause and effect; it is reciprocal, and Free Trade depends fully as much on peace as peace does upon Free Trade: if there are large armaments there must be import duties to maintain them, and it is vain to suppose that the policy of the English tariff will be allowed to regulate the tariffs of other countries, or that there can be any absolute rule for them all. Nor is it by any means true in all cases perhaps it is not true even in the majority of cases, that the passions of nations are controlled by their commercial interests. If they were, no matter what the fiscal system might be, there could hardly ever be a war.

That the good effects even of commercial prosperity were neither unlimited nor unmixed, Cobden himself had reason to observe. Writing about the rejection of Mr. Bright at Manchester, he ascribes "this display of snobbishness and ingratitude" to the great prosperity which Lancashire enjoys mainly through the efforts of Mr. Bright; and predicts that those vices and the political apostasy connected with them will go on in the north of England "so long as the exports continue to increase at the same rate." In another letter he says "the great prosperity of the country made Tories of us all;" and accuses the middle class, which it was hoped could be independent, of having sunk into the most abject servility from the same cause. "I have never known a

manufacturing representative put into a cocked hat and breeches and ruffles, with a sword by his side, to make a speech for the government, without having his head turned by the feathers and frippery : generally they give way to a paroxysm of snobbery, and go down on their bellies and throw dust on their heads, and fling dirt at the prominent men of their own order." Aristocracy here conspired with the vast growth of wealth which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws ; but it cannot be said that the vast growth of wealth had a purely elevating influence in itself. Another fact might be cited in support of the same moral, though Cobden was himself unconscious of its import. The letter of the French Emperor declaring for Free Trade appeared upon a Sunday, and on the Tuesday following, as Mr. Morley—following, we presume, the account given by Cobden—tells us, at the great market at Manchester, which used to draw men from all parts of that thriving district, the French Emperor was everywhere hailed as the best man in Europe. He who had not only destroyed the liberties which he was set to guard, but had literally revelled in perjury and rioted in innocent blood, who was not only the greatest enemy of freedom, but the greatest felon in Europe, and who a few years before had been denounced by the universal voice of British morality, had in a moment, to the bribed understandings and consciences of all these respectable and religious traders, become the best man in Europe because he had promised to add something to their gains !

It is due, however, to Cobden always to mark that he was a Free Trader indeed : his heart was with those who proposed absolutely to abolish all import duties, and supply their place, so far as was necessary, by direct taxation. His desire and his hope were to make one commercial community of the whole human race. Thoroughly embracing the principle, he was entitled to reckon on the full effects of its application. In this he differed essentially from those who, calling themselves Free Traders, are in fact nothing of the kind, but merely advocates of a particular tariff, very wisely framed no doubt with reference to British industries and interests,

but not necessarily suited to those of all the countries in the world.

In one respect, perhaps, Cobden may be hereafter a more important figure in political history than his biographer thinks. If the transition from hereditary to elective government should ever be completed, and England should become a commonwealth, he may be hailed as one of the fathers of Republicanism. All Radicals are Republicans in grain ; some of them are in private avowedly republicans ; but as a body they have deemed it wise to put off the great question to an indefinite future, to stand aloof from the Republican party in Europe, and for the practical purposes of public life to take offices and titles under the monarchy and aristocracy. Cobden never took office or title. Nor did he ever cross the threshold of a court. Though he negotiated with the French Emperor, he declined an invitation to Compiègne. True, it was Palmerston's hand that proffered him office, and it is possible that his decision might have been different had the proffer come from the hand of Gladstone. But, as a matter of fact, he remained Richard Cobden and an illustrious servant of the people ; and his motives, though not distinctly professed, were such that Republicans may fairly claim him as their own.

Peel I did not know ; but I have lived much with those who knew him well. I have also had access to information of a documentary kind which helps to explain some of the doubtful passages of his long and vexed career. When he fell from power I was still at college, and, in common with most of the young Liberals of the day, I looked up with ardent sympathy to the great statesman who, trying to rise above party and govern in the interest of the nation, was struck down by the blind resentment of a selfish faction and by the dagger of the political bravo. It is to be hoped that the publication of his papers will not be much longer delayed, for his memory daily suffers wrong. Mr. Morley, for instance, speaks of the days preceding Canning's premiership as "a season of odious intrigue ;" and he is only saying what is generally believed. Yet it will probably prove that injustice has been done to Wellington, Peel, and the

rest of those against whom the imputation is levelled. The Liverpool Cabinet was made up of two sections, to one of which belonged Wellington and Peel, to the other Canning. These sections differed from each other not only about Catholic Emancipation, which had been made an open question in the Cabinet, but about foreign policy and in their general tendencies. The Prime Minister was their only bond of union, and on his departure they inevitably fell asunder. Falling asunder is not a very amicable operation, nor is it easy to state with perfect frankness your general want of sympathy with the political character and principles of a man with whom you have just been acting, however natural, in the eyes of all the world, that want of sympathy may be. That there was also a rivalry between Peel and Canning need not be questioned; under the party system and between heads of opposing sections such things must be; but rivalry is not conspiracy or cabal. The letters of resignation sent by the seceders seem to me perfectly spontaneous and independent. If there was anything like intrigue, I suspect it was on the part of Canning, who was a man of eager, not to say inordinate, ambition, as he showed in his conduct to Addington and afterward to Percival. The conversion of the Anti-Jacobin to Liberalism seems glorious now; but it was natural that it should not seem so glorious to the Tories then. There is no reason for supposing that Peel instigated the attacks which Dawson and other Tories made on Canning, and which after all were no more than the counterpart of those which Canning himself had made upon Addington and others who had come in his way. To say that Peel killed Canning is preposterous. Canning had been in very bad health before he became Premier, and his febrile temperament succumbed to the cares and vexations of difficult and equivocal position. If any bolt went to his heart, it was that of Grey. Canning's son assuredly did not regard Peel as his father's murderer. In Stapleton's first work on Canning, published in 1839, the charge against Peel of behaving dishonorably to Canning does not appear. It appears in the work published in 1859. Between those dates it had been

brought forward in the House of Commons among other rabid personalities by Lord George Bentinck in a specific form and in that form it had been met and repelled by Peel. The author of the "Life of Lord George Bentinck" is compelled to admit that the charge cannot be sustained, while he artfully labors to leave the impression that it is true. With a somewhat suspicious anxiety he fixes the responsibility of it on the memory of his friend, protesting that "the statement was made from Bentinck's personal experience and memory, and was the tradition of the circle in which he lived and the conviction of his heart." How came it to pass, then, that a man of Bentinck's temper, and devoted as he was to the memory of Canning, whose private secretary he had been, and with whom he was connected by marriage, not only remained for so many years a steady follower of Peel, but when Disraeli began to attack Peel ascribed the attacks, as Disraeli says he did, to personal motives? Is it not more likely that this, among other things which Bentinck said and did was really the infusion of "a friend?"

Mr. Morley also is somewhat in error, as I venture to think, in saying that, with the accession of the Duke of Wellington to power in 1827, all the worst impulses of the privileged classes acquired new confidence and intensity. The Duke was never averse, and Peel was always most favorable, to measures of administrative reform. Even in 1827 exclusionists and jobbers saw that it was not their game that was being played, and this became still more clear to them in 1834 when a foreign statesman said of Peel that he had proved himself the most liberal of Conservatives, the most conservative of Liberals, and the most capable man of all in both parties; while bigoted Tories not only withheld praise, but broke out into denunciation, and accused the Minister of preparing the final ruin of the Church.* A European Conservative Wellington was in the highest degree; he had monarchical views of English government, and was strongly opposed to organic change: a bigot or a corruptionist he never was.

* See Mr. Spencer Walpole's "History of England," vol. iii., p. 302.

Canning, it must be remembered, was to the last an opponent of Parliamentary reform.

Peel has been called the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived. A sneer perhaps lurks in the compliment; but, apart from the sneer, the compliment belongs rather to Pym or to one of the Pitts. It may more truly be said of Peel that he was about the best public servant whom England ever had. No other Minister ever was so thoroughly conversant with all the interests and master of all the business of the State. This it was that lent such weight to his speeches, and gave him his immense power over the House of Commons. Lord Russell said that, of all the speakers whom he had ever heard, the most eloquent was Plunket, the most charming was Canning, the weightiest was Peel. That, so far as the evil system of party—for the establishment of which he was not responsible—would let him, Peel was a true patriot, and served his country to the utmost of his power and with all his heart, never sparing himself, but giving the most conscientious attention to all the details of the public business, must be the conviction of every one who really knows his history. His great qualities were rather those of an administrator than those of a legislator, and were liable to be rated lower than they deserved under the party system, which counts only legislative triumphs. In legislation he was not an originator, at least upon the greatest questions; but, as one who gave practical effect to the conclusions of the time, his record on the Statute Book is immense. When once he put his hand to the work he was bold, and never stopped at half-measures. His bills were framed with the greatest care, so as to pass with the least possible amendment. For his memorable Budgets, his financial experiments, the creation of the fiscal system under which England has prospered, he had the assistance of first-rate coadjutors, official and non-official; yet the measures may fairly be said to have been his own. Irrespectively of the party ties by which in his very boyhood he had been tightly and almost inextricably bound, he was by nature a Conservative—ready for any practical reform, but averse from organic change. Such is apt to be

the temperament of great administrators who are satisfied with their tools as they are; and it is a better temperament, at all events, than that of politicians who seek power through great convulsions and use it for small jobs. The weak points of Peel's career are his conversions on Catholic Emancipation and the Corn Laws, of which nobody denies either the sincerity or the necessity, but which involved an appearance of infidelity to party; while the desperate awkwardness of the position in which, during the process of conversion, a leader is placed, between the impossibility of keeping silence as a private man whose mind was wavering would do, and the danger of prematurely avowing conclusions which may shake the States, has furnished malice with materials for imputations of deceitfulness of which unsparing use has been made. To these imputations Peel was too nervously susceptible; but we have tried effrontery, and can tell which has the best effect on public character. That the intellect of the man who was chiefly responsible for the welfare of the people should not upon such a question as the Corn Laws have been allowed to act freely for the public good, and that the country should have been compelled to deprive itself of the services of its great administrator because there had been a change in national opinion upon an economical question, have always seemed to me heavy accounts in the indictment against the party system, and that constitutional rule which requires that, whenever a new light breaks upon the mind of the legislative body, the executive government shall be overturned.

Factional things must, in the course of nature, be done by every leader of opposition; but no leader of opposition ever did fewer of them than Peel. He never weakened or degraded government. He played no jockey tricks. He never descended to the tactics familiar to those who supplanted him, of coalescing with the extreme section of the other party for the purpose of upsetting the Ministry. He would have spurned such a suggestion as the utter betrayal of all the objects for which his party existed, as the depth at once of folly and dishonor. Never did he give his followers the signal to turn round and vote

against the second reading of a bill when they had voted in favor of the first reading because it appeared that advantage might be taken of a division in the ranks of the government. Never did he on a great question belie his recorded convictions and trifle with the political life of the nation for the purpose of "dishing" his rivals. He avoided rather than sought faction fights; held back his followers as much as he could from premature attacks; never attempted to filch office, but waited till his time was fully come, and, instead of climbing over the wall, he could enter by the great gate. In time of public peril he knew that party feeling and personal ambition must be restrained. The country has bitter reason to wish that he was the leader of the Opposition now.

A man of genius Peel cannot be called. He was not imaginative or creative; even in appreciation his mind, open as it was, moved slowly. It moved slowly in all things, and, like Burleigh, he used his pen a good deal in the process of deliberation. Nor did he always see the limits of a principle; if he had, perhaps he would have perceived more clearly and maintained more firmly that the principle of free competition, however sound as applied to commerce in general, was hardly sound when applied to national works like railways. Still, in the construction of the Conservative party, and in placing it exactly on the right basis after the revolution of 1832, his practical sagacity did the work of genius. He was greatly helped in this by his commercial origin and his affinity to the middle class. The same influences were always drawing him toward alliance with such a man as Cobden, wide as the gulf between them might appear.

In one respect he stands almost by himself. It would be difficult at least to name any leader who had left the country such a bequest of statesmen. In drawing young men to him he had to get over the difficulties of his extreme shyness, and of a manner at first icy, though Lord Aberdeen said of him that when he did open himself he was the most confiding of mankind. He also had to get over a certain formality of judgment and want of sympathy with anything eccentric or sentimental, natu-

ral to him, no doubt, but confirmed by the habits of a life spent in business of State, with little time for reading, intellectual intercourse, or speculation of any kind. From the personal jealousy which sometimes narrows the choice of associates he was free, as he showed by the eagerness with which he welcomed to his side Stanley, in whose unquiet ambition and aristocratic arrogance his sagacity could hardly fail to see the probable source of trouble to himself. The shade of Peel may proudly ask what those who charged him with want of sympathy with genius have left to eclipse his staff. In one instance he has been accused—and will, no doubt, be accused again—of a fatal oversight. But the accusers must remember that the Disraeli of 1841 was not the Lord Beaconsfield of a later time. The Disraeli of 1841 had announced himself under the name of Vivian Grey as an unscrupulous adventurer, bent on gratifying his ambition, not by the qualities which Peel valued in a public servant, but by skill in intrigue; he had verified that announcement by seeking election to Parliament first as a Radical, and immediately afterward as a Tory; and he had been denounced for so doing by public men whose confidence and whose names he had, as they thought, abused. He had signified the intention which, in the case of Lord Derby, he, with incomparable skill and knowledge of character, carried into effect, of using his political leader as a Marquis of Carabas. He had presented himself to the House of Commons in raiment which, though symbolical by its gorgeousness of a dazzling policy, was not likely to fascinate an unimaginative man of sense. He had approached his leader, both in public and in private, with fulsome flattery; and fulsome flattery, however successful it might be in other quarters, was not likely to succeed with Peel. Nor was anything to be gained by disparaging the Duke of Wellington, in whom Peel did not see a rival, and whom, though little guided by his counsels, he always treated with the tenderest respect. After all, there is a tradition that Peel—always tolerant, though not appreciative, of the vagaries of talent, and ever anxious to enlist it for the party—wished to give Disraeli place, but was prevented by the

opposition of Lord Stanley. When his papers are published it will be found, I suspect, that he afterward treated Disraeli with a magnanimity which may be thought by some to have been rather becoming in him than clearly consistent with the public good.

To do right in the question between Cobden and Peel while they were in collision, we must remember that Cobden was leading an agitation in the interest of a particular class. The class was large, and its interest on this occasion coincided with that of the community, otherwise it could not have had Cobden and Bright for spokesmen; but still it was a class. With Cobden and Bright the repeal of the Corn Law was part of a general policy of Free Trade, and Free Trade itself was but a part of a still more general policy of peace and good-will among nations, economy, and government in the interest of the people. But the object of most of the manufacturers who were members of the League was simply the repeal of a noxious impost, which specially pressed on their own industry. They were not universal philanthropists; they were hardly even Free Traders in the full sense of the term. Their subscriptions to the League Fund were what Cobden himself called them, investments, which they expected to be repaid to them, and which were in fact repaid to them a hundredfold. Had the same men been landowners, they would probably have been Protectionists. To the general policy of Bright and Cobden their attachment was very equivocal, as the sequel showed, and as Cobden himself has told us:

I am of opinion that we have not the same elements in Lancashire for a Democratic Reform movement as we had for Free Trade. To me the most discouraging fact in our political state is the condition of the Lancashire boroughs, where, with the exception of Manchester, nearly all the municipalities are in the hands of the stupidest Tories in England, and where we can hardly see our way for an equal half-share of Liberal representation. We have the labor of Hercules in hand to abate the power of the aristocracy, and their allies the snobs of the towns.

You hint at the possibility of Manchester taking me in case of poor Potter's death. I don't think the offer will ever be made, but I am quite sure that there is no demonstration of the kind that could induce me (apart from my determination not at present to stand for

any place) to put myself in the hands of the people who, without more cause than than now, struck down men whose politics are identically my own. To confess my honest belief, I regard the Manchester constituency, now that their gross pocket question is settled, as a very unsound, and to us a very unsafe body.

The manufacturers of Yorkshire and Lancashire look upon India and China as a field of enterprise, which can only be kept open to them by force; and, indeed, they are willing apparently to be at all the cost of holding open the door of the whole of Asia for the rest of the world to trade on the same terms as themselves. How few of those who fought for the repeal of the Corn Law really understand the full meaning of Free Trade principles!

Men may be named, besides Cobden and Bright, who did thoroughly understand the meaning of the principle, and its connection with principles larger still; but with the rank and file of the movement Free Trade meant nothing but an alteration of the tariff in their own favor.

Peel, on the other hand, was the ruler of the whole nation, and was bound to consider not one class or interest alone, but all. He was also bound to consider political as well as economical consequences. The aristocracy personally he loved little, and had little cause to love: it accepted his services without ever forgetting that he was by origin a cotton-spinner; and that he stood aloof from it in heart was shown by his testamentary injunction to his son. But he believed it to be an essential part of the constitution, and he saw plainly that its basis was territorial, or, in plain English, that its influence depended on its rents. It was very well for the League to say that the landowners would not suffer by repeal; the League cared little whether the landowners suffered or not: and the truth is that though the reduction of rents was suspended for a time by the enormous extension of the English market for agricultural produce which followed the growth of manufactures, it has evidently come at last, and seems likely to bring its political consequences with it. The prediction of evil to the landed interest which events appeared to have belied, has been apparently fulfilled after all; for some time past at least, the extent of English land under the plough has been rapidly decreasing. There was some force also in the military argument against depend-

ence on the foreigner for food ; it seemed that the Island Fortress would lose its impregnability ; and Peel could not accept, and would have been entirely misled if he had accepted, as infallibly true the Leaguers' assurance that Free Trade would be followed by universal peace. Economical fallacies, which experience has now taught us to deride, then fettered strong minds ; nor would a statesman, when he began to meditate the great change, have felt that he had any great force of independent opinion on his side. The sudden conversion of the Whigs was, as Mr. Morley truly says, nothing more than the device of a foundering faction. So long as they had a secure tenure of power, and were able to control legislation, they declared that to meddle with the Corn Law would be madness. They even, after the failure of their attempt "to set fire to the house which they were leaving," showed rather faint attachment to their new opinions, and their chiefs declined to vote for Mr. Villiers's annual motion in 1844. Peel had, however, avowed in the most distinct terms that unless the Corn Law was shown to be good for the whole people, it could not stand ; and his freedom in dealing with it had already driven extreme Protectionists, such as the Duke of Buckingham, from his side. The general tendency of his financial policy was also distinctly in the direction of Free Trade. For a man in his position, and under the party system, the process of change, as has been already said, was desperately difficult, and the utmost allowance ought to be made for anything ambiguous in his utterances or in his conduct. He was the object not only of cruel misconstruction, but of calumnious invention on the part of enemies who certainly could not like him to be accused of lacking imagination. It was most circumstantially stated and widely believed, that when he found himself no longer able to defend the Corn Law he had contrived to shirk a debate, and to put forward his young lieutenant, Sidney Herbert, to defend the Corn Law in his place. He was of all men the least capable of such an act of treachery to a friend. Mr. Morley gives what is probably the grain of truth in the story, if there is any grain of truth

in it at all. He says that after a powerful speech from Cobden, Peel was overheard to say to Sidney Herbert, "You must answer that, for I cannot." Whatever construction may be put upon the incident, it clearly involves nothing dishonorable on the part of Peel.

When a class in possession of power, as the landlord class was in the Parliament of those days, refuses justice to the community, agitation is the only remedy, and it is better than civil war. But it entails some of the moral evils of civil war. What says Cobden himself ?

You must not judge me by what I say at these tumultuous public meetings. I constantly regret the necessity of violating good taste and fine feeling in my public harangues. I say advisedly *necessity* ; for I defy anybody to keep the ear of the public for seven years upon any one question without striving to amuse as well as instruct. People do not attend public meetings to be taught, but to be excited, flattered, and pleased. If they are simply lectured, they may sit out the lesson for once, but they will not come again ; and as I have required them again and again I have been obliged to amuse them, not by standing on my head or eating fire, but by kindred feats of jugglery, such as appeals to their self-esteem, their combativeness, or their humor. You know how easily in touching their feelings one degenerates into flattery, vindictiveness, or grossness.

It would be a relief to him, he says to know that he should never again have to attend a public meeting. If this was true of Cobden, how much more must it have been true of common agitators ! The passions of those whose interest was threatened were of course inflamed to fury by the wordy cannonade, and the difficulty of Peel's task in bringing them round was increased tenfold. After all, as Cobden admits, the agitation would have failed had it not been for the Irish famine.

It was perhaps inevitable that the leaders of the League should be unjust to Peel, as well as wanting in that consideration for his position which wisdom bade them show if they wished to win him to their side. Unjust, however, they were. They refused to recognize what he had done and was doing for the gradual promotion of the general policy of Free Trade ; they treated with contempt his great budget of 1842, though as a step in economical progress it was second in importance only to the repeal

of the Corn Law itself ; and they persisted in fixing on him, who least of all men in power deserved it, the entire responsibility and odium of maintaining a system which was paralyzing trade and spreading distress among the people. Hence arose a personal quarrel between him and Cobden, of which it would be painful to speak if it had not been closed by a noble reconciliation. On the fifth night of a fierce debate in the House of Commons, when party passions were at fever heat, Cobden made a very bitter attack on Peel, accusing him of "folly or ignorance," as a financier, treating his fiscal legislation with the most cutting contempt, and pointing to him, with emphatic and passionate reiteration, as "individually responsible" for the lamentable and dangerous state of the country. The recent murder of Peel's secretary and friend, Mr. Drummond, by a bullet, which was supposed to have been intended for Peel himself, was in everybody's mind ; and when Peel in his reply pounced angrily on the expression "individually responsible," Protectionist hatred of the great Leaguer burst forth in a fierce shout of denunciation, and a tornado followed in which Peel's anger mounted still higher, all moral bearings were lost, and all attempts at explanation became fruitless. Peel afterward positively disclaimed the atrocious meaning which had been fixed, in the fury of the moment, on his words ; and he surely might be pardoned, especially when heated by debate, for fiercely resenting an attempt to hold him up individually to a people exasperated by suffering as the author of their misery. Cobden himself avows that he meant to frighten Peel ; he had made up his mind that "when Peel bolted or betrayed the Protectionists the game would be up." "It was this conviction," he says, "which induced me after some deliberation to throw the responsibility upon Peel ; and he is not only alarmed at it, but indiscreet enough to let everybody know that he is so." Surely this goes far to justify anything that Peel really said.

Mr. Morley quotes, as the best judgment that can be passed on the affair, a letter written immediately after it by Cobden, in which Peel is accused of hypocritically feigning emotion, and said

to have incurred ridicule as a coward. "*Ah ! vous gâtez le Soyons amis,*" cried somebody from the pit, when Augustus in *Cinna* was recounting the vices and crimes of the man whose hand he was about to take. For the charge of simulating emotion Mr. Morley is of course able to cite the authority of Disraeli. Yet nobody who knows Peel's history can doubt that, like other members of his family, he had a hot temper, though it was usually under strict control. It is impossible to suppose that he was "acting the part of the choleric gentleman" in the tempestuous scene which occurred when Parliament was dissolved upon the rejection of the Reform Bill. As little was he open to the imputation of cowardice : he was sensitive to pain ; all men of fine organization are ; and there are traces in his correspondence of his having been rather nervous, or of somebody having been nervous for him, about plots : but I believe I am right in saying that, besides his affair with O'Connell, whom he desperately strove to drag into the field, he on three other occasions displayed his anachronistic propensity to fight duels. I know that it was with the utmost difficulty that, by an appeal to his feeling for the Queen, he was dissuaded from sending a challenge to Lord George Bentinck, who had touched his honor on a point on which it was particularly sensitive, by traducing the integrity of his relations with his friends. It may be surmised that his equivocal position in the society of those days as a cotton-spinner among aristocrats, made him rather more peevish in resenting insult than he would otherwise have been. What is certain is that, if readiness to look on the muzzle of a pistol is a proof of courage, Peel cannot have been a coward.

All soon came right between him and Cobden. The two soldiers of the same cause, under opposite standards and in hostile uniforms, recognized each other and clasped hands. Cobden wrote Peel, whose defeat by the coalition of Whigs and Protectionists on the Coercion Bill was then impending, a confidential letter promising him hearty support, conjuring him to dissolve Parliament, and assuring him if he would of an immense victory. He desired Peel to burn the letter. Peel kept it, and, as Mr. Morley says, a

question may be raised by those who occupy themselves about minor morals. But Peel in his answer says, "I need not give you the assurance that I shall regard your letter as a communication more purely confidential than if it had been written to me by some person united to me by the closest bonds of private friendship." That is to say "I have not burned the letter, but I will keep it a dead secret;" and in this Cobden tacitly acquiesced. Peel must have known very well that the letter would be eminently honorable to the memory of both of them, and especially to that of the writer, who thus buried in a moment all past enmities, forgot all selfish rivalries, and threw himself into the arms of the statesman who had brought in the repeal of the Corn Law.

Had Peel taken Cobden's advice and dissolved, no doubt Cobden's prediction would have been fulfilled. There would have been a total rout of the Protectionists, and among others, the member for Shrewsbury would have lost his seat. But Peel could not, without a scandalous disregard of old ties, have appealed to the country against his own party. Nor could he have vaulted at once from the leadership of the Conservatives to the leadership of the Liberals, which was what Cobden in effect proposed. It is, in short, difficult to see how he could have done anything but what he did. Those who, like the author of the "Life of Lord George Bentinck," accuse him of "astuteness," and of manœuvring for the retention of his place, are met by the fact that, on finding his Cabinet divided he resigned, and that Lord John Russell was prevented from forming a government only by an objection among his own friends to the appointment of Palmerston as Foreign Minister, which no astuteness in Peel could have foreseen, much less have contrived.* It has been plausibly urged, and the writer of this paper used to think, that Peel ought to have held a meeting of his party: if he was prevented from taking that course in any degree by want of frankness and moral courage, or even by a punctilious

tenacity of his own authority as minister, to that extent he did wrong; but it was certain that there would be a disagreement at the meeting, probable that there would be a scene of great violence. What Stanley, Disraeli, and their section wanted above all things was to produce a split; and the consequence would have been that the quarrel in the House would only have been made more desperate and scandalous. The result, however, was inevitable, nor was it otherwise than welcome to Peel, who was careworn, exhausted, ill in body, and deeply wounded by the quarrel with old friends. He fell from office, but not from power: he remained the leading man in England; and had not his life been accidentally cut short, the voice of the nation would almost certainly have recalled him to the helm. On that point the author of "Latter-Day Pamphlets" was quite right.

Peel's failure to make his party turn round with him in 1846 has been contrasted with the success of the Tory leaders in 1867. But Mr. Morley aptly replies that the second was a case of political principle, while the first was a case of pocket. Besides this, in 1867 expedients were used which were quite unknown to Peel; the Tories were not so much persuaded as decayed: a Minister put up to say that the House of Commons would never grant household suffrage, and the pitfall in which that revolutionary measure lurked was carefully covered with Personal Payment of Rates. What is still more important, between 1846 and 1867 the party had undergone a most effective process of education.

Still, there is a moral to be drawn. The one man in whom the nation trusted, and had reason to trust, was driven from power because he had carried a measure which was urgently needed to give the people bread, and which was soon to be ratified by universal approbation, even those who had most rancorously assailed its author at the time acquiescing as soon as acquiescence became necessary to them as a passport to place. The coalition against the Coercion Bill, by which this was brought about, consisted of three elements: Conservatives who had themselves supported the Coercion Bill in its earlier stage; Whigs to whom

* The author of the "Life of Lord George Bentinck" calls this an intrigue. Everybody was an intriguer but he. The objector was about the most inflexibly upright and thoroughly straightforward of public men.

coercion was familiar, and who, as soon as they had tripped up Peel, resorted to it again ; and Radicals who were then, as they are now, unused to government, hardly conscious of its necessities, unready to avow Republicanism, but ready to make unlimited concessions to all who demanded them, and let Irish insurgents or any one who would tear to pieces the heritage of the commonwealth. The one great gainer by the transaction was a man whose motives were purely personal, as he used afterward very frankly to avow ; who, on a question affecting not a mere political theory, but the subsistence of the people who were starving round him, was taking a course contrary to his often recorded convictions, and traducing with laborious virulence the character and career of a statesman whom he knew to be doing right, on whom a little time before he had been lavishing his adulation, and to whom he had been a suitor for place. The progressive domination of such characters is the inherent tendency of the party system.

In spite of their conflicts Peel and Cobden were really united in their political lives, and it may be said that in death they were not divided. Neither of them was buried in Westminster Abbey. Peel lies among his family and neighbors, Cobden lies in a country churchyard. A man who has worked for fame will like to rest in a pantheon ; a man who has worked for duty and for the approbation of the power of duty will perhaps prefer to rest by the side of honest labor, and among those whom he has loved.

Free Trade still stands pretty much where it stood on the morrow of the reconciliation of Cobden with Peel. Their visions—Cobden's visions at least—have not been fulfilled. The reason has been already given. England, while she preaches Free Trade, and thinks all the world demented because it will not listen to her preaching, is herself not a Free Trade nation. She raises twenty millions by import duties which, though admirably well adjusted to her special circumstances, are not the less interferences with freedom of trade. Every nation has its tariff, every nation will continue to have its tariff so long as money for establishments and armaments is re-

quired : and for tariffs, as was said before, there is no absolute rule ; each country must be allowed to frame its own. Cobden assumed that the world was a single community ; he could not bring the human race to that far-off goal of philanthropy, though he did something to help it on its way.

It seems at the present moment as if the same thing might be said with too much truth about the Irish Question. It was upon a Coercion Bill that the Peel Government fell, Cobden voting against the Bill, though apparently more because this was the regular line of his political section than in obedience to any strong opinion of his own. His biographer's hostility to such measures is more decided. "The Ministry," he says, "resorted for the eighteenth time since the Union to the stale device of a Coercion Bill, that stereotyped avowal—and always made, strange to say, without shame or contrition—of the secular neglect and incompetency of the English government of Ireland." Sir Robert Peel was not incompetent, nor had he neglected the Irish Question ; on the contrary, he had studied it for thirty years with all the advantages which a successive tenure of the Irish Secretaryship, the Home Secretaryship, and the Premiership could afford, and with an anxiety proportioned to his consciousness that, as he said, Ireland was the difficulty of his administration. We must therefore be permitted to believe that the temporary reinforcement of public justice in Ireland during outbreaks of murderous anarchy caused by agitation or distress, and when the ordinary law has become evidently insufficient, though it may not be the highest pinnacle of statesmanship, is not the lowest depth of ignorance, carelessness, or folly. That force, while necessarily used to restrain disorder, is no remedy for an economical malady, is a truth as certain and as fruitful as that the strait waistcoat necessarily used to control madness in its paroxysms is no remedy for a disease of the lungs.

Mr. Morley's own policy for Ireland is not stated in these volumes, but we may divine that he would like to govern Ireland through leaders of Irish opinion. So should we all if it were possible ; unfortunately it is even less possible now

than it was when Peel's Coercion Bill was brought in. O'Connell was not strong on the side of truth of honor; nor was he the offspring of a high political civilization. Cobden says of him, that though they were on friendly terms he never shook hands with him or faced his smile without a feeling of insecurity; and that as for trusting him on any public question where his vanity or his passions might interpose, he should as soon have thought of an alliance with an Ashantee chief. Still O'Connell was a real power; through the priesthood, which was devoted to him, he commanded all Ireland, the division which now exists between the priest party and the Fenians or Nationalists not having commenced in his time; if he made terms he was able to keep them; he had comparatively little need of further agitation to sustain his popularity, nor did any competitor threaten his demagogic throne. His successors are men who are at the most leaders of a section with another section against them; not one of them has or ever has had a tithe either of his ability or of his power; every one of them subsists solely by agitation, and can, therefore, never afford to bring it to a close; if he did, a more dynamic rival would immediately pluck him down. Government can only degrade itself by these alliances; degradation was about the only fruit of alliance even with O'Connell. In truth, if compliance with the demands of Irish demagogism is to be the principle of imperial policy, it would be better at once to spare ourselves a tedious and humiliating haggle which can end only in one way, for the last demand of Irish demagogism must and will be the dissolution of the Union. Mr. Morley has perhaps hardly taken in the fact that among the Irish on both sides of the Atlantic political incendiaryism is a trade.

To talk of English government and misgovernment of Ireland is misleading in fact, though indispensable to the theory that Ireland has no faults of her own—a theory not easily accepted by those who on the other side of the Atlantic have seen the Irish unanimously supporting slavery, and forming, under the vile leaders whom they invariably choose, the regular rank and file of American corruption. When England

won elective government for herself, that is in 1832, she won it for Ireland also. Ireland has a much larger number of representatives in the House of Commons than Scotland, and for a long time she held the balance between the parties. But Mr. Morley has to record Cobden's verdict on the character and conduct of Irishmen at Westminster. "The most discouraging thing to an English member of Parliament who wishes to do well to Ireland is the quality of the men sent to represent it in the House of Commons; hardly a man of business among them; and not three who are prepared cordially to co-operate together for any one common object." "Would it mend matters," asks Cobden, "if such men were sitting in Dublin instead of London?" For the Galway contract Irish members were only too ready to co-operate; to that job for more than one session all worthier objects were sacrificed, and for the sake of it all natural and honorable connections were disregarded. Let it be shown that in one instance, during its long tenure of power, the Liberal party has refused to entertain any reasonable proposal for the benefit of Ireland supported by the body of Irish members. Unless this can be done, we are entitled to say that Ireland through the representatives of her choice has misgoverned England fully as much as England has misgoverned Ireland, to say nothing of the entirely evil and ever increasing influence of the Irish vote over the city constituencies on this side of St. George's Channel.

There is a sense, indeed, in which Ireland may be said to be misgoverned by England, but in which England also misgoverns herself. Were it not so, a power which has coped with the world in arms would not be showing mistrust of itself, and almost quailing before the menaces of the Irish Land League and its American confederates. Two difficulties at this crisis are pressing on the nation. One is an economical difficulty peculiar to Ireland, and consisting mainly in the multiplication of an unprosperous peasantry on an unproductive country under the influence of a Church which does not teach prudence, and in its own interest discourages emigration. The other is a political difficulty, extending to the affairs of the whole kingdom, and

felt especially in moments of national peril, or where, as in dealing with the Irish Question, forecast and a steady course of systematic and resolute action are required. It consists in the weakness of a supreme government vested in a body far too large for united council, and distracted in itself by faction, established and consecrated under the name of party. The inability of the House of Commons, as at present elect-

ed and organized, to govern the country, has been pressed upon the attention of the nation by these calamitous and humiliating events not less forcibly than by anything immediately connected with the Irish question. Even this hideous struggle of civilization with murderous anarchy may in the end bring more good than evil to the nation if the proper moral be drawn.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THOUGHT-READING.*

BY PROFESSOR BARRETT, EDMUND GURNEY, AND FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

AMONG the "petits jeux innocents" of modern drawing-rooms, a form of pastime known as the *willing game* has enjoyed of late considerable popularity. The game admits of many variations, but is usually played somewhat as follows. One of the party, generally a lady, leaves the room, and the rest determine on something which she is to do on her return—as to take a flower from some specified vase, or to strike some specified note on the piano. She is then recalled, and one or more of the "willers" place their hands lightly on her shoulders. Sometimes nothing happens; sometimes she strays vaguely about; sometimes she moves to the right part of the room and does the thing, or something like the thing, which she has been willed to do. Nothing could at first sight look less like a promising starting-point for a new branch of scientific inquiry. It is pretty obvious that the *will* of the players is generally most efficacious when it expresses itself in a gentle *push*. And even when the utmost care is used to maintain the light contact without giving any impulse whatever, it is impossible to lay down the limits of any given subject's sensibility to slight muscular impressions. The experiments of Drs. Carpenter and Beard, and other unpublished ones on which we can rely, have convinced us that the difference between one person and another in this respect is very

great; and that with some organizations a variation of pressure so slight that the supposed "willer" may be quite unaware of exercising it, but which he applies according as the movements are on the right track or not, may afford a kind of *Yes* or *No* indication quite sufficient for a clue.

A remarkable case of this tactile sensibility came under our notice some years ago. A young lady could write words, or even rudely copy sketches, which had been shown to her mother and not to herself, the mother sitting behind her and placing a finger on the girl's bare arm, even above the flexed elbow. Careful experiment by all three of us convinced us that in this case the probably unconscious and certainly indiscernible movements of the touching finger served to convey a sufficient guidance to the girl's delicate skin and quick intelligence. To persons familiar with cases of this kind, the protestations of the drawing-room: "You can see that I did not push!" "The idea flashed into my mind without my feeling the least pushing!" and so forth—will naturally sound anything but convincing.

There is another thing which, though of little positive importance, does as much perhaps to predispose scientific persons against such experiments as even the facilities they offer for unconscious self-deception; namely, the obviously unbalanced and chaotic state of mind in which the subject is sure to be approached in any casual social gathering, and the ludicrous jargon of scientific terms with which it gets involved.

* The facts recorded in this paper are extracted from a fuller Report presented to the Council of the Society for Psychical Research.

The courage of ignorance is nowhere more strikingly displayed. The ease and suddenness with which the female mind especially will leap from the surmise that it is "cheating" to the certainty that it is "electricity" is surprising, till one remembers that the fair leaper is probably guiltless of any sort of personal acquaintance with either form of energy. Similarly, "It is magnetism," seems a perfectly sufficient explanation of the matter to many who for a thousand pounds could not write down a single true sentence on the ascertained laws of magnetic attraction. If one ventures euphemistically to suggest this, they usually take refuge in "animal magnetism"—a phrase so obviously ordained by Providence as a secure retreat that it would be brutal to drive them to bay on it. But, after all, a certain amount of such vapping, even were it unavoidable, might for a sufficient object be as stoically borne as the physical atmosphere of a chemical laboratory.

But, it will be asked, is there even a *primâ facie* case, in performances of the sort described, for any obscurer cause than mere muscular susceptibility? Scattered instances, pointing to an affirmative answer, will, we think, be encountered from time to time by those interested in the search. Thus, on one occasion a young Peruvian lady, sitting with a large pile of ivory letters before her, selected from among them, with great rapidity, the letters which formed certain words chosen by one of us, and known to no one else, he standing behind her with his fingers lightly touching her shoulders. He certainly could not by any *intentional* effort in such a position have succeeded in guiding the girl's fingers in their rapid fumbling motion among the chaos of letters heaped confusedly together. On another occasion one of us witnessed the successful performance by a lady—the daughter of an eminent *savant*—of extremely varied and complicated operations silently fixed upon by him in her absence. For instance, he decided that she should pick up a little agate ornament standing amid some twenty other small objects on a shelf, should put it inside a certain covered jar in another part of the room, reopen the jar, remove the ornament, and hand it to a certain friend who was

present. This was done not only correctly to the smallest detail, but so rapidly that the hypothesis of unconscious muscular action on the part of the "willer," who lightly touched the lady's shoulders, seemed, to say the least, a violent one. Still more was this the case when selected notes on the piano were four times in succession correctly struck, and particular books, fixed upon at random, were taken from a full bookcase on six consecutive trials. Finally the hands, though placed near, were not allowed to touch the person of the guesser; the effect of this was to render the performance slower and more hesitating, but nevertheless even now the number of the successes exceeded that of the failures; while of course the odds against success remained on each occasion enormous. In these experiments it was very noticeable that a much larger percentage of successful results (in fact, almost unbroken success if the tips of the fingers of the willer touched the guesser) occurred when a near relative of the guesser was the "willer." This sort of circumstance is very common, and must naturally excite suspicion; for clearly no one in such a case can call on Science to accept as strict evidence any private conviction of his own, based on knowledge of the family, that deception was out of the question.

Instances like these, in fact, need the utmost caution before they can be accepted in evidence at all. Even apart from the doubts incident to physical contact, many other sources of conscious or unconscious delusion remain to be guarded against. Indications may be given, not only by a preconcerted code,* but by the most transitory direction of the glance, or the slightest shade of facial expression. An equally obvious danger lies in low whispering, or even soundless movement of the lips; and the faintest accent of approval or disapproval in question or comment may give a hint as to whether the effort is tending in the right direction and thus guide to the mark by successive approximations. Any exhibition of the kind

* For elaborate codes of this kind see *Scribner's Magazine* for November, 1880, and Mr. Irving Bishop's book "Second-Sight Explained."

before a promiscuous company is nearly sure to be vitiated by one or other of these sources of error. For instance, Mr. Bishop and Mr. Stuart Cumberland—whose results, though very uncertain and apparently never obtained without contact or proximity almost amounting to contact, still seem in some cases sufficiently unlike mere “muscle-reading” to warrant further inquiry—have obtained their reputation under precisely the conditions which we think it essential to avoid.* And we have found it impossible, in spite of exceptional pains, adequately to test the so-called *clairvoyance*, or thought-reading, of Louie Heriot, as exhibited at the Westminster Aquarium and elsewhere. It is obvious, in fact, that precision can only be attained by repeated experimentation in a limited circle of persons known to each other, and amenable to scientific control.

An experience extending over several years, while warning us against paid or public exhibitions, has taught us that to procure in private life a suitable subject, with the opportunity of frequent and stringent inquiry, is no easy matter. But by a fortunate accident, after long waiting, one of us heard of a family in which the attempt to obtain phenomena of the kind in question, regarded purely as an evening's amusement, had been attended with singular success.

Our informant was Mr. C—, a clergyman of unblemished character, and whose integrity indeed has, it so happens, been exceptionally tested. He has six children, five girls and one boy, ranging now between the ages of ten and seventeen, all thoroughly healthy, as free as possible from morbid or hysterical symptoms, and in manner perfectly simple and childlike. The father stated that any one of these children (except the youngest), as well as a young servant girl who had lived with the family for two years, was frequently able to designate correctly, without contact or sign, a card or other object fixed on in the child's absence. During the year which has elapsed since we first heard of

this family, seven visits, mostly of several days' duration, have been paid to the town where they live, by ourselves and several scientific friends, and on these occasions daily experiments have been made.* Before proceeding, however, to an account of the precise results obtained on the last visit by the present writers, it will be convenient to give a general sketch of the character and method of the inquiry.

This has taken place partly in Mr. C—'s house, and partly in lodgings or in a private room of an hotel, occupied by some of our number. Having selected at random one child, whom we desired to leave the room and wait at some distance, we would choose a card from a pack, or write on paper a number or a name which occurred to us at the moment. Generally, but not always, this was shown to the members of the family present in the room; but no one member was always present, and we were sometimes entirely alone. We then recalled the child, one of us always assuring himself that, when the door was suddenly opened, she was at a considerable distance (in their own house at the further end of a passage), though this was usually a superfluity of caution, as our habit was to avoid all utterance of what was chosen. Before leaving the room the child had been informed of the general nature of the test we intended to select, as “this will be a card,” or “this will be a name.” On re-entering she stood—sometimes turned by us with her face to the wall, oftener with her eyes directed toward the ground, and usually close to us and remote from her family—for a period of silence varying from a few seconds to a minute, till she called out to us some number, card, or whatever it might be. If this was incorrect, we usually allowed a second trial, and occasionally a third. At short intervals another child was chosen or a different test applied. To give an example: the following results were obtained on the evening of April 12th, in the presence of two of our number and

* For the report of a somewhat hurried scientific inquiry into Mr. Bishop's powers, see *Nature* for June 23, 1881. A fortnight later the same journal published a preliminary report by one of the present writers on the subject of this paper.

* Two of the children also spent a few days in London in January last; but a hurried, and to them an exciting, visit was necessarily prejudicial to a class of experiments in which, if genuine, the mental condition must obviously be all-important.

the family. The first attempt of one of the children was to state (without searching) the hiding-place of some small object, the place having been chosen by ourselves, with the full range of the house, and then communicated to the other members of the family. This was effected in one case only out of four. The next attempt was to give the name of some familiar object agreed on in the child's absence, as "sponge," "peppercaster," etc. This was successful on a first trial in six cases out of fourteen. We then chose a card from a full pack in the child's absence, and called upon her to name it on her return. This was successful at once in six cases out of thirteen. We then tried holding small objects in the hand, as a "latch-key," a "half-sovereign," a "green ball"—which were at once rightly named in five cases out of six. A harder trial was now introduced. The maid-servant having left the room, one of us wrote down the name "Michael Davitt," showed it round, and then put the paper in his pocket. The door was now opened, and the girl recalled from the end of the passage. She stood close to the door amid absolute silence, and with her eyes on the ground—all of us meanwhile fixing our attention on the appointed name—and gave after a few seconds the name "Michael" and then almost immediately "Davitt." To avoid any association of ideas, we then chose imaginary names, made up by ourselves at the moment, as "Samuel Morris," "John Thomas Parker," "Phoebe Wilson." The names were given correctly *in toto* at the first trial in five cases out of ten. Three cases were complete failures, and in two the names given bore a strong resemblance to those selected by us, "Jacob Williams," being given as "Jacob Wild," and "Emily Walker" as "Enery Walker." It was now getting late, and both we and the younger children were very tired; and four concluding attempts to guess the name of a town in England were all failures, though one of us had previously obtained remarkable success with this very experiment.*

This sitting may serve as an example of those conducted in the presence of the family; but it will be well to give also a group of results obtained when no member of the family was aware of the selected object. On the 13th of April two ladies from a distance, absolute strangers to the family, visited the house along with two of ourselves. Eleven times running we chose a card at random, and on six of these occasions one of the children named the selected card (giving both suit and pips, or fully designating the court card) correctly at the first trial; twice the card was named correctly on the second trial; and three cases were failures. On none of these occasions was it even remotely possible for the child to obtain by any ordinary means a knowledge of the card selected. Our own facial expression was the only index open to her; and even if we had not purposely looked as neutral as possible, it is difficult to imagine how we could have unconsciously carried, say, the two of diamonds written on our foreheads.

The outline of results during the present investigation, which extended over six days, stands as follows: Altogether 382 trials were made. In the case of letters of the alphabet, of cards, and of numbers of two figures, the chances against success on a first trial would naturally be 25 to 1, 51 to 1, and 89 to 1, respectively; in the case of surnames they would of course be indefinitely greater. Cards were far most frequently employed, and the odds in their case may be taken as a fair medium sample; according to which, out of the whole series of 382 trials, the average number of successes at the first attempt by an ordinary guesser would be $7\frac{1}{2}$. Of our trials, 127 were successes on the first attempt, 56 on the second, 19 on the third, making 202 in all. On most of the occasions of failure, 180 in number, second trials were made; but in some cases the guesser professed in-

preferable to those which begin with some pronounced consonant, as minimizing the chance of suggestion by conscious or unconscious whispering or movement of the lips. It is worth mentioning that experiments on naming towns, hiding-places, and objects held in the hand, as being less decisive, or at any rate less striking, than the others, were almost entirely abandoned after this first evening.

* Less ordinary names than those above given were correctly guessed by the children on later occasions, as Isaac Harding, Esther Ogle, Arthur Higgins, Alfred Henderson. Names which begin with a vowel or H are

ability, and declined to make more than one, and in others we allowed three ; no trial beyond the third was ever allowed. During the last day or two of trial, after it had occurred to us to notice the point, we found that of the failures to guess a card at the first trial, those wrong both in suit and number were a small minority. Our most striking piece of success, when the thing selected was divulged to none of the family, was five cards running named correctly on a first trial ; the odds against this happening once in our series were considerably over a million to 1. We had altogether a good many similar batches, the two longest runs being 8 consecutive successes, once with cards and once with names ; where the adverse odds in the former case were over 142 millions to 1, and in the latter something incalculably greater. If we add to these results others obtained on previous visits, it seems not too much to say that the hypothesis of mere *coincidence* is practically excluded. But common sense demands that every mode of explanation known to us should be exhausted before the possibility of an unknown mode is considered ; and we may now inquire whether any other recognized cause will sufficiently account for the results.

We need not dwell long on the general objection that a morbid state of mind, or craving for notoriety, may have furnished the children with exceptional powers of deluding us. Such diseased conditions have, no doubt, again and again prompted to extraordinary feats of deception. But whatever the impulse to deceive, yet all recognized means of gratifying it having (as we hold) been excluded where our own party alone knew the things selected to be done, the attribution of the power of doing them to the children's mental condition would be rather a restatement than an explanation of the problem. Of more special explanations, collusion is the most obvious. This, again, seems completely guarded against by exclusion of all members of the family, either from the room or from participation in the requisite knowledge ; and a group of results like that mentioned above, obtained under these conditions, and reaching or even exceeding the average success of the whole series, goes far to negative the

hypothesis of collusion at the times when members of the family were in the secret. The indirect argument from vexatious runs of failure on just the occasions when the children seemed most anxious for success, may be further suggested for what it is worth. We are aware that the exceptional nature of this inquiry goes far to invalidate arguments founded on character and demeanor ; and on this head, therefore, will only state our conviction that any candid critic, present during the whole course of the experiments, would have carried away a far more vivid impression of their genuineness than the bare printed record can possibly convey. Of more real importance is the hypothesis of exalted sensibility of the ordinary sense organs. We could discover no indication of this in any of its known forms ; but by way of precaution, as has been already stated, we commonly avoided even whispering any word, number, or name that we had selected ; and the position of the excluded child, when the door was opened, would in every case have satisfied the most exacting critic. The explanation which might be sought in unconscious indications given by the sitters, and especially in the movement of the lips, has been already adverted to. Coming as we did to this investigation with considerable previous experience of the same kind, we were throughout strictly on our guard against giving such indications ourselves ; the possibility of their being given by the family was of course excluded where the family were ignorant of the selected word or thing ; and on the remaining occasions our perpetual vigilant watch never detected a trace of anything of the kind. The absolute docility of the children—both the guesser and the others—in taking any position in the room that we indicated, was naturally an assistance to our precautions. It may be further mentioned that, on a previous visit made by one of us, the child called the required name though the shut door or from an adjoining room, having thus been completely isolated from the very beginning to the very end of the experiment.*

* Among the friends above referred to as having taken part in these inquiries are Professor Balfour Stewart, and Professor A. Hop-

It must be remembered that our great preoccupation throughout was to guard against delusion. Had the phenomena been sufficiently established to allow of a systematic search for their underlying laws, we might have preferred a more unvarying method of experimentation; but in this preliminary stage it seemed desirable to meet *primâ facie* possibilities of deception by frequent and unexpected changes of the various conditions. At the same time we endeavored to gather such indications as we could of the way in which the impression flashed on the mind of the child. The first question concerns the respective parts in the phenomena played by mental *eye* and mental *ear*. Among the experiments which we have counted as *failures* were very many where the number or card selected was guessed, as it were, piecemeal. For instance, the number 35 was selected, and the guesses were 45 and 43. So 57 was attempted as 47 and 45. So with cards: the seven of diamonds being chosen, the guesses were six of diamonds and seven of hearts; the three of spades being chosen, the guesses were queen of spades and three of diamonds. These cases seem somewhat in favor of mental eye, the similarity in *sound* between three and thirty in 43 and 35, or between five and fifty in 45 and 57, not being extremely strong; while the *picture* of the 3 or the 5 is identical in either pair. A stronger argument on the same side is the frequent guessing of king for knave, and *vice versa*. On the other hand, names of approximate sound (also reckoned as failures) were often given instead of the true ones; as "Chester" for Leicester, "Biggis" for Billings. Frogmore was guessed first as "Freemore;" Snelgrove was given as "Singrore," the last part of the name was soon given as "grover," and the

attempt was then abandoned; the child remarking afterward that she thought of "Snail" as the first syllable, but it had seemed to her too ridiculous. One of us has, moreover, successfully obtained from the maid-servant a German word of which she could have formed no visual image. The children's own account is usually to the effect that they "seem to see" the thing; but this, perhaps, does not come to much, as a known object, however suggested, is sure to be instantly visualized. Another question would be as to the effect of greater or less distance between the sitters and the guesser, and of the intervention of obstacles. It will have been seen that, in the experiments conducted by one of us on a former occasion, the intervention of a door or wall seemed to make no difference. It would be interesting, again, to discover whether numerical increase in the observers increases the effect, and how far the presence of special persons is influential. In our experience the presence of the father—though by no means essential, and very often dispensed with—seemed decidedly to increase the percentage of successes. A still more interesting and important question concerns such conditions of success and failure as may lie in the circumstances, disposition, general capacity, and mood of the subject, including such points as consanguinity and familiarity with members of the circle, and also in the temper and manner of the latter. We are dealing, not with chemical substances, but with childish minds, liable to be reduced to shyness and confusion by anything in the aspect or demeanor of visitors which inspires distaste or alarm. The importance of "a childly way with children," and the slightness of the differences of manner which will either paralyze them into stupidity or evoke unexpected intelligence and power, are commonplaces to any one whose duties have lain among them; and attention to such points may be as prime a factor of success in these delicate experiments as any other. The delicacy of the conditions was illustrated in our own inquiry partly by the inexplicable fluctuations of success and failure affecting the whole household, partly by the wide difference observed in the capacities of particular members of it

kinson, of Owens College. A communication lately received by us from them, embodying the results of their visits, and written without any knowledge of the contents of this paper, states facts and contains criticisms as to the possible (or impossible) relation to those facts of *coincidence*, *collusion*, *sight* and *hearing*, precisely similar to those we have given. Their experience was that "in about half the cases the first guess was right, and in most cases of mistake there was some marked point of similarity between the object proposed and the thing guessed."

from day to day. The common notion that simplicity, and even comparative blankness of mind, are important conditions, seems somewhat doubtfully borne out by our experience ; but of the favorable effect of freedom from constraint, and of a spice of pleasurable excitement, we can speak with entire assurance. The particular ill-success of a sitting which we held one close afternoon was attributed by the children themselves—and it seemed to us correctly—to inertness after their early dinner. We could find no resemblances between these phenomena and those known as *mesmeric* ; inasmuch as a perfectly normal state on the part of the subject seemed our first prerequisite. Nor did we find any evidence that “ strength of will ” has any particular effect, except so far as both subject and circle may exercise it in patient attention. On one or two occasions it seemed of advantage to obtain vivid simultaneous realization of the desired word on the part of all the sitters ; which is most easily effected if some one slowly and gently claps time, and all mentally summon up the word with the beats.

Many further lines of the investigation suggest themselves ; for instance, a great step would be made if a more complex idea, and one not habitually expressed by one definite sound or set of sounds, could be transmitted. An immense number of accurately-recorded experiments will be necessary for the establishment of such special points ; and possibly the present instalment may serve in some degree to stimulate and concentrate various inquiries in the same direction, which, though widely spread, seem so far to have been for the most part of a lax and fitful sort. The material for such inquiries, as may be surmised from the present record, must be in large proportion children, who are fortunately not rare, and who may be congratulated on so grand an opportunity for combining utility with amusement. It need scarcely be added that the primary aim in all cases must be to get the results *without physical contact* or anything approaching it, a stage to which some practice with contact may be a necessary preliminary. In no other way can the hypothesis of “ muscle-reading ” be with certainty eliminated ; while, *en*

revanche, the phenomena without contact, if once established, will afford solid ground for questioning the sufficiency of that hypothesis to account for all cases in which contact occurs.

The phenomena here described are so unlike any which have been brought within the sphere of recognized science, as to subject the mind to two opposite dangers. Wild hypotheses as to how they happen are confronted with equally wild assertions that they cannot happen at all. Of the two the assumption of *à priori* impossibility is, perhaps, in the present state of our knowledge of Nature, the most to be deprecated ; though it cannot be considered in any way surprising. We have referred to the legitimate grounds of suspicion, open to all who have only chanced to encounter the alleged phenomena in their vulgarest or most dubious aspects. Even apart from this, it is inevitable that, as the area of the known increases by perpetual additions to its recognized departments and by perpetual multiplication of their connections, a disinclination should arise to break loose from association, and to admit a quite new department on its own independent evidence. And it cannot be denied that the department of research toward which the foregoing experiments form a slight contribution presents as little apparent connection with any ascertained facts of mental as of material science. Psychological treatises may be searched in vain for any account of transmission of mental images otherwise than by ordinary sensory channels. At the same time it may serve to disarm purely *à priori* criticism if we point out that the word “ thought-reading ” is merely used as a popular and provisional description, and is in no way intended to exclude an explanation resting on a physical basis. It is quite open to surmise some sort of analogy to the familiar phenomena of the transmission and reception of vibratory energy. A swinging pendulum suspended from a solid support will throw into synchronous vibration another pendulum attached to the same support if the period of oscillation of the two be the same ; the medium of transmission here being the solid material of the support. One tuning-fork or string in unison with another will communicate its impulses through

the medium of the air. Glowing particles of a gas, acting though the medium of the luminiferous ether, can throw into sympathetic vibration cool molecules of the same substance at a distance. A permanent magnet brought into a room will throw any surrounding iron into a condition similar to its own; and here the medium of communication is unknown, though the fact is undisputed. Similarly, we may conceive, if we please, that the vibration of molecules of brain-stuff may be communicated to an intervening medium, and so pass under certain circumstances from one brain to another, with a corresponding simultaneity of impressions.* No more than in the case of the magnetic phenomena is any investigator bound to determine the *medium* before inquiring into the *fact* of transit. On the other hand, the possibility must not be overlooked that further advances along the lines of research here indicated may necessitate a modification of that general view of the relation of mind to matter to which modern science has long been gravitating.

* "BRAIN-WAVES."

[*The following extracts from a paper written by the Editor of this Review, in the "Spectator" of January 30, 1869, under the title of "Brain-Waves: a Theory," may be quoted here as showing that the same explanation of similar phenomena had occurred to another observer of them many years ago.*]

"Let it be granted that whensoever any action takes place in the brain, a chemical change of its substance takes place also; or, in other words, an atomic movement occurs. . . .

"Let it be also granted that there is, diffused throughout all known space, and permeating the interspaces of all bodies—solid, fluid, or gaseous—an universal, impalpable elastic 'ether,' or material medium of vibrating and inconceivable tenuity. . . .

"But if these two assumptions be granted, and the present condition of discovery seems to warrant them, should it not follow that no brain action can take place without creating a wave or undulation in the ether? for the movement of any solid particle submerged in any such medium must create a wave.

"If so, we should have as one result

of brain action an undulation or wave in the circumambient, all-embracing ether—we should have what I will call Brain-Waves proceeding from every brain when in action.

"Each acting, thinking brain, then, would become a centre of undulations transmitted from it in all directions through space. . . . Why might not such undulations, when meeting with and falling upon duly sensitive substances, as if upon the sensitized paper of the photographer, produce impressions, dim portraits of thoughts, as undulations of light produce portraits of objects?

"The sound-wave passes on through myriads of bodies, and among a million makes but one thing sound or shake to it; a sympathy of structure makes it sensitive, and it alone. A voice or tone may pass unnoticed by ten thousand ears, but strike and vibrate one into a madness of recollection. In the same way the brain-wave of Damon, passing through space, producing no perceptible effect, meets somewhere with the sensitized and sympathetic brain of Pythias, falls upon it, and fills it with a familiar movement. The brain of Pythias is affected as by a tone, a perfume, a color with which he has been used to associate his friend; he knows not how or why, but Damon comes into his thoughts, and the things concerning him by association live again. If the last brain-waves of life be frequently intensest—convulsive in their energy, as the firefly's dying flash is its brightest, and as oftentimes the 'lightning before death' would seem to show—we may perhaps seem to see how it is that apparitions at the hour of death are far more numerous and clear than any other ghost stories.

"Such oblique methods of communicating between brain and brain (if such there be) would probably but rarely take effect. The influences would be too minute and subtle to tell upon any brain already preoccupied by action of its own, or on any but brains of extreme, perhaps morbid susceptibility. But if, indeed, there be radiating from living brains any such streams of vibratory movements (as surely, there must be), these may well have an effect even without speech, and be perhaps the *modus operandi* of 'the little flash, the mystic

hint' of the poet—of that dark and strange sphere of half-experiences which the world has never been without. . . .

"No doubt atomic movements, causing waves in space, must start from other parts of the body as well as from the brain. . . . But the question here is simply limited to how *brains* are affected by the movements of other

brains; just as the question of how one pendulum will make other pendulums swing with it is a fair mechanical inquiry by itself, though doubtless other questions would remain as to how the movement of the pendulum would affect all other material bodies, as well as pendulums, in the same room with it."—*The Nineteenth Century*.

ELEPHANTS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

THE interest which attaches to the modern representatives of the mammoth host is by no means limited to the zoological world, but extends throughout all classes of society, who find something to wonder at even in the huge proportions and ungainly ways of the elephant family. A remarkably limited family circle is that which includes the elephants as its typical representatives. The past history of the race, like that of not a few other groups of animals and plants, is exactly the converse of its present-day phases, as regards numerical strength at least. As the existing pearly nautilus is the sole survivor of the immense hordes of four-gilled and shelled cuttlefishes which swarmed in the primitive seas and oceans of our earth; or as the few living "lampshells," or *Brachiopods*, represent in themselves the fullness of a life that crowded the Silurian seas, so the two existing species of elephants with which we are familiar to-day, stand forth among quadrupeds as the representatives of a comparatively plentiful past population of these mammalian giants. The causes which have depopulated the earth of its elephantine tenants may be alluded to hereafter; but it is evident that neither size nor strength avails against the operation of those physical environments which so powerfully affect the ways and destinies of man and monad alike. One highly important feature of elephant organization may, however, be noted even in these preliminary details respecting the modern scarcity of elephantine species, namely, that the slow increase of the race, and, as compared with other animals at least, the resulting paucity of

numbers, must have had their own share as conditions affecting the existence of these huge animals. The elephants are, of all known animals, the slowest to increase in numbers. At the earliest the female elephant does not become a parent until the age of thirty years, and only six young are capable of being produced during the parental period, which appears to cease at ninety years of age; the average duration of elephant life being presumed to be about a hundred years. But it is most interesting, as well as important, in view of any speculation on the increase of species and on the question of competition among the races of animal life, to reflect that, given favorable conditions of existence, such as a sufficiency of food, a freedom from disease and from the attack of enemies—and the elephant race slow of increase as it is, would come in a few thousand years to stock the entire world with its huge representatives. On the data afforded by the foregoing details of the age at which these animals produce young, and of their parental period, it is easy to calculate that in from 740 to 750 years, 19,000,000 of elephants would remain to represent a natural population. If such a contingency awaits even a slowly increasing race such as the elephants unquestionably are, the powerful nature of the adverse conditions which have ousted their kith and kin from a place among living quadrupeds, can readily be conceived. In the face of such facts, the contention that the "struggle for existence," in lopping off the weak and allowing the strong to survive, accomplishes in its way an actual good, becomes clear. And the import-

ant biological lesson is also enforced, that there is a tolerably deep meed of philosophy involved in the Laureate's pertinent remark concerning the "secret meaning" of the deeds of nature, through

finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear.

Reference has already been made to the paucity of existing species of elephants, only two distinct species being included in the lists of modern naturalists. These are the African elephant (*Loxodon* [or *Elephas*] *Africanus*) and the Indian elephant (*Elephas Indicus*). But the elephantine race is not without its variations and digressions from the ordinary type. We discover that among the elephants of each species "varieties" are by no means uncommon. These varieties appear as the progeny of ordinary animals. Thus the Sumatran elephant and that of Ceylon are regarded as constituting a distinct species, one authority, Schlegel, indeed, affixing to it the distinctive appellation of *Elephas Sumatrensis*. The balance of zoological opinion, however, is in favor of the Ceylon form being simply a "variety" of the Indian species; in other words, the differences between these two forms are not accounted of sufficient merit to elevate the former to the rank of a distinct animal unit. The famous "white elephants," whose existence has given origin to the proverbial expression concerning the disadvantage of unwieldy possessions, have a veritable existence. In Siam, as is well known, these animals are regarded with the utmost reverence, and are held in sacred estimation and kept in royal state by sovereign command. They are to be regarded, however, merely as an *albino* or colorless "variety" of the Indian species. Their production depends, like that of albinos or white varieties of birds or other animals, on some undetermined conditions affecting development. We occasionally find white varieties of birds—even including that paradoxical anomaly, a white blackbird—and albino cats are as familiar objects as are albino rabbits and white mice. Darwin remarks on the fact that albinism is very susceptible of transmission to offspring, and it is so even in the human race. It is not known whether the white elephants ex-

hibit any special peculiarity of structure or life; but the interesting correlation has been observed, that almost all white cats which possess blue eyes are deaf. The nature and origin of this association of characters are unknown, but the occurrence of such apparently unconnected states serves to remind us that great as yet are the mysteries which environ the coming of the living worlds.

The characters of the Indian and African elephants respectively, are by no means difficult to bear in mind. The Indian elephant has a concave or hollowed forehead, and the ears are of relatively moderate size. The eye is exceptionally small, while there are four nails or hoofs on the hind feet; the number of toes on each foot being five in all elephants. The color of the Indian species is moreover a pale brown, and is of a lighter hue than that of the African species; and while the former has "tusks" in the males alone, the latter possesses tusks in both sexes. The African elephant has a rounded skull and a convex forehead, and the ears are of very large size. It possesses only three nails on the hind feet, and four hoofs on the front toes. Certain important differences, to be presently noted, also exist between the teeth of these species.

The limits of size of the two species of elephants appear to have afforded subject-matter for considerable discussion. The average height of the male Indian elephant is from eight to ten feet, and that of the females from seven to eight feet. The African species, according to the most generally recorded testimony, attains a larger size than its Indian neighbor. Sir Emerson Tennent, quoting a source of error in the measurement of elephants, gives the remarks of a writer who says:

"Elephants were measured formerly, and even now, by natives, as to their height, by throwing a rope over them, the ends brought to the ground on each side, and half the length taken as the true height. Hence the origin of elephants fifteen and sixteen feet high. A rod held at right angles to the measuring rod, and parallel to the ground, will rarely give more than ten feet, the majority being under nine."

As regards the number of elephants captured annually, a recent return gives

us 503 as captured in the three years ending 1880, in the forests of Assam, by the Indian Government.

There exist a few points in the special anatomy of the elephants of which it may be permissible to treat briefly, and of these points, the skeleton presents several for examination. First in interest, perhaps, comes the enormous size of the skull, and the modifications wherewith this huge mass of bone is rendered relatively light and more easily supported on the spine. The skull of the elephant is unquestionably large, even when considered in relation to the huge body of which it forms such an important part; but when the skull is seen in section, we discover that, instead of presenting us with a solid mass of bone, its walls are hollowed out in a remarkable fashion, so as to materially reduce its weight. It is evident that a demand exists in these animals for a skull of great strength; which not only shall be equal to the task of giving origin to muscles of power sufficient for the animal's movements, but which may also adequately support the great "tusks." And nature has succeeded accordingly, by a most interesting modification, in uniting size and strength to a minimum of weight.

A very short but strong neck, and powerful bony processes borne on the joints thereof, serve as support and hold-fasts respectively for the huge cranium. In other parts of the skeleton, such as in the shape and form of the shoulder-blade, the elephants resemble the Rodent quadrupeds, such as the hares, rabbits, rats, beavers, etc.; and it has long been a notable fact of elephantine anatomy, that this resemblance is by no means limited even to the bones. But a somewhat ludicrous peculiarity of the elephants, readily noted by the observer, and one referred to by both classic and modern poets, is their awkward gait; and this again depends upon a readily understood anatomical modification. It is such a peculiarity that is referred to in "*Troilus and Cressida*," in the lines

The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy,
His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure,

And again, the phrase

I hope you are no elephant, you have joints,

evidently refers to the curious and ungainly movements of these quadrupeds. The explanation of the elephantine gait rests primarily with the length of the thigh-bone, and with the facts that this bone is very long and lies perpendicularly to the line or axis of the spine; the thigh not forming an acute angle with the spine, as in other quadrupeds. Thus, the "ham" of the animal stretches half-way down the thigh, and when the animal walks the bend of the knee or leg at the latter point imparts a decided clumsiness to the gait. The great body rests, not so much upon the toes, as upon the great pads which unite the toes, and which in fact constitute a broad, flat sole behind these members. Similar pads in the rhinoceros and hippopotamus support the weight of the body. No collar-bones are developed in the elephant race; a fact which, of course, bears a relation to the absence of those movements, such as climbing, etc., in which these bones play an important part, as serving to fix the limb employed. The brain of the elephant reveals certain points of anatomical interest. For example, the lesser brain or "cerebellum" is not covered by the brain proper or "cerebrum;" but the surface of the latter is deeply convoluted or folded. The existence of deep brain-convolutions in man is believed to be associated with a high measure of intellectual power, and the elephants do not seem to belie the statement, as applied to lower life, when their sagacity is taken into consideration. The proportion borne by the weight of the brain to that of the body has always formed an interesting topic of physiological nature. As a matter of fact, great variations exist when the ratio of brain to body is examined in different animals. Thus in man, as is the case with lower animals, the ratio diminishes with increasing weight and height. In lean persons the ratio is often as 1 : 22 to 27, and in stout persons as 1 : 50 to 100. In the Greenland whale the ratio is given as 1 to 3000; in the ox as 1 to 160; in the horse as 1 to 400; in the dog as 1 to 305; in the elephant as 1 to 500; in the chimpanzee as 1 to 50, and in man as 1 to 36.

The absolute weight of brain in an elephant which was seven and a half feet

high, and eight and a half feet in length from forehead to tail, was nine pounds. The brain of an Indian elephant was found to weigh 10 lbs. ; and Sir Astley Cooper gives the weight of the brain of another specimen as 8 lbs. 1 oz. 2 grs., while that of an African elephant seventeen years old was found by Perrault to weigh 9 lbs.

The muscular system of the elephant necessarily partakes of the massive character adapted for the work of moving and transporting the huge frame. But the anatomy of the "proboscis" or "trunk" constitutes in itself a special topic of interest, and one, moreover, which gives to the proboscidian race one of its most notable characteristics. The "trunk" is, of course, the elongated nose of the elephant. It is perforated by the nostrils which open at its tip, and above the apertures is a curious finger-like process, which, when opposed to a small projection somewhat resembling a thumb in function, constitutes a veritable hand, and is utilized by the animal in almost every detail of its life. With the exception of the snout of the tapirs, the trunk of the elephant has not even a distant parallel in the animal series. Its muscles form two sets of fibres, one set of which compressing its substance also extends its length, while the second set shortens the organ and enables it to bend freely in any direction. When we add to the possession of this extreme muscularity, a high degree of sensitiveness, the proboscis of these animals may be regarded in the light of one of the most useful as well as most interesting features of their organization. Its use is not limited to the prehension of food however, or even to the additional function of an organ of touch. Occasionally, water is drawn up into the trunk, and is then squirted over the body as from a flexible hose, thus serving as a kind of shower-bath apparatus; and stories have been recorded wherein such a use of the proboscis has played a prominent part in the act of elephantine revenge on some over-bold or offending human.

The teeth of the elephantine race form a highly characteristic feature of their anatomy. In the mouth of a higher quadruped, such as man, the bat, or ape, no less than four kinds of teeth

are represented. These are the front teeth or incisors, the "eye-teeth" or canines, the premolars, and the molars or "grinders."

In the elephants, only two kinds of teeth are represented, these being the incisors or front teeth, and the molars or grinders; while the front teeth themselves only exist in the upper jaw. The incisors grow from, "permanent pulps," and hence they increase during the whole life of the animal, or nearly so. A large pair of tusks may weigh from 150 to 200 lbs., and as regards structure they are found to consist of dentine or "ivory" and of "cement;" while the enamel, which forms such a characteristic feature of ordinary teeth, may or may not be represented. The tusks vary, according to Darwin, "in the different species or races according to sex, nearly as do the horns of ruminants. In India and Malacca, the males alone are provided with well-developed tusks. The elephant of Ceylon," adds Mr. Darwin, "is considered by most naturalists as a distinct race; there, 'not one in a hundred is found with tusks, the few that possess them being exclusively males.' The African elephant is undoubtedly distinct, and the female has large well-developed tusks, though not so large as those of the male." The molars or grinding teeth exhibit an equally curious structure. In the lifetime of an elephant twenty-four molar teeth are developed in all; six on each side of each jaw. But at any one time in the life of the animal, not more than two of these teeth are to be seen in each side of the jaw. A curious succession of these molars takes place in the elephants; for they are found to move from behind forward; the teeth in use being gradually ousted from their place by their successors, as the former are worn away. Thus the whole set of molars in due time moves forward in the jaw, and each successive tooth is, as a rule, larger than its predecessor. In structure, the molars of the elephant are highly peculiar, each exhibiting the appearance rather of a compound than of a single tooth. Each tooth is built up of a series of plates set perpendicularly in the tooth, and consisting of ivory or "dentine" covered by enamel, while "cement" fills up the interspaces be-

tween the plates. As the tooth wears in its work, the enamel comes to project above the surface of the tooth, and a characteristic pattern is thus developed on the surface of the molars of each species of living elephant. Thus, in the Indian elephant, the molars exhibit a series of cross ridges, which are more numerous than those of the African species; while in the latter form, the enamel plates form a distinctly lozenge-shaped pattern. It sometimes happens that in elephants kept in captivity the succession of the teeth is disarranged, from the fact that the molars are not worn away fast enough, and the succeeding teeth are displaced, thereby causing deformity of the jaws.

The elephants were included in the older systems of classification in a somewhat heterogeneous group of quadrupeds named the *Pachydermata*. That this order—now abolished—and divided to form several new groups—was motley enough in its representation, is readily seen, when we discover that the rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and other forms were included within its limits along with the elephants themselves. The technical name "*Pachydermata*" related to the thick skin which invests the bodies of the animals just mentioned, and in the elephants this characteristic is of course extremely well represented. The thick skin hangs in folds on the body, while the typical hair-covering which by natural right all quadrupeds possess, is but sparsely developed. It would seem, however, that the young elephant possesses a much more profuse covering of hairs than the adult. Such a statement is consistent with the general biological law which holds that the young form exhibits the primitive characters of the race more typically than the adult. In this view of matters, the young elephant is nearer the type of its ancestors than the adult; and in the young whales the same remark holds good; since the youthful cetaceans may possess a sparse covering of hairs such as the adults do not exhibit.

Speaking of the comparative hairlessness of the elephant and rhinoceros, Mr. Darwin remarks that, "as certain extinct species (*e.g.* mammoth) which formerly lived under an Arctic climate, were covered with hair, it would almost

appear as if the existing species of both genera had lost their hairy covering from exposure to heat. This appears the more probable, as the elephants in India which live on elevated and cool districts are more hairy than those on the lowlands."

The social history and psychology of the elephant race form of themselves topics wide enough to fill a volume. From the earliest times, these animals have been enlisted by man in the service of war, or as beasts of burden, as aids in the chase, or even in the brutal and demoralizing sports of the ancient arena. The value of ivory in the earliest ages must have given rise to elephant-hunting as a source of gain and profit; and the inroads of man upon the species have naturally caused not merely a limitation in the numbers of these animals, but have likewise served to modify in a very marked fashion their geographical distribution. But the utility of these great animals to man, depends as much upon their docility and tractable nature, as upon their manufacture of ivory. Probably there is no more sagacious animal than a well-trained elephant, and the development of such high instincts as these animals exhibit, may form an additional illustration of the marked influence of association with man in inducing the growth of intelligence and reasoning powers in the animal creation. No one may doubt that the dog, for instance, has benefited to a marked degree from such association with human surroundings; and that the comparatively low mental powers of many other animals are susceptible of higher development through domestication, is an idea fully supported by all that is known of instances where a wild race, or individual animal of wild habits, has been brought in contact with man. The "learned pigs" and tame hares, are cases in point; and the relatively low mental powers of many of the apes may be largely attributed to that want of interest in "poor relations" with which humanity, as a body, views the quadrumanous tribes.

The records of popular natural history teem with examples of the sagacity of elephants; a mental quality which, it may be added, is likely to owe much to the relatively long life, and correspond-

ing opportunities of acquiring experience, which these animals possess; while it has been also remarked, that as the elephant, unlike the dog, rarely breeds in captivity, and as each individual elephant has to acquire, independently of heredity, its own knowledge of the world and of man, so to speak, these great animals present infinitely more remarkable examples of animal sagacity than the dog. One specially interesting feature of elephant life, consists in the aid given by the domesticated elephant to man in the capture of the wild species. The fact of these animals entering into an offensive and, from its very nature, an intelligent alliance with man, against their own race, may be regarded either as illustrating the desire to benefit the race by conferring upon them the blessings of civilized life and employment, or as exemplifying a process of demoralization and treacherous development which might afford an argument against the universally beneficial effects of domestication of the animal form. Nor is the problem rendered any the less attractive to the metaphysician and moralist, when it is discovered that it is through the caresses and blandishments of the false females that the wild elephants are tempted into the snare: the parallelism betwixt the experience of lower and higher life being too obvious in this instance to escape remark.

Probably no animal exhibits a greater knowledge or instinctive apprehension of danger than an elephant. Instances are numerous, for example, where an elephant has refused to cross a bridge esteemed safe by his human guides, but which has collapsed with the animal's weight, when, goaded and tortured to proceed, he has advanced in despair, only to find himself immersed in the water below. But cases are also recorded in which the danger experienced by the elephant itself has apparently not rendered it insensible to the safety of its keeper. "The elephant," says Darwin, "is very faithful to his driver or keeper, and probably considers him as the leader of the herd. Dr. Hooker informs me that an elephant which he was riding in India, became to deeply bogged that he remained stuck fast until the next day, when he was extricated by men with ropes. Under such circumstances ele-

phants will seize with their trunks any object, dead or alive, to place under their knees to prevent their sinking deeper in the mud; and the driver was dreadfully afraid lest the animal should have seized Dr. Hooker and crushed him to death. But the driver himself, as Dr. Hooker was assured, ran no risk. This forbearance under an emergency so dreadful for a heavy animal, is a wonderful proof of noble fidelity." Swainson gives a description of the sagacity of an elephant under such circumstances, which is worth quoting in the present instance. "The cylindrical form of an elephant's leg—which is nearly of equal thickness—causes the animal to sink very deep in heavy ground, especially in the muddy banks of small rivers. When thus situated, the animal will endeavor to lie on his side, so as to avoid sinking deeper; and, for this purpose, will avail himself of every means to obtain relief. The usual mode of extricating him is much the same as when he is pitted; that is, by supplying him liberally with straw, boughs, grass, etc.; these materials being thrown to the distressed animal, he forces them down with his trunk, till they are lodged under his fore-feet in sufficient quantity to resist his pressure. Having thus formed a sufficient basis for exertion, the sagacious animal next proceeds to thrust other bundles under his belly, and as far back under his flanks as he can reach; when such a basis is formed as may be, in his mind, proper to proceed upon, he throws his whole weight forward, and he gets his hind feet gradually upon the straw, etc. Being once confirmed on a solid footing, he will next place the succeeding bundles before him, pressing them well with his trunk, so as to form a causeway by which to reach the firm ground. . . . He will not bear any weight, definitely, until, by trial both with his trunk and the next foot that is to be planted, he has completely satisfied himself of the firmness of the ground he is to tread upon. . . . The anxiety of the animal when bemired, forms a strong contrast with the pleasure he so strongly evinces on arriving at *terra firma*." Such an account becomes extremely interesting, as convincing us that much, if not all, of the sagacity which is called forth by such circum-

stances, must be inherent and original, as opposed to that gained by experience. It cannot be supposed that the accident described can form such a frequent experience of elephant-existence in a wild state, as to constitute a certain basis for acquired knowledge of what to do in the exigency. On the contrary, it seems more reasonable to suppose that the inherent and intuitive sagacity of the animal is simply called forth by the threatened danger, and that such an exigency brings into play mental acts analogous to those whereby, through mechanical and similar contrivances to those employed by the elephant, man might rescue himself or his property from immersion in the swamps.

The memory of elephants is of highly remarkable nature, both as to its duration, and in its operation as enabling the animal to recognize friends and foes. I am fortunate in being able to place on record an instance of elephant memory of very interesting kind, and one which serves to show in a highly typical manner the remembrance by these animals of kindness, and also of the reverse treatment. In 1874, Wombell's menagerie visited Tenbury in Gloucestershire, and on that occasion the female elephant, "Lizzie" by name, drank a large quantity of cold water when heated after a long walk; the animal, as a consequence, being attacked with severe internal spasms. A local chemist, a Mr. Turley, being called in as medical adviser, succeeded in relieving the elephant's pain, the treatment including the application of a very large blister to the side. The menagerie in due course went its way, but in May 1879, it again visited Tenbury, and as Mr. Turley stood at his shop door watching the zoological procession pass down the street, the elephant stepped out of the ranks, crossed from one side of the street to the other, and having advanced to Mr. Turley, placed her trunk round his hand, and held it firmly, at the same time making, as Mr. Turley informs me, a peculiar grunting noise, as if by way of welcome. Thus it was clear that after an interval of five years, "Lizzie" had recognized an old friend in Mr. Turley, and that, moreover, she remembered him with a sense of gratitude for his successful endeavors to relieve the pain

from which she had suffered. At night, Mr. Turley visited the menagerie, when the elephant again made every demonstration of joy, and embraced him with her trunk. She drew Mr. Turley's attention particularly to the side whereon the blister had been applied, thus showing that all the circumstances of five years previous were fresh in her memory. Observing that in 1881 the menagerie had again visited Tenbury, I wrote to Mr. Turley inquiring if "Lizzie" had again recognized her old friend. That gentleman replied, his letter bearing date May 1881, that she had again recognized him, beginning to "trumpet," whenever she beheld Mr. Turley among the spectators in the menagerie. On his speaking to his patient, she placed her trunk round his legs and lifted him from the ground, but in the gentlest manner possible. On Mr. Turley proceeding to examine one of her hind legs which had been under treatment, the elephant kept holding one of her fore legs toward him in such a fashion as to draw his attention to the limb. As Mr. Turley, however, had had no concern with the fore-leg, he was puzzled to account for the animal's movement; but the keeper explained that the fore-leg in question had been treated by a veterinary surgeon for an injury, and that the latter had used his lancet to afford relief. The elephant was irritated by the operation, and expressed her resentment on again seeing the veterinary practitioner by striking at him with her trunk. The act of calling Mr. Turley's attention to the fore-leg was simply an expression of admiration for the gentler treatment to which he had subjected his patient; the quieter medical treatment contrasting apparently with the rougher surgical measure to which the fore-leg had been subjected. It is thus clear not merely that the elephantine nature is endowed with an active memory, but that a lively sense of gratitude for past kindness is also represented in the list of mental attributes of this giant race.

A parallel instance of elephant memory is afforded by the case of an elephant which, having broken loose from the stables on a stormy night, escaped into the jungles. Four years thereafter, when a drove of wild elephants was captured in the "keddah" or enclosure, the

keeper of the lost elephant went to inspect the new arrivals and climbed on the railings of the "keddah" to obtain a satisfactory view of the captured animals. Having fancied that among the animals he recognized the escaped elephant—an idea ridiculed by his comrades—he called his lost charge by its name. The animal at once came close to the barrier, and on the keeper proceeding into the enclosure and commanding it to lie down, the elephant obeyed, and the man led his former charge triumphantly forth from among its wild companions. But the memory of kindness is equalled in the elephant by that which recalls acts of injury to remembrance. The well-known story of the Indian elephant which, on being pricked by a native tailor near whose stall it had wandered, returned and deluged the man with a shower-bath of dirty water, finds many parallels in the history of elephant character. An elephant which was kept at Versailles by Louis XIV., was in the habit of revenging himself for affronts and injuries. A man who, feigning to throw something into his mouth, disappointed him, was beaten to the ground with the trunk and trampled upon. On a painter desiring to sketch this elephant with trunk erect and mouth open, his servant was instructed to feed the elephant for the purpose of inducing the animal to assume the desired attitude. But the supply of food falling short and elephantine chagrin being aroused, the elephant drawing up water into his trunk, coolly showered it down upon the unfortunate painter and his sketch, drenching the one, and rendering the other useless.

The pugnacity of the elephant is very great, and the determination with which contests are carried on between these animals is highly remarkable. Mr. Darwin, on the authority of the late Dr. Falconer, tells us that the Indian species fights in varied fashions, determined by the position and curvature of his tusks. "When they are directed forward and upward, he is able to fling a tiger to a great distance—it is said to even thirty feet—when they are short and turned downward, he endeavors suddenly to pin the tiger to the ground, and, in consequence, is dangerous to the rider, who

is liable to be jerked off the howdah"—for it is on

Elephants endor's'd with towers,

as Milton has it, that the great carnivore of India is hunted. A most remarkable trait of elephant existence, and one which parallels the proverbial "red rag" and bovine fury, is the apparent animosity of the race to white color. Sir Samuel Baker says that both the African elephant and the rhinoceros attack grey or white horses with fury. The explanation of such traits of character probably lies hidden in that philosophy of color in relation to sex and animal development which the researches of Darwin and others have so far unravelled.

As a final observation regarding the psychology of the elephant, Mr. Darwin's statements concerning the "weeping" of these animals may be quoted. Remarking that the Indian species is known to weep, Mr. Darwin quotes Sir Emerson Tennent, who says that some "lay motionless on the ground, with no other indication of suffering than the tears which suffused their eyes and flowed incessantly." Another elephant, "when overpowered and made fast," exhibited great grief; "his violence sank to utter prostration, and he lay on the ground, uttering choking cries, with tears trickling down his cheeks." "In the Zoological Gardens," says Darwin, "the keeper of the Indian elephants positively asserts that he has several times seen tears rolling down the face of the old female, when distressed by the removal of the young one." Mr. Darwin also makes the interesting observation that when the Indian elephant "trumpets," the orbicular muscles of the eyes contract; while in the "trumpeting" of the African species these muscles do not act. Hence, as Mr. Darwin believes that in man the violent contraction of the muscles round the eyes is connected with the flow of tears, it would seem by analogy to be a legitimate inference that the Indian elephant has attained a higher stage in the expression of its emotion than its African neighbor.

The social history of the elephants includes several somewhat melancholy incidents connected with the despatch

of these animals, rendered necessary from their dangerous condition. The best known of these incidents is that connected with the death of Chunee, the Exeter Change elephant, reported in the *Times* for March 2d, 1826. The account of the death of Chunee is as follows :

The elephant was a male, and had been an inmate of the Exeter Change Menagerie for seventeen years. He was brought from Bombay, where he was caught when quite young, and was supposed to be about five years old when purchased by Mr. Cross; consequently his present age is twenty-two. The effect of his unavoidable seclusion had displayed itself in strong symptoms of irritability during a certain season from the first, and these symptoms had been observed to become stronger during each succeeding year as it advanced toward maturity. The animal was altogether kept at this season very low, and also plentifully physicked, for which latter purpose no less than one hundred weight of salts was frequently given to him at a time. Notwithstanding these precautions, the animal within the last few days had shown strong proofs of irritability, refusing the caresses of his keepers and attempting to strike at them with his trunk on their approaching him, also at times rolling himself about his den and forcibly battering its sides. About 1 P.M. he became more ungovernable than ever, and commenced battering the bars of his den with his trunk. These bars are upward of three feet girth, and are composed of oak, strongly bound on all sides with iron, and are placed about a foot asunder. For some time they resisted the ponderous blows which he almost incessantly directed against them, but by 2 P.M. one of them was found to be started from the massive cross-beam into which it was mortised: and as at that time the animal still continued as violent as ever, serious fear began to be entertained lest he should break out, in which event the amount of damage or loss of life which he might occasion would have been incalculable. In these circumstances, although the value of the animal was at least 1000*l.*, Mr. Cross at once determined on having him destroyed, and after some consideration it was decided to give him some corrosive sublimate in a mess of hay. However, the animal no sooner smelt the mixture than he rejected it, and it was then determined to shoot him. Accordingly a messenger was sent to Somerset House, where two soldiers were on guard, who, on a suitable representation being made, were allowed to go over to the menagerie, taking with them their muskets. Several rifle guns were also obtained from different places in the neighborhood and put into the hands of such of the persons about the establishment as had courage enough to remain in the room. In this manner, in all about fourteen persons were armed, but before commencing operations it was deemed prudent to secure the front of the den, by passing

cords around those bars against which the animal's violence had been principally directed. This having been done and the muskets loaded, about a third of the party advanced to the front of the den till within about five yards of the animal, and discharged their pieces at the tender part of the neck below the ear, and then immediately retreated to a recess at the lower end of the room for the purpose of re-loading. The animal on finding himself wounded uttered a loud and piercing groan, and advancing to the front of the den struck his trunk several times with all his fury against the bars, another of which he succeeded in forcing out of its place. Having thus exhausted his fury, he became quiet, upon which another detachment of the party approached his den, and after firing upon him, retired into the recess as before; the animal on receiving the fire plunged again most violently against the front of his den, the door of which he actually lifted from off its uppermost hinges, but was prevented from getting out by the strong manner in which the ropes bound the different bars together. On his becoming more tranquil, preparations were made for firing a third volley; but no sooner were the muskets about to be levelled, than the animal, as if conscious of their being the cause of his wounds and also of the vulnerable parts against which they were intended to be directed, turned sharp round and retreated into the back of the den and hid his head between his shoulders. It hence became necessary to rouse him by pricking him with spears, which being effected, the muskets were discharged at him, and although several balls evidently took effect in the neck on this as well as on the former occasion, still he did not exhibit any signs of weakness, beyond abstaining from those violent efforts which he had previously made against the front of his den; indeed, from this time he kept almost entirely at the back of his den, and although blood flowed profusely from the wounds he had received, he gave no other symptoms of passion or pain than an occasional groan. For about an hour and a half in this manner a continuous discharge of musketry was kept up against him, and no less than 152 bullets were expended before he fell to the ground, where he lay nearly motionless, and was soon despatched with a sword, which, after being secured upon the end of a rifle, was plunged into his neck. The quantity of blood that flowed was very considerable, and flooded the den to a great depth. This was the same elephant who was the *accidental* cause of its keeper's death, whose ribs it crushed four months back while in the act of turning round in its den.

After reading this account, we may well feel tempted to endorse the opinion of a correspondent of *Land and Water* who remarks that the like of it "can never occur again, thank God, in England."

The history of the elephants would be manifestly imperfect, even when detailed in the briefest manner, without a refer-

ence to their present distribution and to the biography of the race in the past. As in the case of many other groups of animals and plants, we can only fully appreciate the modern relations of the elephants when some knowledge of their development in the geological ages has been obtained. In the eyes of the modern naturalist, the present of any living being is not merely bound up in its past development, but the existing conditions of any race become explicable in many cases only when the former range of the group in time has been ascertained. This holds especially true of the elephants; for the existing species represent the remnants of a once larger and far more extensive distribution of proboscidean life. Hence, it behooves us to make the acquaintance, firstly, of their present distribution, and secondly of their distribution and development in past ages, if we are to understand with any degree of completeness and mental satisfaction the relations of the elephantine races.

The distribution of the elephants on the earth as it now exists may be disposed of in a very few words. The Indian species occurs in Asia, from the Himalayas to Ceylon, while its range extends eastward to the Chinese borders, and southward to Sumatra and Borneo as well. The African species possesses as localized a habitat. It was Swift who, remarking on the customs of geographers in his day, said,

So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

The witty Dean's lines show at least that the geographers did not mistake the wide distribution of the giant animal in the Ethiopian continent. For, south of the Sahara—the territory north of which is zoologically a part of Europe—the African elephant is everywhere found, forming one of the most characteristic features at once of the African landscape and of the Ethiopian fauna, and dividing the sovereignty of the land with the lion himself.

Turning now to the past history of the elephant race, one may primarily note the more prominent members of the group which rank among the curiosities

of the geologist. First in order comes the extinct mammoth—*Elephas primigenius* of the naturalist. Of this huge elephant we possess a considerable knowledge, inasmuch as specimens have been obtained, literally packed amid the Siberian ice, and so perfectly preserved that even the delicate tissues of the eyes could be inspected. This was the case in the famous specimen found in the frozen soil of a cliff at the mouth of the Lena in 1799. The skin of this huge elephant was then seen to be clothed with a thick coating of reddish wool interspersed with black hairs. The skeleton, removed in 1806 by Mr. Adams, and preserved in St. Petersburg, measures 16 feet 4 inches in length, the height is 9 feet 4 inches, and the tusks measure each 9 feet 6 inches along their curve. The mammoth's tusks appear to have had a wider curvature than those of existing elephants; and probably, like the African species, both male and female mammoths possessed these great teeth. The measurement of mammoth tusks from recent deposits in Essex gives a length of 9 feet 10 inches along the outer curve, and 2 feet 5 inches in circumference at the thickest part. Another specimen weighed 160 lbs.; and a dredged specimen taken off Dungeness was 11 feet long. The mammoth's tusks have long formed articles of commerce and barter in Siberia; the ivory, as Professor Owen remarks, being "so little altered, as to be fit for the purposes of manufacture." The mammoth's extensive range forms not the least noteworthy point in its history. It certainly roamed farther abroad, so far as we know, than any other elephantine form. Its remains occur in Britain and in Europe generally; they have been found on the Mediterranean coast and in Siberia; and they are met with in North America as well. In Scotland and in Ireland the mammoth was apparently less plentiful, but its remains occur in these countries, where, indeed, no other elephantine remains are found. It may be added, that the molar teeth of the mammoth are by no means unlike those of the Indian Elephant in the arrangement and pattern of its enamel plates.

Another extinct elephant, equally famous with the mammoth, was the *Mastodon*—a name given to these ani-

mals in allusion to the nipple-like projections seen on the surface of the molar teeth. Their remains occur in Europe, Asia, and in North and South America. In the morasses of Ohio and Kentucky, for example, whole skeletons of these interesting elephants have been discovered. The length of the mastodon in some cases exceeded 16 feet; and the tusks have been found to measure 12 feet in length. Over a dozen species of mastodons have been described, but they agree in certain important characters which serve to distinguish them from other elephants. Thus, the roughened teeth appear to have been adapted for bruising coarse herbs and leaves—indeed, associated with mastodon remains in America, collections of leaves have been found occupying the situation in which the stomach of the animal would have been situated, and thus indicating the dietary of these extinct giants. Furthermore, a most important difference between the mastodons and other elephants is found in the fact that these animals possessed two tusks springing from the lower jaw, in addition to the tusks with which, as in ordinary elephants, the upper jaw was provided. But it would seem that these lower tusks never attained a large size, while it is probable that they fell out when the animal attained the adult period of its existence.

More extraordinary still, in respect of its variations from the ordinary structure of the elephants, was the *Deinotherium* the fossil remains of which occur in Europe and in India. The skull of a deinotherium has been found to measure 4 feet in length, while a thigh bone was 5 feet 3 inches long. Thus, in so far as size is concerned, the deinotherium may claim a foremost place among its elephantine cousins. But various circumstances seem to suggest that the latter animal departed from the elephant type in certain important particulars, while some authorities have been even found

to suggest that it represents a connecting link between the elephants and the sea-cow or manatee order (*Sirenia*). The tusks of deinotherium spring from the lower jaw, and instead of being curved forward and upward, they bend abruptly downward and backward. The use of these tusks is extremely difficult to determine, but it has been suggested that the deinotherium was an aquatic animal, living in shallow waters, and that these huge teeth may have enabled it to root up the plants on which it fed, or have enabled it to climb, as does the living walrus, from the sea on to the river bank.

In addition to these latter elephants, which are essentially distinct from the living species, certain extinct forms may be mentioned which, in their essential characteristics, resembled existing proboscideans more or less closely. Thus, we know that elephants closely related to the Indian species, existed in Asia in Miocene times, the remains of at least six species being obtained from Indian deposits of that age; and we also know that Europe boasted of elephants in that period of geology known as the "Pliocene;" for in the deposits of France and Italy, as well as in the formations of that age in Britain, elephant remains occur. Later in point of time come the curious "Pigmy Elephants" of Malta, whose remains exist in that island, and whereof one (*Elephas Melitensis*) attained the size of a donkey, while another (*Elephas Falconeri*) was smaller still, and averaged $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 feet in height.

The geological order and the succession in time of these various elephants is important to trace; for the unravelling of so much of the past history of the elephants as is known to us depends upon the knowledge of their succession and of the periods of their appearance and extinction. If we tabulate the rocks wherewith the past of the elephants is concerned, we may render their arrangement clear thus:

TERTIARY ROCKS including	{	QUATERNARY	{	Recent (Soils, etc.)
		PLIOCENE		Post-Pliocene (Ice Age).
		MIOCENE		
		Eocene		

Thus the oldest and lowest of the Tertiary rocks—which are themselves col-

lectively the most recently formed—is the "Eocene," and the succeeding

"Miocene," "Pliocene," and "Quaternary," are given in their due order; the latter formations bringing us to the soils and surface accumulations of our own day. The "Ice Age," or "Glacial Epoch," we may also note, occurred during the Post-Pliocene period, as shown above.

Turning now to the past history of the elephants, we find the first chapter of that biography to open in the "Miocene" age. The earlier or "Eocene" period contains no elephant fossils, and it may have been that in this Eocene age, which beheld the first beginnings of nearly all the existing quadruped races, the evolution of the elephant stock from its ancestry was taking place. Leaving for the present the consideration of the probable root of the elephantine tree, we thus discover in the Miocene period the first beginnings of elephant existence. In this period the mastodons roamed over Europe and India, while in this age also the deinotheriums, with their great lower tusks made their first appearance on the stage of time. As the geological series progressed, and as the Pliocene age succeeded the Miocene times, we discover the elephants in increasing numbers. The Miocene, with its relatively few elephantine forms, contrasts forcibly with the increase of those animals in the succeeding age. Europe and India harbor its Pliocene elephants, as we have seen; while both Europe and America in this latter age possessed the mastodons. The Post-Pliocene period, however, dawns in turn, to find the mastodons still existent in North America, but unknown in Europe; while the mammoth now appears as a representative form, along with survivals of the European elephants of the Pliocene time. The "pigmy elephants" of Malta also belong to the Post-Pliocene age.

Thus we discover that a distinct *succession of types* of elephantine forms has taken place on the earth's surface, beginning with elephants, which, like the deinotherium and mastodon, differ from existent species, and ending with elephants which, like the mammoth or the European elephants of the Pliocene, more or less closely resembled the quadruped giants of to-day. It becomes interesting further to trace out the later

history of the race before the bearings of these facts on the origin of the elephant race are discussed. The mammoth, for example, certainly survived the "ice-age," to the irruption of which was probably due the extinction of the other elephantine forms. We know of this survival because its remains occur in "recent" or "post-glacial" deposits. We are also certain that early man must have beheld the mammoth as a living, breathing reality, for its remains have been found associated with the rude implements of early men, and a rough portrait of the great red-haired elephant has been discovered, scratched on one of its tusks—a rude but unquestionable tribute of early art to the science of zoology. Its woolly hair, protecting it against the rigors of the ice-age, may have enabled it to survive that period, which was apparently so fatal to elephant life at large.

Summing up the details we have thus collated, from the geological side, we may now face the problem of the origin of the elephant race. Not that the problem itself is fully answerable, for our knowledge of the elephant race in the past is yet of comparatively limited extent; but the main lines of the biological argument are clear enough to those who will consider, even casually, the evidence already at hand. It is thus clear that the true elephants, which belong to the Pliocene period are ushered into existence, so to speak, by forms that are less typical elephants—mastodon and deinotherium—when judged by the standard of existent elephantine structure. There are various species of mastodons known to geologists, which exhibit a gradation in the matter of their teeth, and presumably in other structural aspects as well, toward the ordinary elephant type. As the mastodons preceded the ordinary elephants in time we shall not be deducing an unwarrantable inference if we maintain that the origin of the true elephants, both fossil and living forms, may safely be regarded as arising from the mastodon stock. The elephants of to-day are connected by links of obvious nature with the Pliocene and Post-Pliocene forms; and when the "ice-age" cleared the earth of the vast majority of the species, the progenitors of our living elephants must have

escaped destruction and have survived the cold, possibly in the regions wherein they now exist, just as the mammoth, in its turn, survived the rigors of the ice-period, through the presence of its woolly coating and its hardier constitution. There seems thus to be no special difficulty, either of purely geological or of intellectual nature, in conceiving that the elephants of to-day are simply survivals of that elephantine host, whose existence was well-nigh terminated by the ice-age, and which left the mammoth, and the progenitors of our living elephants, to replenish the earth after a catastrophe as sweeping and fatal in its nature as any deluge.

But if the origin of the modern and later elephants may thus be accounted for, and if their geographical birthplace may be assumed to exist within the confines of the Old World, a more fundamental and anterior query may be put with reference to the origin of the mastodon stock, which we have supposed, and with reason, is the founder of the true elephant races. From what stock, in other words, did the mastodons themselves arise? The chain of organic causation, to be perfect and complete, cannot assume the mysterious origin of the mastodon. That stock must, in its turn, have originated in an ancestry less like the elephants than itself. It is not improbable that the evolutionist of the future will seek and find the mastodon ancestry in the deinotherium group, or in some nearly related forms. For, as we have seen, the deinotherium exhibits a structure which appears to relate the elephants to other and lower quadrupeds, such as the sea-cows and their neighbors. If this supposition be permissible, then a further stage still awaits our intellectual journey in the search after the origin of the elephant races. In the Eocene rocks of North America, occur the fossil remains of some extinct quadrupeds, of which the *Dinoceras* is the best known form. These animals

unite in a singular fashion the characters of elephants and ordinary "hoofed" quadrupeds. While they possessed horns, they also developed tusks from the eye teeth; and from a survey of their complete organization, Professor Marsh tells us that the position of these unique quadrupeds is intermediate between the elephants themselves and the great order to which the hoofed quadrupeds belong. *Dinoceras* and its neighbors precede the deinotherium and mastodon in time, and this fact alone is important as bearing on the assumed relationship of these forms.

It may thus at present be assumed with safety that the evolution of the elephants has taken place from some ancient Eocene quadruped stock, represented by the *Dinoceras* group, which belongs to no one group of living quadrupeds, but is intermediate in its nature, as we have already observed. From some such stock, then, we may figure the deinotherium and mastodon races to have been in due time evolved. The New World in this light must have been the birthplace of the elephant hosts; for the *Dinoceras* and its neighbors are of North American origin; migration to the Old World having taken place by continuous land-surface then existent, and the further evolution of the living species and their fossil neighbors having occurred in the eastern hemisphere. Thus once again we arrive at the existing races of elephants. These are simply the survivals of an ancient line of quadrupeds, whose history is simply that of every other living being—animal or plant—a history which, like the unfolding of a flower, leads us from form to form, along pathways of variation and change, and which, at last, as the ages are born and die, evolves from the buried and forgotten races of past monsters, the no less curious and unwieldy quadruped giants of to-day.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

THE LEAF IN THE BOOK.

BY ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

(Translated by C. B.)

AN ancient lady is my aunt,
 A little old book has she,
 A faded leaf in the old book lies
 Withered as leaf can be.

The hands are withered that plucked it once
 For her, on a day in spring;
 What ails her now, the poor old soul,
 That she weeps when she sees the thing?

Temple Bar.

SERJEANT BALLANTINE'S EXPERIENCES.

THE "Reminiscences of Serjeant Ballantine" have met with a great and well-deserved success. Three editions of the book have already appeared, and a hungry public is asking for more. Of course there have been some adverse criticisms on the book. It is said that the narrative is rambling. Well, it certainly does ramble, it rambles very much; but, on the other hand, if it did not ramble, it would not be at all like Serjeant Ballantine. Just as Mr. Tennyson's brook winds about both in and out, so do the Serjeant's reminiscences. Then there is great complaint that there are no dates. Well, there certainly is a deficiency, a decided deficiency of dates. One critic lifts up his voice in a wail of dissatisfaction because the Serjeant has not even given the date of his own birth. But there is a very sufficient reason why that interesting information should remain a profound secret. If the correct date had been given nobody would have believed it. The life-like photograph which adorns the work would have been denounced as a delusion and a fraud. Time and feeding have varied the romantic forms of others, but the figure of the evergreen Serjeant has known no change. He is just the same man in 1882 as he was in the year 18—. We will not give the date, lest we should be thought to trespass on the credulity of our readers. In spite of trifling defects we like the book, for it is studded with so many anecdotes of the great departed,

it brings back so many pleasant memories of the good old times, the author is so modest in the appreciation of his own work, that we can only pity the superior persons who will not appreciate what they are pleased to call "light reading." Undoubtedly it is light reading; but that is the quality most prized by the generality of mankind. There is no attempt at fine writing. The Serjeant writes just as he would talk, sitting at his club, or in his "reserved chair" at Evan's, delighting his hearers with his light, pleasant, bright, cynical conversation respecting the sayings and doings of this wicked world. Of course Serjeant Ballantine has not given us the whole of his experiences. He has merely scratched the surface. No man knows the dark side of London so well, or could have told us so much. He has arranged so many delicate affairs, he has been the recipient of so many astounding secrets, he could unveil the inscrutable mysteries of certain trials, that it is natural some feeling of disappointment has been raised in the minds of those who delight in a little scandal. Probably the real experiences are reserved for another generation. Be that as it may, whenever the great event comes off, the memoirs of Brantôme and Grammont will pale before those of Serjeant Ballantine.

We will now begin our extracts with the Serjeant at school.

Serjeant Ballantine's school experiences are rather depressing. There are

bitter complaints of his sufferings on a Sunday:

"Marched two and two to the parish church clad in our best clothes, and encased in a sort of moral strait waistcoat; cramped up in a narrow pew, Prayer-book in hand, listening to what we could not understand, we strove, often ineffectually, to keep awake, knowing that if we yielded to drowsiness we forfeited our share of the pudding—sole pleasure of the day."

The Serjeant afterward sat under the Rev. Mr. Rowlett, whose sermons seem to have acted like chloral on his brain.

There is a well-known story of a Scotch lord, who being attacked with *insomnia*, no cure was found till the stupidest of his sons suggested that the minister should be summoned; "for," said the boy, "he aye sleep in kirk." The minister came, and before he had been on his legs for ten minutes the old nobleman was in a refreshing slumber. We recollect perfectly the days when during the church services, the beadle, armed with a long cane with a sanguinary knob, used to creep about the aisles with the stealthiness of a cat, in search of sleeping boys, and a tremendous crack on the much-resisting skull of a little Eutychus, used to announce to a congregation, who were probably praying for mercy, that a victim had been discovered.

"I took to religion four years ago. Pass the peas," said an American at a *table d'hôte*. We are afraid the Serjeant never took to religion, and if any old lady should ask him if he ever goes to church, he would probably answer like Foote, "Never, ma'am, never, not that I see any harm in it."

There are many pleasant anecdotes of actors and actresses in this book.

Serjeant Ballantine writes :

"I was inducted behind the scenes very early in life, and have been told that I ran away from Miss Foote, the beautiful actress, when she wanted to kiss me. I have, however, never fully believed this story."

We also have the gravest doubts about the truth of this story, as we cannot believe that at any period of his career the Serjeant could have spurned such an alluring proposition.

Serjeant Ballantine had the good fortune to see Charles, the last of the royal old Kembles, in his grand part of Young

Mirabel in *The Inconstant*. What a great actor he was in certain parts! Benedict, Mark Antony, Faulconbridge, Mercutio, have not been even decently represented since his departure from the stage. In the latter period of his life he became very deaf, and as the Serjeant observes, he used to raise his voice to make himself hear. Mr. Planché told us that a literary soiree, which the hostess thought a great success, was nearly extinguished by Charles Kemble calling out, "Planché, this party is mighty dull, let us steal away." It was a delight to hear Charles Kemble's reminiscences of the old days. There was a curious history he used to relate about the first night of *Pizarro*. Sheridan, with his usual incredible carelessness, had not finished the play before the performance commenced, and John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons actually had to learn the latter portion of their parts from slips. Another curious incident happened that evening. A Spanish officer announces to Pizarro, "On yonder hill among the palm trees we surprised an old Cacique." The actor, not being up in the Peruvian language, gave the passage as follows: "On yonder hill among the palm trees we surprised an old Kak-i-Ku." The old Cacique could not have been more surprised than the Covent Garden audience at this picturesque description of an unfortunate nobleman.

Serjeant Ballantine writes :

"I have in a former chapter mentioned meeting Macready, but I had no particular acquaintance with him. He was a conscientious manager, a scholar and a gentleman, but fractious and overbearing; such at least was his reputation. I cannot say I think he was a good delineator of Shakespeare's characters."

We think this judgment a little too sweeping. The parts of Brutus and King John suited Macready well. But in the great characters of Macbeth and Othello he was not so successful. His Richard the Third was said to be a great performance, but we saw him act it under rather painful circumstances at Drury Lane. The "Poet" Bunn was then manager, and in order to annoy Macready he made him perform only the three first acts, a gross insult which met with most deserved punishment. Macready acted the part in a furious passion, and natu-

rally disappointed at being forbidden to order the murder of his nephews, he rushed into the room of the guilty manager and pommelled him within an inch of his life. Fancy being attacked by Richard the Third in his war paint! The unfortunate "Poet," even in his wildest dreams, could never have imagined such a striking incident. Serjeant Ballantine gives an amusing anecdote of Charles Kean :

"He was the most sensitive man I ever knew in my life. A great feud existed between him and Albert Smith. The original cause I forget, but he had offended Albert, who put into some penny paper that a patient audience had endured the infliction of Charles Kean in "Hamlet," in the expectation of seeing the Keeleys in the afterpiece. One night I and a member named Arabin, the son of Mr. Serjeant Arabin, were talking with Albert Smith in the coffee-room. At the opposite side stood Charles Kean scowling. Presently Albert departed. In about three strides Charles Kean reached us; 'Richard,' he said, in the most tragic of voices, 'I never thought that you, my old school-fellow, would have consorted with that viper.' Poor good-natured Dick had heard nothing of the quarrel."

It is fortunate that "Albert departed," or the Serjeant, his hands in his pockets, with an air of easy enjoyment, might have witnessed a combat as terrific as that between Pott and Slurk. Luckily, if there had been an explosion, Dick Arabin would have proved a more solid buffer for the combatants to vent their wrath upon, than even the immortal Pickwick.

Charles Kean was not great in Shakespearean parts, but woe to the man who told him so. In *The Corsican Brothers*, in *Pauline*, and *Louis XI.* he was at his best. He was a most excellent man in private life. We believe he sacrificed his life by his voyages to America and Australia, mainly undertaken to support the nine children of his sister-in-law who were left destitute. He thought America "the grave of talent," so much exaggeration being required by the audiences there. When acting there one evening in *Richard the Third*, a deaf American was sitting in the pit who had apparently brought a friend with him to tell him what was going on. When Charles Kean came to the line, "Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein," the interpreter roared in his friend's ear

"He says he's busy." For the first time in his life Charles Kean lost his presence of mind, and joined in the general mirth that this sally occasioned.

Serjeant Ballantine was of course a frequenter of the Olympic Theatre, then under the management of Madame Vestris. Liston, Keeley, and Mrs. Orger, were in the company. Charles Mathews was then district surveyor at Bow. He made his first appearance as an actor in 1836. Serjeant Ballantine writes :

"I remember, in company with a large party consisting of Adolphus and others, seeing him make his first appearance in 'Old and Young Stagers,' inaugurating the brilliant career, which, to the sorrow of all acquainted with him, has recently terminated."

How the theatre was crammed that evening! All the old friends of the father were present to give the son a welcome. A rather painful circumstance marred a little the pleasure of the performance. Poor Liston had to deliver a poetical and pathetic address on the great occasion, but the moment he appeared, roars of laughter from every part of the house greeted him, and although the tears were streaming down his cheeks as he delivered the lines, they had no effect on the audience. People could not help roaring at Liston, although the great comedian always thought that his *forte* was tragedy, and if he had ever become a manager, would doubtless have put himself in the part of Romeo or Coriolanus.

Serjeant Ballantine writes :

"The glories of the Adelphi would fill a volume. What old patron of the drama will ever forget Yates, Jack Reeve, little Wright, Mrs. Honey, or that most wonderful of stage villains, O. Smith; and even out of this phalanx of talent there stood one figure, Mrs. Yates, 'the most perfect personator of what may be called domestic drama that ever walked the stage.'"

If our memory serves us it was Buckstone, not Wright, who then acted at the Adelphi. The two great successes at the Adelphi were *Victorine* and *The Wreck Ashore*. There was a most appalling scene in the latter play, which anybody who has seen it will never forget. Two sisters are in a lonely cottage in a storm. A horrid face appears at the window, illuminated by a flash of lightning. The face disappears; it was

the face of O. Smith. Then the latch of the door keeps slowly rising and falling. Mrs. Yates, who acted the elder sister, gets a gun, and as she loads it keeps on encouraging the younger sister by her light talk. Then she, after giving warning, fired at the latch. A groan told that the shot had taken effect. The curtain fell on this thrilling scene.

Mrs. Honey was the beauty of the establishment, but a poor actress. She is now only remembered by a *jeu d'esprit* of Theodore Hook on the ill-treatment she received from her husband :

"This pair in matrimony
Go most unequal snacks :
He gets all the Honey,
She gets all the *whacks*."

Serjeant Ballantine used to meet Theodore Hook at the house of Mr. Dubois, the "Dubs" of Gilbert Gurney.

Serjeant Ballantine writes :

"Theodore Hook, bright, improvident, reckless genius, was a constant visitor, and with him a little rosy-faced individual, his tried friend and worshipper, a Mr. Hill. This latter was a mystery. No one knew when he came into the world, and it used to be said, if really he had been born in a legitimate fashion, the records of his birth had been lost in the fire of London."

Tommy Hill was the original of Paul Pry. He was on the *Morning Chronicle*, and his great delight was to put in the paper some kindly gossip about his friends. His curiosity was insatiable. He always "happened to know" everything about everybody. He once went with others to visit a friend at his suburban residence. The party were so pleasant that the host tried to persuade the guests to stay another day, but Hill was inexorable. He went about whispering to his friends, "Don't stay, he is not sincere." When the party got on the coach to return to town, one of the disappointed asked Hill what foundation he had for his suspicions. "Well," said Hill, "I got up early this morning and I *happened* to look into the larder. There was nothing in it!"

Serjeant Ballantine was a member of the Shakespeare Club, which used to meet at the Piazza Hotel. It was there he made the acquaintance of Thackeray.

Serjeant Ballantine writes :

"I remember one other member of the Shakespeare Club, John Forster, the bio-

grapher of Dickens. His temper was not a very comfortable one to deal with, and I fancy was mainly instrumental in breaking the club up."

This was not the only establishment John Forster broke up. He was well described by a cabman as a "very harbitrary gent." He was the trusted adviser of two great literary men, but we should think not altogether a safe one, as he was too fond of dramatic situations. He was an amateur actor, and we saw him once perform the part of Kiteley in *Every Man in his Humor*, when he roared like fifty Macreadys, and nobody who ever heard him, we should think, ever was inclined to say, "Let him roar again." Douglas Jerrold used to tease him a good deal. One day there was a dinner-party at Greenwich, and an *avant courier* had been commissioned to order the banquet. When Forster and Douglas Jerrold arrived there were no signs of the coming feast. "I'll lay my life," cried Forster, "the fellow has forgotten to order the dinner." "I hope to God," said Douglas Jerrold, "you'll lose your bet."

Serjeant Ballantine was also a member of the Portland Club, where the great whist players congregate. He gives several curious anecdotes. One of Lord Lytton shows what a hold superstition had on his mind.

Serjeant Ballantine writes :

"Lord Lytton was very fond of whist, and he and I belonged to the well-known Portland Club, in which were to be found many of the celebrated players of the day. He never showed the slightest disposition of a gambler; he played the game well, and without excitement or temper, and apparently his whole attention was concentrated upon it; but it was curious to see that at every interval that occurred in the rubbers he would rush off to a writing-table, and with equally concentrated attention proceed with some literary work until called again to take his place at the whist-table. There was a member of the club, a very harmless, inoffensive man of the name of Townend, for whom Lord Lytton entertained a mortal antipathy, and would never play while that gentleman was in the room. He firmly believed that he brought him bad luck. I was witness to what must be termed an odd coincidence. One afternoon, when Lord Lytton was playing, and had enjoyed an uninterrupted run of luck, it suddenly turned, upon which he exclaimed, 'I am sure that Mr. Townend has come into the club.' Some three minutes after, just time enough to ascend the stairs, in walked

this unlucky personage. Lord Lytton, as soon as the rubber was over, left the table and did not resume the play."

A singular accident happened once to Lord Lytton. The King of Hearts had mysteriously disappeared, when it suddenly emerged from his lordship's sleeve. "I am glad," said Lord Lytton, with a pleasant smile, "that I am playing with gentlemen who know me."

James Clay and Lord Henry Bentinck were the great players at the Portland, but each of them declared that the other knew nothing of the game. Serjeant Ballantine states that Lord Henry was such a rigid adherent to the rules of the game that even if cards were exposed under his very nose, his eyes might see them, but it altered not his play; and he goes on to reprobate the "idiotism and folly of his lordship." Alas! one seldom enters a whist-room without hearing some Solon wailing over the idiotism and folly of his miserable partner. The Serjeant used also to play at a Calais whist club, where the loss of a five-pound note occasioned a suspension of proceedings. There was nothing very extraordinary in that, for we know of a country club where the loss of half that sum led to a furious stampede of some degenerate disciples of Cavendish.

We will now proceed to consider some of Serjeant Ballantine's experiences of a barrister's life. The account of the trials of two celebrated medical poisoners is deeply interesting at the present time.

In 1856 Lord Campbell presided at the Central Criminal Court upon the trial of William Palmer for the murder of John Parsons Cook.

Serjeant Ballantine writes :

"The reputation of Lord Campbell for politeness was amusingly illustrated by a remark made by the crier of the Court. His lordship had said with great suavity of manner, 'Let the prisoner be accommodated with a chair.' 'He means to hang him,' said the crier."

The prosecution was conducted with marvellous ability by Sir Alexander Cockburn. He had sat up night after night to study the medical aspect of the case, and the opposing doctors went down before him like ninepins. Yet it was no easy case. There was no poison found in the body of the victim. The

theory of the doctors for the prosecution was that the poison used was strychnine, which left no trace in the body. There were, however, grave doubts about this.

But it was the "riding that did it." Serjeant Shee, supported by Doctor Kenealy, was no match for Cockburn. If Serjeant Ballantine had defended the prisoner, the result might have been different, for we believe there was a Radical baker on the jury opposed to capital punishment.

But as Serjeant Ballantine writes :

"The strong good sense of Lord Campbell brushed away the merely scientific question; showed that it was not material to discover by what poison the deed was effected; dwelt with overwhelming force upon the facts, to which, as he explained, the medical evidence was merely subsidiary, and only used for the purpose of demonstrating that the appearances presented were consistent with the means suggested."

Lord Campbell gave the poisoner no chance. Justice Maule said it was the only instance he knew of a judge summing up for two days and not saying a single word in favor of the prisoner. Palmer was a practical poisoner. The sporting son of Sydney Smith, commonly called the Assassin, said Palmer could have given two stone to Cæsar Borgia. He had poisoned his wife, he had poisoned his brother, first insuring their lives heavily, and even when he poisoned his confederate Cook, he had another victim in tow in the shape of a groom, for whom, described as a "country gentleman," he had sent up proposals of insurance. He had poisoned an unfortunate bagman whom he invited to his house. He even asked the late Mr. Padwick to come and partake of a turkey at Christmas, probably stuffed with great medical ingenuity; and many of the great turf financier's friends and clients were very sorry he did not accept the invitation. It may be asked how it was possible for these crimes to be committed in a small country town without any suspicions arising in the minds of the inhabitants. All we can say on this point is that a friend of ours went to Rugeley on business; staying at the inn there, he asked the waiter if his fellow-townsmen were not surprised to hear of the crimes which Palmer had committed. He received for answer, "Oh, no, sir,

not at all. We all knew he was poisoning people." And yet there are enthusiasts who believe in rural simplicity!

With regard to the other great poisoning case recorded in these volumes we do not see why the name of the accused person should have been withheld, as he has been long since called to his account. In this case Serjeant Ballantine led for the prosecution, and he gives most curious details respecting Dr. —, which, as he truly says, are worthy of a romance. Dr. — was convicted, but of course there was the usual chorus of disapprobation from fanatics and fools, who knew nothing about the case. That upright judge who tried the case, Chief Baron Pollock, never swerved in his belief of the prisoner's guilt.

There is a letter in the "Life of Dickens" on the Chief Baron's conduct.

Charles Dickens writes to Mr. Forster :

"I cannot easily tell you how much interested I am by what you tell me of our brave and excellent friend. I have often had more than half a mind to write and thank that upright judge. I declare to Heaven that I believe such a service one of the greatest that a man of intellect and courage can render to society. Of course I have been driving the girls out of their wits here, by incessantly proclaiming that there wanted no medical evidence either way, and that the case was plain without it. Lastly, of course (though a merciful man—because a merciful man I mean) I would hang any Home Secretary, Whig, Tory, or Radical, who should step in between so black a scoundrel and the gallows."

Sir George Cornewall Lewis stepped in, and the condemned criminal received a free pardon!

In the recent Lamson case when the prisoner was convicted on the clearest evidence of a most foul and cruel murder, a wild howl for his release ensued. The Home Secretary was bombarded with affidavits to prove the insanity of the poisoner. These precious documents, which proved that there were a great many lunatics at large, chiefly emanated from America, and Bournemouth that paradise of curates and riding masters, some of the good people there evidently not thinking it possible that a man could be a murderer who played such celestial strains on the church organ. The criminal had resided at Bournemouth, but it was fortunately

discovered that he had forged his testimonials, or he would have probably been elected to look after the medical comforts of the poor. He would most certainly have thinned the pauper population, and as he wanted an increase of practice he would perhaps have deprived that delightful health resort of some of its superfluous doctors. There was no doubt that this man was a reckless medical poisoner.

At the time Serjeant Ballantine began his professional career, the lawyers still generally resided in the neighborhood of Russell and Bedford Squares, and we venture to assert that there was more good talk and good wine in that now deserted region than in any other part of London. Tottenham Court Road was only passed over by the ambitious members of the profession.

Serjeant Ballantine gives his readers several sketches and anecdotes of legal dignitaries.

He tells a story of Sir Charles Wetherell that he escaped from the fury of the Bristol mob in a clean shirt and a pair of braces. Now Sir Charles in a momentary fit of weakness might have been induced to put on a clean shirt, but nobody could ever have persuaded him into braces. He was a most effective and violent speaker in the House of Commons, and owing to his exertions there was usually a wide gap in his habiliments. The Speaker said the only lucid interval he had was between his waistcoat and breeches. Some lawyers went one morning to his chambers for a consultation. They were ushered into a room, and after waiting a considerable time they rang the bell for the servant, and on his appearance asked when Sir Charles would be ready? "Oh, I think it will be very soon," was the answer, "for he has just put his razor in his teapot."

Sir William Follet was of all lawyers the greatest favorite of the House of Commons. The wonderful charm of his unequalled voice contributed greatly to his success. Sir Alexander Cockburn made one great but rather theatrical speech on the Pacifico case, but he never possessed the ear of the House like Sir William Follet. Sir William killed himself by overwork at a comparatively early age. Another great lawyer

Sir John Rolt, so popular in the profession, died in the same way.

Sir Frederick Thesiger's House of Commons reputation was not very great, but in *nisi prius* trials he was wonderfully successful.

Serjeant Ballantine writes of him :

"He was very painstaking and industrious. His appearance was greatly in his favor; his manner was slightly artificial, and his jokes, of which he was fond, were somewhat labored."

We have heard that the coolness between Lords Chelmsford and Beaconsfield was partly attributable to one of these jokes. One of the best hits he ever made was at a dinner-party where there was a discussion about the Bishop of Durham's conduct in giving a valuable preferment in the North to his son-in-law, Mr. Cheese, instead of the curate, whose long services in the town had made him popular. Lord Chelmsford took the bishop's part, and said that nothing was more natural than that Cheese should come before Dessert.

Sir Richard Bethell, afterward Lord Westbury, had been most friendly to Serjeant Ballantine, and as the Serjeant is a grateful man, it is natural he should give only praise. But there was nobody practising at the Chancery bar of whom so many good stories were told. Here are two of them. They were related to us by an eminent Chancery barrister.

"Once in a case before Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Mr. Wakefield demanded that a judgment should be given in his favor, because Sir Lancelot had already given his decision in the similar case of *Jones v. Webb*. The Vice-Chancellor had no recollection on the point. Mr. Bethell, on the other side, was equal to the occasion. He got up and said, 'I perfectly recollect the case of *Jones and Webb* mentioned by my learned friend, but my learned friend, of course accidentally, omitted to mention that your Honor's judgment was finally reversed on an appeal in the House of Lords.' This was too much for the ingenious Mr. Wakefield, who, in his despair, was heard to mutter, 'What a d—d lie, there never was such a case at all!' Mr. Bethell was, it may be supposed, a cool hand at election times. Once he attended a stormy meeting of his constituents at Aylesbury. He was terribly attacked for not having attended to the interests of that virtuous borough. Mr. Bethell answered all the charges brought against him with his usual ingenuity; but one indignant elector got up and said, 'Mr.

Bethell, you have answered everybody else, but you cannot answer me. I have written to you fifty letters, to not one of which have I received an answer.' 'Really,' said the undaunted Chancery barrister, 'if I had not the most unbounded confidence in the veracity of my honorable friend, I could not have believed such a dereliction of duty on the part of Her Majesty's Post Office. *Not one of those letters did I ever receive!*'"

The Serjeant writes about a visit to the Derby :

"There were four of us, all men, in a barouche, and one of my friends had brought a butler in a white neckcloth. A lot of roughs recognized me, and one of them shouted, 'There goes the Serjeant with his domestic chaplain.' We soon made the butler doff the garb that involved me in such a calumny."

On another occasion the Serjeant walked up St. James's Street with a gentleman "in the guise of a bishop." The roughs were delighted with the "domestic chaplain," but how puzzled must the club loungers have been at the sight of the shovel hat! They must have thought that they were suffering from ocular delusion, and that what they really saw was only Ginger Stubbs in his usual clerical costume, walking up to Tattersalls' with the Serjeant to hear the state of the odds.

Serjeant Ballantine writes :

"I came out of the club one day and found Selwyn talking to a gentleman in the guise of a bishop; he introduced me to him. It was Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells. Selwyn left him at the corner of Pall Mall, and his lordship and myself walked together up St. James's street, down Piccadilly, to Hyde Park Corner. Of course there were many respectful salutations to him, and several people we met recognized me; they must have felt a good deal of surprise at the company in which they saw me. He was very courteously and pleasing, but I could not forbear at parting to take off my hat and say, 'My Lord, you have ruined my character.' He gave a good-humored smile, and expressed a hope that he had improved it."

Lord Auckland had a keen sense of humor, and no doubt enjoyed the situation as much as the Serjeant. Was Serjeant Ballantine's character improved by the contact? We really think it was, because we have found a sentimental passage in his book that fairly astonishes us. It might have been written after celestial talk with a "gentleman in the guise of a bishop." Mr. Matthew Ar-

nold could not have framed a composition breathing more "sweetness and light."

The Serjeant is on the Rhine at Basle.

"It was long before I could tear myself from the view of the mighty river. It was an autumn evening, and a moon nearly at its full was silvering the waters as they careered along, while small lights began to show themselves from the gabled buildings on the opposite side, and when I cast my eyes up the stream, the hills, but dimly seen, furnished the imagination with a glorious promise of beauty and grandeur. I descend into the well-known salon. The table d'hôte is over, and the tables are laid out for tea; everything looks fresh. Honey, the prominent feature of the tea-table, tempts to a beverage of which the innocence is in keeping with the purity of the scene. . . . The warm soft feeling of an early autumn evening, the moon upon the waters, the music of the stream—all these perchance, as new sensations as the words of a first love whispered in their presence."

Can these be the utterances of Serjeant Ballantine? Why, they are the aspirations of a retired cherub. After reading this, we should not be surprised to see the Serjeant walking on the sunny side of Pall Mall engaged in heavenly conversation with Lord Cairns and Selborne.

As the dining season has now begun, we give another extract, denouncing a horrid custom now extensively prevailing, but which we hope will be put an end to when such a well-known *gourmet* as Serjeant Ballantine gives such a strong opinion on the subject.

"*Menus* had not been heard of, and a dinner à la Russe had not travelled from

the North. Paterfamilias presided over the food, and a perspiring carver did not dig lumps of meat from the joint and hand them with half cold gravy to the guests. It is a great mistake of dinner-givers in modern style to have joints at all: they are invariably carved in the most sickening fashion, and, from the appearance presented by the parts that reach the guests, might belong to any animal ever created."

This picture is not at all overcharged. The perspiring butler only ceases from his toil to rush about shoving lumps of ice, which may turn into diluted sewage, into champagne glasses, an abominable custom, as wine ought only to be cooled from the outside. Let us reform all this. Away with the perspiring one, let him be put in a refrigerator for his crimes, and allow us for the future to enjoy a charming dinner à la Ballantine.

Charles Dickens once said that the only objection to a rolley-poley was that it required such a courageous amount of jam. Well, the objection to reviewing these reminiscences is that it requires a most courageous supply of ink. There are many other portions of the book that we should like to dilate upon, but our space is limited, and we must now conclude, sincerely thanking Serjeant Ballantine for the pleasure he has afforded us. The tone of the book is so good-natured that it ought to disarm criticism. Serjeant Ballantine has set a good example to others. He has not depreciated his rivals, or blackened those with whom he sat at meat. And if the Serjeant again takes up his pen to unfold some more experiences, we only hope that we shall be here to read.—*Temple Bar.*

A FRENCH ASSIZE.

I.

THE entrance of two judges into an English assize town is, weather favoring, an impressive sight; or at least it can be made so. It is not often that a sheriff evinces his parsimony after the manner of a certain official of that rank, who went out to receive Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in a handsome cab, and was straightway fined £500 for his impudence. Most sheriffs are anxious to

acquit themselves creditably of the task which the law imposes upon them, and some would no doubt go to extremes in the matter of pageantry had not an etiquette arisen which informally regulates to what extent the ceremonial of receiving the judges shall go. The judges must have fine carriages with four horses, servants in livery, javelin men; a comfortable house to lodge in, and the sheriff, who houses and feeds them at his own expense, must attend them

into court daily attired in uniform. If the calendar at the assizes be a heavy one, the sheriff's expenses in entertaining the judges for several days must often be considerable. In France, where the calendars are always heavy, the assize judges have not only to defray all their own expenses, but they are expected to give at least one dinner to the local officials. By way of indemnity they receive from the state a fee of 500 francs, or £20. The regular salaries of these assize judges, who are councillors of the District Court of Appeal, specially commissioned, vary between £240, and £360; but never exceed this last figure.

This is only another way of saying that French judges are as a rule men of private means who have accepted judicial office for the honor of the thing. The Republican party now in power have resolved to effect a radical reform in the judicature, and to bestow the highest offices on the Bench, as they are conferred in England, on successful barristers whom they will attract by the offer of salaries twice and three times larger than those now paid. Thus it is proposed to give councillors of Appeal Courts (whose numbers will be diminished) from £600 to £1000 a year, and presidents of Appeal Courts from £1200 to £2000; under the new system also, should it ever come into force, the judges of assize will have all their expenses paid for them and receive a fee of £4 a day into the bargain. These reforms must altogether change the organization of the French judicature; but speaking of French judges as they are now, one must say of them that, if not always intellectually brilliant, they are without exception a highly dignified, honorable and well-trained body of men. Those of them who are commissioned to hold assizes have generally sat for many years on the Bench. They belong in most cases to the provincial *noblesse* and commenced their career in the *Magistrature Assise*, at the age of twenty-six or twenty-seven, by being appointed assistant judges in the tribunals of Correctional Police; after which they become assessors in those tribunals, *juges d'instruction* (examining magistrates), and finally councillors of a Court of Appeal. There are twenty-one of these

Appeal Courts, formerly called Royal or Imperial Courts, and the staff of each includes a president and an indefinite number of councillors. Some courts have but six or eight councillors, others more than twenty. A councillorship is the supreme dignity to which a judge can claim to rise by length of service, though by Government favor he may be promoted to the higher functions of president of a Court, or councillor of the Court of Cassation in Paris. The presidencies, however, are very often conferred on the most distinguished members of the *Magistrature Debout*, the Procurator General, or Chief Public Prosecutor of Appeal Courts; and it may be mentioned that councillors seldom care to accept these high posts unless they are quite rich men. The president of a *Cour d'Appel* gets £600 a year, but he is required to keep up so much state and to give so many dinners and parties that he spends his salary two or three times over. The councillorships of the Court of Cassation, which involve a residence in Paris, are likewise sought only by the most affluent. As for the highest judicial office of all, that of President of the Court of Cassation or Supreme Court of Civil and Criminal Appeal, the salary is £1200; but the holder of this most venerated office has to pay for his dignity on a scale which only an income of several thousands of pounds will suffice to meet.

Assizes are held twice, or if needful three times a year, in the chief towns of each department, and three councillors of the district *Cour d'Appel* are commissioned to hold them. The senior councillor takes the temporary title of President of the Assizes, and on him devolve all the principal duties, ceremonial and other. The judges arrive in the town without any display, but as soon as they have alighted at the chief hotel in the place they must begin paying their official visits in a carriage and pair. They are bound to call first on the prefect, on the commander of the garrison if he be a general of division, and on the diocesan if he be an archbishop, and the visits in such cases must be paid in their scarlet robes. If, however, the garrison commander be a general of brigade, and the diocesan only a bishop, the Assize President and his assessors return to

their hotel after calling on the prefect, for they rank higher for the nonce than all other officials, and are entitled to receive first visits from them. The prefect, accompanied by his secretary and the councillors of *préfecture*, all in full uniform, speedily arrives at the hotel to pay his return visit, and after him come, in what order they please, the general, the bishop, the mayor of the town, the president, assessor, and public prosecutor of the local tribunal, the Central Commissioner of Police, and divers other functionaries. They make but a short stay, and as soon as they are gone the judges divest themselves of their robes, and set out to pay their return visits in evening-dress. The etiquette in all these points is strictly defined. It was originally regulated by Napoleon, and has been adhered to with but little variation ever since. At times attempts have been made to condense the whole formality into a mere exchange of cards; but the French love ceremony, and of late the secret antagonism between aristocratic judges and the Republican government has induced Republican prefects to stickle most punctiliously for the observance of all official courtesies due toward them. Not long ago an assize president who was by birth a marquis called upon a prefect, and made him the stiffest of bows, saying, "Sir, I have come to pay you the visit which the law requires." The prefect was a good fellow, and returning the call an hour afterward, said with the blindest of smiles, "Sir, I come to pay a visit which in some cases might be a mere duty but which in this instance is a real pleasure." The interviews between the judges and bishops are generally more genial than this.

While the judges have been getting through their visits, the *Avocat-Général* appointed to act as Public Prosecutor at the assizes has also been exchanging civilities with the local authorities; but in his case card leaving is held to be sufficient. The *Advocat-Général* is one of the assistants of the *Procureur Général* or chief Public Prosecutor of the district over which the Appeal Court has jurisdiction. He sits in the assize court in red robes, and conducts the prosecution of all the prisoners; it is only in cases where private prosecutors want to

get pecuniary damages out of a prisoner, besides seeing him punished according to law, that they are represented by counsel of their own. They are then said to constitute themselves civil parties to the suit. They may do this even when a prisoner is on his trial for murder, and indeed pecuniary damages are almost always claimed when a prisoner is supposed to be able to pay them. It has not unfrequently happened that a murderer, besides being sentenced to death, has been made to pay a heavy fine to the relations of his victim. These fines are inflicted, not by the jury, but by the Bench. A few years ago a gentleman named Armand, of Bordeaux, was put upon his trial for trying to murder his servant, Maurice Roux. The jury acquitted him, but the Bench, having their doubts about the matter, sentenced him to pay 20,000 francs damages to Roux, and the Court of Cassation upheld this curious decision. Prince Pierre Bonaparte, when acquitted of the murder of Victor Noir, the journalist, in 1870, was also made to pay 20,000 francs damages to his victim's mother; and only a few months since a country gentleman, who was convicted of having killed an antagonist in a duel, was sentenced to pay £4,000 compensation to the deceased's widow, in addition to undergoing a year's imprisonment, and paying a fine of £40 to the State with all the costs of the trial.

II.

French assizes are only held to try criminal causes. All civil suits are heard at the Courts of Appeal, which are stationary, and whose presidents never figure in assize commissions. When a calendar is unusually heavy, the judges arrive two or three days before the proceedings commenced; but in any case they come one clear day beforehand, in order that they may have ample time to examine the *dossiers* of all the causes. This is always done with the utmost care. The *dossier* is a compilation which includes not only the indictment and the depositions of witnesses before the examining magistrate, but all the facts and rumors which the police have been able to collect concerning the antecedents of the accused. A copy of each

dossier handed to the judges is laid before the *Chambre des Mises en Accusation*, which performs the same functions as an English grand jury. The members composing it are specially delegated judges or magistrates of a lower rank than councillors, and it rests with them to determine whether prisoners shall be put upon their trial. They are not limited, however, to the two alternatives of finding a true bill or ignoring the bill altogether. They may order a *supplément d'instruction*, that is, send back the case to the examining magistrate for further inquiry. It is the main principle of French procedure that a case should come up to a criminal court complete in all its details, and this throws upon examining magistrates an amount of labor and responsibility almost incredible.

Four categories of offences are tried at the assizes: firstly, crimes involving sentences of death or penal servitude; secondly, political offences; thirdly, by the act of 1881, press offences; and fourthly, manslaughters caused by duelling. The offenders in the last three categories are generally, though not always, treated with courtesy. They have been at large on their recognizances; they are not required to surrender themselves into actual custody, and they do not sit in the dock during the trial. All other offenders, however, even when they have been admitted to bail, must surrender at the House of Detention on the day before the assizes open, and must be brought up in custody. It is the public prosecutor, and not the bench, who decides to what extent accused persons shall be enlarged before and during trial. He may if he pleases keep a political offender or a journalist or duellist as strictly confined before trial as an ordinary felon; and he may at his discretion stay the execution of a sentence, and allow the convicted man to walk freely out of court. Political offenders, journalists and duellists, who get sentenced to a few months' imprisonment only, are seldom detained immediately after their conviction. Except in very serious cases, or in cases where the government harbors a special animosity against the culprit, the latter leaves the court free, and does not surrender to undergo his punishment until he receives a summons to do so from the public

prosecutor. And sometimes, as for instance when a sudden change of ministry brings the friends of a political offender to power, the summons is never sent at all. It may be remembered that during the last days of the Duke de Broglie's administration in 1877, M. Gambetta was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for an attack on Marshal MacMahon, but the order to surrender was never communicated to him.

The first business of the assizes is to draw the juries. A panel of forty jurymen is summoned, and the prisoners are all brought up one by one into the president's room to see the drawing done. For each trial fourteen names are drawn by lot, that is, twelve to form the jury and two others to act as *suppléants* in case one of the jury should fall ill. These *suppléants* are sworn like the rest, and they sit in the jury box, but take no part in finding the verdict unless they are required to fill up vacancies. This system of having a couple of extra men on a jury is evidently more sensible than the English plan of empanelling just the number needed. How absurd this system would have seemed if one of the jury in the Tichborne case had died on the 150th day of the trial, thereby rendering it necessary that the whole trial should be recommenced! In France, if a trial bade fair to last a hundred days, it is probable that the Bench would order six *suppléants* to be empaneled in order to guard against all chance of a miscarriage of justice.

Every prisoner is attended at the drawing by his counsel, and it is a merciful provision of the French law that no prisoner shall be arraigned at the assizes without having a barrister to defend him. A few days before the assizes a notice is sent to the House of Detention requesting that all prisoners unable to pay for counsel shall forward their application to be defended at the expense of the State; and the judges appoint a counsel for each prisoner as soon as they have taken cognizance of the *dossiers*. The *avocat* may not always be of much use to a prisoner, but there he is, and he seldom fails to exercise his privilege of challenging some of the names called for the jury. This is done by merely lifting up his *toque* or head-dress when the name is called. The public

prosecutor may also challenge, and challenges coming from either side are always allowed without question.

The administration of justice in France is never rendered undignified by sordid surroundings, such as small, frowzy courts. All the courts of assize are spacious and handsome; there is plenty of room for all who have business there, and it is always possible to accommodate a good many sight-seers. The public prosecutor sits in a rostrum to right or left of the bench according to the position of the windows, the dock being always opposite the light so that the prosecutor may enjoy a full view of the prisoner's face. The three judges in their robes of scarlet and ermine sit in arm-chairs at a long table on a dais. Behind them hangs a life-size painting of the Saviour on the Cross, and there is a crucifix on the table fronting the president's chair. These emblems of mercy and redemption form part of the furniture of all assize courts. No freethinking judge has yet ordered their removal, though judges must be pretty well tired by this time of hearing young *avocats* adjure them by the crucifix not to slay the innocent. This is a piece of rhetoric flourish which may have been effective sometimes, but it has been sadly overdone and misused.

III.

"Bring in the accused," says the president, as soon as the judges have taken their seats; and the prisoner is introduced into the dock between a couple of gendarmes heavily armed, who sit on either side of him and keep their cocked hats on throughout the proceedings. From this time and until the end of the trial it may occur to the prisoner to wonder why three judges have been put to the trouble of trying him, seeing that it is the president who does all the work. It is said that the two assessors have a voice in the infliction of the sentence, but they take no ostensible part in the trial, and sit all the while as dumb as fish. The president, on the contrary, has a great deal both to say and to do.

The procedure of the French assize court differs totally from the English. The proceedings commence with the

reading of the indictment in a sing-song voice by the clerk of the court, and this usually lasts more than an hour, for the indictment is of portentous length, touching upon almost every incident in the accused's life. The prisoner, who remains seated during this reading, is then told to stand up, and the president begins to interrogate him. Now the bias of French judges against accused persons is always so strong as to have become proverbial, and any Englishman hearing a judicial interrogatory is shocked by perceiving that the president speaks as if the prisoner's guilt had already been made manifest. He says to him, "Now don't deny your guilt. Don't equivocate. You know very well that you are telling lies. You seem to have been a bad character from your youth up;" and so on. This kind of thing quite unsettles a nervous person, or makes a bold one saucy, and it produces a bad effect on juries. It is a marvel that judges should not yet have discovered how bad an effect it produces. Many of the scandalously lenient verdicts which have disgraced French courts of justice of late years may be ascribed entirely to the irritation caused in the minds of jurymen by the bullying tone adopted by the judges toward prisoners. A wretched man driven to exasperation one day exclaimed, "You are not judging my cause; you have made up your mind about it without hearing me. What is the use of my answering you?" and he was acquitted for this speech, though in truth he was guilty. A judge who believes in a prisoner's guilt and wants to see him punished cannot do better than speak to him in the most moderate tone, as the jury will probably do their duty if their vanity is not ruffled by the feeling that they are being cowed. By an Act passed in 1880 the summing up of judges was abolished. This Act may be said to have been a very severe vote of censure passed by the Parliament upon the Judication, and it ought to have had a sobering and somewhat humiliating effect upon presidents of assize. But it has apparently had none. The truth is, judges come into court with their minds utterly saturated with the facts accumulated in most cleverly drawn indictments, and it should be added that the preliminary investiga-

tions conducted before the examining magistrates are generally so long, so minute, and painstaking that it is very seldom indeed that an innocent man is committed for trial. Innocent men frequently remain for months and months in gaol while the charge against them is being investigated by examining magistrates; but as it is the *juge d'instruction's* business to frame a perfect indictment, and not merely to establish a *prima facie* case, he will end by discharging a prisoner if not fully satisfied of his guilt, sooner than risk a snub from the *Chambre des Mises en Accusation* by sending up an incomplete case. Nevertheless innocent men do get committed and convicted sometimes in France; and rare as such occurrences may be, they ought, one would think, to render presidents of assize more dispassionate. When the prisoner has been questioned and harried till he is faint and despairing, he is allowed to sit down again. The president has done his duty, according to his lights, in endeavoring to wring a confession from the man, and, having failed, he is content to let him alone thenceforth. Now comes the time for the witnesses to be heard. They are not sworn upon a Testament, but are enjoined to lift up their right hand and swear to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." A rather needless question is asked them to start with, "How old are you?" After this they have to say whether they stand in any degree of relationship toward the accused. There is no cross-examination by the counsel for the defence as in England. It is the president who does all the interrogating. The prosecution and the defence may from time to time interpolate a question, but this is not done on any systematic plan, and the questions are always put through the president with his leave. In the newest built assize courts the witnesses sit while giving their evidence.

After the witnesses for the prosecution have been heard, those for the defence come forward, without any interposition in the shape of a speech from the prisoner's counsel. This is another point of difference from English procedure. The speeches are all delivered at the close of the evidence. The Public Prosecutor leads off with his *requisitoire*; if there

be a claim for damages, the *avocat* of the civil parties to the suit follows, and then the counsel for the defence makes his harangue. One must call it a harangue, for whether the orator be one of the foremost men at the Bar, or a mere forensic tyro, he is sure to indulge in a set declamation with a great deal of what is on this side of the Channel contemptuously termed "gush." As there are no juries in civil causes or in correctional courts, *avocats* gladly avail themselves of the chances furnished by the assizes to try their lurking powers of humor, pathos, or sophistry on "twelve honest and intelligent jurymen." One of the most consummate jurists, the late M. Chaix d'Est Ange, whose practice lay entirely in the civil courts, used to say that it "refreshed" him to defend a prisoner now and then at the assizes. "It is good exercise for the whole body," he added naïvely. "To a judge one must talk with the head, but to a jury one may speak with head, heart, eyes, hands, and legs."

Let us not make too light of assize court oratory. It is of an infinitely higher quality than that so met with at the Old Bailey. To begin with, the French are born talkers; they are, moreover, warm-hearted, quick-willed, and æsthetic. You can appeal to the feelings of the least cultured among them by lofty theories upon humanity, and you may captivate the minds of the most intelligent and highly educated by ingenious paradoxes. Jurymen are for the most part plain men of square sense; but one or two "thinkers" among the twelve will leaven the whole lump. The others will undergo the influence of their superior minds, and while not comprehending their theories perhaps will feel secretly ashamed of their own dullness, and will be anxious to prove that they, too, comprehend a "*grande idée*." The "*grande idée*" may happen to be this, that a man is justified in slaying his mother-in-law if she interferes too perseveringly with his domestic arrangements; but what matter if the verdict which consecrates this doctrine be received by the public with loud cheers?

In England we have by our sneers at "gush," "humbug," "claptrap," "sentimentalism," etc., made our barristers ashamed to talk nobly. Very

few of them, indeed, would care to risk that reputation for good sense which is so valued among us by launching hazardous theories in justification of great crimes. In cases of murder especially the plea of provocation can only be urged with the extremest caution. Neither judges nor juries will stand much of it, and some of the theories occasionally advanced in French courts of justice to save the necks of desperate scoundrels would be received in England not only with indignation, but with contemptuous laughter. Some time ago a Parisian tradesman named Martin, being on the verge of bankruptcy was moved to right his affairs by murdering and robbing one of those messengers of the Bank of France who may be seen going about the streets on the first and fifteenth of every month to collect payment of bills. These messengers are very conspicuous from wearing a grey uniform and carrying their satchels full of notes and gold slung by a chain to their sides. Martin decoyed one of these poor fellows into his shop under pretence of wanting change for a thousand franc note, and while the messenger was stooping over his counter to spread out the gold, he clove his head open with a hatchet. The murder had been craftily planned, and might well have gone undetected, for Martin was alone in his shop; he had littered the floor thickly with saw-dust, and he had made all his arrangements for dragging his victim down to the cellar and there burying him. Unfortunately for him the messenger was not killed outright. He had just strength enough left to wrench open the shop door and stagger into the street, where he died on the pavement.

How promptly an English judge and jury would have sent Martin to the gallows need not be insisted upon; but M. Lachaud, who defended the ruffian before a Parisian jury, did it with such skill that he moved them to tears. He drew a touching picture of the honest tradesman, the good husband and father, driven to despair by seeing himself on the point of ruin. He implored the jury to have mercy on a man who wanted to save his "commercial honor." No doubt it was wrong to try and save one's honor by murder and robbery, but such a wild design only proved the ex-

tent of mental aberration to which poor Martin had been brought by the prospect of seeing his credit broken. The jury, taking this kindly view of the matter, found "extenuating circumstances" in favor of Martin, who was consequently saved from the guillotine, and sentenced to transportation for life. As he has now undergone five years of his time, he is probably living as a free colonist in New Caledonia.

Such miscarriages of justice may seem to us monstrous, but they may be matched by plenty of others from recent judicial annals. M. Lachaud, who exercises a magical influence over juries, was three years ago called upon to defend a girl named Marie Bière, who had shot at her paramour with a revolver and wounded him so dangerously that for weeks he lay at the point of death. Marie Bière was not an artless girl wreaking frantic vengeance on a man who had seduced her, but a person of worthless antecedents, who, having formed a *liaison* with a young gentleman of property, wished to induce him to marry her, and shot him because he was going to marry somebody else. It ought to have been regarded as an aggravating circumstance in her crime that her paramour had not sought to cast her off penniless, but had liberally settled an income of £144 a year on her for life; and yet it was precisely on this fact that M. Lachaud based his most masterly defence of the girl and obtained her acquittal. He fully admitted how bad Mlle. Bière's antecedents had been; "but," he asked, with fiery eloquence, "what has that to do with it? If this poor creature conceived a true and tender feeling of love for this man, if she had cherished the dream of becoming his wife and leading a life of purity thenceforth, was it not a most pitiable thing that her hopes of redemption should have been destroyed? You saw how she spurned his money—her love had purified her—he had won her heart and his desertion made her desperate. Are you going now by your verdict to affirm that women who have once fallen shall never be allowed to love, shall never blot out the past, shall be subject all their lives to the degradation of offers such as this by which Marie Bière's lover sought, as he cynically said, to compensate her? Com-

pensation at the rate of three hundred francs a month for a broken heart ! Compensation by insult for a wrong most cruel, most worthy of good men's compassion ?"

There were numbers of fine ladies, actresses, authors—the author of the *Dame aux Camélias* among them—who wept in court during this stirring address ; and the bewildered jury brought in a verdict of Not Guilty, which was hailed with tremendous applause, waving of handkerchiefs and hats. Marie Bière, in leaving the court, received an enthusiastic ovation from the crowd in the Salle des Pas Perdus, and for several days afterward the girl's lodgings were beset by warm-hearted people, who brought her bouquets, cards, and more substantial gifts. But her acquittal produced most disastrous consequences. It led in fact to a very epidemic of shooting and vitriol-throwing. In the course of the last two years, at least twenty girls have been arraigned at the assizes for seeking reparation for their blighted hopes *vi et armis*, and M. Lachaud's famous speech, repeated with every kind of variation suitable to particular circumstances, by barristers great and small, has always led to acquittals. In one of these cases M. Georges Lachaud, nephew of the great Lachaud, had to meet the remonstrances of the Public Prosecutor, who plainly pointed out that the constant acquittal of adventuresses who had no object but to bring themselves into notoriety by committing murder was really a public scandal and a danger to society. "I contend, on the contrary, that such acquittals are tending unmistakably to moralize society," answered M. Georges Lachaud. "By proving that you have no sympathy with young men of loose morals you are making them cautious. All laws have failed to make them virtuous, but one such verdict as you may render can frighten them into becoming so."

Such appeals to juries to judge a case on higher grounds than those of mere law seldom miss their effect ; and it has gradually come to be accepted as a doctrine in France that the jurymen need not feel themselves tethered by the letter of the oath which they swear. They are representatives of the people rendering popular justice, not according to the

hard, unelastic texts of the law, but according to the highest dictates of abstract equity, common sense, and mercy. M. Lachaud, who is a truly great orator, and has done more than any man alive to educate juries into the notion that they must judge with their hearts and not with their heads, is ably seconded in his theories by his son, and his nephew, and by MM. Allon, Nicolet, Demange, Carraby, and others. All these *avocats* are arch blarneyers. Their fantastic arguments and hysteric declamations make judges to moan, but they cause juries to weep, and all the gain is for the prisoners. A curious result of this state of things is this, that if a man have a quarrel with his enemy he had far better for his own sake kill him outright than maim him. For an aggravated assault he will be tried before three judges without a jury in the Correctional Court, and stands a good chance of getting five years' imprisonment ; but if he kills his man, he will be tried before a jury, and if it be proved that he acted in hot blood without premeditation, an acquittal will very likely follow. It will certainly follow if the murder in hot blood have been the upshot of a quarrel between husband and wife in consequence of some infidelity on one side or the other. Juries never will punish the betrayed husband or wife who takes the law into his or her own hands. Lately a husband who had an unfaithful wife gave her a tremendous thrashing and broke her arm, for which he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment by a Correctional Court. As he left the dock he exclaimed ruefully, "*Mon Dieu, voilà ce qu'on gagne à se montrer trop doux !*"

IV.

When the counsel for the defence has finished his speech, the public prosecutor replies ; but this privilege will probably be taken from him before long, on the same principle as that which made the Legislature suppress the summing up of the judge. Humanitarians think that the last word in a trial should be spoken by the defence, so that the jury may retire with cries for mercy still ringing in their ears.

French jurymen are not detained, as

in England, throughout the whole duration of a trial for felony. They may return to their homes in the evening, and go where they please, and speak with whom they please during the adjournments for lunch. Once they have retired to consider their verdict, however, they are locked up until they have come to a decision. The only person with whom they may communicate is the President of the Court; and if they desire to see him he is summoned to their room. Their verdict has to be given under the form of answers by "Yes" or "No" to a number of questions stated for them in writing by the president. These questions sometimes exceed a hundred, and cover several pages of foolscap in the Clerk of Arraign's handwriting. Unanimity is not required for the finding of a verdict, but there must be a majority of eight to four to carry a full conviction. If the votes are equally divided the prisoner is acquitted; if five pronounce for an acquittal and seven for a conviction, the prisoner gets the benefit of what is called *minorité de faveur*, and the Bench by adding their three votes to the five given in his favor may acquit him if they think fit. A verdict delivered without any finding of "extenuating circumstances" carries with it the maximum penalty; but the maximum can never be inflicted when "extenuating circumstances" are allowed. Thus murderers tried for their lives always escape the guillotine when the judges find *circonstances atténuantes*. Verdicts of this description are often delivered simply because the majority of a jury may object to capital punishment. They none the less produce a painful and startling effect upon the minds of right-thinking persons when the recipient of clemency happens to be a villainous scoundrel for whose crime, humanly speaking, there should be no mercy at all. It shocks people to hear a jury find extenuating circumstances in favor of a brute who has murdered his aged parents to rob them of their savings; or of a monster, like that man in the Ain, who last year blew up a house, and killed three people, because he wanted to destroy at one stroke five relations who stood between him and some property. The inmates of the house were nine in number, and the murderer had coldly

planned to kill them all. It was by a sheer miracle that six of them escaped death. Nevertheless, the jury found "extenuating circumstances," and the judges were so indignant at this scandalous verdict that they marked their sense of it in a rather odd fashion by sentencing the prisoner to twenty years' transportation only, instead of to transportation for life. The effect of this would be that the convict might in ten years obtain a pardon and return to France; whereas, if sentenced for life, he would have to spend the remainder of his days in New Caledonia, even if discharged from the penal colony there on ticket-of-leave. The judges practically said to the jury: "Since you take an interest in this malefactor, you shall have the pleasure of seeing him among you again in a few years."

It must be remarked that juries who are so compassionate toward the perpetrators of violent murders are seldom tender toward forgers, burglars, and other offenders against property; they are not lenient toward poisoners either. Murder with a knife, revolver, or bludgeon is all very well, but treacherous poisoning strikes even the most opaque-minded juryman as a thing to be discouraged. Even M. Lachaud has often expended his eloquence quite vainly in the attempt to enlist pity for wives who put lucifer matches into their husband's soup, or sons who drugged their father's coffee with laudanum. Since M. Grévy's accession to the presidency of the Republic, however, capital punishment has been suffered to fall into disuse, so that murderers of the most unpopular categories, though sentenced to death, are no longer executed.

When the jury have found their verdict they return into court, and the foreman delivers the finding in an impressive manner. He lays his hand upon his heart and says, "On my honor and conscience, before God and men the verdict of the jury is unanimously (or by a majority, as the case may be) on the first question 'Yes'; on the second question 'Yes'; and so on. The prisoner is not in court either when the verdict is delivered or when sentence is pronounced. He has been led out when the jury retired, and he is not brought into the dock again until the court have

publicly pronounced sentence. The object of this arrangement is to prevent the judges being disturbed in their calm deliberations by the prisoner's shrieks and entreaties for mercy. When the prisoner is brought into court he knows that mercy is past praying for. He is informed of his conviction and doom by the clerk of the court, who reads him the sentence which has been drawn up on paper; and he is then told that he has three days before him in which to appeal to the Court of Cassation.

Every prisoner appeals as a matter of course; but the Court of Cassation is only a Court of Appeal after a fashion. It does not enter into the rights or wrongs of an appellant's cause; it has simply to determine whether his trial was conducted with all the requisite legal formalities. If there have been an informality of the most trivial kind, the proceedings are quashed, and a new trial is ordered. It is this that makes French judges and procurators so minutely careful in framing indictments and wording sentences. If there have been the omission of a single letter in the prisoner's name, or a misstatement about his age, it is enough to form *un cas de cassation*. The barristers who plead before the *Cour de Cassation* practice in no other courts. They are a special class of hair-splitters who apply all their acumen to the detection of little flaws in masses of documents. So thoroughly impersonal are their pleadings that, in a famous case of murder, where a whole day was spent in arguing on the appeal for a new trial, the name of the convict was never once mentioned.

To return to the Assize Court. It is a good practice in France to carry on a trial once commenced uninterruptedly to its conclusion. If it cannot be terminated on a Saturday night, the court sits on Sunday; and from the moment when the counsel for the defence has begun his speech there is no more break in the proceedings, even though that speech be finished very late in the evening. No case has yet occurred in France of a speech in a criminal case lasting more than one day; but it often happens that juries are not dismissed to consider their verdicts till past midnight, and only return into court in the small hours of the morning. There is no law to prevent

judges from adjourning their courts at the conclusion of the defence if the hour be late; but it is not customary for them to do so now that the summing-up has been abolished. On ordinary days the court opens at 10 A.M. and rises at 6 or 7 P.M. There is always on the part of the French judges a laudable desire to consult the convenience of witnesses by keeping them as short a time as possible in attendance at the court; and barristers assist this object by consenting without a murmur to remain in court as late in the evening as may be necessary to expedite business.

This does not prevent Bench and Bar from enjoying themselves in the usual festive manner at the close of each day's proceedings. The assizes furnish occasion for a round of dinners. The local authorities each give one, turn by turn; and after the assizes are over the president generally entertains all his last hosts at a banquet. This repast is followed by a grand reception which is attended by all public or private persons who desire to pay their respects to the judges. It is a matter of etiquette that the forty members of the jury panel should always come.

As for the prisoners, it may be remarked of those sentenced to death that they stand in quite a different position to that of English convicts in the same case. They receive no intimation of the date when their execution will take place. The Court of Cassation to which they have appealed may perhaps not call up their case for a couple of months; and after that some more days will be occupied in forwarding a *recours en grâce*, or petition for mercy, to the President of the Republic. M. Grévy is opposed to capital punishment; but not so determinedly opposed to it as never to have signed a death warrant. He has allowed three men to be guillotined out of about sixty who have been sentenced to death since his accession, and this proportion, small as it is, is sufficient to prevent murderers from feeling absolutely reassured as to the fate awaiting them. They hear nothing of what is being done for or against them outside the prison walls. The *avocats* who defended them draw up the *recours en grâce*, but the convicts are not supposed to know what chances there are of these petitions

being entertained or rejected. If a convict is to be executed, the first certain intimation which he receives of the painful fact comes about a quarter of an hour before his head drops into the saw-dust basket of the guillotine. Some morning—it may be two or three months after his trial—he is aroused at break of day by the governor of the prison entering his cell and saying kindly : “ A—, your appeal has been rejected, and your petition dismissed : the moment has arrived . . . ” The unhappy man, rolling out of bed and staggering to his feet, sees the gaol chaplain, who has walked in behind the governor, and two or three warders who assist him hastily to dress. From this moment everything is done with the utmost celerity. The prisoner has wine pressed upon him ; three minutes are allowed him to make his shrift, then he is led out and pinioned. Next moment he is half conducted, half pushed, into the open air, where the guillotine stands surrounded by dense squares of mounted troops and police, behind whom are massed large crowds straining their eyes, with not much effect, to see what is about to take place. The modern guillotine is not erected on a platform, but is placed on the ground. The convict makes half a dozen steps : the executioner’s assistants seize him, push him roughly against an upright board,

which falls forward, pivoting under his weight, and brings him in a horizontal position with his neck between the grooves, above which the knife is suspended. The executioner touches a spring ; the knife flashes as it falls ; and all is over. Watch in hand it has been reckoned that when all the preliminaries of execution are smartly conducted, no more than fourteen minutes ought to elapse from the time when the convict is startled out of sleep to the instant when his head and body part company.

From the Christian point of view it is certainly deplorable that a convict having a sure knowledge of his impending death should never be able seriously to prepare his mind for it. But the French act upon the principle of making things as easy as possible for the doomed man. Even the prison chaplain thinks it his duty to hold out hopes of a commutation, though he may have no good reason for feeling that the sentence will not be carried out. The convict then passes his last weeks of existence in a fool’s paradise. He is encouraged to smoke, he is allowed enough wine to make him, if not drunk, at least merry—that is a quart a day—and the warders in his cell play cards with him as much as he likes—it being their chief care to keep the man from moping and giving them trouble.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A VERY COMMON MIND-TROUBLE.

BY J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, M.D.

IN a large proportion of instances persons who live sedentary lives and labor habitually with their brains to the neglect of the other parts of their bodies, suffer more or less annoyance from a mind-trouble which, under favoring conditions, may readily become a disease. It is not generally or clearly recognized by practical medical psychologists. It consists of an uncontrollable and all-pervading feeling of *doubt* ; not suspicion, in the technical sense of that term, as applied to a maniacal mistrust of those around, but doubt as to the commonest facts and acts of ordinary life and experience. What is seen must also be

touched, what has been done must be done again, or some special measure taken to ascertain that it has been thoroughly accomplished. The consciousness which is plagued with this malady—for such it really is—seldom rests and is a prey to worry. Locking a door, extinguishing a lighted candle or match, turning off the gas, or in some cases so simple a matter as placing a vase on a pedestal, or even a book on a table, are serious undertakings from which the mind shrinks ; or if the act be hastily and needlessly performed the sufferer endures a misery of misgiving for some time afterward, and, which

makes the matter worse, the longer the doubt lasts, the more oppressive does it become.

The trouble caused by doubt as to the doing of things which are of the simplest and most ordinary description, is out of all proportion to the subject matter itself. At first the victim of this strange distress tries to compel his self-consciousness to rest. He resolves that he will not think of the act. It shall be performed instantly, or if it has been done it shall be forgotten. He goes away, presently the thought suggests itself that, after all perhaps, he has not accomplished what he intended, or that he has done it badly. He puts away this suggestion, but it returns with fresh force and overwhelms him. The suspicion grows to a fear, the misgiving to a great anxiety. The uncertainty as to safety becomes first an apprehension and then a terror of danger. All sorts of evil consequences will or may ensue from his omission to lock that door or drawer, to turn off that gas burner, or to place some ornament firmly enough on its pedestal! The demand, or impulse, to return and verify the underlying belief that all is well, will brook no denial. The creature of a craze like this may go to bed and try to sleep, but he will toss restlessly on his pillow, and at length he *must*—or he fancies he must—give in; and from any distance at any pains he returns, generally to find that his fears have been wholly groundless. Only those who have either themselves experienced this doubt, or repeatedly watched its growth and witnessed its effects in others, can imagine how terrible in itself, and what a prolific source of mental mischief, so seemingly small a matter may prove. It is in fact the first and warning symptom of many a grave and—because neglected—afterward incurable case of mind disease!

Something will be gained if we can only ascertain the real nature of this feeling of uncertainty, and discover whence and how it arises. In order to understand doubt, of the sort to which I allude, it is indispensable to learn something about ordinary certainty. Whatever this harassing misgiving with regard to little things may be, it is obviously the contradictory of that sense or impression which satisfies the healthy

mind concerning the acts it performs, or the objects with which it is brought into contact, and enables it to leave the mental standpoint it occupies, instantly, and to pass without hesitancy or any lingering uncertainty to another. We must, therefore, study the two states together. When the mind works normally there is what may be described as a *sub-conscious* recognition of its surroundings and of its work. The supreme consciousness does not, so to say, need to burden itself with the task of supervising the performance of ordinary mental functions.

When a man is walking quickly through an ordinary thoroughfare, his mind may be intently engaged with some subject of special thought far removed from the scene around him. Nevertheless, he threads his way through the crowd, and without, so far as he is aware, noticing obstacles, avoids them. When, however, he desires to cross the road, he pauses, looks up and down the carriage-way, and takes special precautions to avoid being run over by any passing vehicle. There is an appreciable difference between the mental process of walking on a footpath and that required for crossing the road, nor is the difference simply one of degree. The first-mentioned act or series of actions is performed under the protective guidance of one faculty; while the other requires the intervention of a faculty of higher grade. The one performance is automatic or at most consensual, the other is, in a higher sense, voluntary. Habit will enable a man to accomplish any general purpose, which is frequently carried out by any part of his body; but an active present judgment is necessary for the accomplishment of an intention which is not a matter of routine. The illustration I have selected—namely, that of walking on a pavement and crossing a street—will serve to show how the performance of acts which are often repeated may be gradually referred to habit, instead of being directly controlled by the will or the judgment. Thus, a man who at first requires to summon all his wits to aid him in crossing a crowded roadway, may, after a time, become so accustomed to the act that he will scarcely pause in his train of abstract thoughts to perform it. The

point to recognize is that the supreme consciousness does not normally interfere in the performance of common acts or functions, nor does it busy itself with ordinary surroundings.

Now the state of mind which makes a man fidgety about the doing of familiar things, is essentially one in which the higher consciousness has, from some cause, come to exercise a fussy control over the commonest of acts and to take cognizance of the most ordinary surroundings, instead of leaving the former business to the automatic faculty of habit, and the latter to the sub-consciousness. When this interference occurs, a state of matters is set up which is as worrying and unnatural as would be the result if a music-master insisted on controlling the detailed "fingering" of an expert pupil who had acquired a perfect habit of pianoforte playing; or as though a writing-master should continue to guide the hand which had overcome the initial difficulties of the art of penmanship and could write fluently. Imagine the mental result of being compelled to spell out a syllable at a time—in the good old-fashioned way—when reading aloud an exciting chapter of an entrancing story! This is a faint picture of the sort of annoyance to which the man is subjected who is, as it were, sent back to a state of mental pupilage, and again taught to lock doors, put out candles, and turn off the gas by his morbidly intrusive and mistrusting consciousness.

The state of mind to which I refer may be brought about by either of several disorderly or morbid mental processes. One of the common ways in which the trouble arises, is the mischievous practice of trying to do several things at once or to "divide the attention." A scholar will insist on having several books open on his table before him, and he unconsciously forms the habit of spreading first his mental perceptions and then his thoughts over a wide field, and of taking in the largest possible number of objects. At the outset this is a habit of physico-mental sight, then it becomes a habit of the intellectual organism; or it may begin as an intellectual exercise, and afterward come to be, in a purely physical way, sensory. Literary men often establish

the distressing condition described, by work which requires continual reference to books or papers, and the "bearing in mind" of a large number of data for the purpose of collation. It is probable that Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer, formed his habit of post-touching in this way. Men whose mental work consists in "managing," may contract the same habit if they are themselves stationary—sitting in a chair at a particular desk, while books, papers, or persons crowd in upon them. Another and very dissimilar class of minds, which, instead of being worried by a multiplicity of brainwork, have so little to occupy their attention that the consciousness forms a habit of dallying with the details of every little thing that falls in its way, suffers from the same malady.

So long as the habit is purely *mental* it exerts a mischievous effect on the mind and lowers the tone of its intellectuality; but it does not generally attract attention until, or unless, it extends to the *senses*, then the evidences of doubt declare themselves, and the mental state finding expression in acts is rapidly confirmed. The evidence of one sense is no longer sufficient to convince the consciousness. What is felt must be seen, what is seen must be felt; what has been done with one form of attention, acting through a particular sense, must be repeated with another form and sense. The victim of this habit is not sure he has turned the key properly in the lock unless he hears it click, or he must see it turn or carefully examine the door to convince himself that it is really shut. After a time he has to do this several, it may be a certain number of, times, *e.g.*, three, seven, or nine. So it is with everything. As he walks along the streets he must touch the posts or railings, because the evidence of sight alone is not sufficient to convince him of their tangibility. To confirm his visual impression of separate stones in the paving of the footpath, he must tread on the centre of each. If he misses one he must go back, or if the process has not been properly performed it will have to be repeated. Cases differ widely in the particular manifestation of this peculiarity, and it may occur in any degree, ranging from a mere hesitancy about leaving things, to the eccentric

acts I have enumerated. The trouble is, however, the same under all its divers forms and varieties. I do not mean to imply that the consciousness knowingly reasons as to the proposition that corroborative evidence must be procured by the application of additional sensory tests ; but that is the method instinctively taken to remove the doubt, and it throws light on the nature of the neurosis. The consciousness is doing work for which it is unfitted, and it does it in a fussy and clumsy fashion, which occasions much needless effort and is in itself distressing

Why the consciousness should meddle in the affairs of the sub-consciousness in this way may be a mystery, but the fact that it does so cannot be doubted. The acts which trouble the mind in this malady ought to be performed by habit or without the need of special cognizance. When special cognizance is really necessary, and the consciousness is legitimately engaged in superintending a particular action which does not happen to be a matter of routine, this morbid characteristic of its interference in affairs which do not concern it is not apparent. The habitual sufferer from this doubt does not feel the same hesitancy in closing a carriage-door which he feels in closing the door of a cupboard. He will turn off the gas at the main on an exceptional occasion, or at any other burner than the one to which he is accustomed, without the precautions he is obliged to take when performing routine work. It is only when the higher consciousness is *needlessly* engaged in common and little matters that it causes so much trouble.

A curious proof of the truth of this last observation is supplied by a form of the trouble from which some of its victims suffer great inconvenience. In reading a passage from any unfamiliar book for the first time, they have no doubt as to the meaning of the words employed ; but if the reader or student allows himself to go back, he is unable to comprehend the meaning of the simplest sentence, or at least, he is in more or less doubt about it. This is because that form of consciousness, which we call the faculty of attention, has done its work properly the first time when there was a legitimate need for the use

of the higher brain-centres ; but the consciousness will not be pressed to repeat the act, or if it is pressed it will fall into a morbid state and become exacting as to the evidence, so that the reader may have to spell out the words or repeat them aloud for the sake of their sound before he is satisfied.

It is needless to fill in the outline of this state. The sufferer will recognize the truth of the sketch, and supply the details. Let me now try to point out the remedy. Like almost all the troubles to which the harassed mind is subject, the evil is one for self-cure. The aim should be to develop the habit of doing as much as possible of the ordinary business of life by routine. It is useless, and only exaggerates the trouble, to struggle directly against the impulse to remove a doubt and satisfy the mind. A pressing demand for evidence should be met by the smallest possible concession ; but there must be some concession, or the worry, it may be agony, of doubt will ensue, and it is this feeling of uncertainty—not the means taken to relieve it—that does mental mischief. Better therefore yield than resist, but try to forget the matter as quickly as may be. The readiest mode of dealing with the difficulty when it arises is to associate the act done or the object recognized with some other act or object. For example, if there be a suggestion of doubt as to the locking of a door, fix the eye, not on the door, but on something else, while locking it. Then, when the question afterward suggests itself, " Did I lock that door ? " the generally sufficient answer will come, " Yes, I know I did, because I remember looking at a particular spot on the wall paper of the room, or on the pattern of the carpet, while I did it. " This is confessedly only a subterfuge, but it often helps the mind to satisfy itself, and may be helpful as an adjunct to self-cure.

Meanwhile the remedy proper must consist in making all ordinary duties matters of *habit*. The consciousness should be intentionally diverted rather than opposed. It is a good plan to set the intellectual part of the mind a long and interesting task, to which it can revert in moments of mental leisure, and thus be saved from dissipating its strength in needless meddling with minor

affairs. The task must be attractive, and, as far as possible, engrossing. At the same time a habit of concentration should be cultivated. The deep, underlying mental cause of the trouble is a want of strong and clear focussing of the mind-powers and faculties. "Strength of mind" is not so much a consequence of *greatness* as of *cohesion*. A morbid mind may be stronger than an expansive intellect. We often see persons with a shifty gaze, which seems to roam over the scene before them rather than to look precisely at one object. There is also a quickly moving and restless eye, which darts glances everywhere, but does not appear to examine anything completely. Something like the notions of character which these different eyes suggest, may be predicated of the mind that suffers from the trouble of doubt; there is a vacillating attention, or one which is, as it were, overtaxed by having so many thoughts or notions that it can form a clear idea of none.

Persons who suffer in this way should avoid, on the one hand, indifference to the things around them, and, on the other, a habit of trying to take in too much. The eye should be trained to fix itself steadily on one object at a time,

and the effort made to discipline the eye will discipline the mind. Intellectually, there should be an avoidance of the endeavor to appear clever or observant, in the sense of "seeing everything." The characteristic tendency of victims of doubt, if they are not absolutely stupid, is to aim at brilliancy. They would be "wits," or experts, or at least "clever." They try to see more to take in a wider field, and to think better or more "broadly" than their fellows. They are perpetually striving to produce an effect, and when they fail, or fear they have failed, they are proportionately depressed. By the frequent recurrence of periods of mental depression—which follow upon disappointments in the endeavor to perform feats of thought or observation—sufferers from this trouble too often fall into a state of chronic melancholy, with paroxysms of irritability. By taking the matter in time it is nearly always possible to avoid this untoward issue of a malady which is perfectly remediable at the outset. A perpetual state of doubt as to small matters is one of the most distressing of common mind-troubles, but it may be easily mended when once its cause and nature are clearly understood.—*Good Words*.

THE DYING HEROES.

Translated from the German of Uhland.

THE swords of Denmark drive the Swedish host
 To the wild coast;
 The chariots roll afar, the weapons gleam
 In bright moon-beam;
 And on the field, in death's last agony,
 Young Sven, and Ulf the grisly hero, lie.

SVEN.

Oh, father! in the flush of youth to fall
 At Norna's call!
 No more shall tender mother's hand
 My tresses band;
 No more from lofty tower shall me descry
 A maiden singer of sweet minstrelsy.

ULF.

True, they will mourn, and in night's visions drear
 Behold us near;

Yet soon will death unto their bitter grief
 Bring sure relief.
 Then at great Odin's feast, with laughing eyne,
 Thy gold-haired maid shall fill thy cup with wine.

SVEN.

A festive song for lute or harp I penned ;
 It now must end.
 Of deeds of ancient heroes and great kings,
 And love it sings,
 Forsaken now, those chords in dust must lie,
 Swept only by the wind that passeth by.

ULF.

Allfather's halls are glorious with the light
 Of sunbeams bright ;
 The stars, too, shine therein, and storms and war
 Are heard no more.
 With our loved ancestors in peace we dwell
 For aye—then sing thy song and end it well.

SVEN.

Oh, father ! in the flush of youth to fall,
 At Norna's call !
 Upon my shield no deathless deed of fame
 Hath writ its name.
 Twelve judges stern, with fear-inspiring eyes,
 To me will not award the victor's prize.

ULF.

One deed alone shall stand thee in good stead—
 Those judges dread
 Will weigh that thou in patriotic strife
 Didst give thy life.
 Behold ! the foe hath fled ! look up, blest soul !
 Wing we our way toward the shining goal.

Public Opinion.

THE "LADY MAUD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

By half-past ten I was very sleepy. Miss Tuke had come on deck, and kept Sir Mordaunt and me company in a few turns ; but Norie, who made one of us, managed to hook her arm under his, pretending that the deck was not safe walking, as though *he* (whose gait was a convulsive stagger compared with her beautiful, elastic, buoyant tread) could prop her up. But she was disposed to

be complaisant, and presently he sneaked her over to the lee side of the deck. If this did not delight me, I was solaced by remembering that she had often snubbed him briskly enough, and I construed her kindness into a little compliment to his amiable reception of her mild derision.

But, as I say, at half-past ten I felt very sleepy. There was nothing in sight, the wind was piping grandly and the yacht having been put about for a

short board, so as not to miss the wreck by going to leeward of her, had settled down on the port tack, and was jerking along her weather leeches shivering, and her sharp nose biting an opening through the short, black, foam-topped surges. It seemed a pity to be cruising about after a kind of phantom ship when we could have laid our course at nine knots an hour, and made perhaps a fair run out of these humbugging latitudes. But there was too much humanity, though based methought on a somewhat airy foundation, in my friend's resolution, to allow me to utter a word against it.

I was awakened by a sharp rapping on my door, and on opening my eyes was surprised to find the daylight broad upon the port-hole, for it did not seem to me that I had been asleep above an hour. I asked who that was, whereupon the steward put his head in and told me that the wreck was close by, and Sir Mordaunt would be glad if I'd come on deck. I immediately rose and dressed myself. It was easy to judge without going on deck that there was a considerable sea running and a very strong wind blowing, for the yacht was plunging sharply, and every now and again I could hear the sharp rattle of spray upon deck, while the washing of the sea against the side of the schooner was exceedingly heavy and noisy. In less than five minutes I was out of my cabin.

Sir Mordaunt stood close against the companion, gazing to leeward, and when he saw me he pointed with great excitement to the sea, crying, "There she is, Walton! I told you the signal was not put into the sky for nothing. How are we to rescue them?"

I looked, and saw a large water-logged vessel—apparently a barque—upon our lee beam. She was a complete wreck, and recalling the features of the mirage we had beheld on the preceding day, perceived that this was the vessel that had painted the reflection in the air. Her foremast was gone just under the top, though the foreyard still swung upon it, supported, it seemed to me, by the truss. Her main topmast was standing, but her mizzen-mast had carried away short off at the deck, and stood up like a huge bunch of sharp,

jagged, white splinters about two feet high. Portions of her deck forward were blown out. Only a sailor can figure to his mind the image of confusion and wreckage aloft, masses of black rigging hanging over either bulwark, the maintop-gallant-mast swinging over the topsail-yard, upon which the furled sail lay in rough heaps of canvas, with the gaskets hastily and clumsily passed, as though by men who had worked in an extremity.

But this was not the spectacle that fixed my eyes. The hull of the vessel was sunk to about six inches below her washboard, so that nothing but her bulwarks prevented the water from standing to that height upon her decks; but about three feet abaft the starboard fore-rigging the bulwarks were smashed level with the decks, making a fissure about two yards wide, through which, as the hull slowly rolled, with the most sickening, languid movement that can be imagined, the water flashed out in a roaring coil of foam, as though a sluiceway had been opened. She had apparently had a deck-load of timber, for though most of it was gone, a number of planks still littered the decks, lying one athwart the other in hideous confusion, with fragments of the galley and fore-deck-house, which had been split to pieces, lying among them, together with such a raffle of gear, broken spars, pieces of canvas, and the like, that no description could give you the barest idea of the dreadful picture of shipwreck that immersed hull presented.

There was another deck-house aft close to the wheel (or where the wheel had stood) which the furious seas had left uninjured; and upon the top of this structure were three men and a woman, lashed to a thin iron rail that ran around the top of the house. On examining them through a binocular glass I perceived that two of the men were scarcely clothed, having no more than their shirts and drawers on, while the woman had a sailor's jacket buttoned over her shoulders; but her black hair was loose, and blew out in a cloud from her head—a small matter for me to take notice of, and yet one that gave a most melancholy wildness to that miserable group of human beings. Meanwhile, and very frequently, the seas, dashing themselves

against the weather bulwarks of the wreck, shot up in long sparkling masses of green water, that blew in scattering clouds over the deck, and again and again the men and the woman were hidden from our gaze by bursts of spray which momentarily veiled the whole of the after part of the barque.

It was indeed blowing a very stiff breeze of wind, and the pitching of the yacht to the strong Atlantic sea that was running was made fast and almost furious by her being hove to under a treble-reefed gaff-foresail, with her nose right into the wind, to prevent her forging ahead of the wreck.

I do not say that the sight of those men of themselves would not have made a most thrilling and irresistible appeal to us for succor; but how that appeal was heightened, so that it raised a passion of anxiety in us—and at least I can speak for myself and Sir Mordaunt—by the presence of the poor woman, I will leave it to your own heart to conceive. All our crew stood forward looking at the wreck, and constantly directing their glances at us, as if to guess our intentions, and Purchase and Tripshore were together near the wheel.

"Walton," said Sir Mordaunt, who seemed to be stirred to the very soul by the sight of those people on the barque, "you'll not wish me to apologize for rousing you up at this hour. I want you to advise me. Purchase is dead against our lowering a boat in this sea, and says we should stand by the vessel until the weather moderates. But this wind may last for another week, or it may freshen into a gale and blow us away. Meanwhile how long have those people been in that situation? For all we know they may be starving, Walton. You see they have no boat and cannot come to us. We are bound to succor them and at once."

I took a hurried look around at the sea, and said, "Yes, at once."

"At all events the attempt must be made," he continued, in a manner so agitated that his words rolled over one another as they tumbled out of his mouth. "I'll cheerfully share the danger. I'll go in the boat."

"No, no," said I; "if you'll put the job into my hands, I'll answer for the right kind of attempt to save them being made."

"You are a good fellow," he cried; "for God's sake go to work."

His charging me with this matter convinced me that he had found old Purchase more obstinate than he liked to admit. But it was impossible to look at the wreck and wonder at his emotion. The people made no signs to us, unless a sign was meant by the woman, who sometimes raised her hand. They hung together like corpses; but no doubt their reason for keeping still was that if they unslashed themselves they stood a great chance of being swept overboard. Although we were hove well to windward, and abeam of the wreck, the send of the sea was settling us faster to leeward than she was travelling, and every heave carried us nearer. This, however, was no great matter, for the yacht was perfectly under command, and a shift of the helm would speedily forge us ahead of the wreck. As it was, we were now near enough to make our voices heard, so jumping on to the rail I hailed the vessel. One of the men, he that was most fully dressed, replied by lifting his arm.

"Are you English?" I shouted.

He motioned affirmatively. This was fortunate, for had they been foreigners I must have found great difficulty in making my meaning intelligible. At my first call the men clapped their hands like shells to their ears to catch my words, and the passion of eagerness expressed by this posture made them the most moving figures in the world.

"We mean to send a boat," I hallooed; "but as we can't risk sheering alongside, we'll drop under your stern, and as we pass you must jump. Do you follow me?"

The man again raised his hand.

"See that you get the woman over first!"

This injunction was likewise heard and understood. I sprang on to the deck and ran up to the mate.

"Mr. Tripshore," said I, "yonder is the biggest boat," pointing as I spoke, "and fortunately she hangs to leeward. Will you please sing out for volunteers? I'll take charge, and if you'll accompany me I shall be glad."

"I'll go, sir," said he, promptly; and immediately went along the deck and called for volunteers. All the men

came tumbling aft—that is, all the sailors among them. My utter disregard of old Purchase had put him into a great passion; and he was additionally mortified by the quickness of the men to come into an errand which he had advised Sir Mordaunt against.

"It's nothen short o' murder!" he rattled out, straddling up to Sir Mordaunt, and struggling to control his rage. "If Mr. Walton's a sailor, he'll know that this here is no fit sea for a yacht's boat to be lowered into."

"Keep back!" shouted Sir Mordaunt, impetuously. "Mr. Walton knows what he is about. Don't interfere with him."

What more passed I cannot say, being busy from that moment with choosing my men for the boat. She was a six-oared boat; but I could not fully man her, for, though I saw it would be hard work pulling to windward, which we should have to do to regain the stern of the vessel, yet those people on the wreck would make the boat dangerously deep in such a sea if six men manned her. I therefore chose three of the best hands, and told Tripshore to take stroke.

"When we go clear," I called to Sir Mordaunt, "let Purchase make a board to windward, and then wear and heave the yacht to, to leeward of the wreck." And so saying, I jumped into the stern-sheets, shipped the rudder, the men seized their oars, and we were lowered.

The boat hung by patent clip, that is, by hooks which flew open and released her the moment she touched the water and eased the falls of her weight. But for this we might not have got away without a ducking, or something worse. As it was, five men hanging upon the davits in a heavy boat made a dangerous weight for those iron fixtures to sustain, and I own I held my breath as we were lowered. But there was no other way of launching ourselves. The yacht rolled so heavily, that at moments her lee rail was flush with the water, and by bringing the boat to the gangway we should not only have risked staving her, but some of us must have broken our legs or necks in getting into her. Yachtsmen, however, are nearly always good boatmen. We were lowered handsomely, though carefully, the boat touched the

water, the hooks flew open, and the fall-blocks rushed past our noses as the yacht rolled from us and hung like a cliff over our heads. In an instant we were swept up and away from the side of the schooner, which swung heavily toward us, sinking low until we looked down upon her white decks, which lay like the side of a hill. "Give way!" I bawled, the oars flashed, and there we were heading dead for the stern of the wreck.

Our boat was like a whaleman, sharp at both ends and with a good spring. She was a kind of lifeboat, too, fitted with wooden tubular, air-tight casings. She topped the seas like a cork, and yet at the first start the height and volume of the waves made me forget the wreck. I could think of nothing but our situation. At one moment we were in hollow, in a dead calm, with the foam of the summit of the mountain of water behind us blowing like a flight of white-breasted sea birds high over our heads; the next we were on the top of the huge surge, the boat end on, the bowman right over my head, and a chasm behind us that was like looking down a precipice.

However, with a strong effort of will, I drew my mind away from all this, and fixed my attention on the wreck, where I beheld the poor creatures engaged in unflashing themselves; while one of them, grasping the woman, was crawling along, and showing her as he went to the extremity of the deck-house, where a short ladder would enable them to reach the taffrail. Happily, the wreck lay so very low in the water that it would be nothing of a jump from her into the boat. I sung out to the man who pulled the bow oar to make ready to catch the woman, and at the same time I told the other fellows to lay upon their oars, as the boat had way enough, and stand by to back water when we got under the stern of the wreck, so that we should not shoot past too rapidly.

Yet never was nicer steering wanted than now; for if I directed the boat too near the stern, there was the chance of a sea lifting us under her counter, and smashing us into staves; while, on the other hand, if I gave the barque too wide a berth, the woman would never be able to reach us by jumping. I pulled myself together, and watched the send

of the boat on the seas steadfastly. The woman stood on the taffrail, waiting for us, grasped by the man, who crouched down behind her, with his hands locked in her dress. Every now and again a column of water ran up the barque's quarter, and smothered them, and I could see the woman at such moments beating the air with her hands, and then rubbing down her face, while her long black hair, that hung for a bit in its saturated state down her back, would lift, and then blow out straight upon the strong wind.

Calculating the distance as accurately as I could, I headed the boat so as to hit the water about five feet from the taffrail. The wind and the waves rushed us along. When about twenty feet distant I shouted to the men to bury their oars and stop our way somewhat. This was done, and then we were under the vessel's stern.

"Jump!" I shouted.

The woman, dashing back her hair, made a spring, with her arms outstretched. The bowman caught her, and the boat trembled as her body fell into his arms. In a moment we had swept past the vessel, but the woman was safe in the bottom of the boat.

It was now necessary to row to windward in order to drop down again past the vessel's stern. It was tedious and perilous work, but there was no other way of rescuing the men. We should have been stove alongside the groaning and squelching hull, or chucked right on to her. But when we rounded to get to windward again there was just one moment when I believed we should say good-night to the world. The boat was flung up by a savage sea, that was shaped like a cone, and tossed into the air on the prong of the evil surge, as though Neptune had speared us with his trident, and was forking us aloft; and the fellows who tugged at the oars, missing the water, swept the blades through the air, and fell head over heels off the thwarts. Yet this very accident was probably the saving of us; for the weight of the men being in the bottom of the boat kept her keel in the water, though as that sea ran roaring away under her a vertical line would have cut through her two gun-wales.

After rowing a certain distance, I put

the boat's head round again for the wreck; and as we drifted close alongside the stern, we maintained our position there by means of backing water long enough to enable two of the three men to drop among us. Another struggle to windward, and another rowing past the wreck, enabled us to get the third man; and, with our miserable freight lying in a silent heap in the bottom of the boat, we made for the schooner, that had gone away to leeward, and lay hove-to, waiting for us.

But only half our errand was accomplished, and the worst part remained. We had saved the unhappy people, but how were we to put them and ourselves aboard the yacht? Every time we were spun up on top of a sea, I saw her plunging and rolling under her reefed foresail, dipping her bows so deep that two-thirds of her rudder came out of water, and heeling over to leeward until it seemed that another foot of inclination would lay bare her keel; and then down we would plump into a hollow, where there was not a breath of air, and nothing to be seen but the water toppling in mountains above us, and the sky, which we looked up at as though from the bottom of a well. The tumbling of the schooner on the one hand, and our own sickening sinkings and risings on the other, were pretty broad hints of the difficult and dangerous job that lay before us. There was only one plan to adopt, and when we were close to the schooner it entered my head. Sir Mordaunt and the ladies and Purchase, indeed everybody aboard the yacht, were intently watching us; and in order that they should hear me, I steered as close to the stern of the schooner as I dared venture, and shouted at the top of my voice for them to reeve a whip at the foreyard-arm, and sway us aboard, as that would be our only chance of reaching the deck; and I also bawled to them to heave us a line, which I protest none of them seemed to think of doing. Old Purchase appeared quite dazed, and stared at us like a fool, and we should have been swept away to leeward by the wind and sea like smoke if the fellow who held the wheel had not let go of it, and swung a coil of rope at us, the end of which was cleverly caught by the bowman; and presently we were riding at about ten feet distance from

the vessel, our weather oars being kept overboard to hold the boat clear of the side.

In a few minutes a whip was rove at the foreyard-arm, with a guy leading over the bulwark rail to steady it. "A bowline on the bite," as it is called, was made at the end of it, and the man on the yard overhauled the whip until the bowline came to our hands. The woman was raised and the bowline slipped over her, and, watching our chance, I shouted to the people aboard the schooner to sway away. The poor creature shrieked as she was swept out of the boat into the air; and never shall I forget her appearance as she swung aloft a few moments, with her gown rattling upon the wind like a flag, and her hair streaming out, and her arms tossing wildly. I recollected Miss Tuke saying that she hoped we should meet with adventures, and I wondered what she would think of *this* as an incident. It was like seeing a person hanged. I believe the woman had been unconscious to the moment of the men lifting her up to pass the bowline over her shoulders, and no wonder the poor soul kept screaming, if, as I suppose, she only recovered her sensibility to find herself hanging over the foaming water at a height of sixteen or eighteen feet.

But the guy was manned, and she was carefully drawn on board; and very quickly the bowline was again overhauled into the boat, and one of the shipwrecked men fitted into it and sent aloft.

The relation of this business is easy enough, but the acting in it was a tremendous experience. First, we had the utmost difficulty to keep the boat from swinging away from, or sheering against, the yacht's side. We had all to crouch low in her, and do our work as we squatted in her bottom, for fear of over-setting her. As the seas passed under her she would lean over and keep us breathless; and one moment she would be hovering on the summit of a sea that gave us a clear view of the foaming waters beyond the yacht's decks, and the next the yacht had vanished, and nothing was visible but the wall of green water that sparkled and hissed and roared between her and us. On the other hand, the rolling of her masts tautened

and slackened the bowline so wildly that it was a real agony to wait for and mark the moment when to sway away. I myself narrowly missed an ugly ducking, not to mention a broken limb; for all the shipwrecked men having been got aboard, Tripshore insisted on my going next, whereupon the bowline was caught with plenty of slack, and tossed over my shoulders. I gave the order myself to hoist up, and whether from flurry or worry chose the wrong moment, *i.e.* when the boat was at the bottom of a sea instead of being on the top of it; the result of which was, I found myself travelling into the air with the boat and the sea in full chase of me, and coming much faster than I was going. Fortunately a swing of the yacht cleared me of the boat, which, had she struck my legs, must have broken them; the boiling water rose to within half a dozen inches of my feet and then subsided, leaving me swinging over a huge roaring hollow. However, before I could realize my position, they had swayed me over the bulwarks, and with a hearty thrill of delight I once more felt solid deck under my feet.

Sir Mordaunt wrung my hand, and was good enough to compliment me warmly on the manner in which the rescue had been effected. He told me that his wife and niece were below with the woman, and begged me to go and change my clothes, which were indeed wet through. But this I answered I would not do until I had seen the men aboard and the boat at the davits. In a manner I felt responsible for their safety, more especially as Tripshore remained in the boat to hook her on, leaving nobody in command but Purchase, whose inactivity during our return from the wreck had by no means improved my opinion of him as a seaman.

When all the men but Tripshore were dragged over the side, the boat was dropped astern and carefully hauled under the davits. All hands came aft and tailed on to the falls, but before the boat was alongside I flung the end of a bowline into her, and shouted to Tripshore to put it under his arms, so that, should he fall overboard, we could fish him up without trouble. This undoubtedly eased the man's mind, and made him work more coolly. And certainly never

did he stand in greater need of his nerves, for nothing but a steady eye and nimble hand could have saved the boat, that, as the yacht leaned down, rose to level with her rail, and then sunk below under the bends, until I had to fork my head over the side to see her.

"Hoist away!" And the boat came up hand over hand.

"Thank God for that!" said I, as the falls were belayed, and Tripshore, throwing off the bowline, jumped on to the deck. "Now, Sir Mordaunt, I'll go and shift my clothes;" and down I bundled, exulting as any man would over our successful exploit.

There was nobody in the cabin, but I heard voices in Carey's berth as I passed to my own, and supposed that the ladies had carried the poor woman there, and were giving her a dry outfit. I made short work over my own toggery, and in five minutes was on deck again, by which time the reefed mainsail had been hoisted, and the yacht was breaking the seas as she started afresh on her cruise. The wreck was broad on the weather quarter, and I stood in the companion looking at her. There is no inanimate object that appeals so pathetically to the feelings as a deserted wreck, tossing upon the high seas. Shorn of her beauty, her masts broken, her rigging trailing in confused heaps, surrounded by the great ocean that makes her desolation supreme, she resembles a dying creature: she seems to know her fate, and to be faintly struggling to save herself from vanishing in the fathomless grave that slowly sucks her down. The sunshine flying between the clouds flashed in the snow-storms of spray which were hurled over the almost submerged hull; the fore-yard swayed wildly, like a beckoning arm entreating us to stay; and here and there along her side black fragments of bulwark stanchions or such things stood out when the coils of green water had poured from her decks and left them exposed, and so resembled motionless human beings, standing drowned and supported by their death-grip, that it was impossible to behold the illusion without a thrill.

Old Purchase stood near the wheel, looking very dogged and sullen, but Sir Mordaunt was not on deck. Catching sight of the steward, I called to know

where the baronet was. He replied that Sir Mordaunt was in the fore-castle, seeing to the shipwrecked men. I went to the fore-castle hatch and sung out to know if I might step down.

"Come along, Walton, come along!" shouted Sir Mordaunt; so I stuck my toes into the up-and-down ladder and dropped into the fore-castle.

This was my first visit to this part of the vessel, and I was surprised by the roominess of the interior, considering the tonnage of the yacht. There was a double row of bunks on either hand, a good-sized square table that travelled on stanchions, so that it could be hoisted up out of the way when not wanted, with lockers around. The deck was white, everything very clean, and the place in excellent order. But you felt the motion here as it was to be felt in no other part. It was like standing at one end of a see-saw plank, and the jump was often sharp enough to make one reel. The roll of the bow wave, and the sound of the solid surges smiting the resonant fabric and recoiling in a smothered hissing and seething, might have passed for a thunder-storm heard in a cellar.

The three men whom we had rescued sat at the table, eating, with slow motions and yet with a kind of avidity that was made distressing to witness by their languor, which was that of men in the last stages of exhaustion. Such of the yacht's crew as were below stood at a respectful distance looking on, while Sir Mordaunt leaned with one hand upon the table, talking to the poor fellows and encouraging them. They all three threw down their knives when they saw me, and rose very shakily from their seats, and while they extended their hands for me to shake, thanked me in broken tones, and one of them with the tears gushing out of his eyes, for having saved their lives. I was quite unprepared for this, and for a moment was unmanned by their pitiful faces, and the corpse-like drooping of their figures, and by the low, melancholy pitch of their voices, which quivered with emotion.

In the hurry and anxiety of the rescue I had taken no notice of their appearance; as they jumped into the boat they had been let to lie in the bottom, where of course from my place aft I had

not been able to see them. I now ran my eyes over them, and never was the cruel usage that the sea gives to men whom it has mastered more lamentably illustrated than by these figures. It is true they had got on some dry clothes, lent them by the yachtsmen, but their faces were most miserable to see. The fire of famine and mental suffering sparkled in their deep-sunk eyes; their lips were white, and were scarcely defined upon their flesh; their cheeks were hollow, and there were excoriations, which looked like burns or scaldings, upon different parts of their faces; while their nerveless, shaking hands resembled fat or wax, swelled up and made to look like lepers' hands by the salt and the ceaseless washing.

I sat down opposite them, and Sir Mordaunt said:

"Their vessel was the *Wanderer*, bound from Pensacola to Liverpool. They had been four days in their awful plight, Walton, when we rescued them."

"Do you mean four days without victuals or drink?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, so help me God!" answered one of them, in a hollow, broken voice. "We got caught in a gale o' wind that almost knocked us to pieces, and in that same gale we started a butt, I reckon, for the water came in fast and drowned the vessel."

"What has become of the rest of the crew?" I asked.

"Why," answered another man—he that had cried when he took my hand—"the gale left us only one boat, and we got that overboard, and all hands crawled into her. But afore we could get clear, a sea chucked us against the ship's side and stove us. Three of us got on deck, and I caught the woman by the hair—she's the captain's wife, sir—and dragged her up. All the rest went down. We heard them screamin', but we could do nothing, and it was soon over."

"Did you sight nothing in those four days?" I inquired.

"Ay, a big steamer passed us—she must have seen us—but she never stopped," replied the other man; one answering after the other, in turns, as though they felt the need of relieving one another.

"You were right, you see, Sir Mor-

daunt," said I, in a low voice; "that mirage was surely a heaven-directed signal."

And I own when I looked at those men, and reflected that but for that mirage we should never have sighted the wreck, I perceived so clearly the will of God in the adventure, that I sat awhile silent and awed by the wonder and mercifulness of it, and by the closeness it brought me to an act of the Creator that made the Divine operation, if I may so say, a visible thing.

We stayed about ten minutes talking to the men, in the course of which I gathered that the crew had originally consisted of fourteen souls, and that these men who were saved were able seamen; that their ship was only two years old, and her cargo worth a deal of money; but that nothing could have resisted the gale that struck them, which, from their description, I took to be a cyclone, of which the skipper must have headed his ship into the very thickest and most dangerous part, in ignorance, perhaps, of the nature of those rotary storms. I advised the poor creatures to turn in and sleep as long as they could, and Sir Mordaunt and I came away.

He held my arm as we walked slowly aft. He was much affected and could hardly speak for some moments.

"Oh, Walton," he exclaimed presently, "how little people ashore know of what goes on at sea! How impossible it is to understand the horrors of shipwreck without experiencing it, or beholding it in its dreadful reality, as we have!" And he extended his hand as he said this toward the water-logged barque, that was now a long way astern, and scarcely to be seen amid the spray that dashed over her and veiled the ruins of her spars. "When I went into the fore-castle, one of my crew whispered to me that at the sight of the food two of the shipwrecked men burst out crying. It will not bear thinking of. I have never been brought face to face with human misery like this before."

"Nay, don't let us bother over it," said I. "The men will do, and the ladies will no doubt pull the poor woman through. That's a capital boat of yours. No ordinary quarter-boat could have lived in this sea." And I looked at the running and splashing and hissing

surges, which sometimes swelled up white with the foam of our driving stem to within a foot of the bulwark rail, and leaned and sparkled far as the eye could reach, banding the deep with a rugged circle, while over the frothing waters the cloud-shadows sped in rushing crowds, making the wild, free, streaming leagues of water pie-bald with violet patches and the sunlight's white splendor.

I put my head into the skylight, to see if breakfast was ready, and perceived the dishes on the table, and the steward in the act of reaching for his bell. Indeed, the job of saving the shipwrecked men had occupied more time in performing than it takes in reading about it. It made me wonder to think how long we had been in the boat and among the seas, for, though it had not seemed a long while to me, it was hard upon an hour and a half from the time of our quitting the yacht to the moment of hoisting the boat to the davits.

Lady Brookes and Miss Tuke and Norie entered the cabin as we went down the companion steps, and I was rather taken aback by Miss Tuke coming up to me, with her hand outstretched, and telling me that I had acted "as a real sailor would," and the like. I thanked her for her good words, and there stopped, secretly relishing these compliments too much from *her* to deprecate them, and yet not wanting the action to take one particle more of significance than it deserved.

"Here at last is a real adventure for you," said I. "Already the Lady Maud has saved five lives—counting the Cockney we found adrift in the Channel as one. But the poor woman—how is she?"

"Oh, Mordaunt," exclaimed Lady Brookes, answering the question by addressing her husband, "she is such a poor, delicate creature. Her husband was the captain, and he was drowned with the others when the boat upset. She was starving and ravenous, and yet she could not swallow, and she might have died with the food before her, for the want of being able to swallow, if Mr. Norie had not made her drink water with every mouthful."

"To bring the muscles into play," said Norie.

"Well; but what has become of her? Is she in bed?" asked Sir Mordaunt.

"Yes; in Carey's bed," answered her ladyship.

Good Sir Mordaunt heaved a sigh. "Think of the poor creature exposed for four days and nights to the seas breaking over that sunken hull! How can flesh and blood bear such suffering? And her mental anguish!"

"*There* you hit the worst part of shipwreck," said I. "It is not the hunger and thirst only, it is the thoughts of your own lonely, miserable doom, the friends far away, who may never know what has become of you, the memory of the people who have been drowned in your sight—"

Here Sir Mordaunt interrupted.

"Pray, Walton, hand me one of those eggs;" and he winked ferociously.

"Oh, Mordaunt!" cried Lady Brookes, hysterically, "I wish we were safe at home!"

"Are you not as safe here?" he replied. "Come, come, my love, don't let the shipwreck trouble you."

"It's no more than passing a tombstone in a journey," said I. "That wreck means just as much as a grave that your eye lights on as you drive along in a carriage."

"Just as much and just as little," exclaimed Norie. "It points a moral, of course. But who's afraid?"

"You have not seen the woman, Mr. Walton," said her ladyship, in a trembling voice, and very pale. "Mordaunt, her eyes were like live coals, and you should have seen her as Ada and Mr. Norie supported her through the cabin, with her long black hair as wet as sea-weed plastered over her hollow face!" She hid her eyes in her hand, and shuddered violently, while Sir Mordaunt looked at me with a melancholy shake of the head, as though he would say, "I was afraid of this from the beginning."

We went on with our breakfast in silence, none of us in particularly high spirits, and we certainly did not stand in need of any emotional outbreak in Lady Brookes to depress us. For my own part, I was beginning to feel the effects of the excitement and anxiety of the time spent in the boat, many years having passed since I had been engaged in so rough and hazardous an adventure, and my training ashore had not been of

a kind to enable me to support such an experience very sturdily; so, when breakfast was over I went to my cabin, and threw myself on the bed, meaning merely to rest myself, instead of which I fell asleep.

For three hours I slept, and when I awoke I felt buoyant with the refreshment of that sleep. It was still blowing very fresh, and the sea was high, and the yacht plunging over the surges, and frothing the water for a league away astern of her, and driving through it nobly under a treble-reefed mainsail and standing-jib, the gaff-foresail having been taken in while I was below. The sun was high, and all the clouds gone. Indeed, the sight of that strong sea, and the sound of the wild wind storming through the rigging, and all overhead a liquid, beautiful, tropical azure, untarnished by the smallest puff of vapor, made me pause when I had gained the top of the companion-steps, and look up with wonder. It was more like being off the west coast of South America, where heavy gales rage under blue skies, than in the North Atlantic.

But what a scene of brilliance was the sea! The beams of the high sun made a mirror of the whole surface of it. The flash and quiver of foam alternated with the poisoning coils of glittering water, and every wave that broke flung up a great shower of spray that fled ahead of it on the wings of the wind like a torn veil of silver thread, so that the whole expanse of the leaping, boiling, sweeping, and seething deep was covered with this flying mist of salt, which sparkled like jewels in the glorious sunshine, and flung a rainbow-like radiance over the face of the ocean. The clearance of the sky might have been accounted for by the wind having shifted a couple of points to the northward. This shift was good for our comfort by diminishing the angle of the deck; but though the schooner showed but few cloths, the pressure made her tremble as she ran, and it was like watching the bottom of a waterfall, where the cascade meets the rushing stream, to see the water shoot up at her bows and fly clear of her decks in an avalanche of snow, and strike the hissing seas twenty fathoms to leeward of her.

I found Norie reading to Miss Tuke, she sitting and listening, with her hands

folded and her eyes half closed. I thought him lucky to be able to read well enough to engage her attention. Sir Mordaunt stood alone, looking at the sea.

"I'm glad indeed, Walton," said he, "that I made no objection to your going off to the wreck. The poor creatures must have perished had we carried out Purchase's idea, and waited for the wind to go down. But you acted bravely, Walton, very bravely, and I am proud that my men should have backed you so well. They shall not go unrewarded."

"Praise them as much as you please," said I. "They deserve encouragement. But let us have no more about my part of the undertaking. Why, is not that one of the shipwrecked fellows yonder?"

And there, sure enough, just to leeward of the foremast, was the first of the men who had jumped from the wreck. He was squatting on his hams, and smoking a short pipe, the bowl of which was inverted, and around him stood a group of the Lady Maud's men, listening to his yarn with rapt attention, their figures swaying to the motion of the vessel. He was like Coleridge's ancient mariner, with his glittering eye and pale forefinger, which he scored the air with as he talked.

"I've been watching him," said Sir Mordaunt, "and wondering what we are to do with the poor creatures. We must keep them, I suppose, until we arrive at Kingston, and God knows they are heartily welcome."

"Unless we fall in with a homeward bound ship," said I.

"To be sure; and then we can transfer them. I never thought of that."

Just then the man caught sight of me. He instantly stood up, and pulled off his hat. I beckoned to him. He rammed his finger into the pipe-bowl he was smoking, and, thrusting the pipe into his breeches pocket, came aft. I wish I could describe his manner; the working of his pinched and hollow features; the twitching of his hands, as though he would embrace me; and the speaking and moving expression of gratitude that softened and humanized his eyes, though, but for that look, the fires which famine and anguish of mind had kindled in them, and which still burned

there, would have made them shocking to see.

"I am glad you are hearty enough to be about," said I. "But it would be better for you to keep to your bunk, I think. After what you have gone through, you want rest quite as much as food."

"I can't rest, sir; I can't be still," he answered. "It's fearful to be quiet and shut my eyes, for then it's all happening over again. No; I'd rather be on deck, sir—leastways if you don't wish otherwise. God bless you, sir."

"How are your mates?"

"Sleeping like dead men, sir. But talking and keeping my mind going does me more good than sleeping," said he, quickly, as if afraid that his reference to his mates would make us send him below.

I now told him that it was our intention to put him and the others aboard the first homeward-bound ship we should meet that would take them; and that if we failed to meet with such a vessel, we should land them at some West Indian port, most probably Kingston.

"But we'll take care to land you where you will find a ship to carry you home," said Sir Mordaunt.

The poor fellow was very grateful, and thanked us humbly for our kindness. Miss Tuke left Norie alone with his book, and joined us as we talked to the man, and spoke to him in a way that reminded me of that night in the Channel, when she stood soothing and cheering the fellow we had found in the boat. There was no affectation in her sympathy and liking for sailors. She saw further into their life than most girls would, and found something to move her in the thoughts of the great mysterious ocean into which Jack sails, and the loneliness and suffering of the fate that often befalls him. Here, now, was a figure that would have affected a more insensible heart than hers. Suffering such as this sailor and his mates had endured gives a kind of sanctity or mystery to a man, and the compassion he excited was mixed with an awe that was not to be hindered by his rough speech and broken-down bearing.

I was somewhat surprised that Sir Mordaunt made no further reference to the part old Purchase had taken in the

business of the rescue. I thought he would have coupled his unsailorly half-heartedness on that occasion with his grogginess on the preceding evening, and found the two strong enough to support a prejudice. I did not even know whether he had spoken to the man about his trick of overdoing his drams, nor would I inquire. A conversation might have taken place between them when I was asleep, and Purchase would of course know what excuses and what promises to make, and what to say for having opposed the sending of a boat to the wreck. As Sir Mordaunt said nothing about him, I considered it would be an intrusion if I volunteered any further opinion on him in his capacity as skipper. But this self-imposed reticence of mine only served to increase my distrust and harden my contempt of the old man as a seaman.

It was not until the evening of the day of the rescue that I saw the woman whom we had saved. It was after dinner. I had been smoking a pipe on deck, enjoying the headlong wind that showed no sign of abating, and that was driving us foaming and dancing athwart the parallels toward the trade-wind, and promising us a fast and noble run to the West Indies. I stepped below to refill my pipe, and, upon entering the cabin, saw the woman sitting in an armchair, talking to Lady Brookes and Miss Tuke.

She looked at me vacantly, not remembering my face; but when Lady Brookes (who had recovered her spirits, and given up lamenting—for a spell—that she was not ashore) said, "This is Mr. Walton, the gentleman who steered the boat," she jumped up, and grasping my right hand in both hers, kissed it again and again, and when she let it go it was wet with her tears.

Although she was very wan, with the aspect of emaciation that characterized the three seamen, she was certainly not so formidable as the picture that Lady Brookes drew of her at breakfast had led me to suppose. Her hair was brushed and braided—it was black as ebony and very abundant—and the bight of the braided loops fell low on her back. She had exchanged her torn and soaking gown for a dress belonging to Miss Tuke; and I perceived that she possessed a figure that suffered nothing even from contrast

with Lady Brookes's fine shape. She was of the middle height, and I thought that when health had colored her lips and cheeks afresh, and filled out her face, she would turn out to be a handsome woman. Her age apparently did not exceed five-and-twenty years, and she did not look older than that now, in spite of what she had gone through. I also noticed what I was hardly likely to perceive when I had heard her voice amid the thunder of the wind and the cannonading of the surges storming the dismantled wreck—I mean, that she was Irish. Her accent was very rich, but educated, so that there was nothing in it that I could illustrate by spelling. There was plaintiveness and winning and drawing music in her tones, as she poured forth her thanks to me, with the bright tears flowing down her hollow face. But it would be idle to write down her words; for, greatly as they moved me, yet the pathos of her gratitude was rather in her eyes, in the motion of her hands, in the soft vibration and varying harmonies of her voice.

"Will you call my husband, Mr. Walton?" said Lady Brookes. "He does not know that Mrs. Stretton"—for that was the woman's name, it seemed—"has left her cabin."

Forthwith I summoned my friend, who got up from under the weather bulwark, where he was smoking, and, throwing his cigar overboard, followed me into the cabin. There was a bland, consoling courtesy in the manner in which he took the woman's hand and spoke to her that was incomparable in its way. He put fifty inquiries to her about her strength and health and the like, and wound up by letting fall her hand and raising his own, and thanking God, with lifted eyes, that his yacht had been the means of saving the lives of the sufferers.

He then spoke to her of his proposal of transferring her and the men to a homeward bound ship; or, failing that, of landing them at Kingston, in Jamaica.

"Are you going to Kingston?" she asked eagerly.

He answered that he had not intended at first to put into any port; but that the yacht would probably have to touch somewhere for fresh water, and that he would choose Kingston for the sake of the magnificent scenery of Jamaica.

"I have a brother-in-law who is a shipping agent in Kingston," said she, still speaking anxiously, but in a subdued voice; and she was proceeding, but stopped, with a look of embarrassment.

"In that case," said Sir Mordaunt immediately, seeing, as we all did, indeed, the reason of her hesitation, "we will gladly decide to carry you to Kingston."

"You are very, very good, sir. I could not have had the boldness to ask so great a favor. Indeed, such kindness following my trial is more than I can bear;" and the poor thing again burst into tears, and cried and sobbed most piteously.

Sir Mordaunt was just the man to be affected by a woman's tears; and while she cried, he kept his face hung, and his features worked as if he would cry too. Miss Tuke, by way of diverting all this sorrow, led the poor young widow to tell her story to Sir Mordaunt. I thought at first that this was like putting her on the rack, but speedily saw that it did her good to talk of her troubles.

She had only been married a few months, she said; indeed, she married her husband in the very week the barque sailed from Liverpool. We all sat listening with a kind of fascination while she told the story of the gale and the wreck and the capsizing of the boat, by which all the people but four perished. The muffled roar of the sea outside; the sharp shrieking of the wind in the rigging—which latter sound echoed down the skylight and companion; the wild lifting and plunging of the schooner; the creak and grind of timbers and bulkheads; the quick dislocating jumping of the swinging-trays and the rattle of the firearms in the rack; and the significant patter of spray, like a heavy fall of hail upon the deck, gave such a color to her narrative as kept us all hearkening with rapt attention to her round and fluent accents, made passionately plaintive by the horrors of her memory. I think I see the picture now: Lady Brookes, watching the speaker, with her black eyes all ashine, and her hands tightly folded, and her lips compressed, and her brows gathered; Miss Tuke, full of sympathy and wonder, and fear; Sir Mordaunt, supporting himself by the table, balancing his tall figure to the

heavy lurches, smoothing down his beard, sometimes looking at the woman and sometimes around at us, with an expression of consternation ; I, full of hearty pity for the poor bereaved soul, who sat telling her story with dramatic power, but utterly unconscious of the effect she produced—clasping or extending her hands, one moment sinking her voice, until we had to lean forward to hear her, then wildly exclaiming, then stopping to cry.

She made me shudder when she came to the starving part of her story. In the evening light her face was as white as death, and her fiery black eyes were something to shine in the skull of the very spirit of Famine. That day of the thunder-storm was the third of their sufferings, and the calm was a long agony to the parched and helpless and hopeless wretches. The froth stood upon the lips of the men, and one of them put his teeth to his arm, but his heart failed him ; and as she told us this, carried away by the previous memory, and anxious that we should fully grasp the anguish we had released them from, she acted the thing—raised her arm to her lips, with her burning eyes fixed on Lady Brookes's face as she did it ; whereupon, with a sudden choking cry, her ladyship started to her feet, and fell into a dead swoon in the arms of her husband.

Poor Mrs. Stretton was panic-stricken by the effect of her story. "Oh, it is my fault—it is my fault ! How rash I am—how wicked !" she cried, and sprang to Lady Brookes's side, and kissed her hand, and committed a hundred extravagances of grief, while I tumbled upon deck to fetch Norie, whom we had left there watching the sea, and quite unconscious of the thrilling drama that was enacting below.

"I say, Sir Mordaunt," said the doctor—as he bent over the unconscious woman, who lay upon the floor, with her head on Miss Tuke's lap, while her husband swabbed her face with toilet vinegar or something of that kind, and Mrs. Stretton (whose ability to move at all after what she had gone through was amazing to me) grovelled on her knees with a smelling-bottle, which she held to Lady Brookes's nose—"this won't do. If her ladyship is to be sent into faint-

ing fits in this fashion, I'll not answer for her life."

Sir Mordaunt made no answer, but he looked terribly grieved and upset. After the regulation quantity of slopping and slapping, Lady Brookes came to, and was carried off to her berth in state, Miss Tuke heading the procession, Sir Mordaunt and Norie holding each an arm of her ladyship, and cutting fantastic figures as they toppled to and fro upon the heaving and bounding deck, and Carey the maid and the unhappy captain's wife bringing up the rear.

Glad to be quit of the business, I went on deck, where I found Tripshore, with whom I had a long yarn over the incident of the morning ; and when I had done with him I had the deck to myself for half an hour, though from time to time I would find myself taking a furtive squint down the skylight to see if Miss Tuke were coming my way, for I was growing sentimental enough about that girl not only to enjoy her company, not only to relish the occasional snub she bestowed on Norie, and any half-suppressed impatience of him that she exhibited when he drew alongside of her, but even to indulge in fond and foolish dreams of the future.

If this confession, however, makes it appear that I was in love, then more is conveyed than is true. I was not in love with Ada Tuke. I was only warming up toward her. I enjoyed thinking of her, and I dwelt upon the possibility of my falling in love with her as an agreeable dream that might one day be realized. Any young fellow who has been boxed up for some weeks with a pretty girl in a vessel will understand what I mean. A man rarely falls seriously in love with a girl at sea. He plays round and round the emotion, warms himself by it, and enjoys its light ; but he seldom or never burns his wings. He waits till he gets ashore to do that. The steady earth helps him to concentrate himself. At sea the tumblification keeps him diffused.

For that half-hour, however, I managed to do very well alone. The sea was a noble companion, and the voice of the strong clear gale overhead full of eloquent meaning. The night had fallen, but it was most brilliant with stars. They lay as thick as dust, and

some of the planets looked like little moons, so round and full of light were they, so bland and large and serene and steady. Now and again a meteor, that filled the sky all round it with light, like the showering of a port-fire, would sail athwart these stars, and puff and vanish in a smoke of spangles. The sea was a magnificent sight, all ashine with fire. The summit of every surge was luminous, and in the hollows the greenish streaks flashed and faded in cloudy radiance like brimstone. I could see the phosphorous sparkling upon the fore-castle as the yacht dipped and shipped a smother of water over her weather bow; and sometimes, when the surges ran up her without breaking, and fled along with the strong wind over the vessel's nose without touching her, the air all that way seemed on fire with the bright rush. Indeed, it was blowing hard. If the Dido had this wind she would be under double-reefed topsails. The brave little schooner stormed grandly through the pelting surges, swelling out the foam by half her own length ahead of her every time she dropped a courtesy, and sending the black and shining water hissing and roaring away to windward of her, and sweeping it astern into a wake that might have served for a thousand-ton ship.

I stood for nearly a quarter of an hour watching that wake rushing away from me, full of whirling and eddying fires, into the leaping leagues of darkness, and listening to the clank and jerking of the wheel-chains, and the booming of the wind in the hollow of the drum-like mainsail, and the crashing of waters to right and left as they soared and coiled over and broke into wildernesses of snow under their own weight.

CHAPTER X.

THIS fine wind did not last through the night. When I came on deck at eight o'clock next morning the wind was away in the southeast, a gentle breeze, and the swell of the sea fast going down. There was a small barque on the lee horizon, standing to the north, too far off to be of any use to us for transshipping the wrecked men. She remained in sight until after breakfast, and seeing her put it into Sir Mordaunt's

head to call the three men aft and talk to them.

They presently arrived, and I was struck to see how the rest and the food had pulled them together. Sir Mordaunt at once told them that he had consented to carry Mrs. Stretton to Kingston, where she had friends; that if they liked the notion of going as far as Kingston he would convey them there, but they must decide. He would either take them to Jamaica, or transfer them to the first homeward-bound ship we could signal. What was their choice?

After looking at one another, and talking awhile among themselves, they replied that they would rather be put aboard some homeward-bound ship; they were strangers to Jamaica; had no idea of what chances there were of getting a ship that way; whereas at Liverpool there was a tidy bit of money for them to take up as wages, and scores of vessels in want of hands.

"But we hope you'll make use of us while we're with you, sir," added the fellow who had acted as spokesman. "We're willing to turn to and do any mortal thing we're put to. It worries my mates as much as it do me, sir, to know how to show ourselves grateful; for merely thanking of you, and calling blessings on you and your party, sir, don't carry the meaning in our hearts half as far as we want it to go."

"There's no occasion for you to work," answered Sir Mordaunt. "We have plenty of men. As for gratitude, you have already thanked us enough. Your business is to take rest, and recover your strength and spirits."

And so that matter ended, and the poor fellows went forward.

In obedience to Norie's injunctions it was agreed among all us people aft not again to refer to the wreck before Lady Brookes, nor indeed to speak upon any topic in her presence that was at all likely to capsize her nerves. Norie told me in confidence that the action of her heart was weak, and that a fainting fit might end in death. "I don't want to go into the matter with her husband," said he, "for fear of distressing him; but we owe it to them both to keep her mind cheerful. And I have told Mrs. Stretton to avoid all reference to her

trials as she would poison—though, poor creature ! it's rather too much to expect her to look easy, with her husband drowned a few days ago, and with the memory of ninety-six hours of famine and salt-water scouring to fill up her mind."

"Is this cruise doing Lady Brookes any good, think you ?" I asked.

"Certainly it is," he answered. "But hysterics and swooning put her back."

"But it was the lightning that sent her into hysterics," said I. "We can't prevent thunder-storms from gathering."

"Why, that's true enough," said he. "But a thunder-storm isn't always happening ; whereas, if I had not put you on your guard, the wreck would find you all in talk for the next fortnight, and every meal would be embellished by allusions to drowned bodies, storm-swept decks, starving men languishing to swallow their own bones, and other light and pleasing topics of that kind."

Nothing particular happened that day. Indeed, it was one of the quietest days we had passed. Lady Brookes kept her cabin, and her husband was nearly the whole time with her. I saw very little of Miss Tuke, very little of the doctor, nothing at all of Mrs. Stretton. After the thunder-storm, and the strong wind, and the excitement of the wreck, the calm weather fell like a pause upon us all ; and when we met at meals, I noticed an unusual gravity of manner in Sir Mordaunt and his wife and Miss Tuke, so much so that the meals that day were the dulllest we had sat down to ; even Norie seemed to have lost his tongue.

At dinner I asked what arrangements had been made for Mrs. Stretton's accommodation, and was told that she would share Carey's berth, and take her meals with her.

"She said she would rather not join us here," said the baronet, "although I pressed her to give us her company. This shows a very modest, retiring character. Yet what pleases her should please us."

However, some time after, Norie told me that he had taken the young widow aside, and begged her to keep as much as possible for the present out of Lady

Brookes's sight—to wait until the recollection of the shipwreck should have faded out of her ladyship's mind. He said that Miss Tuke had told him of the dramatic power with which Mrs. Stretton had related her story, and said he : "You see, Walton, that though she might promise not to talk so graphically again before Lady Brookes, she might forget her vows should the conversation drift toward her sufferings and widowed and destitute condition—for I suppose you know that her husband's death leaves her penniless ?—and it is my duty as medical adviser to protect Lady Brookes against all risks of further 'cap-sizals,' as you call them."

To all this I made no answer ; but I could not help thinking he bade fair to make a fool of his patient by humoring her gimcrack nerves in this way.

The morning of the fifth day, dating from the rescue of the shipwrecked people, broke in a dead calm. I came on deck about an hour and a half after the sun had risen, and found the sea like a lake, though heaving softly with a light swell that ran languidly along the path of the sun. Glancing aft, I saw a female figure standing at the bulwarks, leaning her face on her elbows and looking into the water. I believed for the moment that it was Miss Tuke ; but hearing me, she looked round, and then I perceived that it was Mrs. Stretton.

In all those days I had only seen her once, and then I had caught but a glimpse of her down the skylight as she passed through the cabin. Consequently I was very greatly astonished by the change that had been wrought in her appearance. She was no longer the wild, white, haggard woman we had rescued. Pale indeed she was, but her cheeks had plumped out, her lips were red, the hollows under her eyes had filled up, and lost their livid tint. Her fine black eyes flashed back the sunshine, and were beautifully clear and soft as a gazelle's, with a rich expression of melancholy. She wore one of Miss Tuke's dresses. I could not describe it, for the life of me ; but though a dressmaker would have given her more sea-room about the bosom, her scissors could not have cut the dress more finely into the waist, and given a more free and sweeping incurving down the back.

Indeed, I was so much surprised by the change, and by this apparition of a picturesquely handsome woman rising up, so to speak, out of the ashes of the deplorable figure we had rescued—shrieking as it was swayed into the air over the boiling water, with its black tresses floating like a burst of smoke from her head upon the gale—that I fairly hung in the wind as she came up to me, with both hands extended, and could scarcely answer her cordial greeting, melodized by the Irish accent I have spoken of; nor am I certain that I didn't blush.

"Why, Mrs. Stretton," said I, "if I had met you ashore in a crowd, I believe I should not have known you."

"Oh, yes, I am recovering my health; I wish I could say, my spirits," she answered.

"I hope you are pretty comfortable below?" said I.

"I meet with nothing but kindness," she replied, looking as if she could cry. "I thank God for finding such friends. I believe my sorrows would have broken my heart had I been thrown among rough people. For oh, Mr. Walton! I loved my husband! I miss him so much—so much!"

I said nothing, for in the face of a sorrow of this kind it is best to be quiet. To give her time to rally, I went to the compass, though there was no use looking at it, for there was not a breath of air, and the swell had swung the schooner with her head to the north; and then I went to the taffrail, where I had not stood a moment when my eye was attracted by a shark lying close under our counter, motionless as a log of wood, near enough to the surface to allow but an inch of his dorsal fin to fork out through the oil-like blue of the water, and to enable me to see his eyes, which methought he raised with a most languishing expression, as though he said, "If you *would* but oblige me, and tumble overboard, my dear sir."

This was a sight, I thought, that should divert the widow's grief. So I called to her. "Mrs. Stretton, pray come and look here. Here's something that should be feminine, for I reckon it twigs my sex, by the way it ogles me."

She came along quietly, and looked over; but she had barely glanced at it

when the creature slowly sank, but without any perceptible motion of the fins or tail, drawing down and fading until it was indistinguishable in the clear, azure, fathomless profound.

"Doesn't that prove what the brute's gender is? You see she vanishes at the sight of a woman," said I, wanting to see a smile upon my companion's face.

But my joke missed fire. Her thoughts were evidently fathoms below me—with the corpse of her husband, I dare say, and I saw a tear drop with the flash of a diamond from her eyes into the sea. Just at that moment one of the mastiffs came up to us, and rubbed her hand with its cold moist snout. She cried out, and recoiled a yard, with as much stately horror as ever I saw in a tragedy actress. Her cheeks were as white as the deck, and her eyes on fire; but instead of laughing when she saw the dog, she put her hands to her face, and her bosom rose and fell vehemently.

"Get away, you brute!" said I, motioning the fine animal forward. "Mrs. Stretton, you are not the only person he has scared by his trick of shaking hands with his nose. That black snout of his once brought me from the stars with a run, and made me whoop like an Indian."

As I said this, a pretty voice behind me exclaimed, "What's the matter, Mr. Walton?"

It was Miss Tuke. I wished her good-morning, and explained that Mrs. Stretton had been frightened by the mastiff.

"He frightened me, indeed," said the poor woman, apologetically; and then asking Miss Tuke what time it was, she said something about Carey waiting for her, and went below.

"You choose an early hour for flirting, Mr. Walton," said Miss Tuke, gravely.

I asked her what she said. She repeated her remark.

"But don't you know," said I, "that I am no longer a sailor—that is, a man who will flirt with anybody? When I am in a flirting mood I don't choose widows."

"Don't you think her a good-looking widow?" she asked.

"Yes, I do. I think her a handsome woman."

"And considering that you saved her life—" said she, pausing.

I was not displeased. "We were looking at a shark," I answered.

"But she had her hands to her face, and seemed very much agitated when I came on deck."

"Your kind heart is at fault for once," said I. "We had seen a shark. Let me find out if the creature is there still?" I peered over the taffrail. "No, he keeps out of sight, afraid that nobody will fall overboard if he shows himself. Well, Miss Tuke, when I saw the shark I called to Mrs. Stretton, and she came and looked. The shark faded into the depths, but the widow's imagination followed it, and went beyond it, as I may guess from a tear that fell from her eyes. Her thoughts were with her husband—the drowned body of her husband; and I have no doubt that her mind's eye was upon the beloved face when the nose of the dog touched her hand. The sensation of that cold nose upon her hand, when her mind was full of her drowned love—"

"Oh, Mr. Walton, you have said enough. I am ashamed of myself. But you know I was joking."

"I hope you were," I answered, rather pointedly.

She blushed a wee bit, and said, "Don't you think Mrs. Stretton pretty?"

"Didn't I say yes just now to that same question?" I exclaimed, laughing out at her.

"If you had known how handsome she was, would you have been more anxious to save her?"

I thought it best to answer with a nod, at which she laughed heartily, and said:

"Now I wonder what can have become of the shark?"

I took another squint over the stern, but there was nothing to be seen of the fish.

"That's where the shark *was*," said I, pointing. "Give him time, and, like hope in the human breast, he will rise, being of a hungry nature."

At this juncture arrived Sir Mordaunt.

"Another dead calm," said he, sniffing and snuffling and addressing Tripshore, who had the watch till eight o'clock. Then trotting up to Miss

Tuke and me, he wished us good-morning. "D'ye know," said he, "I doubt if we shall get a chance to send our shipwrecked men home. The Atlantic appears to have become a Dead Sea as regards ships. Why do we sight no steamers?"

"We should be in the track of some of them," I replied. "But we shall stand a better chance of meeting vessels soon, if your skipper's navigation is correct, for the trades can't be far off."

"My dear Walton," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, "whenever you have occasion to mention Purchase you invariably speak as though you had not an atom of belief in the man's capacity."

"I have never concealed from you that my opinion of him is not a high one," I answered.

"Is it because he commands a yacht?"

"No, no. Tripshore is a yachtsman, for the matter of that," said I; "but I think very well of Tripshore as a seaman."

"Why don't you find out what time it is by the sun, as Purchase does, Mr. Walton?" said Miss Tuke; "and then you'll be able to tell us if the man understands navigation."

"I don't want Walton to do anything of the kind," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "For myself, I have full confidence in Purchase, and I should be very sorry for him to suppose he had given me reason to distrust him as a navigator, which would certainly be his impression, Walton, if he saw you taking observations. Then again, Ada, if your aunt should see Walton with a sextant in his hand, she would imagine that Purchase did not know his business; and as she is already prejudiced against the old man, you know very well how such a notion as that would worry her. And suppose Purchase, believing us all to have no confidence in him, should throw up his post in a fit of disgust? There would be a dilemma!"

"Not if Tripshore would take his place," said I.

"But Tripshore is not a navigator, Walton. He was only an able seaman. He has never passed an examination. I doubt if he could handle a quadrant."

"Well, so far as I am concerned," said I, "pray don't suppose that I want

to check Purchase's working. The suggestion was Miss Tuke's, not mine. It's over ten years since I took an observation, and I am not at all anxious to begin again."

Suddenly Miss Tuke, who was looking over the stern, called out, "Mr. Walton, here is your shark."

And there, sure enough, was the ugly brute close under the surface of the water, this time exhibiting the barb of his tail as well as nearly the whole of his top fin.

"A shark is one of the conventional interests of the deep," said I, as we all three stood looking, while the fellow at the wheel stepped aft by an arm's length from the spokes to look too. "No voyage is complete without a shark."

"We ought to kill him," said Sir Mordaunt, "but we don't want him on deck. Our ship's not big enough for that fellow to dance upon."

"And they makes a great mess, sir," said the man at the wheel. "Ye've got to chop 'em into little bits, to kill 'em; and they're full o' blood."

"Oh, we're bound to kill him," I exclaimed. "It's a duty we owe to our fellow-creatures. Is there such a thing as a shark hook on board?"

"There are two or three in the fore-castle, sir," answered the man.

"Suppose we hook him, Sir Mordaunt, and belay the line with his head out of water, and a bowline round him as a preventer guy. He'll then make a good target, and there are guns enough below."

"Let us wait until after breakfast," he answered. "The shark is evidently in no hurry to be off, and by that time my wife will be able to tell us whether the discharge of firearms will annoy her or not."

Soon after this we went to breakfast; but while we were waiting for Lady Brookes, Carey came to say that her mistress did not feel well enough to join us.

"Did I apologize to you, Mr. Walton, for having doubted that there was a shark under the stern?" said Miss Tuke presently, and when breakfast was fairly under way.

"Neither for that nor for darker suspicions," I answered.

Seeing her uncle looking, she told him

how she had gone on deck and found me and Mrs. Stretton alone; and how the poor widow had her hands to her face and appeared greatly agitated; and how I had said that my companion had been frightened by a shark ("No, no; by one of the mastiffs," I interrupted); "but that," she went on, without changing her face, "when we looked there was no shark to be seen."

Norie was laughing heartily in his sleeve. Apparently he took it that it was my turn now. It was certainly not hard to see that he relished this new posture in Miss Tuke.

"But the shark has reappeared, Sir Mordaunt," said I, "to prove my story true."

"Do you mean to say, Walton," exclaimed Norie, with a sly roll of his eyes toward Miss Tuke, "that Mrs. Stretton—a sailor's wife, bear that in mind—was agitated even into burying her face in her hands by the sight of a shark?"

I answered by once more explaining that the poor woman had hung over the side in a brown study, thinking of her husband, no doubt, whose body floated in the deep, as they all knew, and not very many miles away, and that the cold nose of the dog touching her hand had given her a great fright. "And that's just the story," said I, with an emphatic nod at the doctor. The foolish creature smiled and shook his head. He would not let me off, at least before Miss Tuke.

"It's hardly a subject for a joke," said Sir Mordaunt. "To me it is a wonderful thing that the poor woman bears up as she does. To be starved, and knocked about and drenched day and night by roaring seas for some days, is bad enough; but when you add the death of a husband to such an experience, it must be crushing."

"We have done our best to comfort and cheer her, uncle," said Miss Tuke.

"Yes, my dear, I know that. You have been very kind and good to her," he replied.

"It is a pity that she will not join our party here," said I, rather spitefully, and looking at Norie. "She is a very well-spoken woman, and it's a treat to hear her voice. But privacy is the privilege of even good-looking mourners,

and we are no doubt right to respect and uphold it."

"She is too graphic," said Norie; "and we have a very cherished patient to remember."

"Yes, we must think of that, Walton," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "Norie showed great discretion in advising Mrs. Stretton to keep herself retired for awhile. Should grief master her in the course of a conversation, she might make my wife faint again, and the object of our cruise ought not to be defeated if we can help it."

Here I thought of the shark, and, seeing the shadow of old Purchase upon the skylight, I asked the baronet to hail him, and ascertain if the fish was still astern. This was done, and the answer (delivered in a voice that seemed to come out of the middle of a feather bed) reported that the shark remained in sight.

Before we left the table, Sir Mordaunt went to his wife, to tell her, I suppose, that we meant to shoot a shark, and that she was not to be frightened by the report of the firearms. Apparently she did not object, for the steward was told to follow us on deck with some of the guns out of the rack. We bundled up the companion-steps, and I immediately ran aft, and, looking over, saw the shark sure enough. A light draught of air had come up while we sat at breakfast, and the schooner was breathlessly creeping along over the transparent sheet of azure that looked like liquid blue glass. The shark, however, maintained a distance from us that he never shifted by the breadth of a hair, though I could not detect any movement in his body. He was fully twelve feet long, and with his huge shovel-nose, and hump-like fin, and tremorless, iron-skinned and most powerfully-built body, looked as treacherous, malignant, and deadly a brute as any man would delight to slaughter.

"See how he follows us, Walton!" shouted Sir Mordaunt. "How the dickens does he keep himself moving? Mind, Ada! For God's sake don't lean over the taffrail like that! Where's the fishing-gear? Let's kill him or put him to flight—get rid of him somehow. It's abominable to have him hanging

dead in our wake, as though he smelt death in the air."

In a few minutes a big shark-hook was brought, the chain hitched to about a dozen fathoms of stout line, and the hook baited with a lump of salt beef.

"Stand by, some of you, with a running bowline, when he's gorged the hook," said I, addressing some of the crew who had come aft to give us a hand; and so saying, I threw the great baited hook overboard.

Our taffrail was not very high above the water, and whenever the swell lifted the yacht's bows we were dipped into very unpleasantly close quarters with the shark, who ogled us all in turn, as though his palate could suspect no difference between such a delicacy as a hairy seaman with a face like leather and the soft and delicate Miss Tuke. It gave one a strange sensation in the midriff to meet that evil cannibal eye, and to reflect with what horrible celerity and fiendish absence of all compunctious visitings the owner of it would accommodate the biggest man among us with a free passage in his enormous hold.

The moment, however, the bait splashed in the water, the brute dropped astern two or three fathoms, as if affronted by so poor a mouthful when we had it in our power to oblige with dainties so very much more nourishing and filling. Yet to a hungry shark even a lump of salt meat is better than nothing; though I could not help fancying that the beast divined our little game, or already had earned some experience of baited hooks, to judge from the manner in which he approached and smelt the beef, and then recoiled from it, before making up his mind to bolt it.

I gave the hook another fathom of line, and this veering the bait nearer to the shark overcame his last lingering scruple. With a sweep of the tail, that filled the water with bubbles and eddies astern of him, he rushed at the bait, turned over, and his pale-blue belly flashed under the glass-clear surface. The next instant he had bolted the beef and was making off with it. But I had already taken a turn with the line over a belaying-pin, and the rope instantly tautened upon the monster, and swept his huge shovel nose round after us.

"Tail on here, men!" I shouted. "Haul him along, and make ready with the bowline."

The scene then became uncommonly fine—five of us sweating and hauling upon the line at one end, and the shark furiously resisting at the other. This was by no means my first shark, but none that I can remember ever showed the activity of this fellow. He gave us as much sport as a small whale would with a harpoon in its back. At one moment he would be on the surface, with his square nose hove out of the water, lashing up the foam as though a whirlwind were playing around him; then he would dive with such tremendous force that the whole five of us were swayed aft, as though a locomotive had got hold of the line.

We were all laughing and bawling and blowing and hauling, and raising a mighty hullabaloo over this business, when I saw one of the mastiffs spring on to the taffrail and look at the shark. His eyes were on fire, his black jaws were quivering with excitement.

"Mind the dog; he'll be after the shark!" I shouted. But before the words were well out of my mouth, the noble animal, gathering himself together, launched into the air; and scarcely had the plash of his body reached our ears, when the other mastiff, rushing past us like a flash of light, cleared the taffrail at a bound, and there were both dogs in the water, making for the shark.

Sir Mordaunt greatly prized these dogs, which were indeed noble and valuable animals, and instantly sung out:

"Get the boats over! Never mind the shark! Save the dogs, men!"

"Put your helm down, man!" I shouted to the fellow at the wheel. "Stop the schooner's way! Don't you see we are going faster than those dogs can swim?"

Old Purchase, who had held aloof while we were playing the shark, now came sprawling over to the starboard quarter-boat, vociferating at the top of his voice, and greatly increasing the confusion. Meanwhile, and before the men had let go the line, I had thrown it over a belaying-pin, and was holding on to it, balancing myself, so to speak, against the weight of the shark, when, as I was eagerly looking at the dogs,

who were now astern of the shark, that had been towed past them by the motion of the yacht, the line gave way to my weight, and I fell flat on my back, the line heaping itself on my face and breast by the force of the involuntary jerk I gave it.

"The shark's off! The hook has carried away!" I roared. "Look out, now, or the fish will have the dogs!"

In hot haste I scrambled on to my feet and rushed to the taffrail. The schooner having come round to the wind, had brought the dogs abeam, and they were swimming around and around about fifty yards distant from us, apparently in search of the shark, that had disappeared. Sir Mordaunt stood whistling to them with all his might, but whether because their blood was up, and they wanted to fight the strange beast they had seen us struggling with, or because they enjoyed their bath too much to be in a hurry to come out, they showed no disposition to obey their master's summons.

All this while the men were bothering over the boat. Something was foul, and Purchase's noisy bawling and showing off did not help the fellows. There were enough seamen for that job, and I did not offer to help, but stood looking and looking, wondering where the shark was, and if he had made off for good, and if there were others about. Just as the boat splashed into the water I caught sight of a black fin sticking out of the varnished blue, about a pistol-shot from the dogs. One of them had seen it and was making for it. I involuntarily tossed my hands up, shouting:

"See, Sir Mordaunt, there's the shark! If your men are not quick, he'll have that dog."

The baronet rushed to the side where the boat lay, and literally yelled to the men to make haste, stamping on the deck, and pointing, with a perfect frenzy of impotent anxiety.

But it was too late. In the eagerness of the noble animal to come at its foe, it was swimming so vigorously that its head was high out of water, and now and again it uttered a short savage bark. But on a sudden the fin disappeared, and I could distinctly see the great fish sink by the length of a man's body below the surface. With a quick swing

of the long tail the monster darted forward, its belly glistened as it came uppermost, and the dog, baffled by the sudden vanishing of the black fin, had turned its head toward us, when its body darted up out of the water as though it made a spring, the shovel nose of the shark overlapped the tawny hide, one terrific squeak came from the poor beast, with a most agonized note ringing through it, and then fish and dog disappeared, leaving a great stain of blood-colored foam upon the water.

Miss Tuke shrieked out, and Sir Mordaunt stood as white as death. By this time the boat had got away, and a few strokes of the oars brought it abreast of the other dog, which was immediately collared and dragged over the side; and when presently the animal was handed up on deck, it was trembling as never did I see a dog tremble before. It never offered to shake its wet coat, but crouched all streaming under the after-grating.

This incident depressed us all greatly. We stood looking in silence at the crimson patch upon the water, that stayed in one compact stain like oil, while the men hoisted the boat, and the vessel's head was put round to her course.

"We'll say nothing about this to my wife," said Sir Mordaunt, addressing us all generally.

"Certainly not," answered Norie.

"If she asks where the dog is, of course we must tell her that it fell overboard," continued Sir Mordaunt.

"But not a word about the shark."

"Not a word," said I. "Do you see anything of the shark, Miss Tuke? I would give something to avenge the poor animal."

We all peered, but sharkee had found as huge a meal as he could manage in the big dog, and had made sail. I hauled in the end of the line, and found that one of the links of the chain had parted, yet it had looked a very strong chain, and stout enough to have swung three such aboard all at once.

"Anyhow, he has got the hook in his inside, Sir Mordaunt," said I. "And I am much mistaken if that's not a pill that will presently stop any more cab-baging on his part."

This, however, was no consolation to the baronet, who was greatly distressed

and vexed by the loss of the dog. He called to the steward to carry the guns below, and getting under the awning, lighted a cigar and smoked with a very moody face.

"Adventures are crowding rather more thickly than we want, Miss Tuke, don't you think?" I asked. "We shall not be able to say that our cruise lacked incident."

"I wish I hadn't seen the dog killed!" she exclaimed, with the horror of the thing in the expression of her eyes. "I shall never forget it, nor the poor creature's scream."

"Do you want any more adventures?"

"Not I. Another such a one would set me crying to be home."

"After such a tragedy as that water-logged barque was the theatre of," said I, "the death of the dog makes but a poor business. If you are going to find a long memory in what has just occurred, what sort of memory, think you, will yonder men"—and I pointed to the three seamen who were in the bows of the schooner—"and the poor woman below preserve?"

"Don't put my imagination on the rack, Mr. Walton," she answered.

"You will make me hate the sea as much as I thought I loved it."

"Oh, pray don't do that thing, because if you make yourself hate the sea, you know you may follow it up by hating sailors."

"There is no fear of that," she answered, archly, and smiling in my face.

This admission was made exceedingly agreeable to me by the manner in which it was said. Looking round, and seeing Norie on the skylight sucking at a cigar and watching us, I could not forbear smiling; but she was as grave as a nun at her prayers, gazing at the sea, and evidently in no mood for a light chat. So I placed a chair for her near her uncle, and fetched her some books; and then fixing an easy chair in a spot where the light air that was keeping the mainsail quiet breezed down softly under the awning, I lighted a pipe, stretched my legs, and gave myself up to a spell of indolence and honeydew tobacco. My position enabled me to command the deck, and Miss Tuke in particular I had very plainly in my sight. I thought

she looked prettier this morning than I had seen her before ; but then, to be sure, it was always my impression every time I saw her. No girl's face that I can remember meeting so regularly improved on acquaintance as Miss Tuke's. Then, again, all her postures and movements were bewitchingly ladylike. I glanced from her to her uncle, and then I had a spell of thinking about him.

It was not, perhaps, very easy to feel sorry for my warm-hearted hospitable friend, when I looked round upon his beautiful vessel, and thought of the wealth that enabled him to possess and maintain such a luxury, and when I likewise remembered that his health was equal to the enjoyment of all the pleasures his fortune could command. And yet I could not think of his wife, and believe that he was a happy man. He certainly did not look so now. I had never seen him more dejected, which made me think he was mixing up some foolish fears and fancies with the destruction of his dog.

On the other side of the skylight sat Norie, lazily surveying Miss Tuke, whose back was upon him, and occasionally glancing at me with his black, monk-like eyes, which looked as dusky as an Indian's in the shadow of his wide straw hat. From him my eye went to old Purchase, who had been stumping this side of the deck until I located myself upon it, when he immediately changed sides, to get away from me. The old fool hated me, and was jealous of me, and I don't say I haven't given him cause. Sweltering as was the day, he was dressed in thick pilot cloth, and it was difficult to look at his sour and wrinkled face, and the dim eyes he cast sometimes upon the sea and sometimes upon the sails, without laughing.

The men had spread a short awning over the fore-castle, and were seated under it, busy on various small jobs ; but where the decks were unshadowed, the air was quivering with the heat that struck up from the planks, between which the pitch was bubbling, and the foremast and standing rigging trembled and waved in the haze, and seemed to be winding round and round like revolving screws. There was enough wind to keep the sea flashing, and most beautiful was the effect of the diamond-

like scintillation upon the soft deep blue of the water. The sky was cloudless, but the rich azure of the zenith lightened as it drew toward the horizon, until it was nearly as pale as silver where it met the deep ; and in the fiery-hot air the ocean boundary waved as though a mountainous swell were rolling around.

Suddenly the fellow who was steering called to Purchase. I turned, and saw him pointing over the starboard bow of the schooner, and getting up to look, I immediately perceived the smoke of a steamer, but very faint and like the blue thread of a spider, leaning into the northern sky.

I went over to Sir Mordaunt, and startled him out of a deep reverie by exclaiming that yonder was a steamer apparently coming our way. He jumped up, and was full of life in a moment.

"If that be so, Walton," said he, "we may be able to send the rescued men home."

This was my thought too. I fetched the glass and looked at the smoke, that presented a curious effect, owing to the refraction in the horizon, that threw the point whence the smoke issued above the water. There was nothing as yet to be seen of the vessel, but by the inclination of the smoke and its steadiness, I could not doubt that the steamer was heading our way. I continued watching her for about ten minutes, at the expiration of which time I could make out, with the help of the telescope, that was a very powerful one, the projection of a mast and square yards above the horizon ; and soon after the whole hull drew up, though to the naked eye she was a mere speck upon the very verge of the mighty surface of blue sea, upon which the sunshine gleamed and faded with the sinking and rising of the light swell, like the fluctuating lustre in a moving sheet of shot silk.

It was now seen that she was heading dead for us, and Sir Mordaunt sent his niece below to tell Lady Brookes that a steamer was coming our way.

"How shall we convey our wishes to her?" said he to me.

"Purchase should know," said I.

"Purchase !" he called. "I want that steamer stopped, that we may ask her captain's permission to send the

three men to her—that is, if she is going home. How shall we stop her?"

"How shall we stop her, sir?" wheezed the old fellow, giving me a piratical glance, as if he guessed there was some trick of mine in that question. "Why, it's a case of distress; so half-mast the ensign, jack down."

It was plain from this that the man knew nothing about ship's signals, for he should have flown colors signifying "I wish to communicate." But, as an old coalman, he would probably have handled no other bunting in his life than his old ensign.

I ventured to suggest that the half-masted ensign with the jack down was a very extreme signal to display, and would make them believe our vessel in imminent danger.

"If you know better than me, Mr. Walton, perhaps you'll tell Sir Mordaunt what *your* idea of signalling is," exclaimed the old man, stormily.

"Pray please yourself," I replied, preserving my gravity with an effort.

He began to address Sir Mordaunt, who cut him short by saying, "Hoist what you choose, Purchase; hoist what you choose, man; only see that you stop the steamer."

"I takes my orders from *you*, sir," replied Purchase, with angry emphasis, and forthwith bundled aft, and with great ostentation of gesture bent on the ensign and hoisted it, union down and half-mast high, making us appear in a terrible plight indeed. I nearly suffocated with laughter while watching his face as he turned it up to the masthead and shook a turn out of the flag-halliards. If Sir Mordaunt had been capable of anger, I believe he would have been sharp upon me then; but his gentle disposition would never let him go beyond a remonstrance.

"My dear Walton, pray don't quiz the old man," said he. "He may have forgotten the art of signalling by flags."

"But couldn't he look into the signal-book, to see what he should do?" I replied. "Suppose *me* ignorant, my ignorance goes for nothing. But *his* ignorance is ominous, even in so small a matter as bunting."

"Don't be afraid of him," said he, smiling. "I'll warrant you that he carries us home safe enough."

"Let us say nothing about that, Sir Mordaunt, for here's your wife."

He hastened to meet her and get her a chair, and in a trice was busy about her, pointing out the ship, adjusting a cushion to her back, and so on.

Miss Tuke came to me, and said in a whisper, "Do you remember when the shark seized the poor dog, that I screamed? Well, my aunt heard that scream, and asked what it meant. I told her that one of the dogs jumped overboard for a swim, and that it had frightened me. I wish her health did not make these fibs necessary. But having told her this, I repeat it to you, that the fiction may be maintained."

"I am afraid among you all that you are spoiling your aunt," said I.

"It's Uncle Mordaunt's wish," says she, quickly.

"Well, then, *he's* spoiling her. If I had a nervous wife, I'd humor her nerves, I believe; but my humoring should be an education, too. A poor shipwrecked widow, like the woman below, should not scare her, and she should be able to see a shark eat a dog with just as much sensibility as you showed, and no more."

"That puzzles me, rather; but it doesn't matter," said she. "At all events, I am sure you mean to compliment me. But you will remember that I am not an invalid, and I see that you still think of the poor widow."

I laughed outright, whereupon upon marches Norie.

"What's all the fun about, Walton?"

"Don't be suspicious; we weren't talking about you," said I.

"Aren't you haunted by that poor brute of a dog?" cried he. "You were the cause of his death. You *would* fish for that shark, and by hooking him you excited the poor animal, and made him jump overboard."

"Hush, pray!" exclaimed Miss Tuke, with a glance at her aunt.

He made a hideous grimace. "Heaven preserve me! I had clean forgot. Why, what a monstrous ship is that yonder! What is she? A man-of-war?"

She was approaching us very fast. Her hull was green and red, with a profusion of gilt, that looked like gold-lace, upon her bow. She was brig-rigged, with raking masts, and a square yellow

funnel leaning aft, and apparently not far short of three thousand tons burden. She looked to be aiming straight for us, and the heavy sheer of her iron bow made her resemble a small island coming along. Two sparkling columns of water spouted up at an angle from each side of her stem, and their summits rose to close under the hawse-pipes; but as they arched over, they broke into foam, and girdled the dark red bottom of the speeding hull with a band of snow, the ends of which met under her counter, and streamed away in a glittering milk-white line across the blue sea, until the eye lost sight of the delicate trail in the far distance.

When she was about a mile off, her people hoisted English colors, and slowed the engines, as you could have seen by the drooping of the two shining bow waves, like the gradual turning down of a fountain. I have no doubt the signal of our flag made them reckon upon coming across something tragical; and through the glass I could make out swarms of heads along the line of bulwarks, watching us.

"Stand by to hail her, Purchase," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt; and we all gathered together in a cluster abaft the main rigging to see her, while our men bustled about, letting go and tricing up, and dowsing canvas, that we might not swim out of earshot.

Now that we knew by her flag she was English, and took it, of course, that she was going home, we looked at her with an interest which, if you have crossed the ocean and been for days without speaking a vessel, you will sympathize with. She made the picture of home rise before us vividly—the English Channel, with its beautiful shores, the yachts whitening the offing under the Isle of Wight; the crowded Downs, with low-lying Deal sparkling beyond the glittering shingle; the noble, busy Thames, and the garden-like lands beyond its banks. A group of men were upon her high skeleton bridge, and one stood at the extreme end of it, waiting to hail us when near enough. Presently the turn of her wheel by a couple of spokes canted her head, and she drew out slowly (her engines being stopped), and we watched with admiration, as she floated abreast of us, the gradual unfolding of

her immense length, and the beauty of the whole picture of her red bottom coloring the blue water under her, and her green side full of flashing windows, and her massive stem standing up and overlooking the sea like a sheer cliff, while a trickle of gray smoke floated languidly toward the sky out of her leaning short funnel, and her rigging veined the heavens like a spider's web. Her poop was of middling length, protected by a very low bulwark surmounted by brass stanchions and white lifelines, so that we could clearly perceive the crowd of saloon passengers seated or standing, and watching us from under the awning. There were a great many women dressed in all manner of gay colors, and Miss Tukey hit the character of the picture neatly when she said to me that those people looked like a garden party out on a cruise. Binocular glasses and telescopes bristled at us from all parts of the vessel. I could well imagine the wonderment excited by the inverted and half-masted ensign aboard a yacht with a crowd of smartly-dressed seamen in her bows, well-dressed people aft, and the whole apparently coming up to a high standard of safety, luxury, and equipment.

"Schooner ahoy!" came ringing from the steamer.

"Hillo!" bawled Purchase.

"Why have you that distress-signal flying?"

"We've three shipwrecked men aboard, that we took off a water-logged barque," vociferated Purchase; "and if you're bound for Hengland, will 'ee let us send 'em aboard you?"

There was a curious movement among the people on the poop at this, and the man who had hailed us stumped along the bridge to where the knot of men were. I could not help thinking that the information they had got was a disappointment to many of them. A good deal of excitement had been promised by our flag, and Purchase's statement was no better than an anti-climax. Presently the man returned to the end of the bridge and sung out, "We'll send a boat;" and after a short delay a boat swept round under the stern of the huge vessel, in charge of one of the mates, an individual in a long coat with gilt buttons, and a square-peaked cap. A

short ladder was thrown over the side, the boat hooked on, and the mate stepped aboard. He raised his cap very politely, and glanced around him with much curiosity, and then took a squint at the ensign, as if he could not reconcile that flag with the small business that had caused its display.

"I am glad that nothing is the matter with you," said he, addressing Sir Mordaunt, at once guessing him to be the owner. "We hardly knew what to expect when we saw that signal."

"You are bound to England, I presume," said Sir Mordaunt.

"We are, sir—to Glasgow, from New Orleans."

"That's a bit out of the men's track," said I to the baronet.

"Why, no," he replied, "not if I give them the means to get across to Liverpool. Would your captain take these poor fellows?" said he, addressing the mate.

"Certainly," was the reply. "I shall have to trouble you for the particulars of the rescue. Which are the men?"

They were called, and came aft. Dressed in the clothes lent them by the yacht's crew, and having quite recovered their health, they looked very tidy, likely seamen.

"This gentleman," said Sir Mordaunt to them, "tells me that the captain of yonder steamship is willing to give you a passage to Glasgow. I know that the port you want to get to is Liverpool, but as you are anxious to get home here is a chance you should not miss; and if I give this gentleman sufficient funds to pay for your journey from Glasgow to Liverpool, your being landed at Glasgow won't make any difference to you."

"We can only say, 'Thank you, and God bless you, sir!'" answered one of them.

"You still have the clothes you wore when you were rescued?" continued Sir Mordaunt.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you will keep those you have on, and the two suits will serve you as a kit. I'll make it right with the owners of those clothes."

The poor fellows tried to thank him again, but the words stuck in their throats.

"Bear a hand now, and get your bundles into the boat," said the mate; and they skurried forward, while the mate went into the cabin with Sir Mordaunt, to take wine, and look at the entry in the log-book relating to the wreck.

In a very short time the three men were ready; and I saw them, as they said good-by to the Lady Maud's men, fling down their bundles and grasp their hands with both theirs. Indeed, I never saw gratitude more movingly expressed than in the postures and motion of these poor sailors. They came to the gangway where I was standing, and one of them said, "We should like to say good-by to Mrs. Stretton, sir."

"To be sure," I answered; and went to the skylight, where I called to the steward to ask Mrs. Stretton to step on deck. She came immediately after Sir Mordaunt and the mate had arrived, and the three men, pulling off their caps went up to her and held out their hands one after another. I did not hear them speak; I believe nothing was said; it was merely a rough, pathetic seaman's grasp of the hand on their part. The memory of their long anguish, their drowned shipmates, all those hours of famine and thirst, with Death the skeleton sitting among them on that water-swept deck, would well account for their parting in silence. I had my eye on the widow's face as she shook hands with the first man. It was firm, and she looked at him steadily; but she broke down suddenly when she took the second man's hand, and dropped her face, unable to look at him; and when the third man took her hand she was crying piteously. Miss Tuke put her arm through hers and led her away to the after end of the deck; and I was glad to see her go, for it was painful that such grief as hers should be watched by so many eyes, though God knows there was no want of sympathy for her.

The men then bade us farewell. Sir Mordaunt gave them his hand, and one of them held it as though he could not make up his mind to release it. "Good-by, mum! God bless you, mum!" said they to Lady Brookes.

"Now, my lads, jump into the boat," exclaimed the mate. "But first let me tell you that this gentleman," indicating the baronet, "has given me ten pounds

for my captain to hold for you ;" and then, as if he feared this would excite another demonstration of gratitude and cause more delay, he sung out, " In with you, boys ! Chuck your bundles down."

The men dropped over the side, the mate, bowing to us all, followed, and as the boat shoved off the three men stood up and cheered us. In a very little while they disappeared under the stern of the great steamship, and shortly after the monster began to forge ahead.

It was a brave sight to see that huge and powerful fabric—that had lain motionless upon the swell which kept the yacht's masts swaying like a bandmaster's bâton—divide the water under the hidden propulsion of her screw. The trembling light under her quivered in her glossy sides, and the glass of her port-holes flashed and faded as her head came round to the north and east. A great body of black smoke burst suddenly out of her low, fat funnel, and the first belch of it shot up like a balloon ; but the breeze was too light to incline the dark and gleaming pillar until it had reached a certain height, when it yielded to the pressure of the current up there, and leaned over into a most graceful curl, which, as it blew further and further toward the horizon, looked like a gigantic bridge arching the blue water, whose surface mirrored the league of sooty coil in a straight dark brown line, that might very well have passed in the distance for a shoal of mud.

But though she made a fine show, yet

she was sadly wanting in all those points of beauty which a sailing vessel offers. The pyramid of shining canvas, the stately leaning of the tapering masts, the swelling curves of the jibs, the lovely gradation of shadow and light upon the round cloths, and the sharp, clear lining of the delicate rigging upon them, were all lacking. Strength, even in its most majestic form, was expressed by that mighty red and green hull heaping the sparkling blue water at her side, and a torrent of snow pouring away from under her elliptical stern, that was radiant with gilt configurations, but there was no gracefulness. The eye had to seek the Lady Maud for that. And a beautiful sight she was, I make no doubt, for the passengers aboard that great receding steamer to watch. For so soon as the boat had gone clear of us, sail had been made, and such air as there was being abeam, every stitch of square canvas, and the studding-sails to boot, were piled upon the little vessel, until she must have looked like a big white cloud upon the sea. Soon the tinkling and churning of water alongside told us that the Lady Maud was contributing something to the rapidly-increasing interval that now separated the two vessels. In three quarters of an hour the great ocean steamship was no bigger than a nutshell upon the horizon, and when we went to lunch nothing was to be seen of her but a smudge of smoke hovering over the spot where she had vanished. —*Fraser's Magazine*.

NAMES OF FLOWERS.

THERE is a favorite legend in Germany of a certain luck-flower, which admits its fortunate finder into the recesses of a mountain or castle, where untold riches invite his grasp. Dazzled by so much wealth, with which he fills his pocket and hat, the favored mortal leaves behind him the flower to which he owes his fortune ; and as he leaves the enchanted ground, the words " Forget not the best of all " reproach him for his ingratitude, and the suddenly closing door either descends on one of his heels and lames him for life or else imprisons him forever.

If Grimm is right, this is the origin

of the word Forget-me-not, and not the last words of the lover drowning in the Danube, as he threw to his lady-love the flower she craved of him. The tradition however, that the luck-flower, or key-flower, was blue is inconsistent with the fact that the primrose is the *Schlüssselblume* (key-flower). However this may be, there exists in Germany many subterranean passages under hill-sides, dating from heathen times and associated with legends of former treasures there ; *

* Panzer, " Beitrag zur Deutschen Mythologie," 21, 40, with plans of the passages at the end of the volume.

and it certainly seems more likely that the flower was simply adapted to the legend as readily occurring to the story-maker's mind, than that it really signifies the lightning which opens the clouds, that "primal wealth of the pastoral Aryans, the rain that refreshes the thirsty earth, and the sun that comes after the tempest" *.

This method of explaining in poetical language every fanciful belief of past times, by referring it to some common phenomenon of the skies, is happily less common than it was; it being obvious that, if the early Aryans really thought of the lightning opening the clouds as of a flower opening a mountain, their minds must have been so confused as to make one sorry to think of them as the progenitors of our race. Some of the names and some of the legends which belong to our commonest flowers perhaps go back to an antiquity too remote ever to furnish their explanation; but by reference to others of them, as we know them to have been made within historical memory by Catholic monks in their gardens, or by poets in country lanes, we may perhaps guess with some correctness as to how they were formed in times when the Indo-Germanic races lived in their supposed common home.

In the flax-fields of Flanders there grows a plant called the *Roodselken*, the red spots of which on its bright green leaves betoken the blood which fell on it from the Cross, and which neither snow nor rain has ever since been able to wash off.† In Cheshire the same account is given of the spots on the *Orchis maculata*, and in Palestine of the colors of the red anemone.‡ The fancy is perhaps more intelligible than that which saw in the passion-flower of Peru the resemblance of nails,§ or that which believes the St. John's-wort to show red spots on the day the Baptist was beheaded. The Crown of Thorns

has given to the holly (holy-tree) in Germany the name of *Christ-dorn*, while in Italy it has ennobled the barberry, and in France given to the hawthorn the name of the "noble thorn" (*l'épine noble*).

The similarity of these legends, applied as they are to different flowers, illustrates the tendency which exists to seek to give greater reality to beliefs by leaving no part of them unprovided with details, and to resort for such details to the commonest objects of daily experience. They also show how the general philosophy of a people imprints itself on everything for which they need and seek an explanation. Many of our plant-names to this day are a proof of this mental tendency. A Catholic writer has complained that at the Reformation "the very names of plants were changed in order to divert men's minds from the least recollection of ancient Christian piety;" * and the Protestant writer Jones of Nayland, in his "Reflections on the Growth of Heathenism among Modern Christians" (1798), equally complains that "Botany, which in ancient times was full of the Blessed Virgin Mary, . . . is now as full of the heathen Venus."† But the meaning of many of the monkish names of flowers had been lost before the new nomenclature began; neither is it easy to see how the interests of piety were subserved by calling the holyhock a holy oak, the pansy herb Trinity, or the daffodil a Lent-lily. No one is morally better when he uses the old name herb-Robert as a synonym of the cranesbill, if he think of St. Robert, Abbot of Molesme in the eleventh century, and founder of the Cistercian order. Every flower became connected with some saint of the Calendar, either from blowing about the time of the saint's festival or from being connected with him in some long-lost legend. It is difficult to think that such name-giving had any distinct pious purpose. The name of Canterbury-bells for the campanula was given to it in memory of St. Augustine; but something more than mere commemoration must have given to the common dead nettle the name of the

* Kelly, "Curiosities of Indo-Germanic Tradition," 173.

† Thorpe's "Northern Mythology," iii. 268.

‡ "Flower Lore," 14, an excellent work on the subject, published anonymously, to which the present writer is much indebted.

§ In René Rapin's "Hortorum." Nam surgens flore e medio capita alta tricuspidi Sursum tollit apex, *clavos imitatus adunco*s.

* T. Foster, in "Prologomena to Catholic Annual for 1831."

† "Works," iii. 433.

red archangel, or to the cowslip that of Our Lady's bunch of keys.

Of a similar nature to these extravagant fancies of the monks is the Turkish explanation of the geranium as a mallow that was touched by the garments of Mahomet; or the Chinese legend that tea-leaves are the eyelids of a pious hermit, who, being too frequently overcome by sleep, cut them off in despair and threw them from him.

Names of plants, even if given only in commemoration at first, obviously tend to suggest legends; and if there were no legend before, it is easy to imagine how easily they might arise from calling a plant after St. Robert or St. Christopher. Whether in any given case the name or the legend came first it is generally impossible to say. But the name herb-Margaret for the daisy (the eye of the day, according to Chaucer) illustrates the tendency of a name to attract a legend to it. Chaucer refers the name Margaret, as applied to the daisy, to St. Margaret of Hungary, who was martyred in the thirteenth century; while another legend refers it in the following verses to St. Margaret of Cortona, whose penitence edified the world about the same period:

There is a double flowret, white and red,
That our lasses call herb Margaret,
In honor of Cortona's penitent,
Whose contrite soul with red remorse was
rent;
While on her penitence kind Heaven did
throw
The white of purity surpassing snow;
So white and red in this fair flower entwined,
Which maids are wont to scatter at her shrine.

The flower, however, was really so called from its supposed resemblance to a pearl, and had nothing to do with any St. Margaret. The Greek for pearl was *μαργαρίτης*, which, passing into Latin as *Margarita*, remained in Italian the same word, and in French became *Marguerite*, the same word in either language serving both for the pearl and the flower. Had the name really come from the saint and not from the pearl, it would surely have been also called after her in Germany, instead of being there the *Gänseblume*, or goose-flower, and actually having for one of its synonyms the name meadow-pearl.*

The peculiarities of flowers in color, form, or smell have given birth to poetical fancies about them which are more remarkable for monotony of invention than for beauty of feeling. As a general rule, flowers spring from tears if they are white, from blushes or from blood if they are red. Lilies-of-the-valley are in France the Virgin's tears; anemones in Bion's idyl are the tears of Venus for Adonis; and the Helenium, which, according to Pliny, was supposed to have sprung from the tears of Helen, was probably a white flower. If we may believe Catullus, the rose is red from blushing for the wound it inflicted on the foot of Venus as she hastened to help Adonis. But if Stephen Herrick is right, who of all our old poets deals more fancifully with flowers, roses were originally white, till, after being worsted in a dispute as to whether their whiteness excelled that of Sappho's breast, they blushed and "first came red." This is very like Ovid's account of the mulberry-fruit having been originally white, till it blushed forever after witnessing the tragedy enacted beneath it of the sad suicides of Pyramus and Thisbe. In German folk-lore the heath owes its color to the blood of the slain heathen,* apparently in recollection of Charlemagne's method of converting the Saxons, the two words being connected in the same way as are *pagus* and *paganus*; for as in Latin the inhabitants of the country villages far from the Christian culture of the towns came to be called pagans, so in German the inhabitants of the uncultivated fields where the heath (or *heide*) grew came to be known as heathen (or *heide*).

The blueness of the violet is interpreted in a similar strain to the foregoing. In one of the poems of Herricks "Hesperides," violets are said to be girls, who, having defeated Venus in a dispute she had with Cupid as to whether she or they excelled in sweetness, were beaten blue by the goddess in her wrath. But according to the Jesuit René Rapin, whose once famous Latin poem "Hor-torium" contains so many references to the flower-lore of his time, the violet was once a nymph, who, unable to es-

* Perger, "Deutsche Pflanzensagen," 62.

* Warnke, "Pflanzen in Sitte," 212.

cape the love of Phœbus, exclaimed at last in despair :

“Formosæ si non licet esse pudicam,
Ah ! pereat potius quæ non fert forma pu-
dorem.”

Dixit, et obscura infecit ferrugine vultum.

Phœbus being a synonym for the sun, it would of course be easy to interpret this voluntary transformation of a nymph into a violet as the daylight changing into the purple twilight to escape the sun that has followed it all day. So also of the marsh marigold, or *Caltha*, which, according to Rapin, was once a girl who, from constant gazing on the sun that she adored, attracted the color which the flower now wears :

Calthaque, Solis amans, Solem dum spectat
amatum,
Duxit eum, quem fert, ipso de Sole colorem.

Its modern Italian name is actually *sposa di sole*. What is more evident than that the marigold really means the moon, which derives the light she wears from the sun that she adores and follows !

The sun also plays a part in Rapin's account of the origin of the rose, which is worth noticing for the general resemblance it bears to the story of the rose springing from the ashes of a girl burned alive at Bethlehem, which Sir John Mandeville found in the fourteenth century, and which Southey commemorated in his poem on the Rose in the following words :

The stake

Branches and buds, and spreading its green
leaves
Embowers and canopies the fair maid,
Who there stands glorified ; and roses, then
First seen on earth since Paradise was lost,
Profusely blossom round her, white and red,
In all their rich variety of hues.

The Rose, in Rapin's verse, was once Rhodanthe, a beautiful Greek maiden, of whose many suitors the principle were Halesus, Brias, and Orcas. Entering the temple with her father and people, and being still pursued by her suitors, the excitement of the contest so enhanced her beauty that the people shouted, “ Let Rhodanthe be a goddess, and let the image of Diana give place to her ! ” Rhodanthe being thereupon raised upon the altar, Phœbus, Diana's brother, was so incensed at the insult to his sister, that he turned his rays against

the new-made goddess. Then it soon repented Rhodanthe of her divinity ; for her feet became fixed to the altar as roots, and the hands she stretched out became branches, while the people who defended her became protecting thorns, and her too-ardent lovers a convolvulus, a drone, and a butterfly.

Rapin's poem is full of similar transformations. The anemone was a nymph changed by the jealous Flora into a flower ; the peony (from *Παιών*, the god of medicine) a nymph whose deep red is not the blush of modesty, but the proof of her flagrant sin ; and the daisies were once nymphs. The nasturtium and sytisis were in their origin beautiful youths ; the tulip was a Dalmatian virgin beloved by the good Vertumnus. How far these transformations were Rapin's own fictions, or traditions of his time, cannot easily be decided. They are not to be found in Ovid, though they closely follow that poet's fancy, and remind us of Daphne being changed by her father Peneus into a laurel, to escape the attentions of Phœbus ; of Clytie, deserted by Phœbus, following him as the sunflower ; of the sisters of Phaethon, turning into poplars ; of Cy-parissus, grieved for the stag he killed, and wishing for death, being changed by Apollo into a cypress ; of the Apulian shepherd becoming an oleaster ; or of the origin of the narcissus and hyacinth from beautiful youths of the same name ; with all which metamorphoses we may compare Herrick's account of the origin of the heart's-ease as having been formerly

Frolic virgins, ever loving,
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for sweethearts mad and died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years
For their restless here-spent lives,
Gave them *heart's-ease* turned to flowers.

So similar in conception to these stories of Rapin or Ovid is the story told in Malacca, of a flower growing there, that it is worth quoting it as it is given by Argensola in his “ History of the Conquest of the Molucca Islands.” The tree has the peculiarity of flowering at night and drooping in the day-time, so that the Portuguese gave it the name of the “ sad tree,” like the appellation given by Linnæus to night-flowering

plants (*flores tristes*). "The idolaters pretend, or believe to," says the writer, "that in older days a person of singular beauty, daughter of the Satrap Parizatico, fell in love with the Sun, who, having at first responded to her affection and become engaged to her, changed his mind and gave his love to another; that the first lover, seeing herself despised, could not bear it, and killed herself. In those countries it is still the custom to burn the dead body, and they say that hers was burned, and that from her ashes sprang this tree, the flowers of which still retain the memory of her grief, and so abhor the sun that they cannot bear its light. This plant is called in some places Parizatico, from the name of the father of this metamorphosed Indian girl." *

This story is a good illustration of the extreme crudity of thought out of which such legends seem to rise—a state of thought in which there is nothing absurd in the sun actually loving and pledging his troth to a human maiden, and in which the story so appeals to men's sense of the probable that they actually trouble to remember the name of the girl's father, in order to apply it to the flower. Plants are mentioned by De Gubernatis whose Sanskrit name also means the "sun-lover," or the "sun-beloved." † He also mentions one called "moon-beloved." Such names, or such flower traditions as those preserved by Ovid or Rapin, have less to do with solar myths than with the common notion of primitive or savage philosophy that there is nothing inconceivable in the heavenly bodies possessing human attributes. They arise from no forgotten metaphors, but from a belief, once real and vivid, that everything in nature is inter-convertible; and they go back to a time when the changes of men, animals, plants, and stars into one another expressed not merely poetical metamorphoses, but the common possibilities of nature: as in the Bushmen myth of the bits of red root, thrown up in the air by an angry girl, become stars or in the Kasias' explanation of the stars as men from whom, after they had

climbed to the skies, the tree they had climbed by was cut down. Even Ovid seems really to have believed that Philemon and Baucis, the poor cottage couple who, unaware, entertained Jupiter and Mercury in the guise of men, were really changed into a shrub and lime-tree that stood before a temple; for he says:

Hæc mihi non vani (neque erat cur fallere
vellent)
Narravere senes.

Fantastic as are most of the foregoing legends, or the comparisons out of which they arose, it would be unfair to the reader to pass over the most extraordinary fancy of this kind that has perhaps ever crossed the brain of a poet, and is to be found in Hurdis' poem called "The Village Curate," published early in the nineteenth century. Everybody knows the difference between the dandelion in all the glory of its full blossom and the same flower in the gravity of its decay; but it was reserved to Hurdis, in the following lines, to see in these two stages of the dandelion the contrast between the grave divine and the flashy undergraduate of earlier years:

Dandelion this,
A college youth, that flashes for a day
All gold: anon he doffs his gaudy suit,
Touched by the magic hand of some grave
bishop,
And all at once becomes a reverend divine—
how slow!

* * * * *

But let me tell you, in the pompous globe
Which rounds the dandelion's head, is couched
Divinity most rare.*

In the same way, then, that the peculiarities of flowers and shrubs have been connected with transformations of men, or with the chief personages of Christian theology, we may assume that they were connected with the gods of the Hindu, Greek, or Norse Pantheon, and that they are sometimes called after Indra or Zeus, Jupiter or Thunar, not on account of any remote symbolical relation to those deities, but because there existed nothing so lowly on earth as not to be worthy of playing a part in their history. The connection of those powers with the humble plants of earth is a great obstacle in the way of that popular mode of explanation which refers every

* Argensola, "Hist. de la Conquête des Iles Moluques," i. 85-6.

† "Mythologie des Plantes," 289.

* "The Village Curate," 36.

legend of Zeus or Jupiter to some feature of the skies, or some common episode in the history of a day.

In a learned German work, in which the resemblance between the Hindu storm-god Indra and the god Thor of Thunar, of Norse mythology, is worked out in great detail, the naming of many Indian plants after Indra is shown to have its parallel in Germany in the number of plants called after Thunar, or rather after its synonym Donner, "the Thunder." * The naming of plants after Indra is quite in accordance with naming them after Our Lady, or the saints of the Calendar; but the naming of such plants as the *Johanniskraut* or *Sedum Telephium* after the thunder, as in the words *Donnerkraut*, *Donnerbart*, etc., admits of an easier explanation than a fanciful relation to Thor. Pliny mentions the *vibro*, which he calls *herba Britannica*, as a plant which, if picked before the first thunder was heard, was supposed to be a safeguard against lightning. To this day, in the Tyrol, the Alpine rose is placed in the roofs of houses to ensure them from lightning, † and the *Donnerkraut* (the English orpine, or live-long) may be seen in the houses of Westphalia as a preservative from thunder. ‡ In England the same function was subserved in the same way by the houseleek, or stoncrop; while in the Netherlands St. John's-wort, gathered before sunrise, effects the same purpose. For what reason the old Aryan medicine-men, or their successors in Europe, attributed storm-proof virtues to this plant or to that speculation will perhaps never discover, nor need perhaps trouble to inquire.

The necessity of gathering certain plants before sunrise, as in the case of the St. John's-wort, or in the gathering of May-day garlands, seems to go back at least as far as the days of Pliny, who mentions that some flowers, as the lily-of-the-valley, had to be gathered in secrecy, and therefore before daybreak, to ensure their efficacy. It is perhaps no loss that the purpose for which the wizard-world employed these flowers

have passed into oblivion; but it is probable that without some such knowledge the explanation of the names or superstitions attached to many of our plants must remain impossible. Poppies are said to have once been offered to the dead to appease their manes, which may account for their surviving as a funeral flower, in spite of their brightness of color. The use of the vervain, or holy-herb, in the Tyrol worn in the shoe to keep off fatigue, may point to the origin of our own word *speedwell*; and there are other English names of plants which are capable of explanation by a studied comparison with their names in other countries or in earlier times.

Some of the names of flowers are simple enough, being suggested by some obvious characteristic, or by some comparison to something rather like it. The sage, or *Salvia verbenaca*, owes its synonym "clary" to its old use as an eye remedy, or clear-eye; and the comparison of the *Adonis autumnalis* (which in most languages in Europe still retains in its name its old connection with the blood of the slain Adonis, and in popular German is still *Blutströpfchen*) * to the eye of a pheasant leaves no mystery about its name. But sometimes the explanation of names, founded on the principle of comparison, seems somewhat absurd. Of course we all know that we call the dandelion from the French *dent de lion*, and we are asked to see in the plant's indented leaf a resemblance to the tooth of a lion, little as we can explain how the French became so conversant with lions as to compare their teeth with the leaf of a dandelion. Is it not more likely that this plant derived its name from its supposed efficiency, in some country or time, as a protection to a man from a lion's tooth, just as in Lower Bavaria, at this day, a certain plant carried on the person is thought to be a safeguard against a dog's bite? † Or take the honeysuckle, which in French, Italian, and Spanish, and in the English of Spenser and Shakespeare, is the *caprifole*, or goat-leaf. Are we seriously to believe, what all the botanical books gravely tell us,

* Mannhardt, "Germanische Mythen," 136-8.

† Zingerle, "Sitten, etc., des Tirolen-Volkes," 100.

‡ Kuhn, "Sagen aus Westfalen," ii. 90.

* Dierbach, "Flora Mythologica," 153.

† Panzer, "Deutsche Mythologie," 249.

that it was so called because it seemed to climb rocks like a goat, when a hundred other climbing plants might as readily suggest that animal's activity? May it not be that the goat, which is fond of the leaves of shrubs, shows a particular partiality to those of the honeysuckle? The zoologist here might come to the aid of the botanist.

Any flower-name, the meaning of which at any period of its existence became obscure or passed out of memory, would naturally invite reflection and excite ingenuity; and in this way doubtless many of the legends relating to them arose, the interpretation being either rationalistic, as in the case of a dandelion or goat-leaf, or poetical, as in Herrick's derivation of heart's ease, according to the nature of the mind brought to bear on it. The application of different stories to the same flower is consequently almost inevitable, and the cause of some confusion in floral mythology. Thus the Greek letters *αλ αλ*, supposed to be discernible in the hyacinth,* were interpreted in Ovid either as the wail of Apollo for Hyacinthus, or as the first letters in the name of Ajax, with whom also the flower was connected. So with the forget-me-not, for which, besides the two derivations already mentioned, or the derivation which explains it as a souvenir given by Henry of Lancaster when in exile to the Duchess of Bretagne, there is yet a fourth interpretation which, as it is less generally known, may be worth repeating. According to this version, Adam, as he named the plants in Paradise, bade them all remember what he called them. One little flower, ashamed of not having heeded its name, asked the father of men, "By what name dost thou call me?" "Forget-me-not," was the reply; and ever since that humble flower has drooped its head in shame and ignominy.

Such a profusion of explanations throws discredit upon each one of them; and we shall perhaps be quite as correct if we imagine the forget-me-not to have once been a flower most important in some medicine-man's prescrip-

tions, and on that account never to be forgotten in the search for more imposing magic-flowers. So, perhaps, also with the pansy (*pensée*) which in Dutch is also called forget-me-not.

From the magical use of flowers in the hands of the primitive medicine-men to the scientific knowledge and use of them in modern botany or pharmaceuticals, the general progress is clearer than of course are the successive steps. The veriest savages have been often found to possess a knowledge of plants far in advance of their development in other respects; and this knowledge must have arisen from the greater attention which flowers naturally attracted from their sorcerers than any of the less common products of nature. For their clients who might wish to be cured of any sickness, to gain another's love or avert it from a rival, to keep off evil spirits from their dwellings, herbs would naturally suggest themselves as the readiest kind of cure or charm to all who aspired to enjoy the prestige and practice of a sorcerer.

In this way some positive knowledge would be gradually collected, similar to that which abounds in the old herbals of Turner or Gerard, and which causes one to wonder that, if plants possessed half the virtues therein ascribed to them any such thing as illness should be left in the world.

While in this manner some knowledge would be gained of what herbs could really effect for the human body, the belief of the efficacy of some of them against thunder or witchcraft would not be lessened; and thus it would come to pass that floral magic would long survive the transition of botany into a real science, bearing indeed to the latter, both in its origin and history, very much the same relation that astrology bears to astronomy. Floral magic dies hard. In the Tyrol they can still point out by name the flowers which are good against witchcraft or curses, against lightning, or against fatigue,* and in Wales it is still lucky to have a house covered with stonecrop to keep off disease,† as it is also in Germany and Scandinavia to

* The *Gladiolus byzantinus* is said to have most claims to represent the classical hyacinth. Dierbach, "Flora Mythologica," 137.

* Zingerle, "Sitten, etc., Tirolen Volkes" 100-111.

† Dyer, "English Folklore," 12.

keep off the lightning.* Albertus Magnus mentions plants that were efficacious to restore peace between combatants or harmony between husband and wife; and there is still a plant used for matrimonial divination in Italy called *Concordia*, as well as one with contrary attributes, *Discordia*.† The old name for the *hypericum*, or St. John's-wort, was *Fuga dæmonum*, dispeller of demons,‡ and in Russia a plant called the devil-chaser is still shaken against the arch-fiend if he come to trouble the grief of a mourner.§ In the same country there is a plant that is useful to destroy calumnies spread abroad for the hindrance of marriages.||

If, then, certain flowers have retained even to this day such belief in their magical efficacy, we may imagine with what feelings they were regarded when they first gained their reputation for magical properties, and when no science interposed to correct the delusion. We may fancy how the most famous flowers would commend themselves to the minds of the first human beings who felt the need of explaining some of the things that puzzled them in nature. Already used for so many mysterious purposes in human life, they would naturally occur as the best key to many of the mysteries which occurred beyond it. If Goethe called the flowers the stars of earth, the earlier process would have been to regard the stars literally as flowers, as they were regarded together with the sun and moon, in the Indian cosmogonies;¶ and thus we may understand how in German mythology admission to the skies was also an entrance to a paradise of flowers; and allusions to the garden of the sun become more intelligible. We see how flowers would naturally mix themselves with stories of the gods, such as Zeus, Hercules, Indra, or Isis, when we consider how they have mixed themselves with legends of the Virgin, or St. John the Baptist. As in the Vedas one plant is called Indra's drink, another

his food, so the caroub-bean is St. John's bread, gooseberries are his grapes, and the wormwood his girdle. As four distinct plants lay claim to the title of Our Lady's tears (to say nothing of those which are her smock, her mantle, or her tresses), so in Roman times numerous plants took their names from Hercules. We gain insight into the origin of Aryan mythology when we remember that it was with the help of a herb that Indra fought with demons; and that in the Vedic hymns plants are invoked to destroy evil, to avert curses, or to act as love-philters. The soma plant, by which Indra conquers Vritra, or puts to flight demons, does for him exactly what the St. John's-wort or *Fuga dæmonum* did for Europeans a few centuries ago. The *moly*, by which the god Hermes enables Ulysses to conquer the charms of Circe, does for him what any Tyrolese sorcerer could do now for a man with a sprig of juniper. And the lotus or nepenthe, which confers forgetfulness, give what any old herbalist could have readily supplied from his herbarium.

The great extent therefore to which plants are mixed up with the gods of old mythology, doing for them exactly what they would do for sorcerers on earth, shows under how human an aspect those deities were originally regarded, and how much more nearly related they were with this world than with the phenomena of the storms and sunshine.

This, however, is heresy; and the names and legends of plants have also another interpretation, which traces their place in mythology, not to their great use in sorcery, but to their symbolical application to the phenomena of the solar system. It would be unfair to pass unnoticed the wealth of explanation which this other theory affords; for which let us refer to De Gubernatis' book on "La Mythologie des Plantes," from which so many facts of interest have already been taken.

To begin, then, with that large class of plants which in India or Europe take their name from different parts of the lion. "The lion," says De Gubernatis "represents the sun; the plants which owe their name to him are essentially solar. Such is visibly the character of the Löwenzahn, or Dent de Lion."

* "De Gubernatis," 195.

† *Ibid.*, 99.

‡ Bauhinus, "De plantis a divinis sanctisve nomen habentibus," 35.

§ "De Gubernatis," 109, 110.

¶ *Ibid.*, 87.

¶ *Ibid.*, 145. "Le soleil et la lune, les étoiles sont des fleurs du jardin céleste."

(Yet we are not told how Indian plants called after the elephant are related to the sun). The humble stonecrop or *sempervivum* (*aizoon*), once called by the Romans *occhio di Dio*, and still in French retaining its name of Jupiter's beard, or Joubarbe, must refer either to the sun or moon as the "everlasting" of the heaven. The grass-destroying demon of German folk-lore, called the grass-wolf, is the dog Sirius, the sun at the end of July that destroys the vegetation, seemingly because in Sanskrit the word "vrika" meant both dog and sun.

Next to the sun the moon is most strongly represented in the plant world. The herb which opens or discloses treasures is evidently the moon, the herb *par excellence*, the queen of herbs, which discovers the hiding-places of robbers. The molu-plant that frees Ulysses from Circe is the lunar herb, or the moon which enables the sun to continue its course. The plant mentioned by Ælian as a cure for the eyes, like our clary, can be explained mythologically as the moon or dawn chasing the darkness which blinds us all. The selenite (from *σελήνη*, the moon), mentioned by Plutarch, as used by shepherds to keep their feet safe from snake-bites, is connected with the

moon that slays the serpents or monsters of the sky. The *aglaophotis*, spoken of by Pliny as also called *marmorites* from its resemblance to Persian marble, refers to that luminous plant of the East, the dawn, or the white. And, lastly, the flower of the fern, by aid of which, in Russian legend, the shepherd finds his hidden cattle, and is also shown where treasure lies, is either the thunderbolt or the sun itself, which with its light tears open the darksome caverns of the cloud.

Enough illustrations have perhaps been given to enable the reader to estimate the value of the solar method of interpreting plant-legends. It may occur to him that in the above cases the imagination of science has let itself go too far; and has resorted for an explanation, when quite a simple one was at hand, to a theory of the human mind which has nothing analogous to it in the mental condition of any known race of men, and can only be adapted to facts by a most painful distortion of the most obvious meaning of the stories themselves. Should he think so, let him weigh the merits of the other theory, which makes less of the sun and more of the sorcerer and magician.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

NEWTON AND DARWIN.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

It is singular that the theory which—of all those advanced since Newton established the law of gravitation—has given to thoughtful minds the grandest conceptions of Nature and the laws of Nature, should have been—of all theories perhaps ever suggested by man—the most thoroughly misunderstood. There can be no doubt that many who recognize the real significance of the theory of natural development, who know that its influence is by no means limited to biological evolution, but has been felt in the far wider—the infinitely wide—field of cosmical evolution, have been pained by the thought that with the widening of the domain of development, the belief in a power working in and through all things seems to be set on one side in the name of universal evolution. It is this

thought—this fear it may be called perhaps—which I propose to consider here. I shall endeavor to show that those who are perplexed by such doubts overlook the parallelism which exists between three lines along which men's thoughts have been carried an ever-increasing distance, until it has become obvious that two of them at least must be infinite—that the fear expressed by those who see with anxiety the progress of evolutionary doctrine implies a hope that one of these lines may be finite while the others are essentially infinite and are accepted as such without fear or trouble.

It was a new thought in the time of Copernicus, that men hitherto underrated the extent of the universe, and had overrated the importance of our earth. The globe which had seemed the one

fixed orb for whose benefit the heavenly bodies had all been made, was found to be but one member of a family of orbs circling round a globe much larger than any of them. Thus the earth lost at once her central position, her quality as *the* world (the sole abode of life), her fixity, her importance in respect of the supposed superiority of her dimensions. When Newton had finally established the Copernican theory * the relative insignificance of the earth was demonstrated. The teachings of the telescope showed in turn the insignificance of the solar system. With every increase of light-gathering power the universe of stars grew larger and larger, even when as yet no scale had been obtained whereby to determine the distance separating star from star. With every improvement in the defining qualities and the measuring power of telescopes, the universe of stars grew larger and larger, independently of mere increase in number of stars; for though for a long time no measurement of star distances could be effected, each failure with improved means to measure the distances of even the nearest stars showed that the scale of the stellar universe was larger than had before been imagined.

Larger and larger grew the universe, then, as men turned more and more powerful, more and more exact instruments to the survey of the heavens. When at length the distance of the nearest star was measured, and found to be more than twenty millions of millions of miles (more than three years' light journey, though in each second light travels a distance exceeding nearly eight times the entire circuit of the earth), the number of stars was already known to exceed twenty millions. But more powerful telescopes have been made since. With every increase of telescopic power more stars come into view. With such a telescope as the great reflector of Parsons-

town, at least a hundred millions of stars could be seen if every part of the stellar sphere could be scrutinized with that mighty telescopic eye.

But what, after all, is this? Now that we know how minute a creature man is, how insignificant his largest works compared with the globe on which he lives, how this globe is but a point in the solar system, the solar system lost among countless millions of other suns with their attendant planets, how preposterous appears the thought that any instrument man can fashion can penetrate the real profundities of the universe! Seeing, as we do now, how utterly men's ideas of what the stars are fell short of the truth, and how more inadequate still were their conceptions of the real number of the stars when they trusted only to the natural eye, we should very ill have learned the lesson their errors teach us, if we in turn fell into the mistake of supposing that the telescopic eye can reveal more to us than the merest corner of the universe. Even of the universe of stars—that is of the system of suns whereof our sun is a member—this may be said. But how unlikely, how incredible, indeed, is it, that there is but one system of suns, but one galaxy? The star clouds may not be outlying galaxies, as the Herschels supposed. It seems clear that they are but parts of our own galaxy, whose grandeur and complexity are far greater than had been supposed. But who can doubt that beyond the limits of our own galaxy, beyond spaces bearing probably something like the same proportion to the size of the galaxy that the interplanetary spaces bear to the size of our earth, come other galaxies, some like, some unlike, our own, some as large, some smaller, but many doubtless far larger than the glorious system of suns which appears infinite to our conceptions? “As thus we tilt”—in imagination—“over an abysmal world, a mighty cry arises that systems more mysterious, worlds more billowy—other heights, other depths are coming, are nearing, are at hand.” Who can wonder if from these awful depths men have turned in weariness of soul, nay almost in affright, as when the Alpine traveller, peering over some fog-enshrouded precipice, sees down, as the mist rolls past, to

* It is worthy of notice that that theory could not be regarded as demonstrated until the law of attraction had been established. This law carries with it the disproof of the cycles and epicycles of the Ptolemaic system, because under the law of gravity bodies cannot move in such curves. Before the law was established, it was more probable that the planets all moved in simple curves, but not certain.

deeper and deeper abysses, until he is compelled to turn from the contemplation of the ever-growing depth! It is not simply the vast in which men have learned to believe, not mere immensity, but the mystery of absolute infinity. On all sides our island home is surrounded by a shoreless sea of space. So great has been the oppression of this mystery of infinity that men like Helmholtz, Clifford, and others, have attempted, by rejecting the elementary conceptions of space, to show that there may be limits to space—not merely limits to occupied space, but limits to space itself—as though by closing his eyes the traveller, oppressed by the vastness of the plain surface over which he voyaged, should endeavor to convince his mind that the end of his journey was close by him.

“Practically infinite,” as Huxley has expressed it, or absolutely infinite, space is (to all intents and purposes) infinite for us. But space and time are too intimately associated for us to imagine that space can be infinite and time finite; or that if occupied space grows even under our survey until we recognize that it is as infinite as space itself, time occupied by the occurrence of events (of whatever sort) can be otherwise than infinite too.

If we could reasonably doubt this we should yet find evidence as clear in this direction as with reference to space itself, though not so obvious to the senses. Every one can understand the evidence of vast size presented by the universe as science is able to survey it; and every one can see how the constant growth of the known universe points to the real universe as to all intents and purposes infinite. But not every one can understand the evidence of the antiquity of the universe, or the certain promise which its features afford, of a duration in the future which must be—like the duration of the universe in the past—practically infinite. But even to those who cannot see the force of the evidence on these points, it is obvious so soon as the idea has once been presented—just as obvious as is the idea of infinite absolute space—that time itself, occupied by events or not so (if this could be imagined) must be absolutely infinite. The occurrence of events might perhaps be

spoken of (not conceived very readily) as having an absolute beginning and proceeding onward to an absolute end, this island of occupied time being lost in a shoreless ocean of void time; but none can reasonably *speak* even of a beginning or an ending of absolute time, far less conceive either thought.

Space, then, and time, present themselves to our conceptions, and with the progress of research may be said to present themselves to our observation, as practically infinite. The earth which has been displaced from her imagined central position in space has been displaced equally from her imagined central position in time. The ocean of time which had been supposed bounded on one side by the beginning of this earth's history and on the other by the close of the earth's career, is seen to bear somewhat the same relation to the earth's duration that the Pacific Ocean bears to the tiniest islet of the least important Polynesian group.

Now in the days when the earth was thought to be central and all-important in space, central also and all-important in regard to time, a little knowledge—as limited and as imperfect—was possessed by men respecting the action of natural laws. They knew for example that animals, including man, pass through certain stages of development. They saw that the trees of the forest spring from seeds. They could trace further the growth and development of families of animals, the spread of vegetation over countries and continents; the formation on the one hand, of tribes, nations, races, and species; on the other, of the various forms of vegetable development. But such knowledge, and all the ideas associated with such knowledge, were limited within the range of space and time over which alone in those days men were able to extend their survey. In fine, men recognized processes of development taking place upon the earth, and during her continuance as an inhabited world; they did not look outside either the region of space or the period of time which they had learned to regard as if they were in reality all space and all time.

In passing, I may note that hitherto I have not heard that in the good old days—when the earth was the world and her

life (very much-underestimated) all time—men who studied processes of development or evolution such as are plain and obvious to all were regarded as necessarily rejecting the belief in some power at the back of observed phenomena. On the contrary, so far as we can judge of the ideas of those days by what men said, it would seem to have been regarded as a wholesome thought, that under the operation of natural laws trees and animals, races and forests, grow from feeble beginnings till they fulfil all the functions of their several kinds. The more carefully such processes of development were considered, the more perfectly the laws of Nature seemed fitted to work out their seeming purpose, so much the more confidently did men regard those processes and laws as implying some plan or purpose; though, also, it must be admitted, the nature of such plan or purpose seemed to the wiser sort the more inscrutable the more closely its workings were studied. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" said one, who so far spoke truth, though he drew the wrong lesson from it; "canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" Another, who took a wiser view of Nature, yet in this spoke of the same doctrine: "Touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out."

In our day, with the extension of men's recognition of the vastness of space and time, there has come a widening also of their conceptions respecting the extent of the domain of natural law as well in time as in space.

And in the first place I would ask whether it is not naturally to be expected that this growth in our ideas respecting evolution should have followed (if it did not accompany) the growth of our conceptions of the extent and duration of the domain of evolution? If it had also chanced that neither research nor observation had availed to extend our recognition of the operation of natural laws—after Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton had established the true theory of the solar system—might not analogy alone have sufficed to convince men that the larger and longer-lasting universe shown them by science was governed by

wider and more permanent laws than they had hitherto recognized?

But the Copernican theory had not been established without the demonstration of a law so general and far-reaching that when it had once been established no new recognition of law could be reasonably regarded as startling or unexpected. Newton had proved that the quality of gravity pertains to every particle of matter in all places and in every condition, and that it extends according to definite law to an infinite distance. At least, he had proved these properties so far as they *can* be proved. Every possible test had shown that the particles of solid, liquid, and vaporous matter equally possess (according to their mass) the quality of gravity. Every possible test had shown that not the external particles of suns and planets, or these in greater degree, but every particle, to the very centre of the largest and most massive globe, possesses in the same degree (according to its mass), this mysterious, all-pervading power. And lastly, every possible test applied to the movements of the heavenly bodies had shown that the force of gravity exerted thus by each particle diminishes as the square of the distance increases, but suffers no further diminution: so that the tiniest particle in the sun exerts, at least throughout the domain of the solar system, even to the orbit of Neptune, the force due to its mass and to the distance of any other particle on which its influence is exerted. In this inquiry the vast mass of the sun stands us in good stead. Were we only able to consider the attraction exerted by a single particle, or by a small mass at great distances, the smallness of the resulting attraction would foil any attempt to measure its amount with precision. But we can consider the total energy of the solar mass, exceeding 350,000 times the mass of the sun, at the distance of Neptune; in other words, we can examine the combined attractive force of a gathering of many millions of millions of particles, and having measured that, we can divide it in accordance with the known relative mass of the sun, and so ascertain whether each particle of the sun does its due work at the distance of Neptune. When we thus learn that there is not the

lightest trace, even over that enormous range, of any diminution of energy beyond that belonging to the law of gravity as determined for a small distance (such as the moon's), we are justified in assuming that at a distance twice, thrice, many times as great as Neptune's the law of gravity holds unchanged. We have then a law whose action is to all intents and purposes universal; it operates in every particle of the universe, and it extends from particle to particle throughout the whole extent of the universe. Of a law such as this, if of any law at all, it might have been said that it seems to negative the action of a special Ruler. It was said of late respecting the general doctrine of development, that it sets the Almighty on one side in the name of universal evolution; with at least as much force it might have been said of the doctrine of attraction, that it sets the Almighty on one side in the name of universal gravitation.

We know indeed that such an objection was urged against Newton's doctrines in Newton's day and for many years after. Very probably if the theory of gravitation had not been established to demonstration by Newton and such followers as Laplace, Lagrange, and others, we might hear the objection even now (we hear it still among the ignorant, but of course it has entirely died out save with them). When the theory of universal gravitation became thoroughly established, it was found to be in perfect accordance with the idea of a universal lawgiver. Men presently began to wonder, indeed, how it could ever have been supposed that the laws of the universe must of necessity be limited in their range of action whether in space or in time.

Yet when the Newton of our own time advanced a theory which bears to biology (so far as is possible in matters so unlike) the same relation that the law of gravity bears to astronomy, a theory bringing animal and vegetable life under the domain of laws practically universal, an unreasoning fear possessed many lest this natural sequel of our growing knowledge of the universe should alter men's conceptions of the government of the universe. In space the universe was seen to be infinite, and in duration infinite; a law infinitely wide in its opera-

tion had been found to govern all movements within the universe, yet the recognition of a new law, also indefinitely wide in its operation, instead of being regarded as natural and appropriate, was looked upon with disfavor and disapproval.

Note that we use the word indefinite, not infinite, in speaking of the operation of the law of biological evolution. The biologist cannot test the operation of this law so widely as the astronomer can test the operation of the law of gravity, for the simple reason that the biological law relates chiefly to time, while the astronomical law relates chiefly to space, and we can look with ever increasing range of vision into depths of space which are practically infinite, while we cannot look with equal confidence into remote depths of past or future time. For the same reason that men even to this day accept more confidently the enlarged ideas of science with regard to space than the extended ideas with regard to time, which logically should be accepted with equal readiness, the theory of evolution must ever remain incomplete as compared with the theory of universal attraction. No one could urge with much effect, in these days, that perhaps beyond the range of the telescope the law of gravity which within that range (and far beyond the limits of the solar system*) we see in operation, may be replaced by some other law entirely different in its mode of action. But the opponent of the doctrine of biological evolution may, without much fear of effective reply, express the belief that before some definite epoch in the past, not evolution, but some other law or process, was at work in the fashioning of the various forms of animal and vegetable life. In dealing with space no one can reasonably say, that in whatever direction one may suppose a line extended, a limit must at length be reached beyond which we cannot, even in imagination, extend our survey. But in dealing with time it is not considered unreasonable, but, on the contrary, eminently reasonable, to say that far back

* Binary, triple, and multiple star systems tell us of the operation of gravity in the star depths; and so do the movements of stars in space, though not so obviously.

as we may please to carry the process of evolution we must at length come to a beginning, before which there was not only no evolution of life but no life to pass through processes of evolution.

Here, indeed, science assents in some degree to the objectors, if science may not be said to have given birth to the objection. Science has shown that with suitable care to remove or destroy all germs of life from a given space, no life will appear within that space—in other words, that, so far as scientific observation extends, the generation of life is never spontaneous. Equally science might assert that, so far as scientific observation extends, the generation of a system of orbs like the solar system does not occur spontaneously under any suitable test conditions. If a smile be excited by the thought of the vast difference of scale between any test conditions for the formation of a solar system and the conditions under which our own solar system may have come into being, let it be noted that there must be a kindred difference between any experiments as to the possibility of spontaneous generation and the only conditions under which we can imagine spontaneous generation to have occurred. There is some difference, we submit, between a small flask with a few ounces of hay infusion, to which no air has been admitted, which has not been submitted to a number of life-destroying processes, and a young planet teeming with material vitality, still hot with its primeval fires, still palpitating from the throes which (during countless ages) had preceded and accompanied its birth. No experiment or observation man has ever made or can ever make, can suffice to show that the spontaneous generation of living forms *then* was either possible or impossible. But men may continue, if it gives the many comfort, to believe that just then the uniform action of law was interrupted, that just at that stage the mechanism of the universe was found to be imperfect.

But while in this sense and to this degree the law of biological evolution differs from the law of universal attraction, the work of Darwin must yet be regarded as akin to that of Newton, in that it extends indefinitely our conceptions of the range of natural laws. As

Newton showed men all the millions of families of worlds throughout the universe moving in accordance with the law of attraction, so Darwin has shown us all the myriads of races which have inhabited the earth brought into due relation to their surroundings by the operation of the law of evolution. And as the law of gravity was but a wider law, including such laws as Copernicus and Kepler had recognized, which in turn severally included many minor laws, so it should be noticed that the law of biological evolution includes all those minor laws of development which men had recognized for ages without entertaining the unreasonable thought that such laws necessarily implied the non-existence of a lawgiver.

To those alike who are pained and to those who rejoice at what they regard as the irreligious tendency of the doctrine of biological evolution, the same answer may be made: it is only when we try to create arbitrary limits of space or of time, and to set these as bounds to the operation of the laws of Nature, that any such tendency can be imagined. Those who have admitted the growth of a tree, a forest, or a flora, of an animal, a race, or a fauna, according to natural laws, have to acknowledge nothing new in kind, however different it may be in degree, in admitting that there is development on the larger scale as well as on the smaller, not even though they should have to admit that such development takes place throughout all space and all time. The difficulty in dealing with one thought is not greater than that which oppresses us in considering the other; both difficulties are overwhelming, both infinite. If we could evade the conception of the infinite in space or in time, we might be content to imagine limits to the operation of law. But we can neither evade the conception nor grasp it. As Pasteur has well said, quite recently—"When the question is asked, 'What is there beyond the starry vault?' it is useless to answer, 'Beyond lies unlimited space.' When we ask what lies beyond the far-off time when what we see around us began to be, and what lies beyond the remote future when it will cease to exist, of what use the answer, 'Beyond lie eternities of past and coming time?' Nobody understands these

words. He who proclaims the existence of an infinite—and nobody can evade it—asserts more of the supernatural in that affirmation than exists in all the miracles of all the religions; for the notion of the Infinite has the twofold character of being irresistible and incomprehensible. When this notion seizes on the mind, there is nothing left but to bend the knee. In that anxious moment all the springs of intellectual life threaten to snap, and one feels near being seized by the sublime madness of Pascal. Everywhere I see the inevitable expression of the Infinite in the world. By it the supernatural is seen in the depths of every heart."

It is as thus viewed that the laws of development brought before us in the last quarter of a century—not as novelties, for in conception they are of vast

antiquity, but new in the sense that now for the first time they are presented as proven—are so solemn and impressive when rightly understood. As the discoveries of astronomy were first steps towards infinite space, steps carrying us far enough upon the road to show that of necessity it *must* be infinite, as the study of the movements of the heavenly bodies tells us unmistakably of infinite time, so the recognition of development tells us that, as we might have anticipated, the domain of law is limitless alike in space and in time. With the angel in Richter's Dream, Science, in the doctrine of Everlasting Evolution, proclaims the solemn truth—"End is there none to the universe of God; lo, also, there is no Beginning."—*Contemporary Review*.

AN ETON BOY.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"It is becoming a mania with him," people will say; "he has schools on the brain!" Yes, I have certainly made secondary schools my theme very often, and for the public ear the attractions of this theme are not inexhaustible. Perhaps it is time that I quitted it, but I should like the leave-taking to be a kind one. I have said a great deal of harm of English secondary instruction. It deserves all the blame that I have cast upon it, and I could wish everybody to grow more and more impatient of its present condition among us. Necessarily, as I wished to make people dissatisfied with the thing, I have insisted upon its faults; I have insisted upon the faults of the civilization which goes along with it, and which is in a considerable measure the product of it. But our actual secondary schools, like our actual civilization, have the merit of existing. They are not, like all projects for recasting them an ideal; they have the merit of existing. They are the *modus vivendi* as the phrase now is, the schools and the civilization are the *modus vivendi* found by our nation for its wants, and brought into fact, and shape, and actual working. The good which

our nation has in it, it has put into them, as well as the bad. They live by the good in them rather than by the bad. At any rate, it is to the good which dwells in them, and in the nation which made them, that we have to appeal in all our projects for raising them, and for bringing them nearer to the ideal which lovers of perfection frame for them.

Suppose we take that figure we know so well, the earnest and non-conforming Liberal of our middle classes, as his schools and his civilization have made him. He is for disestablishment; he is for temperance; he has an eye to his wife's sister; he is a member of his local caucus; he is learning to go up to Birmingham every year to the feast of Mr. Chamberlain. His inadequacy is but too visible. Take him, even, raised, cleared, refined, ennobled, as we see him in Dr. Alexander Raleigh, the late well-known Nonconformist minister of Stamford Hill whose memoir has recently been published. Take Dr. Raleigh, as he himself would have desired to be taken, dilating on a theme infinitely precious to him—the *world to come*. "My hope of that world seems

to be my religion. If I were to lose it, this whole life would be overcast in a moment with a gloom which nothing could disperse. Yet a little while, and we shall be sorrowless and sinless, like the angels, like God, and, looking back on the struggles and sorrows of earth, astonished that things so slight and transient could have so much discompos-ed us." This transference of our ideal from earth to the sky—this recourse, for the fulfilment of our hopes and for the realization of the kingdom of God, to a supernatural, future, angelic, fantastic world—is, indeed, to our popular religion the most familiar and favorite conception possible. Yet it is contrary to the very central thought and aim of Jesus ; it is a conception which, whether in the form of the new Jerusalem of popular Judaism, or in the form of the glorified and unending tea-meeting of popular Protestantism, Jesus passed his life in striving to transform, and in collision with which he met his death. And so long as our main stock and force of serious people have their minds imprisoned in this conception, so long will "things so slight and transient" as their politics, their culture, their civilization, be in the state in which we see them now : they will be narrowed and perverted. Nevertheless, what a store of virtue there is in our main body of serious people even now, with their minds imprisoned in this Judaic conception ; what qualities of character and energy are in such leaders of them as Dr. Raleigh ! Nay, what a store of virtue there is even in their civilization itself, narrowed and stunted though it be ! Imperfect as it is, it has founded itself, it has made its way, it exists ; the good which is in it, it has succeeded in bringing forth and establishing against a thousand hindrances, a thousand difficulties. We see its faults, we contrast it with our ideal ; but our ideal has not yet done as much. And for making itself fact, this civilization has found in its Judaic conceptions the requisite guidance and stimulus, and probably only in conceptions of this kind could it have done so.

Take, again, that other type which we have accustomed ourselves to call, for shortness, the Barbarian. Take it first in its adult and rigid stage, devoid of

openness of mind, devoid of flexibility, with little culture and with no ideas, considerably materialized, staunch for "our traditional, existing social arrangements," fiercely ready with the reproach of "revolution" and "atheism" against all its disturbers. Evidently this is the very type of personage for which Jews declared entrance to the kingdom of God to be well-nigh impossible. Take this type in its far more amiable stage, with the beauty and freshness of youth investing it ; take it unspoiled, gay, brave, spirited, generous ; take it as the Eton boy. "As Master of the Beagles," so testifies the admiring record of such a boy in the *Eton College Chronicle*, "he showed himself to possess all the qualities of a keen sportsman, with an instinctive knowledge of the craft." The aged Barbarian will, upon this, admiringly mumble to us his story how the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton. Alas ! disasters have been prepared in those playing-fields as well as victories ; disasters due to inadequate mental training—to want of application, knowledge, intelligence, lucidity. The Eton playing-fields have their great charms, notwithstanding ; but with what felicity of unconscious satire does that stroke of "the Master of the Beagles" hit off our whole system of provision of public secondary schools : a provision for the fortunate and privileged few, but for the many, for the nation, ridiculously impossible ! And yet, as we said of the Philistine and his civilization, so we may say of the Barbarian and his civilization also : What merits they have, what a store of virtue ! First of all, they have the grand merit of existing, of having—unlike our ideal society of the future—advanced out of the state of prospectus into the state of fact. They have in great part created the *modus vivendi* by which our life is actually carried forward, and by which England is what it is. In the second place, they have intrinsic merits of nature and character ; and by these, indeed, have mainly done their work in the world. Even the adult and rigid Barbarian has often invaluable qualities. It is hard for him, no doubt, to enter into the kingdom of God—hard for him to believe in the sentiment of the ideal life transforming the life which now is,

to believe in it and come to serve it—hard, but not impossible. And in the young the qualities take a brighter color, and the rich and magical time of youth adds graces of its own to them; and then, in happy natures, they are irresistible. In a nature of this kind I propose now to show them.

The letters and diary of an Eton boy, a young lieutenant in the army who died of dysentery in South Africa, came the other day into my hands. They have not been published, but they were printed as a record of him for his family and his friends. He had been with his regiment little more than a year; the letters and diary extend over a space of less than two months. I fell in, by chance, with the slight volume which is his memorial, and his name made me look through the pages; for the name awakened reminiscences of distant Oxford days, when I had known it in another generation. The passing attention which his name at first drew was presently fixed and charmed by what I read. I have received permission to give to the public some notice of the slight and unpretending record which thus captivated my interest.

Arthur Clynton Baskerville Mynors was born in 1856, of a Herefordshire family. His bringing-up was that of an English boy in an English country house. In January, 1870, he went to Eton, and left at Election, 1875. "His life here," says the short record of him in the *Eton College Chronicle*, "was always joyous, a fearless keen boyhood, spent *sans peur et sans reproche*. Many will remember him as fleet of foot and of lasting powers, winning the mile and the steeplechase in 1874, and the walking race in 1875. As Master of the Beagles in 1875 he showed himself to possess all the qualities of a keen sportsman, with an instinctive knowledge of the craft." After leaving Eton he joined the Oxford militia, and at the beginning of 1878 obtained a commission in the 60th Rifles. He had been just a year with his battalion when it was sent to South Africa. He sailed on the 19th of February, and on the 25th of April he died of dysentery at Fort Pearson, Natal. For these two months we have his letters and diary, written to his father and mother

at home. I wish to let him tell his own story as far as possible, and we will begin with his first letter.

"DUBLIN CASTLE,' February 20th.

"MY DEAR PAPA,

"We were all safe on board last night, and steamed down the Thames, and anchored for the night. The boat is a beautiful one, it goes very smooth as yet; we have passed Dover and Folkestone, and are now off Dungeness. To-night we reach Dartmouth at twelve, and wait till twelve next day. There is an *oudacious* crowd on board with all the men, and nothing to do. The cabins we sleep in are the most extraordinary, two of us, bed and all, in a place about as big as the dining-room table at home, and when it's rough, as far as I can see, we must tumble out; still, it is rather fun. The skipper is a first-rate fellow, lets us do what we like on board. He expects we shall get to Natal about the 18th or 19th of next month; we are sailing about eleven knots an hour, I wish we were going faster. It is very windy and cold on deck; the band played, which enlivened us a little. We have mess as usual, only at six o'clock. I have fitted all my things on your belt, and they do capitally. Please give my love to mamma and everybody that is staying at Durrant's, especially Aunt Ellen, and thank them all for everything they have given me. We stop at Madeira, when I will write to you again; so good-bye till then.

"Ever your most affectionate son,
"ARTHUR."

The next letter is written four days later.

"DUBLIN CASTLE,' February 24th.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,

"Many thanks for your letters, which I found waiting at Dartmouth, where we arrived after rather a rough voyage. There was no end of people there assembled to see us off, and when we started we were lustily cheered by crowds on the shore; the band played 'Should old acquaintance,' &c., and we soon lost sight of England. Friday night everybody was ill, as the sea was rough. Saturday, in the Bay of Biscay, it was awful; the waves were mountains high—a grand sight—so much so, that the upper decks were washed over by the sea all day. I was awfully ill; in fact, so was everybody. On Saturday morning at 4 A.M. I was on watch; luckily for me it was much calmer. I found two of the horses had died in the night, and that several hammocks and other things had been washed overboard. I was awfully glad when we got out of the Bay. I'll never go to sea again if I can help it. Sunday was bright and sunny; everybody came up on deck after the bad weather, and we had quite a jolly day, steaming with a strong wind behind at about twelve and a half miles, or knots I should say, an hour. I was on duty that day. We consigned the poor horses to the deep. This morning was lovely, and we had a regular tropical shower, the

weather, by-the-bye, getting much warmer. It's most absurd, since we started none of us have shaved; we are (not myself) all growing beards. It is awfully slow, nothing to do but read. The men also have nothing to do. I wish we were at Natal, I do so detest the sea. It keeps very rough all the time, and the ship rolls horribly. The men have an awfully bad time of it; packed so close, that they have scarcely room to breathe. All the officers and passengers have dinner, etc., together, downstairs, in a stuffy place, not so bad to look at, but when it is full of sickly females, and no one in the best of humours, it's perfectly unbearable. Still we live in hopes of getting to Natal soon, where I hope we shall have some better fun. We get to Madeira to-morrow night at ten o'clock, and wait for about three hours for stores and the mails. I sent you a picture of the vessel. I hope you got it safe. I hope you were none the worse for waiting in the cold and seeing me off at Tilbury. I have no more to say, but, with best love to papa and all,

"I am ever, dear Mamma,

"Your affectionate son,

"ARTHUR."

Madeira is reached and left; they have a week "awfully hot," during which "I have been learning signalling, which will probably come in useful in the bush." The line has now been crossed, they are approaching Cape Town.

"It has been getting much cooler the last few days, and to-day quite a breeze and rather rough; the ship is getting lighter, and consequently rolls more. We had some pistol practising yesterday, and a nigger entertainment last night, which was great fun. I spend the day mostly in reading, but it is awfully slow, nothing to do. . . . So far, we have had a capital passage, but the trade winds are dead against us now. I wonder how you are all getting on; you will soon begin fishing at Aberedw. Have the hounds had any sport, and how are grandpapa and grandmamma? Please let granny have my letter, and tell her I would write, only one letter answers the purpose as there is so little to say; but I want lots of letters, to hear what is going on at home and at Bosbury. We are all ready to land at Natal; all our weapons are as sharp as needles. I wish we were there. You will hear plenty of news (even if I don't write often, as there may be no way of conveying the letters), as there are three correspondents going up to the front. The *Graphic* correspondent has taken one or two drawings of our men on board ship, so you may see them; I advise you to take it in. I have written very badly, but must make excuse that the sea is rough to-day. Remind Charles about planting the gorse in the cock-shoots, where the trees are bitten off by the rabbits. I don't fancy the mosquitoes in Natal. I believe there are swarms of them there, so I am going to buy a mosquito net at Cape Town. My next letter will probably be from Durban, in a week's time or so."

"For something to do," he copies out, to send with his letter, the verses written by a passenger on the burial of a private soldier who died on board. Then comes Cape Town, "a horrid place, very hot and dirty," but with the Table Mountain to make amends; "the rocks were rather like the Craigy rocks, only much larger and bolder." Then Cape Town is left, and they are in the last stage of their voyage.

"On Sunday morning I went to church at the cathedral, rather a fine building for Cape Town. Had to go on board at one o'clock, and we sailed at two o'clock. We passed the Cape of Good Hope about six o'clock in the afternoon. The coast all along looked rugged and bare, very mountainous in the background, and rocks jutting boldly out. Rounding the point, the sea became very rough, and has been ever since. At dinner nothing can stand up, knives, forks, tumblers, bottles, everything sent flying about. There are no end of porpoises and dolphins all along the coast; they come swimming and jumping by the side of the vessel. Rounded Cape D'Agulhas about three o'clock in the morning; only saw the lighthouse. Monday was still rough, and we kept in sight of shore all day. We practised revolver-shooting most of the afternoon. To-day it rained all the morning. . . . the country opposite us looks much flatter, and is quite green on the slopes of the hills. We amuse ourselves by looking through our field-glasses at the shore—we are now about three miles from it; enormous great sand-hills along the beach, and woody at the back. We have seen a few houses and some cattle, otherwise the country looks uninhabited. We passed Algoa Bay this morning. . . . I shall be very glad when we have landed, as this is the slowest work I ever went through in my life; we sail along pretty fast, do about two hundred and seventy to three hundred miles in twenty-four hours. Another of the horses is very ill from the rough weather; I expect he will die before he gets on shore. The men and officers are none the worse from the journey, but I expect we shall get very foot-sore at first. We are in awfully bad training, as we can't get any exercise. How is poor old Martha? Give her my love. I suppose you are just beginning summer; here the winter is beginning. I believe in the winter time there is no rain at all."

On Friday, the 21st of March, they are at Durban, and in tents; "the country looks beautiful; like Wales, only all the hills are bush." On Saturday they start to relieve Colonel Pearson, surrounded by the Zulus at Fort Ekowe. On Saturday, the 22d, "went by train twelve miles, encamped, had dinner in dark; slept four hours, up at two o'clock in the dark." Then a diary gives a record of the march.

"*Sunday morning*.—Started at 4 A.M. to march in utter darkness; unpitched camp, packed up and off; marched six miles on awful bad road to Verulam; the hilliest and prettiest country I ever saw; forded two rivers; stopped eight hours at Verulam; bathed, washed my clothes, and started at three o'clock P.M., our baggage drawn by oxen, sixteen to twenty oxen in each wagon. Went to church at Verulam. Niggers awful-looking beasts, tall, strong, and active; wear no clothes at all, except very few round the waist. The battalion bathed in the Umhloti River. No more news about the war. Weather very hot from 9 A.M. till 3 P.M. The march to Victoria was fearful, dreadfully hot; the sun right on our heads; and carrying our ammunition and arms, almost heart-breaking. We got there just in time to see to pitch our tents and tumble into bed for a few hours, and on

"*Monday morning*.—Up at 2.20 in the dark, see nothing and find nothing; started, crossed and bathed in the Tongaat; up to our waists crossing, so wet and wretched. One halt for mid-day in Compensation Flat in the sun, no shade to be found and no rest; waited till 2.30 and marched nine miles, the longest and weariest I ever marched; the men were almost dead with heat. Had only coffee and tea twice a day, and nothing else, unless we passed a public-house or shed, which were few and far between; and then what we bought was awfully dear. Still we scrape along; and at last at seven o'clock we got to our camping-place; put tents up in the dark; had some salt tinned beef and muddy water, and went to bed. Up next morning at 2.30 to a minute; lowered and packed our tents and off at 4 A.M.; crossed and bathed in the Umhali, which, we being pretty dirty from heat, refreshed us much; and then encamped at eight o'clock at the Umvoti River, up to our knees. Very, very hot; we washed some of our clothes, and this time a native who owned a mill was very kind and gave us some beer. We boiled our tinned meat and made soup; started much refreshed, and in much better spirits. The country very hilly and hot; Indian corn up to one's head in the fields. Some plantations of sugar-cane also in the country, which, when picked, was sweet and juicy. The Zulus or niggers here are scarcely human beings; naked and their skins like leather; awful beasts to look at and very hideous. This afternoon we passed Stranger Camp, and halted a mile and a half from the camp. The men just beginning to get into condition again; since they left the ship they had been in very bad training for marching, owing to no exercise on board ship. Next morning we got up at 2.45, and down tents, and crossed a river (shoes and stockings off), and marched by New Gelderland about seven or eight miles by seven o'clock, and encamped by the Monoti River, where alligators and hippopotami are numerous; we bathed notwithstanding. It was hotter than ever; the country beautiful and hilly; no fences; mostly grass about as high as your thigh. We heard yesterday that the column going to relieve Pearson had crossed the Tugela, and was waiting for us before starting. . . . We shall cross the Tugela to-morrow.

"*Thursday 27th*.—A spy was caught yesterday at Fort Pearson in the camp. No one knows where the Zulu armies are; one day they are seen at one place, another at another; one meal lasts them for three days, and the bush they can creep through like snakes. Being nothing but Zulus (natives) about the country here, they come and watch us; in fact, they know everything that goes on. They are awfully wily; they are never to be caught in an open country, and never will be unless at Undini; the only time they will attack their enemy is before daybreak, and at night when we encamp, and then they won't attack a very big force.

"My dear papa and mamma I send you my diary."

Finding that they have still to wait a day at Fort Pearson, he writes a letter to accompany his diary, and gives an account of the military situation.

"We shall cross the river to-morrow or next day, and then we relieve Pearson. They can signal from here to them. Pearson says he is pretty well off, but has nine officers and one hundred and fifty men ill with dysentery. When Pearson is relieved, we by ourselves stay here; the other regiments return and make a *dépôt* between Fort Pearson and Ekowe, where Pearson is encamped, and carry stores and provisions there; then we shall march to Undini, the king's kraal. At first it is a pretty clear road to Pearson, but afterwards there is a large bush which we have to get through to get at him. We shall be at Ekowe for about three weeks. We are about four miles from the sea, and the river is about a quarter of a mile across. Everything looks like business. Colonel Hopton, when we march up, remains in command here, and at Fort Tenedos, the other side of the river. I saw him this morning; he asked after everybody at home. It is very jolly getting here, and having a day's rest, and some bread and fresh meat. All in very good spirits. Everything I have, and the rest of us, is washing and drying. My camp equipage is first rate—everything I want. The Zulus are very fine men, use assegais and rifles of some sort. They treat the wounded fearfully; spear them through and through—at least, their women do. I enclose my diary of the month as I have no time to copy it."

On Friday, the 28th of March, the Tugela is crossed, and the diary recommences.

"We crossed the Tugela, being towed across. The men bivouacked and spent an awful night in pouring rain. Colonel Hopton gave me a bed in his tent. Most of the officers stood up in the rain all night. Next day,

"*Saturday, March 29th*.—We started for Ekowe and marched about twelve miles. The column was five to six miles long, and we went awfully slow. There we laagered with shelter-trench outside. It would have taken 100,000 Zulus to take it. I and Keith (Turnour) on

outpost duty all night (blue funk), and both tired and wet. Luckily no enemy came. Returned to camp tired, after the column had marched off.

"*Sunday, March 30th.*—Started at ten. Much delay caused by wagons crossing a brook. Warm march. Burnt a lot of kraals on the way. Enemy flying in small detachments. Arrived at Anatakula River, one mile from river on Natal side. Great bother about laager being put up, and much confusion. Early to bed. Bright moonlight till twelve.

"*Monday, March 31st.*—Under arms at four, expecting attack early. Enemy moving. Very hot; no wind; no shade. A buck ran into camp this morning and was assailed, after much sport among the natives. Rumour of Cetewayo having offered peace; not believed, one word of it. Got into camp about 5.30, where we bivouached.

"*Tuesday, April 1st.*—Under arms at four. Marched about eight o'clock with great care, Zulus having been seen by scouts hovering about. This morning the order of advance was—

"57th.

"The sailors with a Gatling and rocket.

"Ourselves.

"Our train.

"Rear Guard 99th.

"Marines and 91st.

"Two Regiments of Natives,

protecting our wagons on the flanks. We were drawn up ready to receive the enemy twice, but they retreated. We reached our camping-place about four o'clock; laagered as usual, and made entrenchments round it, only making them nearly double the height. About one hour after we got in, it began to thunder, and the rain came down in torrents, wetting us through. Our feet had been wet for the last two days; in fact, we are never dry. No clothes to change, or anything, as now we have only got with us what we have got on, a mackintosh sheet, and a great-coat. We slept as well as we could. Had the sentries doubled, the enemy being expected to attack us next morning.

"*Wednesday, April 2nd.*—Under arms at four; and just as day was beginning to break, our pickets reported the enemy advancing. Everything was got into readiness; the trenches manned; the pickets recalled. We saw the enemy coming out of a dingle in files, and, opening out, they surrounded us in most splendid skirmishing order. The bravest fellows I ever saw. Our face was attacked first, as they had not had time to get round to the other side. At about 6.20 the first shot was fired, and soon all our men were blazing away; shots whizzing over our heads, the Gatling at the corner pounding it into them. They advanced at the double, creeping in shelter of the grass. We were so strong they could do nothing. Still they advanced within twenty yards, where afterward some were picked up dead. Our men were awfully frightened and nervous at first, could not even speak, and shivered from funk; so we, the officers, had enough to do to keep the men cool. We repulsed them in about twenty

minutes; while on our flanks and rear, where the other regiments were, the battle was still going on. Two of our companies were then taken round to relieve the other side, one of which was mine, so we marched under their fire to the rear face, and acted as a support. It was soon all over. We repulsed them on all sides. The native cavalry and native contingent were then let loose to pursue them; which they did, assailing most of the wounded on their way and not doing much damage to the enemy. There ought to have been a great many more killed, but all the men were nervous and excited, and had not been under fire before. We counted and buried four hundred and seventy-six, but a great many were found the same day by our scouts, wounded and hiding in bushes some miles off. We finished at about 7.10, and the rest of the day we were burying them, and our own five poor fellows, and one officer, Johnson, of the 99th. I think we had thirty wounded. In our regiment one man was killed; he was in my company—shot right through the head; and Colonel Northey badly wounded, the shot entering at the shoulder and lodging itself in his back. It was got out. He is very weak; I only hope he may recover. Three other men in the regiment were wounded. It was a fearful sight—so many of these brave chaps lying about, dead and covered with blood and gore. They must have had a great many more wounded, whom they took away with them. I myself did not quite like the first few shots as they whizzed about over our heads, but found I had such a lot to do to keep the men in order and telling them when to shoot, that I did not mind it a bit."

This was the affair, or "battle," of Ginghilovo; and surely never was such an affair described with a more prepossessing simplicity, modesty, and humanity. The next day, the 3d of April, Ekowe was reached and Pearson relieved. On the 5th of April young Myrners with his battalion marched back to the scene of their recent action, Ginghilovo, where a fort was to be established for a base of operations. And now, with the common mention of bad weather and trying climate, comes the ominous mention of sickness also.

"*Saturday, April 5th.*—We left Ekowe quite empty, having burnt the King's Brother's kraal the day before. We halted for two hours, as our line of wagons with Pearson's was so long. It was awfully hot. The country is perfectly lovely; such grass and woods, hills, most beautiful flowers and trees; if only inhabited, it would be one of the most charming countries in the world. The climate is bad. So hot in the day-time and cold at night. Dew like rain. I saw on our route to-day, after halting in the sun for a couple of hours, six or seven fellows fall out from sun-stroke.

"*Sunday*, April 6th.—Poor Colonel Northey died. We had a scare, or rather false alarm, at about 3.30 in the morning. Colonel Pemberton has got dysentery. We began half-rations to-day. Men not in good health."

That night the second instalment of diary is sent off by the courier from Ginghilovo, with a letter of a few lines, written by moonlight. "I hope this will find you all well at home. Here there is nothing but hard work, and very little to eat from morning till night. I am afraid it will be a long affair." The same Sunday night the diary is resumed.

"GINGHILOVO.—We came back here in the morning, after leaving Pearson to our right, who was going straight back to the Tugela to recruit his troops. We encamped about three quarters of a mile from where we had had our battle. Passing the ground the stench was fearful, owing to natives who had dragged themselves off and died.

"*Monday*, April 7th.—Colonel Pemberton still remains on the sick list; and several of the officers have been suffering more or less from diarrhoea, caused by bad water. In my last letter I said we were on half-rations; but it only lasted for about two days, as we have got some more sent us. In the afternoon we moved up a small hill into a first-rate position, but water bad and a mile off, and even that not likely to last long. We have also on the next hill another laager for the natives and bullocks. It is, of course, a necessity to keep them out of the camp, because they make the place smell so. In the daytime it is awfully hot, the sun having such power; and at night cool, and very heavy dews wet you through if you did not wear a mackintosh. The men begin to improve in spirits, but it will be awfully slow here for a fortnight on the saltiest of pork and hard biscuit, pork unfit to eat.

"*Wednesday*, April 9th.—I was on duty from 3 to 4 A.M. Another scorching hot day. A great deal of long grass has been burned about the country, of course by the Zulus. Captain Tufnell—who was assuming command of the regiment, as we had no other officers—also very ill. We sit in the shade under the wagons out of the sun. Of course we cannot go much more than a couple of hundred yards from the camp, except in small parties, so we find it rather dull. I got your letter from Mereworth, and was very glad to get it; always like having as much news as possible, as we seldom see a paper. . . . I walked round our new fort this afternoon. It is very strong, so to say, and would keep any Zulu army in the world off.

"*Thursday*, April 10th.—My company was on outpost duty, so I was out all day long, and did not do much but keep a look-out. Most of the troops suffering from dysentery and want of sustenance. We expect a convoy soon, as we have only six days' more provisions. Awfully hot again to-day. The

country all round our fort is more or less plain to the N., S., and E., where the King feeds his cattle. To the W. it is very mountainous, very like Scotland, only hills, I should say, higher. We see the Zulu fires at night in the distance. I wish we could get from here, but I believe we have to wait until all the forces are ready to advance. I don't know whether I told you about the native contingent. They are all black like niggers, and awful-looking beasts; have scarcely any clothes on at all. They are armed with rifles, but are very bad shots; the only good they are is after a victory to pursue the enemy, as they are very active; also they do not make bad scouts; they are very sharp-sighted, and can hear very quickly. We must in the end give the Zulus a thrashing, but the hard thing is to find them. We can never attack them, because we don't know where they are, and they will take good care only to attack us when we are in the bush or crossing rivers, and perhaps at night. When they advance at close quarters, they come like cavalry; but of course any English army can stop them if properly handled.

"Now, my dear papa and mamma, I must finish off. I hope this will catch the mail on Tuesday. I hope all the farms, &c., are doing well. With very best love to all, Martha, Jubber, and Pussy,

"I am, ever your affectionate son,

"ARTHUR."

On the night of Saturday, the 12th of April, poor boy, after being on duty all the previous day, Good Friday, "in the other laager where the niggers live," he was himself seized by sickness. On the 13th he writes home:

"I was taken awfully seedy in the night with diarrhoea, and to-day, Easter Sunday, I was obliged to go on the sick list, as my complaint had turned more to dysentery. The bad water and lowering food and bad climate are enough to kill anybody; still we struggle on, the same for everybody. Our native runners who take the post were yesterday chased on their way to the Tugela, and had to return here. A convoy with provisions has arrived here all safe; so far so good, as long as it lasts. We expect to be here a month or six weeks doing nothing, unless we have to alter the position of our fort owing to the scarcity of water. The nights get colder, and the sun is hotter than any English sun in the daytime. . . . When we left England we were 700 strong, and now we figure about 628, caused mostly by men gone to hospital. Some two or three of our cattle die every night, also a horse or two; consequently, being only just covered with earth for burial, there are numerous unhealthy smells. I tried to get leave with Hutton to go shooting some buck which had been seen, but was refused as not being safe. We got our first English papers on Thursday, and very glad we were to get them. By-the-bye, have you been fishing, and what sport? Please tell me every-

thing. How are grandmamma and grandpapa? I have not heard of or from them. I hope you send them my scribbles; I daresay they are very hard to make out, but having only a blanket and sheet (waterproof) with us, there is very little paper to be got. What I write with now is a pen I bought, which you dip in water and it writes as you see. How is Jubber, and how is Edmund Carew? The Zulus around us amuse themselves by burning grass, I suppose with the idea to starve our cattle. Lord Chelmsford has gone back to Durban. All the troops have arrived safe, the 17th only losing three horses on their journey. The niggers brought us in some sweet potatoes yesterday, which are horrible things, still they are of the vegetable description. . . The Colonel is still suffering from dysentery, also Tufnell; so Cramer, the second captain, is in command of us. I should very much like to have the *Hereford Times* forwarded to me, as it would give me all the county news. We had service this morning for the first time since we left the 'Dublin Castle,' every other Sunday we have been marching. We killed an enormous snake the other day, about five or six feet long. Two rhinoceroses have been seen near here feeding; I wish I could get a shot at them, but can't get leave to get out. Has Colonel Price had much sport with the hounds, and how are all the horses, colts, mares, etc.? How does the Cwm get on; I wish I was there; also the ravens, everything? Colonel Northey is a great loss; he was married, too, and his wife a very nice person. Tell grandpapa I find the little book he gave me very useful; also your Bible, which I always carry with me. To-day is Easter Sunday, and a convoy has just been sighted; they say we shall get the mail. I know I am writing great bosh, but have nothing else to do. If you happen to see Mr. Walsh, please thank him for my revolver; I find it very useful, and it shoots first rate, also remember me to Aunt Ellen, and tell her she does not know how much I am indebted to her . . . Several fellows have followed my idea of writing a diary and posting it; it seems very lazy and undutiful of me, but it is perhaps better than nothing. I do wish you could be here for a day or two to see the country, and the trees and shrubs that grow wild, just like a flower garden. I should say the grass here is better for feeding than any in England, one could easily mow three or four crops of hay in the year. The only thing, or one of the few things, the Zulus cultivate is Indian corn, what they call mealies; also a few fields of sugar-cane here and there. We are not many miles from the sea, as we can hear it when the wind is the right way, from six to ten miles I daresay.

"Monday.—Convoy arrived all safe last night. By the mail poor Keith Turnour heard he had lost his father. I was awfully sorry, as I could not do any work, being still on the sick list. My dysentery still sticks to me with bad pain in my inside, but I feel otherwise well in myself. I slept under a cart last night—quite a luxury, as it keeps the dew off. To-day we are burning the grass

round our laager, so that the Zulus cannot set fire to it and attack us at the same time. The men have had fresh meat the last two days, as several bullocks have come up from Tugela. They are killed at eight in the morning and eaten at one. We got some jam up last night, so we are doing pretty well now. The only thing I wish is that the Zulus would attack us again. It is getting quite slow doing nothing. Captain Tufnell is off the sick list to day, and takes command of the regiment. How are Uncle Tom and Aunt Conty getting on? Having no end of fun, I'll be bound. Our laager is about twenty miles from Fort Pearson on the Tugela, and sixteen miles from the now abandoned Ekowe, which we can see with our telescopes. We are all becoming very learned cooks, as we cook all our meat, salt meat, etc., make soup and different things of them. The worst of it is we have very few materials to cook in, mostly provided by the wagon conductors. We made some mealie cakes of Indian corn, which were first rate at the time, but awfully indigestible afterward; I'm afraid the fault of the cooking; I wish I had taken lessons from Miles before I left.

"Tuesday, April 15th.—The convoy of empty wagons left at six to go to Tugela. Spent a very bad night, suffering from diarrhoea, and felt much weaker to-day; still I hope I shall get over it soon. Some of the fellows got leave to shoot, and they shot five golden plovers, or gray kind of plovers, which are very acceptable to our larder. I felt awfully dull, nothing to do but sit under a cart out of the sun and try to sleep. The scouts went out some six or seven miles to-day and burnt several kraals. Four Zulu women and a boy were brought in yesterday, the most hideous creatures I ever saw, more like wild animals. I am going to post my letter to-night, so as to be certain to catch the mail. I hope you are all well, and love to everybody.

"Ever your most affectionate son,

"ARTHUR."

"P. S.—I was very glad to get a letter from you and papa last night, of March 11th. I am exceedingly sorry to hear of grandmamma's attack. It must indeed have been very serious. I only hope she may recover for some time, and be well when I get home again. I had rather a better night last night, but I am still very weak. Sorry to hear 'Masquerade' is a roarer. Have not had grandpapa's and Elinor's letters yet: must have missed the mail."

He never got home, and he wrote no more; the cold nights, and heavy dews, and suns "hotter than any English sun," had done their work. On the 24th of April he was sent to the hospital at Fort Pearson, where Colonel Hopton, a Herefordshire neighbor, was in command; the poor boy died on the day following, and in a letter to his father Colonel Hopton relates the end.

"Yesterday morning I got a note from an officer of the 60th, Gunning, who appears to have been told by Arthur that he knew me, informing me that he, Arthur, was very ill with dysentery, and that the doctor had sent him to Fort Pearson in hopes that the change of air would do him good, and asking me to meet the convoy on arrival here and get Arthur at once into the hospital. I met the empty convoy of wagons last evening, as they approached our camp, and got the one with Arthur in it over the river (Tugela) as soon as I could, and sent it up to hospital. This morning early I went to see him, having first asked the doctor in charge about him. He at once told me he feared the worst. When I saw him I did not think he would recover. His servant was with him, who was very attentive to him. We gave him what medical comforts could be got, such as beef-tea and champagne. I stayed with him all the morning, until 2 P.M., and at his request I read and prayed by his stretcher side; he was then quite sensible and followed all I said, and repeated some of the prayers after me. All this time he was very weak, and hardly able to raise himself up, although his servant told me that yesterday he was able to stand and walk. The disease for some days seems to have taken hold of him. He passed nothing but pure blood, and when I first saw him was reduced almost to a skeleton. About 2 P.M., having changed his shirt and made him as comfortable as I could, I left him, telling him I would come back soon. Some time afterwards I got a message from him asking me to go back, which I did, about 5.30 P.M. I found a Captain Cardew, one of the staff officers, with him. He had just read the fourteenth chapter of St. John to him, which he listened to, and asked Cardew to read slowly, so that he might follow. A doctor was also with him. They told me that the end was approaching. We all stayed with him till about 7 P.M., when he gave a little sigh and passed away; he was not sensible for the last hour, but appeared not to suffer any pain. When I was with him in the morning, I said: 'Arthur, I shall write by the post to-night, and tell your mother how ill you are.' He said: 'Yes, please, Colonel, write to mamma.' It was at this time that he asked me to read to him and repeated after me the Lord's Prayer."

A little more is added by a friend and brother officer, Lieutenant Hutton, a corporal from whose company had helped the dying boy's servant in his attendance on his master.

"The corporal, at the boy's request, had on several occasions read to him both from the Bible and Prayer Book, and as the corporal expressed himself to me, he seemed always more peaceful and happy afterward. His servant Starman was most struck by the heroic and resigned way in which his master bore the pain of his disease shortly before his death. Knowing the end was approaching, and seeing his master inclined to move, Starman got

up and was about to smooth his pillow for him, when the boy, with a smile that as he said he will never forget, turned and whispered: 'Hush, don't touch me, I am going to heaven;' and so fell asleep."

On the 26th of April, the day after his death, Arthur Mynors was buried under a mimosa-tree, on a grassy slope looking down to the sea over the lovely valley of the Tugela. On the 2d of May some men of his regiment, the 60th, put a small rough wooden cross over his grave, with this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
LIEUT. MYNORS,

3/60,

WHO DIED APRIL 25, 1879,

AGED 22 YEARS.

It was a happy nature that, by the banks of the Tugela, passed thus early away—a happy and beautiful nature. His simple letters and diary, which we have been following, show him to us better than any admiring description. They show a nature fresh, wholesome, gay; an English boy with the tastes of his age and bringing up, with a keen love of sport, with a genuine love for the country, a genuine eye for it—Greek in his simplicity and truth of feeling, Greek in his simplicity and truth of touch. We see him full of natural affection, and not ashamed of manifesting it; bred in habits of religion, and not ashamed of retaining them; without a speck of affectation, without a shadow of pretension, unsullied, brave, true, kind, respectful, grateful, uncensorious, uncomplaining; in the time to act, cheerfully active; in the time to suffer, cheerfully enduring. So to his friends he seemed, and so their testimony shows him—testimony which by its affectionate warmth proves the character which could inspire it to have been no ordinary one. "I am sure you and anybody who knew him," writes a brother officer, "will be grieved beyond measure to hear of the death of our dear Bunny Mynors, of dysentery. I can't tell you what a loss he is to us, as he was such a favorite with us all. He had endeared himself in his short stay of a year with men and officers alike, more than is given to the lot of most of us." "He had all the qualities," says another, "of a good soldier and a leader

of men, combined with a perfect temper, thorough unselfishness, and a genial cheery manner." "The life and soul of the mess," writes the adjutant of his battalion, himself an Etonian, "keen at all sports and games, and a universal favorite wherever we have been quartered—it seems hard to lose him. But when I add that in all professional matters he was most earnest, and so keen to be well up in his work, strict and yet with a perfect manner, a favorite with his men, and, as all admit, the most promising boy Eton has sent to our ranks for many a day—when I add this, I feel that not only we who knew him, but all the battalion, must grieve, and will do so for the loss of one who promised to be such a credit to his regiment The old school may well grieve for so fine a character as his who has just been taken from us. I know no finer fellows, or those who do their work so well, as those like Mynors, who never said an unkind word of any one, and consequently no one ever said any word except of praise or love for them." "Such as they," to the same effect says his tutor, Mr. Warre, who has gained and kept the loving regard and trust of so many generations of his Eton pupils, as he gained and kept those of young Mynors; "such as *they* have from others the love that they deserve."

Natures so beautiful are not common; and those who have seen and possessed the bright presence of such a boy, while they mourn their irreparable loss, cannot but think most of his rareness, his uniqueness. For me, a stranger, and speaking not to his friends but to the wide public, I confess that when I have paid my tribute of sympathy to a beautiful character and to a profound sorrow, it is rather to what he has in common with others that my thoughts are drawn, than to what is unique in him. The order of things in which he was brought up, the school system in which he was educated, produce, not indeed many natures so sweet as his, but in all good natures many of his virtues. That school system is a close and narrow one; that order of things is chang-

ing, and will surely pass away. Vain are endeavors to keep it fixed forever, impotent are regrets for it; it will pass away. The received ideas which furnished the mind of Arthur Mynors, as they in general furnish the minds of English boys of his class, and which determine his and their intellectual vision, will change. But under the old order of things, and with its received ideas, there were bred great and precious virtues; it is good for us to rest our eyes upon them, to feel their value, to resolve amid all chances and changes to save and nourish them, as saved and nourished they can be. Our slowness of development in England has its excellent uses in enabling indispensable virtues to take root, and to make themselves felt by us to be indispensable. Our French neighbors have moved faster than we; they have more lucidity, in several important respects, than we have; they have fewer illusions. But a modern French school-boy, Voltairian and emancipated, reading "La Fille Elisa" and "Nana," making it his pastime to play tricks on his ch plain, to mock and flout him and his teaching—the production of a race of lucid school-boys of this kind is a dangerous privilege. When I lay down the memoir of Dr. Raleigh I feel that, crude and faulty as is the type of religion offered by Puritanism, narrow and false as is its conception of human life, materialistic and impossible as is its world to come, yet the seriousness, soberness, and devout energy of Puritanism are a prize, once won, never to be lost; they are a possession to our race forever. And in taking leave of the letters and diary of Arthur Mynors, I feel that this natural and charming boy, too, has virtues, he and others like him, which are part of the very tradition and life of England; which have gone to make the "ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good-nature, and good-humor of the English people,"* and which can no more perish than that ideal.—*Fortnightly Review*.

* Burke.

ADVENTURES ON THE ROVUMA.

LETTERS IN COURSE OF AN EXPLORATION.—II.

ZANZIBAR.

DEAR ——. Just about the time my former letter reaches you, I proceed to commit to paper the remainder of my story. This time, as you perceive, I write from comparatively civilized quarters.

I have returned to the city of Zanzibar, without having discovered either coal or gold; and, as my honest report has not been calculated to gladden the expectant heart of His Highness or to afford the happy prospect of filling his royal pockets, I do not write in the sunshine of court favor. In view of the hint conveyed in my last, you will not be surprised to hear that my examination of the "Coal fields" only brought to light bituminous shales in meagre quantities. These have been seen by some imaginative Arab and Parsee observers and magnified into "rich beds" of the more precious material. Such formations, though of no commercial value, are interesting geologically. However, as His Highness lacks even the most rudimentary acquaintance with my favorite science, I have thought it hopeless to attempt to arouse in his mind any enthusiasm regarding a subject so far removed from the sphere of business. The sum of the matter is that he asked for coal and I have given him shale.

After fully satisfying myself of the absence of the desired mineral, I continued my march up the Lujendè one or two days farther. The fertile and beautifully wooded banks of the river afforded splendid cover for fine herds of game, which every now and again could be seen grazing in the open glades, bounding away in alarm at our approach, or standing like statues under the shady cover of noble trees, awaiting the passing of the hot noonday sun.

One morning, while securing the skins of two fine waterbuck which I had just shot, we were very much startled at finding ourselves surrounded by a large band of Zulu-like warriors, who had been attracted by our shooting. On finding that they were spies, they raised their war-cry, shook their shields and

spears in the air, and indulged in various threatening gestures. They were evidently the much-dreaded Mavitu (generally believed to be Zulus), who by their continual war raids have turned almost the entire Rovuma valley into a desert. Putting matters in order in case of an attack, I, according to my usual practice, stepped out from among my men unarmed, at the same time shouting out, "Msafara wa Mzungu!" ("a white man's caravan"). This had the desired effect. A consultation was held among them, followed by more peaceful signs; and, on our inviting them to come near, they readily approached, uttering the usual expressions of wonder at all they saw. On closer acquaintance we discovered that, like the Mahengè, whose real character I unearthed on my previous journey, they were not Zulus at all, but belonged to a tribe called Nindè, living near the coast town of Kilwa. A number of these Wa-Nindè having observed the panic of terror occasioned by a memorable raid of Zulus, and finding that the very sight of a Zulu dress was sufficient to paralyze a whole district with alarm, had assumed the garb of the dreaded warriors and adopted their mode of warfare. Thus a mere handful of men have almost annihilated one tribe and wrought serious havoc among one or two others.

On the day following this incident we reached a point where the Lujendè breaks over some wonderful cliffs in thundering cascades, the roar of the water being heard at a great distance. On bare isolated rocks, in the midst of this grand turmoil, dwells an unfortunate remnant of the tribe which once occupied the whole surrounding country. Their miserable huts are reached only with the utmost difficulty and danger, partly by canoes and partly by jumping from rock to rock. I paid them a visit and was surprised to notice how healthy and apparently jolly they were.

Two days later we camped at a Makua village called Kwa-nantusi. There I ascended a very remarkable quadrangular mountain called Lipumbula. It

risers a thousand feet above the plain, in sheer perpendicular precipices, except on one side, where there is a talus of rubbish half-way up. In the ascent we of course chose this side. All went merrily until we had surmounted the talus. There we were brought up against a dead wall, which seemed quite unassailable. We made two different attempts, both of them dangerous, and failed. A third venture, however, revealed to us a sort of crack or joint, and taking advantage of this we finally gained the summit, though with skinned hands and knees owing to the energy with which we had clutched the coarse gritty rock. For upward of an hour we were in such a position that the slightest unguarded movement or impulse of nervousness would have certainly caused us to be dashed to atoms hundreds of feet below.

Leaving Kwa-nantusi and also the Lujednè River, we struck away in a N.N.W. direction until we reached the second branch of the Rovuma (which indeed bears that name), at the Makua village called Undè. Here my men piously and earnestly assisted at bidding God-speed to the soul of the chief who had just died, and whose obsequies were being celebrated. They drew down the applause of all right-minded negroes by the zealous manner in which they quaffed the huge pots of funeral beer, and by the abounding energy with which they danced the death dance; although by-and-by an uneasy notion seemed to spread among the natives that they were being deprived of their proper share in this pleasant manifestation of regret. As hundreds had gathered from all parts of the country to these praiseworthy solemnities, and as they had all done their best to drown their profound sorrows in the flowing bowl, their attentions to me became more obtrusive than pleasing. A drunk man anywhere is imbecile if not violent, but a drunk negro is the very personification of idiocy.

Among the Makua a curious custom prevails. When a chief dies, the first act of his successor (who is always, where possible, his sister's son) is to take possession of the deceased chief's wives. After he has spent a night in the harem the head wife brings out her

late husband's stool, and, seating the new chief on it, shaves his head in presence of the assembled people, who thenceforward recognize him as their sultan.

It was with a deep pathetic interest that I realized, on reaching this part of the Rovuma, I was traversing ground made classical by the footsteps of Livingstone. Here, at the very threshold of that great last journey, commenced the long series of privations which resulted in his lamented death. Here he had to face the horrors of starvation: besides being subjected to a thousand worrying annoyances by his boys and Sepoys, while his great sensitive heart recoiled from the sights of unspeakable cruelty he was constantly witnessing, as the ghastly bands of slaves passed coastward day by day. Yet, overwhelming as his trials were, it is delightful to know that they were not endured in vain. Short as is the lapse of time since that crisis of sympathetic suffering, he must, if he is cognizant of present facts already feel amply rewarded for all his pain.

From Undè we proceeded down the Rovuma. Our route led us first N. and then suddenly E.S.E. At the point where the river makes this abrupt turn it passes by a great gorge through some very extraordinary mountains, forming scenery of the grandest and wildest. At one place the water shoots over falls in thundering masses, broken by huge impending rocks into white foamy clouds and rainbow-circled spray; then, rushing from the vast seething caldron with angry speed, it presently calms down into beautiful rock-bound placid pools without a ripple or a sound, except where an occasional hippo rises with a snort to the surface and sinks again, leaving behind a series of ever-widening circlets of waves. The mountains around rise in cones and domes smooth and polished, as if they had but yesterday emerged from beneath an Arctic glacier. This idea is supported by the almost utter absence of even the slightest vegetation—a fact certainly very remarkable in the tropics.

Two days after passing these mountains—of which a prominent one bears the name Masenga—we regained our former route at the point where the Lujednè joins the Rovuma. Not to

return to the coast by the way I came, I resolved to cross to the south side of the river into new and unknown ground.

It was now the first of September when we entered upon the last stage of our march. Early on that morning I am awakened by the *réveillé* of the caravan. Reluctantly I bestir myself, kick off my pyjama's, and struggle into my clothes by the faint aid of the first rays of dawn. As I emerge from my tent after my ablutions and sit down on a box to my morning's coffee, the bedstead and boxes are packed, the tent pulled down and folded. By the time I have finished my hasty breakfast everything and everybody are ready for the start, and long ere the sun has shown his rosy countenance over the horizon we are moving out of camp.

During the night lions have been prowling about and keeping up a hideous roaring, so I hurry away in front with the prospect of meeting one strolling home in the gray light of the early hours. The air is raw and cold, so I march at the double-quick and recklessly thrust my hands to the bottom of my pockets in the happy consciousness of not being in Regent Street. My two usual attendants in my hunting expeditions have considerably shrivelled up and have developed an ashy complexion unpleasant to behold, as they slink along shivering with the cold and doubtless envying me my pockets.

We soon get a considerable distance ahead of the caravan and begin to keep a sharp look out for game. Several herds are descried at a distance; but, not caring to go far out of our way, we leave these unmolested. Matters, however, don't become more promising, and we begin to conclude there is to be no sport this morning. Just as that thought shapes itself, down sinks the guide in a crouching position, while he excitedly whispers, "A lion! a lion!" Instinctively we follow his example. After a hurried glance at my rifle I cautiously raise my head. Looking in the direction indicated by the guide, I am mortified at seeing, already fifty yards off, a fine lion leisurely bounding away through the long grass. Rising erect I fire precipitately. The shot is evidently lost. The lion, unharmed, simply pauses for a momentary stare and then continues

its course. Grinding out an expression of intense vexation and yielding to the impulse of the moment I rush after the animal in hot haste. My servants, less eager and more wise than I, remain where they were. It never occurred to me that I have only the remaining cartridge of my double-barrelled rifle for a possible encounter with the enemy.

The movements of the lion can only be traced by the shaking of the grass, and with eye intently fixed on that I dash on pell-mell, tripping, stumbling, and gasping for breath, while my heart palpitates with the excitement of the chase. We thus keep up the race for about three hundred yards, when all at once the shaking of the grass ceases, reminding me that I must proceed with much more caution lest I rush abruptly into the fervent embraces of his leonine highness—a consummation most devoutly to be deprecated, seeing I have no ambition for the world's reprobation and a warning epitaph. Moving on very stealthily for some time I suddenly emerge into an open space and as suddenly halt transfixed; for there stands the lion at a distance of little more than fifteen yards, with its side toward me, and evidently awaiting my approach. The momentary shock gives place instantly to a strange feeling of exultation. With such a splendid opportunity for a shot I am sure of my game! Mentally, as by a flash, I picture myself exhibiting the trophies of the encounter to an admiring troop of friends. I level my gun and bang it goes. To my infinite mortification and, as I think, against all the laws of reason, there is neither the grand death-spring nor the tragic last roar. Unwounded and undaunted there stands my dangerous antagonist, "staring upon the hunter!" It takes one or two seconds to let the grim realities of the situation dawn upon my imagination. Only too evidently the tables are turned upon me. I have no ammunition and I dare not flee. To "fix" him with my eye unfortunately does not occur to me as practicable. On the contrary, I have a very distinct consciousness that he has "fixed" me, and that I should not be ungrateful for some convenient tree from which I might try the fascination of the human gaze. Thus for a little space, which to me

seemed hours, we stand face to face. The lion seems uncertain what to do, but finally resolves to treat me with contempt. Turning with dignity, he gives one or two powerful bounds and disappears in the jungle, while I, limp and bedraggled, return to my men.

To resume the less dramatic details of our coastward journey—we struck away E.S.E. from the Rovuma, and after a six hours' quick tramp through a lightly-wooded country, with game in abundance, we camped beside a dried-up stream, in the bed of which, however, we were able by deep digging to procure a little water. On the following day we had an unusually trying march without water. After the first six hours the men with their heavy loads began to feel thirst acutely and became very despondent. Instead of pushing on with greater haste they gave way in the most childish manner sitting down for long rests only with the result of aggravating their tortures, and grumbling in the most exasperating manner. I made every effort to urge them onward. At last, finding that neither cheering words nor other gentle methods were of any avail, I was compelled to have recourse to the more effectual argument of the belt.

Hour after hour passed wearily away, and still we saw no sign of our destination. By and by even the belt could not persuade the negroes into active effort. Gradually the caravan got scattered over several miles of country, some lying despondently by the wayside, others straggling slowly and wretchedly forward. Giving up my unavailing attempts to push them on, I gathered an energetic few around myself and hastened ahead.

In about an hour we reached some village wells, but to our dismay we found them dry. This was a serious matter and deepened our anxious forebodings. Our guide knew nothing of the country beyond the next village. If it also was deserted our case would indeed be desperate. Possibilities darkly suggested themselves to my mind which I did not dare to express in words. Certain it was that another long waterless march, in the already prostrate condition of the men, would mean death to many of them.

However, we had no time to brood over our fears or to continue blankly

staring at each other's anxious faces. Instant action was necessary. So, firing a gun to make those behind imagine we had reached water and to hurry them up, we pushed on with eager haste to the village two miles off. On our arrival we were delighted to find it occupied, though our indignation was roused by our inhospitable reception. With difficulty I restrained my followers from forcing their way into the huts in search of water. The people declared they had none, and the wells were four hours distant. This, of course, was false; and they soon saw we were not to be deceived. Our importunity began to alarm them, when they noticed we were so well armed. At last they cautiously brought out a small pot of the precious fluid and sold it for the clothes in which one of my men stood. Anon other two were produced, which sufficed for the first comers; the more obstinate laggards being compelled, when they came in, to wait in agony until a further supply was brought from the distant wells. After such a terrible experience we found it necessary to rest a day to recruit our exhausted energies.

Mkomolo was the name of the village we had thus reached. The inhabitants are Makua, a tribe distinguished from the Makondè by a horseshoe-shaped mark upon their forehead. They also tattoo less and wear a smaller pelele. Moreover they exhibit a much higher degree of intelligence.

Here we were much interested to learn, that, one or two weeks previously, two missionaries had passed on their way to Mozambique. Clearly the palmy days of our early African explorers are gone. Then a traveller might wander about for years and neither see, nor come upon the trace of, a white man. In those times a meeting with one was a notable and memorable event. Now all that is changed. In these later days the explorer has carefully to con his map to find a track where the white man's foot "hath ne'er or rarely been." Even then, when he begins to think he has realized that "rapture on the lonely shore," and that "society where none intrudes," of which the poet speaks, he will almost certainly have his Byronic musings abruptly broken by the sudden apparition of some adventurous brother,

who will touch his cap in the most polite manner and "presume he speaks to So-and-so!"

After one day's stay at Mkomolo we were once more *en route*, and once more we were put to great straits for want of water. According to our guides wells would be reached in six hours: but lo! when we arrived, there was just sufficient liquid mud to quence the thirst of three or four men. So onward we must press, travelling all the afternoon. I shot two hartbeests on the way. We looked longingly at the blood, but held out. After sunset we camped, the majority being dead beat. Those who had carried light loads were made meantime to push forward in search of the indispensable element. It was past midnight before they returned, and then they brought only sufficient to drink. Cooking had therefore to be dispensed with.

Next day we had an experience similar, but still more serious, owing to our leaving the plains and getting among rugged rocky mountains. Anticipating a thorough breakdown of the men, Chuma and I hurried off after mid-day and pushed on at our utmost speed. In two hours we reached cultivated ground, and shortly after we descried a cool crystal stream, into which we plunged with exuberant delight and drank to repletion. We discovered, quite close at hand, a village called Madodo. On telling the people our predicament, and offering them beads, etc., to go to the relief of my men, the women immediately rushed for their water-pots and set off with an abundant supply. The porters, in a sad state of weariness, continued to arrive until after four o'clock. Then, to my indignation, I learned that those of the caravan farthest behind had got no water, because the foremost party, when the women met them, had had a fight over the precious fluid, and spilled the most of it. Determined to punish the rascals I called them all up, and, despite their beseeching looks, ordered them to return with food and water till they should have found the last straggler. They were dreadfully tired, but I was inexorable, and there was nothing for it but to obey. Thus, by sunset, everyone was rescued and in camp.

The scenery around Madodo was exquisite. It reminded me of the won-

ders of Dsamabra, and I decided to remain a day just to enjoy the enchantment. Indeed, when I made myself familiar with the people, I was almost tempted to wish I had a month to spend instead of a day. Madodo is one of those very delightful spots, occasionally met with in savage countries, where one insensibly grows poetical in his musings and dreams of Arcadia and its gentle joys. Here are all the charms of unconventional life—luxuriant nature, a balmy atmosphere, no cares and no wants but what one can himself supply with the minimum of trouble! Only you require to stay *but* a day. If you linger you will soon find that you have after all found *not* quite a Paradise. Your first ideal gets rather sadly modified by unwelcome realities.

I had capital fun—for even in African travelling we have our hours of ease—in my attempts to take some photographs of the people. I found this a matter of the utmost difficulty. At most places my attempts had proved abortive, owing to the suspicious and superstitious notions of the people, who would just as soon have stood at the cannon's mouth as face the camera. While the instrument was being erected they usually gathered round in crowds, open-mouthed with wonder and curiosity. But no sooner did I slip the black cloth over my head for focussing purposes than they fled incontinently, and neither bribery nor cajolery could avail to make them stand again. They were always thoroughly imbued with the idea that I was working witchcraft, and that my supposed charming would take some vital essence out of them. Hence not a few villages remained absolutely deserted as long as the camera continued on its legs.

A day's march from Madodo we came upon a section of the Matambwè tribe, who roused our wonder by their wild and ghastly appearance. It is said that they make a point of washing themselves only once a year; and certainly the statement seemed quite believable, for almost their entire clothing consisted of a coating of dirt. It appears that, in place of using water, they rub themselves with wood ashes. This gives them a wierd, unearthly look, which is intensified by a strangely wild and untamed deport-

ment, such as often characterizes the lower undomesticated animals. These people are remarkably tall and slender, though in point of shape their figures are anything but models. They only wear at most a few square inches of cloth, and their huts are such miserable wrecks as are rarely to be seen in Africa.

On the 10th of September we reached the coast at a place called Minenenè, situated on the boundary line between Zanzibar and Mozambique. So far from hailing with delight the sight of the Indian Ocean, I was only too sorry that our trip was of so short duration. A more enjoyable seven weeks I have never passed. I had not even one day's illness, and I experienced neither troubles with the native tribes nor annoyance with my men. Of course, even in circumstances so exceptionally favorable, African travelling is no rosewater work. To see any "fun" in it at all one must not only be largely endowed with the imperturbable optimism of Mark Tapley, but have a frame healthy and robust and fitted to bear fatigue and heat and hardship in no ordinary degree, besides rejoicing in an appetite neither delicate or fastidious. But to one whom Nature has favored in these respects, it is surprising how much of the "jolly" element is discernible in the midst of all discomfort. So many facts in the explorer's daily experience have a ludicrous aspect to one with the sense of humor, that the unpleasant things quickly sink into oblivion. Mosquitoes become playful, marshes and swamps subjects of laughter, and even irate and pugnacious chiefs with their motley following comical as nigger minstrels.

Let me conclude this uncommonly long letter by relating how I got from Minenenè to Zanzibar. Along with the men who conveyed my former letter, I had sent to the sultan news of my failure to find coal. I stated also the time of my probable arrival at the coast, and asked for a steamer to take us off. However, I had a shrewd suspicion that I need not, in the circumstances, reckon much upon this means of transport being granted; the sultan's interest in me being simply in proportion to the degree of my success. I was therefore by no means surprised to find that I was left to get to Zanzibar as best I could.

Finding neither ship nor steamer at Minenenè we pushed on to Mikindany, a place more important, and therefore more promising for our purpose. We were fortunate enough to have our expectations verified. We secured a dhow at once, and settled with the captain as to terms. Under the most favorable circumstances the voyage would last six days; but if winds were unpropitious we might be knocked about for double or treble that time. Considerable stores of food, water, and firewood, therefore, had to be hastily procured. On the night of the 12th of September we all got on board the curious craft preparatory to an early start on the following morning. In my former letter I commiserated your inexperience as "a home-keeping youth." I must now confess, however, that you have reason for devout thankfulness that you are practically unacquainted with Arab dhows. It is true that when I look back upon some of my voyages I am inclined to smile as I recall the scenes that enlivened them; but I believe I have never been known to smile on board. In the actual experience of this interesting form of navigation I am profoundly convinced of the blessedness of the uninitiated. Imagine a curiously-shaped boat, partially covered in, high in the stern and low at the bow, suggesting to the nervous mind a treacherous purpose of diving beneath the first advancing wave. There is a very heavy lateen sail held up by rotten ropes, which occasionally startle the crew and passengers by breaking and letting their whole burden crash down upon deck. The water leaks in at every point indiscriminately, requiring four men to bale night and day. There are eighty passengers where, according to Western notions, thirty would be a superabundant cargo. From stem to stern there rises a combination of abominable smells truly sickening: the rotting wood of the dhow, the accumulated grease and filth of years, the bilge-water, and the effluvia from the perspiring skins of the crowded negroes—all contribute their quota to an effect which words cannot describe. Such were the horrors which awaited me as the dhow left Mikindany behind. When at last my usual attack of sea-sickness laid me low, I really felt that that other-

wise unwelcome sensation might sometimes be reckoned a boon and a blessing.

The worst, however, was yet to come. As night set in I crept with some difficulty into my camp bedstead, which we had contrived to stow under a sort of after-deck (there was only about eight inches between my nose and the flooring overhead). I had just begun to doze off when an uneasy consciousness of strange sensations dawned upon me. Soon I was made only too painfully certain of the presence of some of the most objectionable companions of man in all lands. One well-known species swarmed over me with pertinacious purpose; another kind of a more lively nature, in their excitement at the discovery of a thin-skinned subject—a decided variety from the leathery nigger integument—skipped about with playful glee, prospecting here and there as the humor suggested; then, to crown the whole, before I left that wretched bunk, a creeping sensation set in about the roots of my hair, which at first made me imagine it was about to stand on end with the horror of my situation, but which, alas! turned out to be a still more real aggravation of my tortures.

On fairly comprehending the realities of the case I impulsively made to get up, when bang went my head against the roof, causing me to subside with a groan, and reminding me that I must endure what could not be cured. As the night slipped slowly on, and the noisy porters gradually dropped asleep, I discovered with despair that I had got a new torment to encounter. A rasping sound here and there began to irritate my highly-strung nerves, followed by some jangling among objects not wont to break into sound spontaneously. Two large Muscovy ducks, which I happened to have as near neighbors, began to quack dolorously, and some imprisoned hens began to cackle. These various symptoms suggested the unwelcome presence of rats; and the suspicion I only too speedily verified in my own proper person. I had just fairly grasped the possibilities of the situation, when a sudden movement on my blanket warned me to prepare for action. I kicked out pretty lively, relieving myself of this pioneer; but it was plain I must prepare

to receive the enemy in numbers, and the prospect made me highly excited. The next rat arrived at the double-quick, and got well up ere it became aware of its danger. I struck out with clenched fist; but I only succeeded in skinning my knuckles on the flooring overhead, which made me howl with pain. "Cabined, cribbed, confined," as I was, the utter futility of attempting to stay the gambols of the hateful creatures became only too clearly manifest. My experience that night was unspeakable, and I look back upon it as a frightful nightmare.

The following night I tried to get a little sleep on the after-deck, packed away among the men. The consequence was an alarming addition to the parasitic forces. The wind also was changeable, causing us to tack about continually. Every few minutes I had to get out of the way while they were shifting the sail. On one of these occasions the ropes snapped, and down came the huge sail, nearly crushing a number of us. This night of varieties ended with a most effective shower.

Such, then, is a fair specimen of the delights of a dhow voyage—delights served up nightly with some fresh sensation of horror or misery. Were I to describe the disgusting realities of that seven days' passage more minutely, I am afraid you would suspect me of drawing upon a morbid imagination and painting with a big brush. I therefore forbear, and leave you to fill in the blank for yourself.

We entered Zanzibar harbor on the 19th, when I fled from the dhow precipitately. A friend, who asked me to put up with him till my own house was set in order, had his generous invitation promptly and politely declined. If he ever ascertains the reasons why I dared not introduce myself and my clothes into his well-ordered household, he will feel thankful for his escape.

My letter must here close. For the record of subsequent events you must wait till a more convenient season. How I have fallen out of favor with the court of the sultan and learned what it is to be unappreciated—how I am forbidden to venture beyond the outskirts of the town—how I am neglected, and wished anywhere but at Zanzibar, and

how I feel under all these unwonted experiences—you shall learn when I set foot once more in old Scotland, and pour into your sympathetic ear the story

of my life in the service of an Eastern potentate. Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH THOMSON.

—*Good Words.*

SUMMER.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

O SWEET and strange, what time gay morning steals
 Over the misty flats, and gently stirs
 Bee-laden limes and pendulous abeles,
 To brush the dew-bespangled gossamers
 From meadow grasses and beneath black firs,
 In limpid streamlets, or translucent lakes
 To bathe amid dim heron-haunted brakes !

O sweet and sumptuous at height of noon,
 Languid to lie on scented summer lawns
 Fanned by faint breezes of the breathless June ;
 To watch the timorous and trooping fawns,
 Dappled like tenderest clouds in early dawns,
 Forth from their ferny covert glide to drink
 And cool lithe limbs beside the river's brink !

O strange and sad ere daylight disappears,
 To hear the creaking of the homeward wain,
 Drawn by its yoke of tardy-pacing steers,
 'Neath honeysuckle hedge and tangled lane,
 To breathe faint scent of roses on the wane
 By cottage doors, and watch the mellowing sky
 Fade into saffron hues insensibly.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FUTURE OF ISLAM. By Wilfrid Seawen Blunt. London: *Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.*

It is pleasant to meet with a writer of so sanguine and enthusiastic a temper as Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Where most people see nothing but a series of dangers and difficulties, he paints a rosy picture of happiness and progress; and where others hesitate and doubt, he is serenely confident. The future of Islam, to most students a riddle without an answer, is clear and noble in Mr. Blunt's eyes. The worn-out empty popedom of the Sultans of Turkey is soon to disappear, and a new and glorious caliphate will arise in its stead, not in a foreign capital, but in the very centre and *kibla* of Islam, the holy city of Mecca. The new caliphate will spring from the sacerdotal tribe of Koreysh and the family of Mohammed. It will revive the sacred

functions of Omar and Ali, but will seek no temporal power. All Moslem nations will yield their homage to the true successor of Mohammed. Even the Sunnis and the Shi'ah will lay aside their immemorial strife and join in reverencing the caliph who is of the family of Ali, the son-in-law of the "blessed prophet." The "living voice of Islam" will once more be heard, and will summon the Mohammedan world to a new doctrine. The caliph, endowed with the "living voice," will broaden and reform the religion—broaden its doctrinal and reform its social basis, and adapt Islam to the ethical standards of modern civilization. A new law and a new social system will be grafted upon the old creed of Mohammed, and Islam will yet again be a true and sufficient expression of the religious emotions and civil duties of a sixth of the population of the world.

To all this "Amen" seems the only fitting reply; but unfortunately a great deal must happen before Mr. Blunt's happy prospect comes even into the region of hope. The Sultan of Turkey is not yet expelled from the Bosphorus, and scarcely seems anxious to depart; the caliphate is not vacant; the Sherif of Mecca is not prepared to assume the great rôle assigned to him, and if he were the vast majority of Moslems are not prepared to follow him; the Sunnis are not in the least disposed to regard the Shi'ah as their brethren; and Islam is not more inclined to adapt itself to nineteenth century ideas than it has hitherto been. Mr. Blunt's prophetic vista is enchantingly picturesque; but it depends upon certain definite data which either exist or do not exist. Mr. Blunt thinks they do exist *in potentia* and need but little time to exist *de facto*. For our part we see no sign of the potential existence, and small probability of the data in question becoming actual facts. To be plain, Mr. Blunt has put forward a very pretty hypothesis and adduced other hypotheses in its support; but he has not brought reasonable evidence to his aid, and there is hardly anything in his book that is not guesswork. It is easy to say if this and that happen something else will come to pass; but what is wanted is first to prove that there is a reasonable probability of this and that happening, and then to show the necessary connection between their happening and the consequential something else. Mr. Blunt does neither. He says, for example, that no one in the East expects the Turkish empire will survive on the European side of the Bosphorus more than a few years, and that the consequence of this loss of power and prestige will be the transfer of the caliphate to some worthier dynasty. The major premise is a hypothesis which is very generally denied in the East, and the suppressed middle involves the doubtful statement that no enfeebled sovereign can be caliph. History, however, will furnish the names of at least fifty enfeebled caliphs. It is the same with most of Mr. Blunt's statements. They are broad generalizations from isolated or infrequent facts, or sometimes from mere fancies.

We are far from denying, and, of course, still further from deprecating, the possibility of a great future for the Mohammedan peoples. There is room for reform and the capacity for reform in Islam itself. But the change will not come by any revival of the spiritual character of the caliphate, whether in the form the present Sultan of Turkey is recommending, with some temporary success, to his subjects along the Mediterranean coast,

or in Mr. Blunt's idea of a Meccan caliph. A caliph without power would be useless, and the Sherif of Mecca would exercise small sway over any but his immediate neighbors. Mohammed himself never contemplated the dissociation of the spiritual and the kingly functions, either in himself or in the caliphs his successors; and we may be sure that the separation of the two would reduce the caliphate to a cipher. The real hope of Islam more probably lies in a return to the primitive teaching of the Koran and the unqualified repudiation of the glosses which have been heaped upon it, and to which, and not to the original creed, most of the failings of modern Islam are due. But even those who believe this will not be so bold as Mr. Blunt, and dare not prophesy a future for Islam. There are too many factors involved in the problem, and too many contingencies to be reckoned with, to make any one lightly assume the office of soothsayer.

Having explained Mr. Blunt's view of the prospects of Islam, we may end by quoting his opinion of England's relation to regenerate Islam:

"With the disappearance of the Ottoman sultan there will be no longer any great Mussulman suzerainty in the world, and the Mohammedan population of India, already the most wealthy and numerous, will then assume its full importance in the councils of believers. It will surely also be expected of the English Crown that it shall then justify its assumption of the old Mohammedan title of the Moguls, by making itself in some sort the political head of Islam. Her Majesty will be left its most powerful sovereign, and it will be open to her advisers, if they be so minded, to exercise permanent influence in its affairs. I do not say that they will be so minded, but they will have the power and the opportunity, to a degree never yet presented to any Christian government, of directing the tone of thought of Moslems throughout the world and of utilizing the greatest religious force in Asia for the purpose of humanity and progress. I am myself profoundly convinced that on England's acceptance or refusal of this mission the future of her dominion in India will mainly depend, and with it the whole of the problem she has set to herself of civilizing Southern Asia."

This is a great and responsible mission, and England's duty toward Mohammedans, according to Mr. Blunt, is not confined to India, but applies only less strongly to Egypt, to the Asiatic Protectorate, and to the work of suppressing the miserable human traffic of the Red Sea. Here Mr. Blunt touches practical politics, which are beyond our scope,

and here, rather than in his theories about the caliphate or Panislam, those who care for the future of Islam are likely to agree with him.—*The Athenæum*.

YESTERDAY: An American Novel. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The anonymous author of "Yesterday" is to be congratulated upon having made a fairly interesting story out of very commonplace materials. The every-day conversation of ordinary people is not usually artistic or interesting, and when reproduced in print is positively dull. Realism cannot always give pleasure in fiction, any more than the indiscriminate photographing of natural scenery. The story is intended to be a picture of that special phase of American life now so common at the innumerable little summer resorts along our sea-shore, where the rather monotonous occupations of sailing, rowing, and novel-reading are occasionally relieved by some romantic episode or accident, in which all the "city boarders" somehow become interested participants. The people who act their simple parts in the plot are first brought together at one of these resorts in the vicinity of Coney Island, and the action of the story is mainly carried forward here, with an occasional change of scene to the streets and hotels of New York. An actor elopes with another man's wife, and they are made properly enough to spend the remainder of their lives in retributive suffering; a young physician, about departing for California, afraid to declare his passion, leaves the heroine of the story to suffer through long years the pangs of unrequited love; and a few other characters are introduced to fill the scenes, without, however, contributing materially to the general interest. Notwithstanding much crudeness of style and a poorly constructed plot, there are frequent passages that exhibit considerable skill in character drawing, and the reader will find himself amply rewarded for the two or three hours spent in reading the story of Grace Delahay's love and Mrs. Lang's shame.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

M. JOSEPH HALÉVY will shortly bring out a second series of his "Mélanges d'Épigraphie et d'Archéologie Sémitiques."

THAT indefatigable scholar Herr Buddensieg has in the press a new publication concerning Wycliffe, founded on manuscripts he has discovered at Olmütz.

M. A. JANSEN, who is engaged on an elaborate life of Rousseau, has issued an interesting pamphlet in which he treats of the formation of the text of the "Confessions."

It is rumored that Count von Beust, on his retirement from political life, will devote himself to preparing his Memoirs for publication.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. intend to issue in the winter season a volume on Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his influence and work in art and literature.

MISS SARAH TÝTLER is writing a Life of Marie-Antoinette for the "New Plutarch" series of biographies published by Messrs. Marcus Ward.

THE first volume has been published of an important work by M. Semevsky upon the condition of the Russian peasantry during the reign of Peter the Great.

MR. ERIC ROBERTSON is at present engaged on a work to be entitled "English Poetesses." Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. are the publishers, and it will probably appear during the Christmas season.

PROF. SHELDON AMOS has in the press a volume entitled "The Science of Politics," which will be published in the "International Scientific Series" as a companion volume to his well-known "Science of Law."

THE duc d'Aumale is now at work upon the two concluding volumes of his "Histoire des Princes de la Maison de Condé," which will treat of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

THE last literary work in which the late Dr. Hanna was engaged was the preparation of a popular edition of his "Life of Christ," which will be issued very shortly by the Religious Tract Society.

MR. ROUTLEDGE's sixpenny issue of Staunton's "Shakespeare" has provoked imitation. A people's edition of the "Leopold Shakespeare" is about to be published in ten sixpenny monthly parts.

A NEW edition of the Duc de Broglie's History of the Church and Empire in the fourth century is in preparation. The author will examine in a preface the present state of Christianity and the attitude of the Republic to religious liberty.

MESSRS. BICKERS & SON have in the press a reprint of the last edition of "Arnold's History of the Later Roman Commonwealth," which has been out of print for some years.

It will be uniform with their library edition of "Arnold's History of Rome."

M. TOURGUÉNIEF, whose illness has delayed his journey to his estates in Russia, where he intended to spend the summer, is better; but he is not likely to be able to quit Paris just yet, as his medical adviser enjoins absolute quiet for some time longer.

THE number of books and magazines published in Germany during the year 1881 is 15,191. The same journal, the *Reform*, calculates that, if every book were published in an edition of 1000 copies, this would give one copy only for every three persons now living in Germany.

ANOTHER Turkish press has been set up at Constantinople, and is conducted by a Turkish gentleman, the others being mostly in the hands of strangers. One of the first publications has been an almanac; the monopoly of almanacs has hitherto been in the hands of the Government.

AMONG many signs of changed tendencies at St. Petersburg is the recent decision to stop the publication of the letters and papers of Peter the Great. This work had been taken in hand by the then Minister of Public Instruction, Baron Nicolai, and a Government grant of 6000 roubles had been made toward the necessary expenses.

PREPARATIONS are being made for keeping the hundredth anniversary of the annexation of the Crimea to Russia, and in view of this celebration, which is to be held on the 8th of April, 1883, several professors of the St. Petersburg and Odessa Universities are engaged upon a history of the Tauric peninsula. It is intended at the same time to open a museum of local antiquities in Sevastopol.

AMONG the recent acquisitions from Babylonia made by the British Museum are numerous contract tablets in Babylonian cuneiform, a large fragment of early Babylonian history, and part of a hymn on the occasion of the entrance of Cyrus into Babylon, besides a portion of the account of the Deluge and of the eponymous canon from Kouyunjik.

THE ancestors of the poet Longfellow, as our readers will probably remember, were originally settled in Yorkshire. The local papers say that in a sale which has just taken place at Bradford there was an old chest from a farmhouse at Ilkley, which upon its centre panel bore the following inscription: "Jon Longfellow and Mary Rogers was married ye tenth daye off April, Anno Dm. 1664."—*Athenæum*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. — A "Society for Psychical Research" has been started under the presidency of Mr. Henry Sidgwick. Several men of note who have leanings in the direction of Spiritualism, but who have hitherto avoided declaring themselves so openly, are connected with it: Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Prof. Balfour Stewart, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Hon. Roden Noel, Mr. F. Myers, Dr. Lockhart Robertson, and others. It makes one rub one's eyes to find a society founded in 1882 gravely announcing a "Committee on Apparitions, Haunted Houses," etc., presided over by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood. It is a pity that the Cock Lane ghost is extinct. There is a committee on "Thought Reading," headed by Prof. Barrett. By the way, we may mention that Mr. Stuart Cumberland gave a singularly successful exposure of "thought reading" before a distinguished audience the other evening. He easily discovered an object hid by Monsignor Capel in Mr. Cumberland's absence from the room. In a like manner, but with even greater facility, a pin stuck in the vest of a Spiritualist doctor by the secretary of the "Society for Psychical Research," was found by Mr. Cumberland. Prof. Croom Robertson and Prof. Ray Lankester stated that where Mr. Bishop had failed Mr. Cumberland had succeeded, and that he was by far the greatest exponent of the profession that had yet come forward—the special merit of his experiments lying in the fact that he made no pretensions, simply claiming to succeed by natural perception.

SECRET OF SOLAR HEAT. — Dr. Siemens' speculations upon solar energy, as lately set forth before the Royal Society, are a little too abstruse for ordinary mortals to be able to form any opinion as to their probability. It is, however, satisfactory to find so respectable an authority expressing a conviction that there is no probability of the sun's light going out, for Dr. Siemens' theory is that the light and heat of the sun are produced by the power of the great orb to attract to its polar surfaces certain of the heavier gases with which he conceives the stellar spaces to be filled. It sucks in vast quantities of hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and other gaseous bodies, which, as they approach the surface of the sun, are condensed to a degree which renders them intensely hot, and finally causes them to burst into flame. There is nothing lost in nature, and the combustion of the gases merely combines them into aqueous vapor, carbonic oxide, and other compound bodies, which centrifugal force would first carry to the sun's equator,

and thence fling off again into space. Here they would become attenuated, and under the influence of the sun's rays would be resolved into their original elements, ready again to be drawn into the polar surfaces of the mighty luminary, and begin the process all over as before. Thus the solar light and heat are explained to be the outcome of a never-ending process, moving in a circle, and must go on while the sun spins upon his axis. Dr. Siemens thinks that if this hypothesis should prove to be correct, we should no longer be impressed with the idea of prodigious waste through the dissipation of energy into space, but rather with the idea of a "well-ordered self-sustaining action, capable of perpetuating solar radiation to the remotest future." We are thus in no danger whatever of suddenly finding that the sun has gone out; and as we have already been reassured with regard to a recent intimation that we were all about to be roasted, there seems really no reason why we should not enjoy our sunshine this summer with calm serenity.

THE STEERING OF BALLOONS BY OARS.—On April 30 M. Carlier, one of the most active members of the Académie d'Aërostation Météorologique, made an ascent at the La Villette gasworks, Paris, in order to try if it is possible to steer a balloon by using in the car a large oar composed of a plane fixed perpendicularly to a solid handle, worked with two hands. The dimensions of the plane are 1 metre by 2, and the handle is about 3 metres long. The weight of the sails is counterpoised when worked, and the weight of the whole system is about 10 kilogrammes. It is the second time that M. Carlier has ascended with this apparatus. Although the air was in a state of great agitation the motions of the balloon were easily seen from the ground. M. Carlier intends to make a series of ascents in order to learn how to make the best of this system, which is to be used only for partial direction, as in the case of Thames barges, which, although they must follow the run of the tides, can be directed to some extent by means of the oars.

A PALÆOLITHIC AGE IN EGYPT.—The May number of the *Journal* of the Anthropological Institute is one of unusual value. Among the original papers which it contains is one by Gen. Pitt-Rivers, the president, who describes his discovery of stone implements in Egypt under such conditions as to demonstrate the existence of a palæolithic period in the Nile Valley. Stone implements of palæolithic type have from time to time been found in Egypt; but they have occurred only on the surface, and their high antiquity was

consequently not placed beyond discussion. While carrying on some explorations near Thebes in the early part of last year, Gen. Rivers unearthed several flakes and one implement, undoubtedly of human workmanship, from a depth of several feet beneath stratified deposits of mud and gravel. The gravel was hardened into a conglomerate; and, although this alone does not necessarily bespeak its high antiquity, there were not wanting other marks of the great age of these deposits. It is true that no animal remains were found, so that the character of the contemporary fauna does not help us to solve the problem of age. But the conglomerate had been cut into chambers used as tombs certainly as early as the Eighteenth Dynasty, and perhaps earlier, so that the implements found *in situ* beneath these tombs have one limit of age assigned to them; while it appears from geological considerations that their antiquity may be carried far into prehistoric times.

THE CASTOR-OIL PLANT AS A FLY-KILLER.—Observations made by M. Rafford, a member of the Société d'Horticulture at Limoges, show that, a castor-oil plant having been placed in a room infested with flies, they disappeared as by enchantment. Wishing to find the cause, he soon found under the castor-oil plant a number of dead flies, and a large number of bodies had remained clinging to the under-surface of the leaves. It would, therefore, appear that the leaves of the castor-oil plant give out an essential oil, or some toxic principle which possesses very strong insecticide qualities. Castor-oil plants are in France very much used as ornamental plants in rooms, and they resist very well variations of atmosphere and temperature. As the castor-oil plant is very much grown and cultivated in all gardens, the *Journal d'Agriculture* points out that it would be worth while to dry decoctions of the leaves to destroy the green flies and other insects which in summer are so destructive to plants and fruit-trees. Anyhow, M. Rafford's observations merit that trial should be made of the properties of the castor-oil plant, both for the destruction of flies in dwellings and of other troublesome insects.—*British Medical Journal*.

DISINFECTION BY BROMINE.—The powerful germicidal properties of bromine render it a very efficient disinfectant, but it has not hitherto been employed for this purpose on account of the expense and the practical difficulties in its employment. Dr. Wernick has recently given an account of an apparatus in which he believes these difficulties are surmounted, and bromine is brought within the list of practicable and useful disinfectants. The method con-

sists in impregnating with bromine a patent siliceous sponge, invented by Dr. Frank, which, contained in a closed vessel, is saturated with seven times its volume of bromine, to the vapors of which any substance to be disinfected can be exposed. In order to test the efficiency of this method of disinfection a chamber was employed containing 57 cubic metres, in which the air could be freely changed by means of three openings. Dry silk fibres, impregnated with the spores of anthrax, were placed in the chamber in four different positions, and also a glass vessel containing 15 cubic centimetres of the siliceous sponge impregnated with 75 grammes of bromine vapor. The chamber was left closed for six hours. Other experiments were made in which the spores were exposed for a shorter time. The effect of the bromine vapor on the spores was then tested in an elaborate series of experiments on mice. The conclusions drawn are that the air contained in a given space may be completely disinfected so as to render altogether innocuous any spores contained therein, if each cubic metre of air is impregnated with the vapor of four grammes of bromine. The cost of the necessary materials is estimated at twopence (German).

DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.—Strikingly beautiful as this plant is when the lurid purple bells are succeeded by the long rows of densely black berries, it has, most deservedly, so bad a reputation that it is seldom allowed to grow. The plant naturally has abundant means of increase, and would no doubt be not only widely distributed, but really common, were it not for the constant war waged against it. The berries are luscious-looking and sweet to the taste, and have therefore frequently proved the cause of fatal accidents, children especially being attracted by them; and thus it is that Gerarde's advice is so generally complied with: "If you will follow my counsell, deale not with the same in any case, and banish it from your gardens, being a plant so furious and deadly. Banish, therefore, these pernicious plants from all places neare to your houses where children do resort, which do oftentimes long and lust after things most vile and filthy, and much more a berrie of a bright shining black colour and of such great beauteie." The deadly nightshade should be sought after among old ruins and rough stony wastes in the south of England. It has occurred in more northerly localities, but is there probably the remains of a former cultivation of the plant, as, in spite of the great danger attending its use, it was employed medicinally in the Middle Ages. It grows very freely in many of the old chalk-pits in Kent. Gerarde found it in abundance at Highgate, in the north of Lon-

don; but that particular locality has long since fallen into the hands of the builders. Several of the older writers speak of it as a common plant in the environs of the metropolis. The names of the plant are all suggestive of its powerful qualities. In the one we have hitherto used the dark shadow of death and the rest of the grave are not obscurely hinted at. Another name for it is the "dwale." The root of this is possibly the Danish word signifying torpor; or it has been suggested that it is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *dwal*, foolish, in allusion to the stupefying and maddening powers of the poison; or again, that we are to find its meaning in the French *deuil*, mourning. In Germany the plant is the "tollkraut"—*toll*, frantic; *kraut*, herb. In France it is the "morelle mortelle," and in Buckinghamshire the local name is somewhat similar—"devil's cherries." The generic name *Atropa* was bestowed by Linnæus, and refers to Atropos, one of the three Fates of classic mythology.—*Familiar Wild Flowers*.

ALCOHOL IN WATER.—M. Muntz assures us of the somewhat startling fact that all natural water contains alcohol, though in an infinitesimal proportion. In river water the proportion is about one-thousandth; in seawater about the same; but in cold rain-water the proportion of spirit is rather greater. Though we have on a former occasion hinted at the presence of alcohol in pure cold water, M. Muntz is said to have confirmed it by means of apparatus which he has specially devised for the purpose.

GAS ILLUMINATION.—The impetus given to gas illumination by the serious competition of electricity has borne fruit in the substitution of brilliant lamps in many of the London thoroughfares for the inefficient glimmering burners previously in use. Indeed, it has often been remarked that we never knew what gas could do for us in this way until electricity threatened to beat it out of the field. A new form of gas-light the "regenerative" burner of Messrs. Siemens, is now on its trial in Holborn; and judging from the effect obtained, its success is assured. In this lamp the products of combustion, instead of passing away as waste vapor, are again passed through the flame. In this way the burner is not only constantly fed with a supply of warm air of its own creation, but every portion of the illuminating portion of the gas is consumed, and therefore turned to the best account. A very bright light is thus secured with a minimum consumption of gas.—*Chambers's Journal*.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TROTTING HORSE.—The celebrated photograph called the Trotting Horse, exhibiting an animal in different posi-

tions, some of which appear quite absurd, so contrary are they to all our preconceived ideas upon the subject, must be familiar to many of our readers. Mr. Muybridge, the clever American photographer who produced it, has lately given an account of his manner of working both to the Royal Institution and the Royal Academy. His studio, he explained, was more like a racecourse than anything else, the grand stand being represented by a battery of twenty-four cameras. These cameras were connected by threads, breast high, and a foot apart, stretched across the course on which the horse had to gallop, or trot, as the case might be. As the horse broke each thread, the camera in connection did its instantaneous work; and a series of twenty-four pictures, giving the varied movements of the animal, was the result. By comparing these sun pictures with the best known productions of ancient and modern art, Mr. Muybridge showed that many of our best artists have been in the habit of depicting animals in positions which they never assume in nature. But he did more than this. By a mechanical contrivance, the various photographs were projected by a lantern on a screen in such quick succession, that the trotting movement of the horse was brought before the astonished audiences in a life-like manner. Mr. Muybridge proves that a horse galloping with all four feet off the ground at the same moment, is a simple impossibility. We need not point out that this is the way such an animal is invariably portrayed by even the best artists.

MISCELLANY.

A NEPHEW OF MEYERBEER.—One of our contemporaries relates a curious anecdote respecting M. Ambroise Thomas. The illustrious *maestro* has the luck of being the freeholder and occupier of a fine villa at Argenteuil. It is there, in the midst of his library and his works of art, that the composer of "Hamlet" and "Françoise de Rimini" loves to recruit himself from the fatigues of composition. In the month of September, 1870, at the approach of the Prussian troops, he had no time to remove his treasures to a place where they would be safe from pillage. Paris was invested, and the villa fell into the power of the enemy. A few days after the investment a young officer of the Prussian staff presented himself at the house of Ambroise Thomas, where, speaking to the person in charge of the house, he said, "To whom does this house belong?" "To M. Ambroise Thomas." "Ambroise Thomas, the composer?" "Yes." The officer remained thoughtful for a moment. The man trembled,

if not for his own safety, at least for the collections which were entrusted to him. But presently the young officer took a card from an elegant card-case and wrote a few words upon it in pencil, then he slipped it under the door which had been closed by the composer himself (the man in charge occupying a lodge independent of the villa), after which, without saying another word, he wrote with pencil several words in German on the principal door. Then—a strange thing!—all the other houses of the village were occupied, but Ambroise Thomas's remained solitary. A fortnight passed away; the garrison was changed; it was replaced by another; but the officers who came to the villa went away after reading on the door the inscription in pencil. To the great astonishment of the care-taker, the same thing took place on twenty occasions. Twenty times the garrison was changed, twenty times the officers presented themselves, and twenty times they retired as they had come after reading the famous inscription. The armistice was signed. M. Ambroise Thomas escaped from Paris, and he hastened to Argenteuil, thinking to find his house in ruins. What was his surprise to see it intact! He entered, and upon the step of the door he found the card of a German officer bearing these words, in pencil, "A Nephew of Meyerbeer."

THE SAHARA INLAND SEA.—The French Government have recently bestowed greater attention upon the project, which has been before the public for several years, of connecting the depression of Rharsa and Melrirh, in the Northern Sahara, by a sea canal with the Mediterranean. The basin in question, probably a dried-up salt lake, has an elevation much lower than the level of the Mediterranean, the depression being in some places as much as 165 feet below that level. It is proposed to admit the sea-water into this natural basin, which covers a surface seventeen times the area of the Lake of Geneva, by a canal, starting from the Bay of Gabes, 33 feet deep and 330 feet wide, of a total length of 150 miles. In order to reduce the heavy expense attaching to the construction of such a canal, it is to be made at first of smaller dimensions, leaving the remaining work to be done by the flow of water. The benefits which France will derive from such a work are evident. It is expected that the canal and the inland sea would favorably change the climate of that terribly sterile region, improve French trade with Algeria and the Soudan, and confine the hostile irruptions of the Sahara tribes. But serious apprehensions are felt as to the success of the undertaking, which has been planned by Major Rondair. It is especially feared

that, on account of defective circulation, the process of evaporation would involve a constant inflow from the Mediterranean, which would soon surcharge the new inland sea with salty matter, and in that case destroy all existing organic life, thus converting it into another Dead Sea. The French Government, in order to arrive at a true solution of the problem, have appointed a commission charged with thoroughly investigating the question of this inland sea. Its report will be looked forward to by all interested in the matter.—*Iron*.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEAD.—It is good to honor your ancestors; but is it good to honor them in such a way as to offend your posterity? The question must needs occur to any one who walks through that most painful of all such shows—a London cemetery. Everything seems to be contrived there (as, indeed, in most of our funeral arrangements) to introduce the most jarring associations. At the first entrance you see the little hedge erected to divide the dead bodies of Churchmen from those of Dissenters, as though to proclaim a difference of sects that should carry with it eternal and irreconcilable disgust. The monuments on each side of the sacred line, the crowded rows of the stone-mason's art, rival each other in hideousness; the more commonplace symbols, which seem to be turned out by wholesale, are not the most offensive; nor even the stupid pomposity exhibited in the sham architecture of structures proudly entitled "family graves;" for perhaps there is a yet lower degree, where one is forced to suppose that the monument is meant as an advertisement to the deceased's business. It is, indeed, happily true that the great majority of the monuments may be taken to show at least proper feeling; and it is only from the squalid and crowded arrangement of these cities of the dead that the more offensive and vulgar kind of memorial seems to set the tone. They manage these things better in America, where there is more elbow-room, and where the last resting-places of the dead are often at the same time lovely garden grounds. Who would not be buried, if possible, amid flowers and trees, the natural emblems of repose and of the eternal life of nature? And yet, after a course of London cemeteries, we have often cherished a different sentiment. In one of Bewick's most striking vignettes we see a country church-yard in process of being washed away by a slowly encroaching sea. The monument, half destroyed, has on the remaining side, "To perpetuate the memory of —." It is a simple but pungent bit of satire upon the vanity of human wishes; and the question occurs whether it is not best at once

to accept the inevitable: to renounce all material monuments and care only for the monument which alone is worth having—the memory of those who loved us? We have often thought that if we could choose our mode of burial, there is one, and only one, cemetery would meet our views. We would be buried in the deep sea, where a single plunge does away with the painful ceremonial of lowering the coffin, and where monuments of any kind are happily impossible.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

NATURE'S MURDERERS.—A correspondent writes to the *St. James's Gazette*: "In Professor Newman's letter to the newspapers, he says that 'If we give up the cruelty of mangling birds with the gun and leave the little hawks to kill them with divine dexterity, they will remain as numerous as now.' Surely imagination is at work here more tenderly than keenly. Anyone who has spent quiet days on the lonely moors must have seen a sparrow-hawk chasing a lark. We cannot tell what the lark's private opinions may be, but to all outward appearance it never appreciates 'divine dexterity.' The chase often lasts from twenty minutes to half an hour. Sometimes the lark gets clean away; sometimes it takes refuge at the feet of a man, or in some friendly cottage; but more often the poor creature's flight grows feeble, and the savage enemy stoops and brings it down. When the captive and captor reach the ground the divine dexterity makes itself manifest in a most butcherly process of tearing and rending. Partridges and grouse, which are pursued by the larger hawks, seem also to suffer terrible agony during their flight. In fact, from all observation, I incline to believe that, if the birds could be got to deliver an impartial opinion, they would declare in favor of the swift oblivion given by the gun rather than in favor of the long terror of flight, and the cruel rending of beak and talons. Professor Newman may have means of accurately gauging ornithological opinion; but we, the most part of us, can only form judgments from common observation. Those who favor the Professor's views of Nature's operations should try to spend one long day in some wild place. They would find that day a cycle of murder. Supposing that the place is by the sea, lie down, first of all by the side of some deep break in the rocks and watch what goes on as the tide flows in. The goby lurks behind the waving weeds and dashes out now and again on his prey; the dog-crab slides along and watches his chances; the black eel winds sinuously about, with his villainous eye and his snaky coils making him look like the very genius of murder. By the time the

gap is completely filled the observer sees one great battle of species against species ; and he knows that the same fight is going on in every bay down the coast. Inland, the same kind of wild work may be seen by dexterous watching. A rabbit stumbles hopelessly among the tussocks. It seems dazed and fordone. A few yards behind comes a tiny brown creature, with white breast and vicious little teeth ; and the poor rabbit knows that there is no escape from this deadly pursuer. Unless you care to deliver the rabbit from divine dexterity, you will see how Nature's butchers work. The chased beast begins to run in halting circles ; then it stops and screams ; then there is a brown flash, and the weasel is fixed like an ugly parasite behind the poor victim's ears ; then there is silence. Half an hour after you will see the rabbit abandoned with a gaping wound in its neck. If your terrier accompanies you, then the rabbit is saved, and the would-be murderer is murdered. The weasel turns on the dog and squeaks with a thin sound that sets the teeth on edge ; he also emits an abominable stench, which stays long in the air. The terrier knows that divine dexterity must be exercised (not so much for the purpose of sparing the weasel pain as for preventing that lively creature from getting a hold on his jugular), so he poises for a second before striking. Then he catches the soft little brute by the middle ; there is a swift flapping sound as the dog shakes his head, and then the weasel flies four feet into the air. Evolution and training have made this butcher efficient. Watch among the sloe-bushes of some deep ravine. Down in the hollow there is a red gleam as Reynard works his way among the sedges. He comes into the open, and you actually see him curl his lips into a queer kind of Mephistophelian smile. He glances over his shoulder, and advances with a wary gait. The innocent water-hen goes on nodding her head and making little noises, without being in the least aware of the greedy eyes and the bare teeth that are flashing so close behind her. The fox makes his dart ; there is a gurgling scream, and divine dexterity is once more made manifest. How many more sights and sounds of death meet eye and ear in the course of day and night there is no need to say. Professor Newman should go and see ; and he might learn that man is not, after all, the cruelest of animals."

MORNING WORK.—Perhaps, on the whole, moderately early rising is now a commoner practice in cities than it was forty years ago. It seems strange that the habit of lying in bed hours after the sun is up should ever have obtained a hold on the multitude of brain-work-

ers, as undoubtedly it had in times past. Hour for hour, the intellectual work done in the early morning, when the atmosphere is as yet unpoisoned by the breath of myriads of actively moving creatures, must be, and, as a matter of experience is, incomparably better than that done at night. The habit of writing and reading late in the day and far into the night, "for the sake of quiet," is one of the most mischievous to which a man of mind can addict himself. When the body is jaded the spirit may seem to be at rest, and not so easily distracted by the surroundings which we think less obtrusive than in the day ; but this *seeming* is a snare. When the body is weary, the brain, which is an integral part of the body, and the mind, which is simply brain function, are weary too. If we persist in working one part of the system because some other part is too tired to trouble us, that cannot be wise management of self. The feeling of tranquillity which comes over the busy and active man about 10.30 or 11 o'clock ought not to be regarded as an incentive to work. It is, in fact, the effect of a lowering of vitality consequent on the exhaustion of the physical sense. Nature wants and calls for physiological rest. Instead of complying with her reasonable demand, the night-worker hails the "feeling" of mental quiescence, mistakes it for clearness and acuteness, and whips the jaded organism with the will until it goes on working. What is the result ? Immediately, the accomplishment of a task fairly well, but not half so well as if it had been performed with the vigor of a refreshed brain working in health from proper sleep. Remotely, or later on, comes the penalty to be paid for unnatural exertion—that is, energy wrung from exhausted or weary nerve-centres under pressure. This penalty takes the form of "nervousness," perhaps sleeplessness, almost certainly some loss or depreciation of function in one or more of the great organs concerned in nutrition. To relieve these maladies—springing from this unsuspected cause—the brain-worker very likely has recourse to the use of stimulants, possibly alcoholic, or it may be simply tea or coffee. The sequel need not be followed. Nightwork during student life and in after years is the fruitful cause of much unexplained, though by no means inexplicable, suffering for which it is difficult if not impossible to find a remedy. Surely morning is *the* time for work, when the whole body is rested, the brain relieved from its tension, and mind-power at its best.—*Lancet*.

ENTHUSIASTS AND ANTIQUARIES.—Enthusiasts hardly deserve the name of real antiquaries, because they add little to a scientific knowledge of the past. They are merely

"curiosity hunters," and as such are troubled with a special "craze," showing itself in various symptoms, and exhibiting the extravagances of antiquarianism. Their whole aim is to get possession of the earliest and rarest editions of printed books, especially black-letter copies, and selfishly to hoard them up in their own private and secluded libraries. Others amass engravings, portraits, views of places, old maps, etc. Many value the autographs of notable persons, who have played an important part in the world's history. Some prize, and almost adore, the relics or memorials of the great ones of the earth, for which they will give fabulous prices. Well, let us not too severely blame these harmless follies. It is not that these remains, intrinsically, are worth a tithe of the money so freely paid for them, but because they are unique in their way—for the same circumstances, and the same genius that produced them, can never appear again. It may be a head-dress of the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, a signature of Byron or Sir Walter Scott, a watch of Oliver Cromwell, or a military memento of the great Napoleon. The collector, however, values not the article for its inherent worth, but for the halo of historic interest with which it is surrounded or associated. No one can be proficient in all departments of antiquarian science. Few have time or money at command to make original research in our national archives, or have privileged access to the muniments of noble and gentle families of distinction. All, however, may be collectors, in some humble way, of information that otherwise might be irretrievably lost, or protectors from vandalism or desecration of important monuments of antiquity within their own neighborhood. It is, therefore, well to select one or more kinds of study congenial to our tastes or inclination. Work of an intellectual kind to a healthy mind is always agreeable. Even some innocent hobby as a recreation, and to sweeten life's toils, is desirable.—*Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer*.

HISTORICAL ERRORS.—A famous author has just published in Berlin a book called "Stair Wit in the World's History," which, however, might have been called also "Flunkiness in History." We extract a few facts from the book: Max Piccolomini was neither the son nor nephew of Octavio; Octavio was only made a prince in 1642, therefore seven years later than stated by Schiller. The Maid of Orleans, as is known by all, was burned for witchcraft, and under romantic circumstances, related by Schiller. The "Mauth-thurm" (toll-gate tower) at Bingen has been converted into "Mause-thurm" (mouse tower). The Mount

Pilatus, in Switzerland, is a Mons Pileantus—a mountain capped with clouds, as by a hat. Thomas More described Utopia (Nowhereland), which some learned people after him thought to be a country which really existed. Cyrus could never have thought of burning Cræsus, as his religion would not allow the fire (a pure element) to be violated by the burning of a body. There was never any labyrinth in Crete. The Pythagorean theory does not come from Pythagoras. Diogenes never lived in a tub. Rome, Mommsen declares, was never a town built on seven hills. The Roman history is replete with these fabulous statements. The myth of the burning of the Alexandria Library is only known from authors who lived six hundred years after the event is said to have happened. The great Elector, at the signing of the peace of St. Germain-en-Laye, did not exclaim, "*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor*." "I am tired of reigning over slaves," Frederick the Great is said to have pronounced on his death-bed; but these words are entirely opposed to the character of that prince, and most probably they are apocryphal. Henry IV. of France did not say, "I wish all peasants to have a fowl to eat on Sunday" (*La poule au pot*). Siéyès did not vote for the execution of Henry XVI. with the words, "*La mort sans phrase*." Cambrenne did not say, "The guard dies, but never surrenders." Charles Wolfe, in his "Burial of Sir John Moore," says he was buried at night by moonshine, while he was really buried at eight o'clock in the morning. The book is full of these historical inaccuracies.—*Neue Freie Presse*.

A DAY.

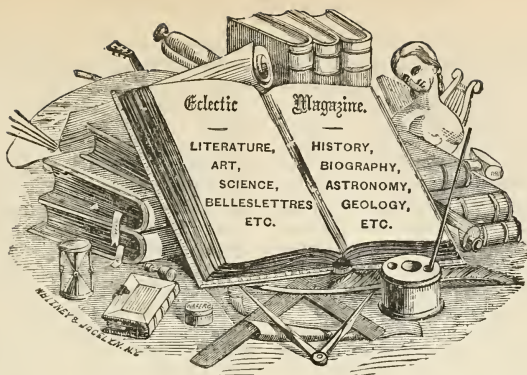
SUNRISE fresh, and the daisies small
Silver the lawn with their starlets fair;
But the blossoms of noon shall be stately and tall,
Tropical, luscious, of odors rare:
Ah well!
Noon shall be gorgeous beyond compare.

Noon, and the sky is a blinding glare;
The flowers have fainted while we have strayed;
We wandered too far to tend them there,
And they drooped for lack of the dew and shade:
Ah well!
Evening shall right the mistake we made.

Evening; 'tis chilly in meadow and glade,
The last pale rose has died in the west;
The happy hour is long delayed,
Our wandering is but a long unrest:
Ah well!
We will home to the fireside. Home is best.

Nothing but ashes gray? No blest
Faint glimmer of light on roof or wall?
A weary search was this day-long quest,
And on empty hands the shadows fall:
Ah well,
Let us creep to bed and forget it all.

E. H.



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CARLYLE'S LIFE AND REMINISCENCES.*

THE two volumes which Mr. Froude has lately given to the world comprise only the first forty years of Carlyle's life, and carry the account of his literary career no further than the publication of "Sartor Resartus." The length of biographies has become a social evil of the first magnitude, which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Contrast the discursive diffuseness of these two volumes with Carlyle's Life of Sterling, and we have the measure of the difference between the master and his pupil. Printing a variety of selected materials for a biography, in preference to executing a completed picture of a life, can scarcely be called a work of art. Fairness and fidelity are the only virtues which such

a work requires; and these have been fully displayed. Carlyle was as anxious as Cromwell before him to be painted as he was (when the hour and the man came), with all his blotches and scars, or, as Mr. Froude calls them in somewhat barbarous English, his angularities and peculiarities. He has left behind him accordingly diaries, correspondence and reminiscences, which taken together form an autobiography, genuine as far as it goes, if not complete.

Like the autobiography of John Stuart Mill, these autobiographical remains disarm hostility and challenge strict judicial fairness, by the very completeness of their confessions and self-surrender. The same sacrifices to candor which Carlyle has made with regard to all the incidents and shortcomings of his own life, he has uniformly extended throughout to his contemporaries, and to all who have been from time to time in a long career deserving of his notice.

* "Thomas Carlyle." By J. A. Froude. (2 vols.) London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1882. "Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle." Edited by J. A. Froude. (2 vols.) London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1881.

Accordingly a fund of racy personal anecdote has been stored up, the copy-right in which must be as profitable as the Greville Memorials to those concerned in one sense, as it is to the British public in another. In a word, while the "prickly aspects," as Mr. Froude calls them, of Carlyle's own career are set forth, both by himself and his biographer, with exemplary fairness and fidelity, the same spirit of complete candor and fairness is observed with regard to the aspects, more or less prickly, in which Carlyle's contemporaries, friends and acquaintances appeared to himself.

No one will exclaim with Carlyle, on reading these works, "How delicate, decent, is English biography, bless its mealy mouth!" But at the same time we are not disposed to take up the cudgels in favor of those numerous individuals who have, as the saying is, "received pain" from a disclosure, often in a forcible manner, of what Mr. or Mrs. Carlyle, as the case may be, may have thought of them or their relatives. Their wounds, however deep, may be left to the slow but certain action of time, and a spirit of doubtless just self-esteem. Even with regard to Professor Wilson and De Quincey, whose reputations are in a special manner connected with this Magazine, we make no exception. Their characters and fame are unaffected by the observations now, for the first time, printed concerning them. If the posthumous criticisms are, as Mr. Froude delicately puts it, more just than flattering, it is no libel on the robust common-sense which doubtless was the sole passport to personal acquaintance with the Carlyles, to hope and believe that those criticisms will one and all confer benefit as well as distinction on their startled victims. We know from Miss Caroline Fox's *Reminiscences* that "My fat-faced friend, thou art a d—d lie," was the cheery sort of message which Carlyle longed to deliver to some of his contemporaries during his life, and if he postponed it to a later period, the disclosure doubtless has been wisely adapted to do them good, while, of course, it betrays that exclusive regard for truth and fact which is the striking feature of Carlyle's character. Mr. Froude tells us that he doubted the prudence of printing one of Mrs. Carlyle's

criticisms, in her forthcoming letters, on an eminent living person "It will do him no harm," retorted Carlyle, "to know what a sensible woman thought of him."

Undoubtedly the effect of this disinterested appreciation of the rude virtues of perfect frankness and candor, all the way round, is to beget a similar spirit in others. And accordingly an outcry against Carlyle's life and characteristics followed the appearance of his "Reminiscences." But that sort of thing necessarily has its reaction. When all is said and done with, the fact remains that no bones have been broken; and the Sage of Chelsea remains just as he was before, one of the most striking personages of the nineteenth century, unique in his mental and personal characteristics; but, as his editor tells us, one who would not (vol. ii. p. 471) "condescend to the conventional politenesses which remove the friction between man and man. He has laid bare his life and career, from the motive that, as the public would necessarily demand to know them, he desired that they should know the truth without concealment. And the wise decision for those who are interested in the subject to make, is to turn resolutely from the cries of those whose self-love has been, we would fain hope, not irremediably upset, and just endeavor to estimate aright the remarkable man before us—his life, character, and work—with the aid of his own "Reminiscences," and such materials as the diligence and judgment of his editor have yet vouchsafed to us.

Now, approaching the subject in that spirit, the very first question is, What was Carlyle's work. Mr. Froude says in his preface that Carlyle was a teacher and a prophet in the Jewish sense of the word; and, like Isaiah and Jeremiah, believed that he had a special message to deliver to the present age. What was that message? Again (vol. ii. p. 470) Mr. Froude alludes to "an influence so vast over successive generations of thinkers." What was that influence? What was the state of national thought at the time that Carlyle's influence began to be felt? What was the nature and direction of that influence? How and to what extent did it make itself felt? What has been the result, and

how is that result traceable to him? These are questions the answer to which ought, in our humble judgment, to have been more apparent on the face of these volumes than it is; and if Mr. Froude will condescend to accept a suggestion, we hope that in some future volume he will discuss, not in vague generalities, but in closely reasoned detail, questions, upon the answer to which depends whether the fame of his hero is to be lasting or ephemeral. Suppose, for instance, that ubiquitous individual, an intelligent foreigner, unacquainted with recent English history and literature, or an Anglicized Hindu, anxious to display his familiarity with the inner life of English history in a competitive examination, turned to Mr. Froude's book, what answer would he find? Suppose further, if it be not profanation, that that fascinating figure of the nineteenth century, a "thoughtful" Liberal, fully equipped in mind and manners, and craving for more light, desired to measure the exact degree in which Carlyle's influence had favored or thwarted the spread of genuine Liberal principles, what answer would he find in this book of Mr. Froude's? He tells us (preface, p. xv.) that an "adequate estimate of Carlyle's work in this world is not at present possible," but the context shows that what he means is, that the truth of the message and the value of the work must be tested by time. Granted, but the questions remain: True or false, what was the message? Valuable or worthless, what was the work?

The real value of Mr. Froude's work in these volumes—most of which, owing to the plan which he has adopted, is scissors and paste, directed by a presumably judicious selection—must be tested, as it seems to us, by the answers which it gives, or attempts to give, to these questions. As regards the message, the reader should turn to the first chapter of the second volume. There he will find that Goethe discerned that Carlyle had an originating principle of conviction—that is, he could develop the force that lay in him unassisted by other men. At the age of thirty-three he became master of his powers, and by thirty-nine (vol. ii. p. 469) his training was over, and thenceforward his life was in his works. Carlyle was confident all

through his life, and this confidence explains his whole career, that he had a special message, or a "poor message," as he sometimes called it, to deliver; and his own appreciation of the truth and value of this message lay in the remarkable declaration that he had not come to destroy the law and the prophets, but only to fulfil them. He was a profound disbeliever in miracles, and therefore none need be looked for as embellishing or authenticating his mission. Yet on p. 470 his editor credits him with one of portentous comprehensiveness—viz., that he had, during the whole thirty-nine years (!) comprised in this book, "been fighting with poverty, with dyspepsia, with intellectual temptations, with obstruction from his fellow-mortals." If so, he must have begun miraculously early, and an infancy of portentous significance fitly preceded his message. But, strange to say, Mr. Froude's case is, that the message never got itself fairly delivered at all. It related to Carlyle's religion; and when the editor comes to explain it, he has to fall back (vol. ii. p. 2) on private conversations with himself and two unfinished and unpublished fragments which Carlyle threw away as inadequately expressing his thoughts, and apparently only saved from destruction because Mr. Froude assured him that he (Froude) saw a meaning in them. No doubt, as Goethe says, and as Carlyle was given to repeating, the highest is inexpressible. But it does not follow that the inexpressible is necessarily the highest. Unless the hero or his biographer can present us with some clear and definite idea upon this subject, we must irreverently con a passage which we find in "Reminiscences," vol. ii. p. 204: "And what is it good for? Fools, get a true insight and belief of your own as to the matter; that is the way to get your belief into me: and it is the only way."

Reading this first chapter of the second volume, which contains the result of the editor's conversation and the unpublished fragments, the gist of Carlyle's religious teaching is as follows: He was a Calvinist without the theology. He had been bred in a Calvinistic home, and was by nature firmly and ardently religious. His conviction was intense

as to the broad fact of the divine government of the universe, and as to the divine origin of a moral law—the right reading of which was essential to human welfare, the revelation of which lay through experienced fact—and generally as to the spiritual truth of religion. He flung away the whole of miracle and the supernatural; it is as certain as mathematics, he said, that no such thing ever has been or can be. The natural was far more truly wonderful than the supernatural, and all historical religions were *bonâ fide* human efforts to explain human duty. On the other hand, he rejected scepticism as to right and wrong, and as to man's responsibility to his Maker. He rejected also the materialistic theory of things—that intellect is a phenomenon of matter, that conscience is the growth of social convenience; he would have nothing to say to utilitarian ethics. It is unnecessary to pursue this into further detail. It is the Christian religion *minus* its theology, miracles, and eschatology. Carlyle said that the fragments contained his real conviction which lay at the bottom of all his thoughts about man and man's doings in the world—a truth which he was specially sent to insist upon. Yet, according to the biographer, he could never get his convictions completely expressed. Their governing idea appears to be that like as man's conceptions of the physical universe were shown by Galileo to be illusions, so his spiritual conceptions may be shown to be identical in kind—viz., errors of the inner instead of the outer eyesight. The divine remains unchanged, the human conceptions of it alter as circumstances and knowledge vary. There does not seem to be at the present day any character of deep originality about this. Goethe's religion was very much the same. That Carlyle held his opinions with a fervor which may be described as intense, that he enforced them with the hard striking which was characteristic of his family, that relatively to his surroundings and education and the spirit of his time they were a novelty, may be quite true. He first taught his countrymen to appreciate Goethe, and spread the influence of German literature. Perhaps we are indebted to his influence that the wide chasm which separates

freethinkers from orthodox believers on the Continent is not nearly so conspicuous at home. Revelation through experienced fact, and not through miracle; the moral teaching rather than the dogmatism of Christianity; the uniform recognition of the divine in nature, rather than belief founded on the supernatural—are far healthier characteristics of free thought than the scornful rejection, root and branch, of an ancient religion and its influence, which is so widely recommended abroad, but only occasionally advocated at home. If Carlyle gave the decisive impulse to this development of English thought, the manner in which he did so, and the proof of it, should be rescued from oblivion by his biographer. Secularism may have temporarily flourished under some of our leading thinkers; it had no quarter from Carlyle, and both his posthumous works and Miss Caroline Fox's *Reminiscences* show that Mill rejected the dogmatic unbelief of his father, and would gladly have imbibed from Carlyle some definite conviction, but could never get further than acquiescence in the probability of divine law and government.

Even in Mr. Froude's "Lights and Shadows," with which he closes his account of Carlyle's training, there is the same indefiniteness as to Carlyle's work and purpose and mission. The statement that "he was born in the clouds and struck by the lightning" conveys no more meaning than the editor's assurance that in Carlyle "the sense of having a mission was the growth of the actual presence in him of the necessary powers. Certain associations, certain aspects of human life and duty, had forced themselves upon him as truths of immeasurable consequence which the world was forgetting. He was a *vates*, a seer. He perceived things which others did not see, and which it was his business to force them to see. He regarded himself as being charged actually and really with a message which he was to deliver to mankind, and like other prophets, he was straitened till his work was accomplished," etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. But why in the name of all that is wonderful does not the editor "condescend to particulars," and tell us in few words what it was that Carlyle was seeing all this time, and what are these

truths of immeasurable consequence? In the preface (p. xv.) there is a passage as follows: that Carlyle "has told us that our most cherished ideas of political liberty, with their kindred corollaries, are mere illusions, and that the progress which has seemed to go along with them is a progress toward anarchy and social dissolution." If this was the real purport of the message, the subject ought to receive further and better elucidation at the hands of the biographer than he has yet given to it. If Carlyle's reputation depends upon the truth of this prophecy being tested by time, it must rise on the ruins of his country, and a future generation will be too much absorbed in their own affairs to care much for the fame of the prophet.

But if Mr. Froude has not himself given us the means of judging of Carlyle's "work in the world," as he frequently calls it, and has left the reader to judge of it for himself mainly from tradition and the knowledge of his books, he has nevertheless given us the materials for judging Carlyle's character in the process of development, and the effect produced upon his earlier contemporaries by his genius before it was recognized by the public at large. The world in the later years of his life saw and felt his genius, but they were imperfectly acquainted with his character. In the earlier years his friends were witnesses of both, as are the readers of his works and reminiscences. The effect of this biography is very much to restore and justify the earlier opinion of his friends and acquaintances, which, so far as we can collect it, appears to have been more balanced than the extravagant eulogy of his later admirers, or the angry detraction provoked by his "Reminiscences." Mr. Froude fairly claims for him a character (preface, p. viii.) of "unblemished integrity, purity, loftiness of purpose, and inflexible resolution to do right, as of a man living consciously under his Maker's eye." But he draws at the same time a picture of failings and infirmities, both of temper and disposition, which though somewhat toned down from the high coloring imparted by remorse and irritability to his "Reminiscences," has nevertheless some striking tints. The eye is not fatigued by the contemplation of a dead

level of virtue, corresponding to some inspired message. There are some redeeming vices which stand out in bold relief, attract one by their piquancy, and to any reader with a didactic turn of mind, and an eye to a literary career, may give occasion for many salutary warnings. As regards the early development of Carlyle's talents and character, and their effect upon his early contemporaries, the light which this book throws upon these points would appear to be as follows.

There do not seem to have been any precocious displays of genius, nor was any "experiment" made in his education, of the kind from which John Stuart Mill suffered all his life. Notwithstanding the *res angusta domi*, it was decided that Tom should go to Edinburgh University, where, however, he learned little. In Latin and the classical field generally he was, as he says himself, "truly as nothing." Quite late in life he alludes to "omnibi," with nothing in the context to show (as must, however, have been the case) that it was a joke. It was not much better with philosophy; in mathematics he made real progress, but carried off no prizes. He displayed among his friends superior judgment, an abhorrence of all affectation, at least in others, a power of effective speech, far too sarcastic for so young a man; and all foretold future greatness to him of one kind or another. The young lady (Margaret Gordon, the original of Blumine in "Sartor Resartus"), who rejected his hand, wrote to him at the age of twenty-three, "Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners." At twenty-six he transacted his conversion (p. 101), as our author puts it; "authentically took the Devil by the nose," as he put it himself; in other words, "began to achieve the conviction, positive and negative, by which the whole of his later life was governed." Speculation was the business in hand, contemplating man's place in the infinities. Schoolmastering, lecturing, the law, classical literature, were all thrown aside—"light, if light there was, could be looked for only in the writers of his own era" (p. 130). There was, per-

haps, no one of his age (twenty-nine) in Scotland who knew so much or had seen so little. He had read enormously—history, poetry, philosophy; the whole range of modern literature—French, German, and English—was more familiar to him, perhaps, than to any man living of his own age (p. 216). His memory was so vigorous and retentive that in his reminiscences forty years after the fact it plays no involuntary freaks. Scenes and persons remain as if photographed, precisely as they are to be found in his contemporaries' letters. "Nothing is changed. The images stand as they were first printed; the judgments are unmodified, and are often repeated in the same words." Goethe early noticed, and applauded his powers. On receipt of his translation of "Wilhelm Meister," Goethe expressed his interest in the work and its author, which deepened into regard and admiration when the "Life of Schiller" reached his hands. His letter in answer to a gift of the latter work delighted Carlyle, as well as an inquiry addressed to him by Goethe as to the authorship, which Carlyle could claim for himself, of a certain article upon German literature. Further, Goethe used the expression, so much relied on by Mr. Froude (p. 431) in vindicating his hero's title to originality, that Carlyle was resting on an original foundation, and was so happily constituted that he could develop out of himself the requirements of what was good and beautiful—out of himself, not out of contact with others.

Carlyle was long before he established any position with his publishers. The "German Literature," which attracted the admiration of Goethe, could not find a publisher who would so much as look at it. The "Teufelsdröckh" was sent back from London, having created nothing but astonished dislike. Great as were his gifts and powers, they were unmarketable. But nevertheless literary men, prophets with messages, must live. He taught with authority, but every element was absent from his works which would command popularity. Desperate as were the straits to which Carlyle's finances were reduced, he found the means of contributing largely to his brother John's education. His devotion to his blood relations was evidently

deep and lasting. Jeffrey regarded him as under the influence (p. 126) of a curious but most reprehensible vanity, which would not and could not land him anywhere but in poverty and disappointment, while all the time the world was ready and eager to open its arms and lavish its liberality upon him if he would but consent to walk in its ways and be like other men. He "had a book in him which would cause ears to tingle"—in fact, "Sartor Resartus" was growing in his mind, based upon the ideas of Goethe and Kant. The clothes philosophy gave him the form of his new book. His own history, inward and outward, furnished substance. The idea was that certain institutions, religious creeds, were only the *clothes* in which human creatures covered their nakedness, and enabled men to live in harmony and decency; but they changed with the times, grew old, varied with the habits of life, and were the outward indications for the time being of the inward and spiritual nature.

The impulse which eventually sent him out into the world, away from Craigenputtock, is expressed in these scornful sentences (p. 144):

"What are your Whigs and Lord Advocates and Lord Chancellors, and the whole host of unspeakably gabbling parliamenteers and pulpiteers and pamphleteers, if a man suspect that there is fire enough in his belly to burn up the entire creation of such? These all build on mechanism; one spark of dynamism, of inspiration, were it the poorest soul, is stronger than them all."

Yet the unfortunate "Sartor Resartus," with all its dynamism and inspiration, could not find a publisher (p. 347), and was eventually cut to pieces, and produced limb by limb in *Fraser's Magazine*. No one (p. 363) could tell what to make of it. The writer was considered a literary maniac, and the unlucky editor was dreading the ruin of his magazine—one of his oldest subscribers threatening (p. 430) that if there was any more of that d—d stuff he would, etc., etc. From that time forward (p. 370) all editors gave him the cold shoulder till the appearance of his "French Revolution." Mill always boasted that one of the three chief successes of his life had been that he secured a hearing for this work. The world, till that book appeared, settled

down into the view taken of him at Edinburgh, that fine talents were being thrown away—that what he had to say was extravagant nonsense.

Jeffrey did all in his power at one time to aid Carlyle, and finding it impossible to induce him to accept pecuniary assistance, roused his ire by helping his brother. "If only," says either Jeffrey or the biographer (p. 151), "he would not be so unpracticable and so arrogant. If only he could be persuaded that he was not an inspired being, and destined to be the founder of a new religion! But a solitary life and a bad stomach had so spoilt him, all but the heart, that he despaired of being able to mend him." "Macaulay and several others" (p. 153), "who had laughed at his 'Signs of the Times,' had been struck with its force and originality. If he would but give himself fair play, if he could but believe that men might differ from him without being in damnable error, he would make his way to the front without difficulty."

The following is the matured opinion of Mr. Froude as to the real excellence of the man in later life, who impressed his earlier contemporaries in the way which we have just described. We extract it as the best descriptive passage in the book before us:

"His power of speech, unequalled, so far as my experience goes, by that of any other man, had begun to open itself. 'Carlyle first, and all the rest nowhere,' was the description of him by one of the best judges in London, when speaking of the great talkers of the day. His vast reading, his minute observation, his miraculously retentive memory, gave him something to say on every subject which could be raised. What he took into his mind was dissolved and recrystallized into original combinations of his own. His writing, too, was as fluent as his speech. His early letters—even the most exquisitely finished sentences of them—are in an even and beautiful hand, without erasure or alteration of a phrase. Words flowed from him with a completeness of form which no effort could improve. When he was excited, it was like the eruption of a volcano, thunder and lightning, hot stones and smoke and ashes. He had a natural tendency to exaggeration, and although at such times his extraordinary metaphors and flashes of Titanesque humor made him always worth listening to, he was at his best when talking of history or poetry or biography, or of some contemporary person or incident which had either touched his sympathy or amused his delicate sense of absurdity. His laugh was from his whole nature, voice, eyes,

and even his whole body. And there was never any malice in it. His own definition of humor—"a genial sympathy with the under side"—was the definition also of his own feeling about all things and all persons when it was himself that was speaking, and not what he called the devil that was occasionally in possession. In the long years that I was intimate with him, I never heard him tell a malicious story or say a malicious word of any human being. His language was sometimes like the rolling of a great cathedral organ, sometimes like the softest flute notes, sad or playful as the mood or the subject might be; and you listened—threw in perhaps an occasional word to show that you went along with him, but you were simply charmed and listened on without caring to interrupt. Interruption indeed would answer little purpose, for Carlyle did not bear contradiction any better than Johnson. Contradiction would make him angry and unreasonable. He gave you a full picture of what was in his own mind, and you took it away with you and reflected on it."

Although in these volumes, and in the "Reminiscences," there are, as we said before, ample materials for judging of Carlyle's character and the mode in which it was developed, the reader is left very much to his own devices in forming a judgment, as he is with regard to Carlyle's message and work. At the close of the book the "lights and shadows" are discussed. With regard to the characteristics there set forth, we are wholly dissatisfied, after giving it our best consideration, with Mr. Froude's estimate of them and of their consequences. We think he underestimates the gravity of the faults and wholly exaggerates the consequences, at least as regards Mrs. Carlyle, which he attributes to them. The subject is worth close consideration or none at all. If Carlyle had this incomprehensible and inexpressible message to deliver, it would naturally be developed quite as much by his life as by his works. But without in the least disparaging the virtue of that complete subjection of his whole life and prospects to whatever he may have regarded as his ruling purpose, it is quite clear that no effort at all was made to recast his own character, temper, and habits in accordance with those views of duty which he was perpetually inculcating upon others. The consequence was, that he combined some very heroic qualities and conduct with habitual disregard of some of the plainest and most commonplace of human

duties. It is in the nature of stern self-renunciation, in pursuance of fixed purpose, to beget want of sympathy with others. In Carlyle's case there was a detachment and concentration of self so marked, that he is represented both by himself and his biographer as having, contrary we think to the evidence when fairly considered, sacrificed, while extremely vocal himself as to all his own ailments and discomforts, not merely the happiness but even the health of his wife; and he appears on all occasions as expressing, even if he did not feel, the most unbounded antipathy to all whom he could regard as rivals. Setting aside his deep devotion and generous attachment to his blood relations, his appreciation and love of others seem to have always been of that posthumous sort which does not attain full development till the object of them is laid in the grave, while the stronger passions of scorn, animosity, and contempt appear to have been indulged without stint.

Some of these main incidents in Carlyle's life are worth attention. They may have resulted, as Mr. Froude puts it (vol. i. p. 50), from "genius in the process of developing, combined with an irritable nervous system, and a fiercely impatient temper;" but they none the less disclose faults of the gravest character, which there was no adequate attempt made to combat with. Every outlet into practical life was barred by his impracticable temper; his entrance into literature as a professional pursuit was impeded for years by the defiant temper which he carried into his very style. The temper of the man raised or augmented the difficulties which his genius had to surmount. No doubt schoolmastering was a most uncongenial occupation, teaching stupid boys arithmetic. We are not surprised that he kicked the schoolmaster functions over in two years as intolerable. Hunger no doubt drove him to it; a rival school was started, which drew off the pupils and spoilt the dignity of his retreat. Thrown on the world and his own resources, his thrifty habits were his best refuge. His powers of conciliation are shown in his own statement, that vinegar was his reception wherever he passed his fellow-creatures. He became a prey to nameless struggles and miseries, betook

himself in desperation to the legal profession, but was soon disgusted with it. "Reticence" (vol. i. p. 78) "about his personal sufferings was at no time one of his virtues. Dyspepsia had him by the throat. Even the minor ailments to which our flesh is heir, and which most of us bear in silence, the eloquence of his imagination flung into forms like the temptations of a saint. His mother had early described him as 'gey ill to live wi';" and while in great things he was the most considerate and generous of men, in trifles he was most intolerably irritable." Or to quote another passage (vol. i. p. 118), "Indeed, as a rule, all serious trials he endured as nobly as man could do. When his temper failed, it was when some metaphorical gnat was buzzing about his ears;" but this, from the nature of things and of life, was frequent, and the results strike one as insufferable. "When dyspepsia" (p. 183) "was upon him he spared no one, least of all those who were nearest and dearest to him. Penitence, however, sincere as it might be, was never followed by amendment, even to the very end of his life."

Eventually Irving obtained for him that tutorship in the Buller family which has become celebrated, and to which Carlyle was indebted for a liberal income at a crisis in his life, which might have led to penury and want. What is more, his services and himself were fully appreciated, both by the pupil and by the family. Charles Buller was, as Froude says (vol. ii. p. 216), "the only person of distinction and promise with whom he came into contact that he heartily admired." He was therefore at once freed from all money anxieties, and could and did help his brothers. Naturally Mrs. Buller was "one of the most fascinating, refined women he had ever seen." The house was "more and more a kind of home" to him; and the connection continued to be an agreeable one for some time. Yet he was always quarrelling with his lot. He was (p. 191) "uneasy, restless with dyspepsia and intellectual fever." He laid the blame on his position, and soon meditated throwing up his engagement. Mr. and Mrs. Buller did all they could, but "their good resolutions and enactments require to be executed by a pack

of lazy, careless, and irregular waiting men and women." He saw every ailment and every discomfort through the lens of his imagination, and his extraordinary faculty of vigorous statement reacted upon and confirmed his exaggerated impressions. If Edinburgh lodgings were uncomfortable, he complained of "stanches and horrors more than tongue can tell;" to be condemned, hanged, and quartered, would involve less torment (p. 193) than he had endured in that fatal city. He "bullyragged the sluttish harlots of the place," and so on. If a watchman's voice disturbed him, he longed to cut his throat (p. 20); "his voice was loud, hideous, and ear and soul piercing, resembling the voices of ten thousand gibcats all molten into one terrific peal." And as for Mrs. Buller's household management, he concluded eventually that he could never recover or retain his health under it. "Nothing therefore remains for me but to leave it. This kind of life is next to absolute starvation, only slower in its agony." When he left it, he had entirely forgotten the sense of relief and satisfaction with which he had entered on the engagement. "The shifting and trotting about which Mrs. Buller managed with so total a disregard to my feelings (!), joined to the cold and selfish style of the lady's general proceedings," etc., etc. "I feel glad that I have done with them: their family was ruining my body and mind. I was selling the very quintessence of my spirit for £200 a year. Adieu, therefore, to ancient dames of quality, that flaunting, painting, patching, nervous, vaporish, jiggling, skimming, scolding race of mortals. Their clothes are silk, their manners courtly, their hearts are *kipper*." This is in a letter to his mother, under the sense of annoyance of his engagement having been terminated; written in cold blood, after time for reflection. The editor may well add, "Poor Mrs. Buller! a year back 'one of the most fascinating women he had ever met.' She was about forty, and probably had never flaunted, painted, or patched in her life." It takes a great deal of dyspepsia and genius to excuse in the slightest degree the ingratitude and injustice of the whole tone and temper displayed by Carlyle, at the time a re-

sponsible being of twenty-nine. On the other hand, there is a passage in "Sartor Resartus," penned only six years after this outburst for the consolation of the intelligent reader of that work, under similar circumstances of dissatisfaction: "I tell thee, blockhead, it all comes of thy vanity; of what thou *fanciest*" (the italics are not ours) "those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot; fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp." And again, in another passage of the same work, we find a further illustration of the varying character of Carlyle's wisdom, according as it was intended for his own or his neighbors' consumption: "What is this that ever since earliest years thou hast been fretting, and fuming, and lamenting, and self-tormenting on account of? Say it in a word; is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honored, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that thou shouldst be happy? . . . Art thou nothing other than a vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after something to eat; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron*, open thy *Goethe*."

The passages in which Carlyle criticises one by one the best literary names of his day, and describes the impressions which they made upon him, have been frequently quoted, and are, as might be expected, far from complimentary. All through his life he appears to have preferred a dead lion to a living one. Dyspepsia colored his views mainly of the living. We will merely give here his general impression of London literary men, expressed, of course, in that spirit of veracity, sincerity, and measured accuracy of statement which he was always impressing upon others:

"Literary men! The devil in his own good time take all such literary men. One sterling fellow like Schiller, or even old Johnson, would take half-a-dozen such creatures by the nape of the neck between his finger and thumb and carry them forth to the nearest common sink. Save Allan Cunningham, our honest Nithsdale peasant, there is not one *man* among them.

In short, it does not seem worth while to spend five-and-forty shillings weekly for the privilege of being near such penmen."

And again (vol. ii. p. 186) :

"They are the devil's own vermin, whom the devil in his own good time will snare and successively eat. The creature (—) called again : the most insignificant *haddock* in nature—a dirty, greasy, Cockney apprentice, altogether empty and *non extant* except, &c., and the completest outfit of innocent blank self-conceit I ever in life chanced to witness. He is a blown bladder, from which no substance is to be sought. God be with him !"

The facile power of vigorous statement is a great snare to even the strongest intellects. It is impossible to suppose that Carlyle really meant a tithe of what he from time to time said in these letters and observations which Mr. Froude has published. Everything and everybody came under his ban ; but if in every case right terrible is the curse, no one, from Irving's baby to George Eliot herself, not excepting Wilson and De Quincey, is a penny the worse. Wounded vanity has often something to do with it : witness the curious reminiscence of the expedition to the Staffordshire coal-mines, where Airey, then recently a senior wrangler, is the honored guest, and Carlyle, an unknown youth, has to bring up the rear with the "foot licker," as he contemptuously calls Airey's friend. Long years afterward the whole incident rankles in his memory ; and the unfortunate "foot licker" is the scape-goat who bears with him into the wilderness of time all the sins of those who failed to accord to Carlyle the post of honor. Jealousy was one of Carlyle's most serious failings, and it is displayed on behalf of his wife as well as himself. "Not all the Sands and Eliots," he explains (Rem. vol. ii. p. 250) "and babbling cohue of celebrated scribbling women that have strutted over the world in my time could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled to essence, make one such woman." No doubt there is plenty of talent and genius in the world which never seeks public recognition. But their possessors should be foremost to appreciate those who succeed in obtaining it, even though their own path in life has led to other equally satisfactory but less conspicuous triumphs. It is interesting also to note Carlyle's estimate of a book

which achieved a more world-wide and enduring fame than any of his own—viz., "Darwin on the Origin of Species," "Wonderful to me as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind. Never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought on it."

The reminiscences, so far as they were biographical of Mrs. Carlyle and expressive of Carlyle's remorse for his small contribution to their joint stock of married happiness, created a storm of indignation against his memory. They have elevated his married life to the dignity of a literary problem. The wives of literary men of eminence run, it seems to us, great risk of enduring through life all the suffering which that *irritable genus* of mankind know so well how to inflict, and of enduring after death an apotheosis calculated to make any woman of refined and sensitive character stir in her grave. Some ten years ago all the descriptive energy of the English language was brought into play in Mill's Autobiography for the purpose of doing honor to his wife and step-daughter. It is interesting to note with regard to the former that Carlyle regarded her as "a very will-o'-wispish iridescence of a creature" (Rem., vol., ii. p. 117), whom Mrs. Carlyle speedily taught her proper place ; with regard to the latter, the London School Board and even the Irish Ladies' Land League, can form their own, and perhaps a correcter estimate. Carlyle, however, was far more happily placed. There cannot be a second opinion as to the loyalty and self-devotion, the talents and spirit, which Mrs. Carlyle's life, so far as it is yet disclosed, exhibited throughout.

It seems to us a great literary blunder, not fair to Carlyle's memory, to have published those reminiscences, written while the old man was under the influence of grief and remorse, in the early days of his loss. If we are challenged to express an opinion upon this literary problem, we must say the remorse was greatly exaggerated. The married relations were exactly what might have been anticipated. They display all Carlyle's virtues and all his many and grave faults. But Mrs. Carlyle was no victim. She knew exactly what she undertook. She had all, and

more than all, the satisfaction which she expected. The letters in this work of Mr. Froude's show a high degree of mutual respect and affection. Self-sacrifice was the life which she undertook, cheerfully carried through, and probably would have been the last person advisedly and deliberately to have complained of. Carlyle's exactions no doubt were extreme. She shared his aspirations, but little else. While he was absorbed in his work, and extremely irritable as to every ailment or discomfort, her life was devoted to shield him in every possible way, the husband, with true masculine insensibility, accepting everything in the isolation of selfish thoughtlessness for her. But they neither of them started in married life with happiness for their goal. They would have spurned the notion. High ideals, high conquests in the realms of speculation, complete self-renunciation (*enstagen*), were the ends in view; and in such a race it requires no prophet to foretell that the suffering will belong to the woman and the triumph to the man. Both were true to their bargain, and in spite of much struggle and of selfish isolation on the one side, repaid by extreme devotion on the other, both achieved satisfaction and sense of success, and are entitled, in respect of their relation to one another, to the respect and not the censure of their critics. But as far as results go, the picture is not attractive. It requires to be lighted up by the brilliancy of Carlyle's subsequent fame. On the other hand, neither of them was intended for happiness, in the ordinary meaning of the term. One was physically too weak and suffering and ailing; the other too ungovernable in his temper, his scorn, and his dyspepsia.

Mr. Froude seems to adopt the view that Mrs. Carlyle was wronged, and so considered herself. He quotes her expression in the late evening of her laborious life: "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him, and I am miserable." The marriage does not seem in the correspondence to have been wholly for ambition, and the misery was due, we fear, to many and painful causes. Besides, it is not in the power of epigram to sum up the results of a life. The other expression to a

friend—"never marry a man of genius"—conveys sound practical advice, how sound the readers of this book will have no difficulty in deciding; but, after all, it is only a limitation upon a general maxim, which always commands approbation, though it seldom obtains obedience.

The marriage was resolved upon after years of acquaintance, friendship, and correspondence, in spite of the hostility and objections of Mrs. Welsh. There was no pretence of concealment as to Carlyle's views. He offered poverty, and claimed the divine right of genius to be selfish; and Miss Welsh, with her eyes open, took him on those terms. He was to surrender himself to his work and aspirations; she to the drudgery and duties of a peasant's wife. She made one effort at a compromise, and induced her mother to consent that Carlyle should live with both of them, and share the advantage of an established house and income. But Carlyle would have none of it. Miss Welsh must take him, his ascertained poverty and unascertained genius, or leave him. As for Mrs. Welsh, his view of her and of living with her is expressed, probably toned down, in the "Reminiscences" (vol. ii. p. 120). She was "far too sensitive; her beauty, too, had brought flatteries, conceits perhaps; she was of very variable humor, flew off and on upon slight reasons, and was not easy to live with for one wiser than herself, though very easy for one more foolish, if especially a touch of hypocrisy and perfect admiration were superadded." So Carlyle answered Miss Welsh's proposal by very properly insisting that "two households could not live as if they were one, and he would never have any right enjoyment of his wife's company till she was all his own;" and very improperly adding, that "the moment he was master of a house, the first use he would turn it to would be to slam the door against nauseous intruders." In fact, Carlyle sacrificed himself and all other prospects in life to what he considered to be his work and his mission; and he married, meaning to sacrifice his wife also, and she knew it. Mrs. Welsh abandoned all further opposition to the marriage, and decided to give up her house at Haddington. Thereupon, in spite of

nauseous intruders, it occurred to Carlyle that the house would do for himself ; but Miss Welsh, though she had elected to descend in the social scale, firmly refused to do so on the scene of her early life, or to live where her familiar friends would be the nauseous intruders. There was no room for misunderstanding in all this. The correspondence shows that the relations between them ripened after marriage into very warm affection. But it was clearly a life, on the one side, of great exaction ; on the other, of brave submission to the hardships of a chosen lot.

Mrs. Carlyle no doubt reckoned upon more companionship and sympathy than she got. If she was prepared to have the door slammed against nauseous intruders, she did not expect to be taken to Craigenputtock and have the door slammed against her. But genius and dyspepsia, it appears, require abundant solitude. Carlyle (vol. i. p. 265) sat alone, walked alone, generally rode alone. It was necessary for him, sometime or other in the day, to discharge in talk the volume of thought which oppressed him. But it was in vehement soliloquy, to which his wife listened with admiration perhaps, but admiration dulled by the constant repetition of the dose, and without relief or comfort from it.

In the "Reminiscences" there is an account of her listening to her husband expatiating about the battle of Mollwitz at a time when she lay convinced she was dying. Often, says Carlyle (Rem., vol. ii. p. 226)—

"I have thought how miserable my books must have been to her, and how, though they were none of her choosing, and had come upon her like ill weather or ill health, she at no instant, never once, I do believe, made the least complaint at me or my behavior (often bad, or at least thoughtless and weak) under them."

Turn the picture, and see what the wife contributed. In the language of repentance, which, as Mr. Froude tells us never led to amendment (Rem., vol. ii. p. 151)—

"Strange how she made the desert bloom for herself and me there ; what a fairy palace she had made of that wild moorland home of the poor man ! In my life I have seen no human intelligence that so genuinely pervaded every fibre of the human existence it belonged to. From the baking of a loaf, or the

darning of a stocking, up to comporting herself in the highest scenes or the most intricate emergencies, all was insight, veracity, graceful success, if you could judge it, fidelity to the fact given."

Again (p. 173)—

"She flickered round me like perpetual radiance, and, in spite of my gloom and my misdoings, would at no moment cease to love me."

But in spite of Carlyle's remorse and other testimony, there is enough in the general description of their mutual relations, and in their letters to one another during occasional absences, to preclude the notion of this being an ill-assorted or unhappy marriage. It was nothing of the kind. It was one of trial and hardship to the wife, who had, in her ill health and physical sufferings, abundant source of misery. But she was successful. She carried out triumphantly the objects of her existence. She had unmistakably her husband's respect, and all the sympathy of which such a remarkably egoistic and querulous man was capable. If it turned out to be less than she expected or was entitled to, she was probably the last woman to repine or to consider her life on that account a failure. Another circumstance which seems opposed to the theory that Mrs. Carlyle was sacrificed in the way that critics impute, is her affection for all her husband's family, the peasant parents, brothers and sisters. They belonged to a class different from her own. Carlyle seemed to take it for granted that it was impossible that Mrs. Welsh could endure their society. There could not have been any real tie between the daughter and her adopted family, except that which grew out of her sympathy with her husband in his strong family affections, and their regard for one who had bravely undertaken what they knew to be a thorny task. The correspondence and other evidence show that the terms were cordial, and full of respect and mutual regard, and are inconsistent with any growing discontent with her lot, and her treatment by her husband. The "Reminiscences" have exaggerated matters. They are wanting in dignity and reticence and self-restraint. But they are characteristic in their terse and outspoken expression of passing emotion. Remorse pinched and irritat-

ed him, like his dyspepsia, his bores, or any other discomfort ; and, *more suo*, he was extremely irritable under it.

As he has chosen to lay bare their mutual relations, which are disfigured by all his failings and characteristics, his memory must take the consequences. Mrs. Carlyle bears off all the honors due to that habitual self-renunciation and devotion to the duties nearest at hand, which her husband incessantly preached, but did not in the minor details of life in any way practise. He disarms, to some extent, the severity of censure by candidly confessing that he threw the reins on the back of his natural impulses to irritability and self-absorption. But as far as we can judge, she commanded his respect and admiration, and such sympathy as he was capable of rendering. That is more than can be said of others, however worthy or distinguished, who crossed his path. He never had any occupation which compelled him to measure himself with his fellow-men. Those high ideals on which he nourished his mind were not favorable to the growth of everyday durable commonplace morality. They did not influence his temper or disposition, or inspire his conduct of the minutiae of life. At the best, they influenced his theoretic conviction. Scorn grew apace from want of the checks which contact with his fellow-men in the struggles of life would have imposed. But there is no trace of his pronounced spirit of detraction, and his tendency to strong vigorous invective, ever being directed against his wife. The worst with which, in the extreme of late and ineffectual regret, he charged himself with, was negligence and omission. It is easy to exaggerate censure upon this topic, but we think that Carlyle made a much better husband than any one could have expected, and that the evidence of his grave faults of character lies mostly outside those four walls from which all nauseous intruders were warned during his life, although with sad inconsistency, they have been invited, after his death, to peer into every nook and cranny, which during life were so jealously guarded.

The following passage, in which Mr. Froude describes the relations between them when circumstances are favorable,

seems to us a fair one, and though it evidently implies that there was also another version to be given, it is necessary to be borne in mind by those who wish to solve the "literary problem" rightly (vol., ii. p. 49) :

"When Carlyle was in good spirits, his wife had a pleasant time with him. 'Ill to live wi,' impatient, irritable over little things, that he always was : but he was charming too. No conversation, in my experience, ever equalled his ; and unless the evil spirit had possession of him, even his invectives, when they burst out, piled themselves into metaphors so extravagant that they ended in convulsions of laughter with his whole body and mind, and then all was well again. Their Spanish studies together were delightful to both. His writings were growing better and better. She—the most severe and watchful of critics, who never praised where praise was not deserved—was happy in the fulfilment of her prophecies ; and her hardest work was a delight to her, when she could spare her husband's mind an anxiety or his stomach an indigestion."

We take leave of these volumes, which are only an instalment, with the feeling that Mr. Froude holds in his hand the reputation and dignity of his hero, and that as far as he has gone at present he has not sustained his task. The blotches and scars are, both in the reminiscences and the correspondence, brought out with such bold relief that the duty of doing justice to Carlyle's genius and achievements, of interpreting his true position in the world of letters and thought, is one which his biographer must execute in no half-hearted or perfunctory manner, if he would escape the imputation of treason to his memory. Heroism of either mind or character does not predominate, as far as the biographer has brought us at present. If we analyze the general impression which these volumes are calculated to produce, it is hard to say whether it is one in which good or evil predominates. There is no doubt strong testimony to his talents and genius on the part of his early contemporaries, but it is not uniform. The intellect was as wayward as the temper. Lord Jeffrey was a man of experience and superficial insight, and he had many opportunities of knowing Carlyle. His judgment, whatever it may have been worth, was on the whole very unfavorable. That Carlyle eventually succeeded does not falsify the judgment ; he succeeded in spite of huge

failings, owing to the force and genius that were in him. The faults are so conspicuous that the force and the genius and the general scope of his work and achievement ought to be adequately represented. It is useless to talk of forked lightning and inspired messages and prophetic missions. The biographer should descend from these airy elevations, and vindicate to posterity in sober prose the place which Carlyle achieved among the living. If he does so, successfully and vividly, we believe that in the impression which it will produce, the good ought to outweigh the evil much more decisively than it does in the present outcome of the biographer's labors.

Mr. Froude, we think, makes the twofold error of putting forward an exaggerated claim and then inadequately sustaining it. He claims that Carlyle was the bearer of a divine message, the truth of which must be tested by events in future ages ; that he exercised a directing influence over successive generations of men ; that, in fact, he was an epoch-making man. In order to sustain this lofty claim, he gives no clear idea of the message, and no proof of the influence. Nor does he give any clear idea of Carlyle's mental characteristics, nor any review of the result and character of his works. The view which we have of Carlyle, apart from this book of Mr. Froude's, is that he is a man all whose greatness comes out in his literary work ; that that is stamped with extraordinary force, and if not with originality, with an original way of enforcing and developing the ideas which he had assimilated. It breathes throughout the spirit of truth and sincerity—the spirit of a man who was possessed to an extraordinary degree of that quality which is described by the oft-misused word *faith* ; an overmastering, constant sense of the divine principle in man, and of his natural affinity with truth, reality, and right. The force of his conviction that man's real relations are with the infinite, and that his temporal circumstances are the accidents of his existence, incapable of satisfying him, determines the character of everything he wrote. It is the highest praise which can be accorded to a writer, to say that no one can study him without finding himself sensibly

benefited and improved. Carlyle is, we believe, entitled to this praise, and his biographer would find it an easier and more useful task to demonstrate it than to declare without demonstration that he virtually created an epoch and brought a divine message. Now that these books have been given to the world, it requires no devil's advocate to insist on Carlyle's failings. They are unhappily more patent and more vivid than his virtues. What we want to draw attention to is, that Carlyle held a pre-eminent place among his contemporaries for the greater part of an unusually long life ; that he did solid, durable work ; that he had sound heroic qualities ; that he was an exemplar of some very definite form of greatness, though by no means of all greatness ; and that that form should be clearly delineated. Except in the case of such men as Bacon, Newton, and Darwin, and those who effect great discoveries, changing or materially affecting human destiny, a man's influence is an intangible thing, very difficult for posterity at least to estimate. It is otherwise with his character and his work ; and it is with these that the biographer of Carlyle ought principally to concern himself. Mr. Froude closes his second volume with the sentence, "He had wrought himself into a personality which all were to be compelled to admire, and in whom a few recognized, like Goethe, the advent of a new moral force, the effects of which it was impossible to predict." This is Mr. Froude's description of Carlyle as he presented himself to the world of London in 1834. Let him vindicate it, now that Carlyle's career is closed. Let him bring out, in spite of reminiscences and autobiographical confessions, the real qualities which were the source of Carlyle's greatness, and which so far outweigh his faults as to command admiration in spite of them. And with regard to the moral force, let him recover it and preserve it for the benefit of successive generations. It will not be done by putting forward vague and exaggerated claims ; or by presenting us with other people's complimentary expressions, after the fashion of third-rate novelists, who, feeling that they cannot draw their heroine, make the inferior characters in their plot converse and exclaim

about her merits. The way to succeed in giving to the world a clear idea of the nature, extent, and direction of this new moral force, and if possible to estimate how it acted and what it effected, is the way that Carlyle himself recommended—"Get a true insight and belief of your own as to the matter; that is the way to get your belief into me: and it is the only way." We trust that in the interests of biography, of truth,

and of posterity, Mr. Froude may in his later volumes prove himself equal to the occasion; and may, besides giving us most interesting and entertaining materials, contribute effectively to the formation of a sound public judgment upon a career which is of singular interest, alike for its successes and its failures, its virtues and its faults.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT AND FORCE.

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE VISCOUNT BURY.

IN July, 1877, the *Quarterly Review* had an article of mine on "Electricity as applied in Peace and War," to which I refer here because it forms a convenient landmark. Though it was written but five years ago, and was intended to give in a popular form an account of electrical science as it then existed, it is quite curious to remark how completely recent inventions have left its statements in arrear. Not only have rapid advances been made in the science itself by the labors of philosophers and the contrivances of inventors, but popular knowledge of the subject has increased. The newspaper and the popular lecturer have taken it up, and instilled it into us, so to speak, with our tea and toast at breakfast. The article contains no mention of the telephone or of the phonograph, which to-day are household words. It speaks throughout of voltaic electricity as the form with which the world was principally concerned. The very nomenclature of the science, which I took some pains to expound, is as archaic as Chaucer's English. The name of at least one standard, and the capacity of a second, have been altered. A great philosopher whose patronymic was then used as the designation of an electrical measure has given place to another. The measure to which "Weber" stood sponsor has been divided into two, and his old place in the text-books knows him no more. In fact, electrical science is in a state of rapid and violent change. It is developing with a rapidity which almost seems to rival that of the imponderable agent

with which it deals; and the fact that electricians have nothing, amid all these changes, to unlearn, and nothing to retract, speaks volumes for the care and skill of its first leaders and workers.

Nowadays every one knows something in a general way about the telephone. Five years ago the telephone was just heard of as a scientific toy; now every great office in London, and in a hundred cities besides, is in telephonic communication with its correspondents. In 1877, again, the electric light, though well known in theory, and actually used for lighthouse work, or for some grand illuminations, had not yet begun to be utilized as a source of domestic supply. As railroads took possession of the land at the beginning of this century, so did electricity in the last few years. The telegraph system spread itself over both hemispheres and under every sea. Just at the moment when that was becoming complete, and competing lines, in default of new continents to conquer, were beginning to quarrel among themselves, a new revolution occurred; the world suddenly learned that electricity could be applied to an infinity of purposes undreamt of before. It was shown to be as strong as it was swift and delicate. It will drive a printing machine or a railway train; it will work an elevator for lifting heavy weights. But what it has gained in strength it has not lost in delicacy. It will by means of a little instrument no larger than an apple keep a sewing machine going; it can be applied to a pen, which writes as fast as a skilful penman can guide it, a copy from

which a thousand impressions can be obtained ; it is, indeed, so sensitive that it will discover the whereabouts of a bullet in a wound.

Every one knows nowadays that to maintain a current of electricity a continuous electrode or electrical conductor is required between the opposite poles of the generating battery. The simplest form in which a circuit can be established is to plunge a couple of strips of dissimilar metals into a tumbler of acidulated water. If two strips of copper and zinc are so immersed, and are connected by a wire outside the glass, the acid begins to eat the zinc, and a current of electricity forces its way from the zinc, through the acidulated water, to the copper, and thence along the connecting wire back to the zinc again. Here we have in its simplest form a complete electrical system. The most intricate network of telegraphs, the most complete plan of street lighting, only differs from it in the necessary complication of its details. Those who are unskilled in electricity will do well at this point to encounter the strange terminology of the science, and learn a few necessary names and definitions. The arrangement within the glass is an element or cell. A number of such cells coupled together is a battery. The two ends of zinc and copper which project outside the glass are the battery poles. The metal blade attacked by the acid (in this case the zinc) is the negative pole. The one not attacked is the positive pole. The outside wires are called indifferently leads, conductors, or electrodes. The acidulated water which attacks the zinc is called the electrolyte. The burning or consumption of zinc is electrolysis.

The current, in forcing its way from the zinc to the copper, encounters electrical "resistance" in the electrolyte, and the joint resistance of zinc, electrolyte, and copper is known as the intrapolar or internal resistance of the battery. In like manner the retardation caused by the external wires, and the lamps, instruments, and resistances inserted in the circuit is known as its extrapolar or exterior resistance. All details of the most elaborate systems group themselves under these heads. The whole system over which a current

passes is called a circuit. A closed circuit, when the way is continuous throughout, however many interpolations of extraneous resistances it may contain; an open circuit when either by design or by accident the continuity of the conductor is destroyed.

By electrical resistance is meant the opposition offered by every constituent part of the circuit to the passage of a current. There is first the resistance of the generating battery itself ; in a chemical battery the acidulated water, or electrolyte, offers a very high resistance ; then come the resistance of the leading wires, and in addition the resistance of every constituent portion of the circuit, be it electric machine, resistance coil, electro-magnet, telegraph machine, or the carbons of a series of electric lights : in fact, any retardation of the current, caused by material impediment or by work to be performed, is known by the name of resistance, which can be tested and measured ; but whatever obstacles a current may have to encounter, its way must be continuous and unbroken by the smallest interval. It will be seen from this that resistance is merely a relative term. Every substance can be electrified, some with greater and some with less difficulty. The metals, for instance, such as german silver and copper, can be electrified almost instantaneously. Other substances—glass, carbon, shellac, and gutta percha—take a very long time, and require persistent electric excitation to become so. Generally speaking, substances which can be very easily electrified are known as conductors, and those which are slowly electrified are called insulators. Neither term is strictly accurate. It is only a question of degree. Even the best conductor offers a certain amount of retardation ; and the worst conductor known is permeable in time, and does not afford perfect insulation. To be sure the limits of variation in this respect are wide enough. An uncovered wire of copper will allow a current to move along it at the rate of 288,000 miles a second, and it would take minutes and perhaps hours to creep over an inch or two of gutta percha. Still, as a mathematical fact, neither insulators nor conductors are perfect. The two properties are reciprocals. If we take 100 as the

standard of conductivity or absolute non-resistance, pure copper wire would show, perhaps, 96 or 98 of conductivity and 4 or 2 of resistance. Gutta serena, at the other end of the scale, might show less than 1 of conductivity and more than 99 of resistance. I have not at hand the exact figures, but these will serve as an illustration of the meaning. The mathematical formula known as Ohm's fundamental law states electrical resistance to be inversely proportional to the strength of the current.* An illustration of this is seen in the case of a lightning conductor. A small copper wire will carry away a moderate current without disturbance, because the current and the resistance of the wire have some manageable relation to each other. But, if a flash of lightning were to pass along the same wire, it would fuse the wire; because, although the resistance would be the same, the proportion borne by the electro-motive force of the lightning to the conductivity of the wire, would have no manageable relation to the current. On the same principle a piece of carbon introduced into a circuit stops the passage of a feeble current, being a bad conductor. It, however, allows a strong current to pass; but, before doing so, it offers such vigorous resistance that the energy necessary to overcome the resistance is sufficient to heat the carbon white hot, or, if there be a break in the carbon, to cause an electric arc at the point of fracture. This is the principle of the electric light.

The next point offered for consideration by the simple circuit which I have described, is the electro-motive force. In the case of chemical electricity, the electro-motive force depends upon the difference of activity with which the zinc and the copper are attacked by the dilute acid. In the case of electro-magnetism, of which I shall have a good deal to say further on, electro-motive force depends, within certain limits, upon the degree of rapidity with which the armature coils are made to rotate in the magnetic field. But in either case electro-motive force is due to what, in

electric parlance, is known as difference of potential, that is, to the anxiety of electricity to force its way from one pole of a battery to the other.

Before saying anything about measurements, it may be charitable to warn those who have been, perhaps fruitlessly, poring over electrical books that certain technical terms used in the science have lately changed their significance. This will, no doubt, eventually be an advantage to the student, as it will introduce greater neatness and precision; but the intermediate effect is bewildering; because the same word stands for two or more different ideas. Electricity being, like heat or light, a mode of motion, its manifestation is usually spoken of conventionally as a current. Probably there is no such thing; the force obeys certain laws, and acts in particular ways, but it does not flow bodily from place to place as a current does. It follows rather the analogy of light-undulations or sound-waves. Sir William Thomson and others who have devoted themselves to the investigation of electrical phenomena avow themselves at fault; they do not know what electricity is; but whatever it is, the earth contains a practically inexhaustible supply of it, and portions of it can be separated from the main body. The portion so separated has a tendency to escape and recombine. In doing so it exerts energy; in other words, it performs work, which may be directed, utilized, or measured. Force may be exerted, either to produce motion in bodies at rest, or to oppose resistance to moving bodies; in either case it does a definite amount of work, which may be measured and compared with a standard. In mechanics such a standard is found in the force which is required to raise a weight of one pound to the height of one foot. For electrical purposes the foot-pound would not be sufficiently refined; but a standard has been devised on the same principle, which supposes an electrical force which is capable of raising one gramme in weight through one metre of height in one second of time. This standard has been named an absolute unit. In measuring a force it is not necessary to inquire whether it is employed in promoting motion or in resisting it. So that the strength of a current, the resistance

* Ohm's law. $I = \frac{E}{R}$ where I is the intensity of the current, E the electro-motive force, and R the resistance.

of a wire to the passage of a current, or the quantity of electricity passing in a given time through a given circuit, can all be expressed in terms of the absolute unit. It still remained to invent measures which should be accurate multiples of the unit, and to find appropriate names for the measures. A man calling for a pint of wine does not calculate the cubic contents of his bottle; he compares the quantity he buys with a standard pint, and in like manner a cask is said to contain a certain number of quarts. Electricians, when first confronted with the necessity of weighing and measuring, had to invent names by which they could designate in absolute units a certain definite amount of resistance, quantity of current, electro-motive force, intensity of current.

A committee of the British Association have the honor of establishing the first series of standards. They hit upon the happy thought of calling the new measures by the names of distinguished electricians. The standard of resistance—that is, the opposition offered by any substance to the passage of electricity through or across it—they called an Ohm. It corresponds to the resistance of an iron wire four millimetres in diameter and about a hundred metres in length. Certified copies of this standard, consisting of coils of platinum silver wire, each of which opposes one or some definite number of Ohm's resistance to the passage of a current, are now everywhere obtainable. They are known by the name of resistance coils, and are marked with the number of Ohm's resistance which they offer. They are arranged in boxes, and are so connected that a current can readily be passed through any amount of resistance which may be required for the purpose of comparison. At the present moment all electrical resistances are habitually measured in ohms, as liquids are by the pint or ribbons by the yard.

The unit of electro-motive force has had assigned to it the name of Volta, the great electrician of Bologna. A volt is, roughly speaking, a force equal to that form of electric battery called a Daniells cell; but there is no real standard of it. A Daniells cell is accurate enough for practical purposes, though it is really 1.079, or a little more than a volt.

Ampère, the French electrician, has lately been honored by having his name conferred on the standard measure of "intensity." An Ampère designates that property of a current which was formerly roughly known as a Weber; but "quantity" was also included under the term Weber. This property has now a name of its own, and is called a Coulomb. It is the quantity of electricity which is forced through the resistance of one ohm, by a current with the intensity of one ampère, in one second. The old Weber has thus disappeared, and has been replaced by these two correlative measures, the Ampère and the Coulomb. This change is hardly a year old, and all electrical books published before that date necessarily confound the two, and use the old term Weber for either measure indifferently.

I fear to weary the reader with these details; the excuse is that, although received into the daily speech of electricians, these changes are not yet found in text-books. There is also another matter which, if the reader takes the trouble to note it well, will save him an infinity of trouble, and that is the significance of the words "tension," "intensity," and "electro-motive force." The words are often employed as if they were convertible terms, whereas they are, or ought to be, quite distinct. I have seen them figure in different senses on the same page. Ohm's law, given above, is

E
expressed by the formula $I = \frac{E}{R}$. In

other words, I , the intensity of a given current, is equal to E , the electro-motive force of the battery or generating machine, divided by R , the total resistance of the circuit. This is simple enough. But tension is used sometimes as an equivalent of " E " in Ohm's formula, and sometimes as synonymous with " I ," which is the product of E divided by R . Either of these quantities may, in any circuit, vary indefinitely. You may join up a thousand Daniells cells together so as to produce a battery that would strike a man dead; you may work a dynamo machine at a speed which would produce effects if possible more terrible; or, on the other hand, you may obtain from your battery a current that would not hurt a baby. Then, for re

sistance, you may have a thick wire which would be no appreciable impediment to the passage of a current, or you may place in the current fifty lamps, which would offer to it tremendous opposition. As either of these quantities varies, so does the intensity vary. It is, therefore, very annoying to a reader to find his author using one term as if it was the synonym of the other. The confusion is aided by the fact that the French use the word *tension* in the sense of intensity, whereas, more often than not, English writers use *tension* to express difference of potential, the "E" of Ohm's formula. It would be well if the word *tension* were discarded altogether; but, as it has not yet been discarded, the reader is warned, when he meets the word, to consider carefully in which of its two senses his author wishes it to be understood.

I have hitherto spoken of a circuit in its simplest form. It is now time to mention what is known as electric induction. That is the remarkable property by virtue of which currents and magnets act and react on each other. If the conducting wire in any circuit is wound round a bar of soft iron, you turn the soft iron into an electro-magnet. If in like manner there is inserted in the circuit a spiral of wire surrounding a magnetized needle, on the passage of the current the needle will be deflected. This phenomenon, with due mechanical arrangements for its accomplishment, is the ordinary electric telegraph.

When a second close circuit consisting of a spiral of wire with its ends joined together is presented to an electro-magnet in the main circuit, and rapidly withdrawn again, two currents will be induced in the spiral, one on the approach of the magnet, and another on its withdrawal. These currents will be in opposite directions. These are known as induced or secondary currents. They are the basis upon which the whole foundation of electro-magnetism is founded. If you employ machinery instead of chemical agency, and alternately present and tear away from the influence of a magnet a closed spiral wire, the same result will follow as when the operation was performed by the chemical battery, except that, in this case, a series of short currents (some hundreds

in a second) will pass every time the magnet is presented or withdrawn, instead of the continuous current which was produced by the chemical battery.

Ørsted, very early in the present century, discovered by accident the power exercised by a current on a magnet in its neighborhood. He was holding the mariner's compass in his hand, and accidentally approached it to a wire through which a current was passing. By a brilliant effort of inductive reasoning, he at once came to the conclusion that the magnet was deflected in consequence of the nearness of the current overcoming for the moment the directing force of the earth's magnetism; and it flashed across his mind that the reason why the magnet itself points to the north was owing to the directing force of currents passing east and west round the earth. The idea, thus started, developed into electro-magnetism. The theory of Ørsted was confirmed in a remarkable manner by an experiment devised by Professor Barlow. I believe it is not so generally known as its ingenuity and importance deserve. He wound a copper spiral wire round a hollow globe of wood in such a manner as to make the coils coincide with the parallels of latitude. He then covered the sphere and its spiral wire with the pictured gores of a terrestrial globe in such a way as to bring the poles of the electro-magnet spiral into the same position as the observed magnetic poles. The globe thus arranged was then placed under a delicately suspended needle, and electro-magnetic currents were caused to circulate in the spiral wire beneath the surface. The needle so suspended exhibited, under the influence of the spiral currents, all the phenomena of variation exhibited by the compass needle on the actual globe. I think the story is told in Sir William Snow Harris's "Magnetism." It sufficiently establishes the accuracy of the opinion that the movements of the compass needle are due to currents of terrestrial magnetism. The point is one of extreme importance, because it led Arago to observe shortly afterward that a current surrounding a bar of soft iron would magnetize the bar; and Faraday drew the further conclusion that the converse was also true, and that a magnet would produce a cur-

rent if presented to a closed spiral circuit. The theoretical inference drawn by Faraday was afterward proved, by actual experiment, to be a fact. Subsequent steps in electro-magnetism were, after these discoveries, mere questions of time and patience; and it was a matter of detail to discover the means by which such currents might be collected, intensified, and utilized. Such then was the condition of electrical science, when a couple of years ago circumstances turned the attention of the whole body of inventors to electro-magnetism. No positively new discovery was made; all the principles involved in the elaborate systems of electric lighting which have lately attracted so much attention had already been made known by Faraday; and Gramme, following in the footsteps of Pacinotti, had constructed machines which are in every essential particular the same as the dynamo-electric machines of to-day; but though the principle was established, and the machines of Gramme, Ladd, Siemens, and many others, were in occasional use, and were indeed somewhat extensively employed in physical laboratories and for medical purposes, the attention of electricians seemed to be mainly concentrated on devising improvements in voltaic electricity. But a great change suddenly occurred. Chemical electricity supplies a current, highly manageable and useful, but not of sufficient strength to perform rough work or efficiently maintain the electric light. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that zinc is so expensive that the production of a current by means of zinc combustion sufficiently powerful to perform heavy work was economically impossible, and practically was not attempted. But the problem of utilizing electricity in the every-day requirements of life as a motive power, and as a source of light, has now every chance of being solved. Engines moved by electricity are constructed, and light, brilliant and beautiful, is produced in abundance. What remains is a mere question of cost; and the ingenuity of a thousand workers is busily employed in reducing that to a minimum. A little while ago it seemed as if voltaic electricity would be retained at least for telegraphic purposes, for which it seemed to be specially adapted;

but even in this respect it is doubtful whether it will not be superseded. Already some of the principal American telegraph lines employ dynamic instead of voltaic batteries for their daily work; and it seems probable that, in combination with some form of storage (of which Planté, Faure, and Sellon have shown the possibility), electro-magnetism will carry all before it.

The newspapers have familiarized us all with the name of dynamo-electric machines. The quaint English habit of abbreviation which turns a cabriolet into a cab, and an omnibus into a bus, has induced the public to shorten the term into dynamo. It is expressive and convenient; but it is as well to say that, although all dynamos are developments of electro-dynamics, it by no means follows that all electro-dynamic machines are dynamos. The latter phrase has by common consent been applied to those machines in which the electric power is generated by the mutual interaction of electro-magnets, while the larger term includes every development of electric force, however generated or applied.

Faraday's experiments proved that a magnet thrust into the coils of a spiral wire caused a current in the spiral if the latter consisted of a close circuit, a term already explained. The Gramme-machine, or rather the armature or generating part, which is the distinctive feature of the Gramme machine, showed how Faraday's discovery could be most conveniently utilized. A Gramme armature, also called a Gramme ring, in its simplest form, is a wheel of soft iron wound round its periphery with a coil of insulated wire. The periphery of the wheel, if cut and straightened out, would be nothing more than a bar wound round with wire. According to Faraday's experiment, if that bar were a magnet, and it were rapidly thrust in and out of its encircling coil, an induction current would pass through the wire at each entrance or withdrawal of the bar. By bending the ends of the magnet into the shape of a wheel, and rotating the wheel on its axle within the poles of a fixed horseshoe magnet, the same result is obtained. The poles being fixed in space, the effect on the rotating coil is the same as if it stood still and had a magnet rapidly thrust into it. All mod-

ern dynamos are modifications of this arrangement.

Mr. Edison, in his pamphlet on his electric lighting system, writes as follows : " The Edison dynamo consists of a powerful electro-magnet, between the poles of which revolves an armature or inducing coil. By the revolution of this coil of wire an electric current is generated and tapped off by copper-wire brushes, which press against the armature." Nothing can be more accurate ; but it applies not only to Edison's system, but to every system that is now before the public. Substitute for Edison's name the name of Siemens, Brush, Lontin, or Gramme, the same description would apply without the alteration of a word ; and this is the reason why the patents by which each system is protected will be so difficult to uphold. The difference between one system and another is merely one of detail and not of principle, and—except to one who patiently examines the mode of winding, the size of wire, and other minute details—one dynamo appears exactly like another ; and, the central idea being common to all, it is difficult to imagine how any patent for the mere details of performing it can be successfully maintained. The essential part of each machine is common to all. There is the steam engine or gas engine, which by means of a band on its driving wheel rotates the armature. There are the great masses of iron wound round with insulated wire which form the electro-magnets, within whose field the armature rotates. There is the axle on which the armature revolves, and through which the ends of the coils that encircle the armature are led to the collecting commutators and brushes. There is the outside circuit, consisting of mains and distributing wires which depart from one pole and return to the other pole of the generating machine.

Within that external circuit any kind of resistance may of course be interpolated, and here there is endless field for ingenuity. But the main point to be remembered is that, in essential particulars, each machine resembles the other, and that it is only in details that there is room for variation. It would be useless, and indeed impossible, to describe in any detail the various dynamo

machines employed in the many systems now before the public without having recourse to diagrams. But it may, perhaps, be possible to take two typical machines, and to make intelligible the nature of the difference between them.

I will select, for example, the Edison and the Brush. In every circuit, when a current is passing, a uniform intensity of pressure is exerted at every point of the circuit, whether in the interior of the generating coils or in the outside conductors. The system elaborated by Edison proceeds upon the main idea that the whole resistance, both intrapolar and extrapolar, shall be almost entirely concentrated in the lamps themselves. To attain this end, both the generating armature and the external mains are formed of very thick wires, or bars of copper, which present hardly any resistance to the passage of the current. The external mains are also bars of copper, laid side by side in a tube ; but they are insulated from one another, and are never allowed to touch. At the generating end they are united by the armature coils. But beyond the poles, wherever it is intended to insert a light in the circuit, a bridge of thin wire is carried from one main to the other, and in it is inserted the lamp. The mains being of thick, and the bridge between them of thin wire, the resistance is practically concentrated in the thin wires leading to the lights. The crown of the arc, so to speak, of each thin wire bridge is formed of the filament of carbon in an exhausted glass receiver, which constitutes the lamp. If one lamp only is in circuit, that lamp encounters the whole intensity of the current ; but if, instead of one bridge surmounted by a lamp, fifty bridges surmounted by lamps are built from wire to wire of the mains, the pressure which was before concentrated in one lamp is now divided among fifty, and the resistance of the circuit is diminished in proportion to the number of lamps added to the circuit. The normal pressure of an Edison's circuit is thus kept down as low as 110 or 120 volts.

The Edison machine may thus be looked upon as the type of an engine of low resistance. The Brush, on the other hand, may be taken as the type of an engine of high resistance. The wires

with which the Brush armature is wound are fine in comparison with those of Edison, and not only that, they greatly exceed in length the bars of which Edison's armature is formed. The extrapolar wires, are, likewise, much thinner than Edison's mains, so that the total resistance of a Brush circuit is greatly in excess of that required by one on Edison's system; and, in accordance with Ohm's law, a greater electro-motive force—*i.e.* a greater rapidity of rotation of the armature required to maintain the necessary intensity. The pressure at which a Brush dynamo is usually worked is something like 800 volts.

The Brush machine resembles that of Edison in that its armature is of a circular shape. It differs, however, from the Edison ring in the arrangement of the coils of wire with which it is wound, as well as the way in which the several coils are connected with one another. But the most characteristic feature of the Brush machine is in the peculiar construction of the armature ring itself. It is of cast iron, grooved out by a series of deep concentric grooves, the object of which is, partly to reduce the mass and lessen the weight, and partly to ventilate the ring and carry away the heat generated by the working of the machine. For a similar reason, the periphery of the ring is grooved out so deeply as almost to sever it; and thus, although the cross section of the ring is generally rectangular, it is so cut up by grooves as to present the appearance of a skeleton rather than a solid ring. On this ring the bobbins are wound in such a manner that, after leaving one coil, the wire proceeds direct to the coil diametrically opposite to it in the ring. The loose ends of all the bobbins are passed through the shafts of the machine, and are connected at its extremity to insulated rings of brass, which surround the axle, where the currents are collected by suitably placed copper brushes or plates.

The commutator cannot be described without diagrams. It is sufficient to say that it contains an arrangement by which each pair of coils is, in succession, cut out of the circuit as they pass the neutral portion of the magnetic field. Two purposes are thus served. Each coil has in each revolution a period of rest equal

to one-fourth of a revolution, and the current passes through it only seventy-five per cent of the time the machine is running. To this is due, in a great measure, the very small development of heat in the machine. In the Brush machine, as well as in the later forms of the Gramme, and the ordinary Siemens machine, the whole of the current from the armature is transmitted through the field magnet coils, which thus form, with respect to the armature, a portion of the external circuit. The currents received by the commutators are conveyed from the brushes by wide strips of copper to the poles of the machine, whence they pass into the external circuit in the usual way, and return to the opposite pole.

Most of the dynamo-electric machines now made bear a family resemblance to these. They all exhibit ingenious modifications, and they all are adapted by careful mathematical calculation to the class of work they have to perform. It would be vain to attempt, with Edison's generator, to light a series of Jablochkoff's candles. The result would be merely equivalent to placing a non-conductor in the circuit—the initial intensity of the current would be insufficient to overcome the resistance. It would be equally vain to apply a Brush machine with its current of high intensity to work Edison's or Swan's incandescent light.

There is one consideration which ought to be mentioned, *i.e.* currents of high intensity are necessarily dangerous to life. A man might take hold of the two conducting mains of an Edison machine without further inconvenience than a sharp shock; whereas a similar misadventure in the case of a machine such as is usually employed to work Jablochkoff's lights, would be productive of fatal results. Many persons will, no doubt, remember the accident which happened on board the Czar's yacht *Livadia* on her voyage from the Clyde to Brest, when an unfortunate seaman placed himself in the path of the current and was instantaneously killed. A similar accident occurred, not long ago, at Hatfield, and one in a music hall at Birmingham. The reason of this is the high electro-motive force which is required for the Brush and other machines as

compared with the low pressure of Edison.

The resistance offered by a human body differs enormously in amount in different cases. It may, however, be taken at an average of 1500 ohms. The whole resistance of an Edison circuit bears but a very small proportion to that amount, and therefore it might almost be sufficient to say that if a human being short-circuited an Edison machine, that is, offered his body as an alternative conductor, the greater part of the current would pass by the line of smaller resistance—*i.e.* through the lamps and wires; while a small portion of it only would be shunted through the man's body. But this would not be the whole truth. The fact is that, when a current of high electro-motive force is passing, some law which has not hitherto been fully investigated comes into play. If a circuit with low resistance is bridged over with a shunt of high resistance, and the electro-motive force is moderate in strength, all the current will pass the main circuit, and but little by the shunt. But, if the electro-motive force is gradually increased, there comes a time—electricians have not exactly decided when that point is reached—when the whole current will abandon the main circuit and go through the shunt. Thus with an Edison or a Brush machine, the former, working at 110 or 120 volts, would not send a strong shock through a man who touched the leading wires. The Brush, working at 800 volts, would kill him, because the boundary line has been passed which governs the law of shunts at lower potentials. It has been decided that it would not be safe, under any circumstances, to allow a current with higher electro-motive force than 150 volts to go into any house. How the Brush and other systems of high tension intend to manage this I do not know.* But the fact remains that anything above 150 volts is considered dangerous to human life.

Perhaps I have said enough about ma-

chines for generating electricity; it is time to turn to the light itself. Nothing can be more variable than the cost price of electric lighting. It may, according to circumstances, be ten times as much as gas, or very considerably less than gas. In factories which already possess steam or hydraulic power, a few horse-power to drive a dynamo can easily be spared; and, in this case, the expense is almost confined to the first cost of the machine and lamps and the combustion of the carbon, if the voltaic arc is employed. But if, on the contrary, it is necessary to set up a steam-engine for the purpose of driving a single machine and feeding a single centre, the expense is infinitely greater than that of gas. The various companies which have been lately formed, or such of them as survive the payment of their promoters' fees, will no doubt eventually bring electricity to our doors, and then all that we shall have to do will be to settle upon the lamps we prefer, the company we shall patronize, unless, that is, the vestries take up the matter—from which may heaven defend us.

It can hardly be denied that gas in comparison with electricity is itself inefficient both in light-giving power and in economy. I have seen it stated that ninety-five per cent of the materials forming gas are expended in heat and wasted in other ways for every five per cent that went directly to give light. Professor Meier tells us in his recent translation of Hospitalier's modern applications of electricity :*

By direct combustion of four cubic metres of gas, 640 candles at the most can be obtained. By expending the same quantity of gas in an "Otto" engine, the force of four horse-power would be produced, which, transformed into electricity by a Gramme machine and into light by a Serrin's regulator, would produce 4800 candles of light with one hundred and fifty times less heat.

A great many methods of electric lighting have been recently tried, but there remain at present only two general methods—that by the voltaic arc, worked by regulators and candles, and that by incandescence, where materials of high resistance, such as carbon, platinum, and iridium, are raised to a very high temperature by the passage of the

* Since this was in type I hear that it was said before the House of Commons Committee, which has not yet published the evidence taken, that they intend to rely upon storage batteries, a form of battery which the reader will find discussed further on in this paper.

current. There is a large number of what are called arc lights, in all of which the brilliance is produced by gas raised to a very high temperature and by particles of carbon detached from the electrodes, which at the moment the voltaic arc is produced are slightly separated from each other. An immense amount of ingenuity has been expended on endeavoring to discover modes of regulating the adjustment of the carbons in order to preserve them always at equal distances from each other, notwithstanding their gradual combustion. In most of the arc lamps the light is produced between carbon points placed end to end, and by delicate adjusting machinery which will also keep the points at a convenient distance. But electric candles have also been invented. These are apparatus in which the carbons are placed parallel to each other. They differ from the lamps through the complete absence of any mechanism, and the simplicity arising from this arrangement is said to constitute a considerable advantage.

Almost all the earlier regulators have one defect. They do not allow of two apparatus being placed in the same circuit without incurring the danger of the extinction of one entailing the extinction of all. But quite recently means have been devised which renders the regulators mounted for tension in the same circuit independent of one another. Lontin and Siemens are said to have been the first to adopt the principle of shunting the current from one light to another, which is now generally adopted. The principle is this: that the current on arriving at the lamp has two roads offered to it; one road is the main circuit through the carbons of the lamp, and the other is a fine wire leading round the lamp. In the fine wire is a solenoid, which becomes magnetic when a current passes it, and so sucks into its vortex a magnet bearing a lever which is attached to the lamp-carbon. When too strong a current passes through the lamp, part of it overflows through the shunt, magnetizes the solenoid, and, by means of the lever, drags the carbon into its place. There are very many variations on this plan; all, or most of them, patented. By a contrivance of this kind in the Brush system, the extinction of one lamp is pre-

vented from affecting others; the current, passing through the high resistance wire of the solenoid, magnetizes a small electro-magnet, which pulls up an armature, and throws the lamp out of the circuit.

Among the candles, that of Jablochhoff is perhaps the best known. Pencils of carbon are placed alongside of one another, separated by an insulating substance capable of being consumed at the same time as the carbons. Kaolin used to be employed; now some other substance is used—lime, mixed with an ingredient the name of which I have forgotten. The electric current passes through the whole length of the carbons, and an arc is produced between the two extremities. Jablochhoff's candles were formerly worked with the Alliance machines; but he now employs Gramme's machines, with alternating currents. The reason of this is that the positive carbon wastes more quickly than the negative, and in order to keep the two points of equal length it is necessary to alternate the currents rapidly from one carbon to the other. This system presents the defect that the candles are arranged, as it is called, in series, and that if one is extinguished the continuity of the circuit is broken and the whole are extinguished.

For houses it is probable that we shall find the system of incandescence most generally adopted; but by far the larger number of lamps lately exhibited have been those in which the electric current is passed through a filament of carbon in a little globe exhausted of air. The essential point in this system is that the carbon selected should be almost a non-conductor, and nearly infusible. Burning *in vacuo* there is no combustion, it can thus become luminous without being destroyed. The substances which are most commonly used are platinum and pure carbon.

I believe that Swan and Edison both claim to have constructed the first incandescent carbon lamp. Edison's latest form consists of a glass chamber shaped like a cylinder with rounded ends, and having fixed within it a filament of carbonized bamboo. It is stated that the carbon filament will endure for about 1000 hours' continuous burning; but

I do not know that the statement has been verified. Any one who has seen it can bear witness that it glows with a calm golden light very restful to the eye, and, in fact, much more agreeable than the perfectly white light of some of its rivals. Swan's lamp is also a carbon filament in a glass receiver. It gives a light whiter and more brilliant than Edison's, judging only by the eye. I do not know where to put my hand upon the statement, but I remember to have read in *Engineering* that Swan was certainly the first to perfect a thread of carbon such as is employed in his lamp, as well as in those of Edison and Lane Fox. Swan's system of lighting does not include a special generator of his own. He uses, sometimes Faure's accumulator, and sometimes Siemens's or Brush's machines. Particularly good results are said to be obtained by the alternating machines of De Méritens. The use of this machine is indicated by the fact that with continuous currents of great intensity the carbons sometimes break off at the positive pole. Lane Fox's is a similar lamp. The luminous conductor consists of a slight cotton thread, baked in a hermetically sealed vessel at white heat. Carbons prepared in this manner offer an enormous resistance, and are consequently exceedingly brilliant. Maxim's lamp, similar in construction to the others, is illuminated with a filament of carbonized cardboard. All these systems are patented; but whether a bit of bamboo and a thread of cotton differ sufficiently from a strip of brown paper to allow of a patent being successfully maintained for their adoption, is a question which inventors and shareholders must be permitted to solve.

A few pages back I hazarded the opinion that the various systems of electric lighting will only become practically useful if some way of economically storing electricity is devised; and here we come in contact with one of the innumerable forms assumed by the modern doctrine of the Conservation of Energy.

By storage of electricity is meant the accumulation of energy in such a form that it shall be available for the production of electric currents and for the electric transmission of power. But this must not be mistaken for the stor-

age of electricity itself. In electric secondary batteries, such as those made by Planté, Faure, and Sellon, electric currents are made to do a certain kind of work; work can again be reproduced in the form of electrical currents; but the work done, is, in the first instance, chemical rather than electrical. Whatever may be the nature of the work, the result is the same—namely, that Faure's or Sellon's accumulator can be made to return in the form of electricity a great portion of the energy which has been expended upon it.

To make this clear it is necessary to touch upon two points which have not hitherto been mentioned,—viz, the nature of polarization in batteries, and the reversibility of the voltaic battery. Professor Sylvanus Thompson tells us that Clerk Maxwell, one of our most distinguished electricians, was asked, not long before his death, what in his opinion was the greatest discovery made by science in his time. His answer was, "the reversibility of the Gramme machine." Maxwell saw in that discovery the solution of the problem of the transmission of electric force to a distance. I shall have occasion to speak of it further on. I mention it here to note that the parallel and still more recent discovery of the reversibility of the voltaic battery is one of almost equal importance; for if the reversibility of the Gramme machine has solved for us the problem of the electric transmission of power, the reversibility of the action of the voltaic cell has solved for us the problem of the electrical storage of energy. Both these discoveries are instances of the great law enunciated by Newton, that to every action there is an equal and contrary reaction. The chemical work of an electric battery is to produce currents by consuming zinc and acid. These materials are the fuels of the electric current, just as coal and coke are the fuels of steam power. The work of the electrolyte in a cell is to separate and tear apart the atomic constituents of the zinc; in other words, to do work in opposition to the chemical tendency of those atoms to combine. But while this is being done, the tendency of the zinc to reunite manifests itself by resistance to the action of the acid; and this resistance produces a counter electro-motive force, known

to electricians under the name of polarization. The current excited by the electrolyte is in one direction; the polarization current is in the opposite direction. The result is a gradual enfeebling or degradation of the electric energy of the cell, which tends gradually to bring electrical action to rest. The great difficulty with batteries has, therefore, been to get rid of polarization.

In a zinc-copper voltaic cell, in which a current is passing, zinc is dissolved; but if we take such a cell, and by means of some superior electro-motive force drive the currents back through the cell, the whole action will be reversed. Copper will be dissolved and zinc will be deposited. The copper in dissolving will help the process by giving part of the necessary energy, and the currents, instead of dissolving the zinc, give us back pure zinc. Faure's accumulator is based on this principle. It takes advantage of the "equal and contrary reaction," as it occurs in an electric battery. When the current from a dynamo machine charges an accumulator it not only pumps currents into the cell, but pumps back into its former state the fuel which has been consumed therein; to do so with effect the electro-motive force of the charging current must be rather greater than the opposing electro-motive force of polarization. The charging power of the current is not increased by increasing the electro-motive force much beyond this value, because in that case work is wasted in producing local heat, which is detrimental to the power of the cell. It follows that the storage should be effected slowly and by not too great electro-motive force.

The history of secondary storage batteries is briefly this: in ordinary voltaic batteries a current proceeds from the zinc to the copper. Zinc is decomposed, and polarization, *i.e.* the chemical tendency of the zinc to recombine, is set up. The electro-motive force necessary to produce a current must, therefore, be sufficient to overcome the polarization or chemical tendency of the zinc to recombine, before any current can be established in the circuit; but in 1860 it occurred to M. Planté to construct a receiving battery in which, instead of getting rid of polarization currents, he

should utilize them for work. He used lead plates; but they were not ready for immediate action, as two clean lead plates give no current of their own. They required long and careful preparation. A current was sent through the cell; the separated oxygen and hydrogen gases in the water bubbled up to the surface, leaving an adherent film on the lead. The plate of lead by which the current enters was then further attacked by the oxygen, and became covered by a thin layer of peroxide of lead. This film is powerfully electro-negative toward metallic lead and toward the film of hydrogen on the opposite plate. The cell thus commenced was carefully nursed for a long period of time, or, to use M. Planté's own words was assiduously "formed" by continually adding coatings of brown peroxide by means of the charging current. Pursuing this course for some months he obtained an extremely powerful, but not a very lasting, battery. I need not pursue further the history of M. Planté's invention, it was only the precursor of that of M. Faure. In 1880 that gentleman conceived the idea of constructing a secondary battery, in which the tedious process of formation by Planté's process should be avoided. He commenced where Planté ended, by coating lead plates with peroxide of lead without the intermediate action of a battery current; he thus saved much of the time that was wasted in forming a Planté cell. He coated a leaden plate with minium, made up into a paste with dilute acid, and painted on the surface; and when thus prepared, the cells were "formed" by a process of charging with a dynamo machine, the current being sent through them for many days without intermission, until they were ready for use. The red-lead is thus reduced on one set of plates to the metallic state, while the other assumes the condition of peroxide. But even under this arrangement the cell does not arrive at its highest efficiency for several weeks.

Major Rickarde-Seaver tells us that one of these cells placed on a circuit of small resistance, in which was a galvanometer, was discharged for fourteen hours. For the first eight hours it gave out twenty-two coulombs per second; in the next four hours it had fallen to

twenty-one; and in the two following hours to about twenty coulombs, after which it rapidly fell.

It will thus be seen that secondary batteries may become enormously important in various ways. They may serve as portable supplies of electricity, to be left where required, and recharged when exhausted. They may be charged by a dynamo, and set aside until required for the electric light or motive power on a small scale; but their most important action will no doubt be as equalizers of electric currents in a system where supply is liable to fluctuation. When a dynamo-electric machine is employed to produce the electric light the least thing which alters the speed of the machine causes the light to flicker and change in intensity. The slipping of an engine-strap would cause total darkness; but if a secondary battery of suitable dimensions were placed in the circuit, between the dynamo machine and the lamp, any inequality of the light would be prevented; and when the light was not in use, the battery leisurely working would store up the current. If the engine failed, the battery would take up the running until it could be restored, or another substituted.

If ever tidal rivers or waterfalls are used for the purpose of driving dynamos for the lighting of towns—and this is by no means a remote possibility—accumulators must be a necessary feature in any such scheme. "A tenth part of the tidal energy in the channel of the Severn," says Professor Sylvanus Thompson, "would light up every city in England; and another tenth would turn every loom, spindle and axle in Great Britain." I end with another quotation from Professor Sylvanus Thompson: "Probably the present accumulator bears as much resemblance to the future accumulator as a glass bell jar used in chemical experiments for holding gas does to the gasometer of a city gas works, or James Watt's first model steam engine does to engines of an Atlantic steamer."

I should like here to add one word on a rather delicate subject. It has been my object not to say a word which should express even distantly any opinion as to the advantages of rival patents, or the differences of rival inventors. I am

aware that a new form of secondary battery, said to be an improvement on that of M. Faure—viz. the Sellon battery—is in existence, and that statements and counter-statements have been made as to the originality of the invention. I have not said anything as to the improvement claimed for the new battery. I have mentioned the invention of M. Planté because he was undeniably the pioneer, and that of M. Faure because I had before me the able and scientific account of it by Professor Sylvanus Thompson; while their rival, which I am told is very efficient, I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing.

If I have been at all successful in making clear the principle of the dynamo-electric machine, there will be nothing new to learn in considering the electrical transmission of force to a distance. The original problem may be said to have been solved when in the electric telegraph a current sent from one end of a wire was made to actuate a magnet at the other; but the energy set in motion under these conditions was feeble, and it was long before any one contemplated the transmission of strong or powerful currents. The creation of an electric motor capable of producing appreciable work depends upon the reversibility of the electro-dynamic machine. As in an electric accumulator we saw that the ordinary action of the voltaic cell was reversed, and the cell, instead of producing energy, received it and stored it; in like manner, if instead of setting an electro-dynamo machine to produce a current, a current is passed into a dynamo, the dynamo is itself set in motion. In the first case the work is transformed into electricity; in the second, electricity is transformed into work. If two dynamos be connected together by means of a conductor, and the first, actuated by a steam or other engine, acts as a generator, the second, or receiving machine, will by its rotation act as a motor. Suppose the two machines to be close together, both forming part of the same circuit, the electromotive force of the generator will produce in the receiver an equal electromotive force in an inverse sense to that of the generator. But if the two machines be separated to a great distance, the lengthening of the conductor, by in-

terposing a long resistance, will affect the quantity of work expended and the quantity of work produced; this however will not change their relations, which will remain the same as when they were close together; but both will be enfeebled by the resistance of the conductor. It follows that, in order to transmit the same amount of work as was performed in the first instance to a long distance, the electro-motive force of the two machines must be increased. If that is kept constant, variations in the length of the conductor will have little effect. Marcel Deprez has proved that with two similar fine wire dynamos, one of which produces an electro-motive force of seven thousand volts, and expends sixteen-horse power, ten-horse power can be obtained in the second machine by employing as a conductor an iron wire of four millimetres diameter. The efficiency would then be sixty-five per cent.

Without entering into the question of priority of discovery, it may be said that Fontine, at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, exhibited two Gramme machines, one of which, the generator, was driven by steam-power supplied on the spot, and the other worked a rotary pump placed in the annexe. There was a trial of ploughing by electricity in 1879. With regard to strength it was completely successful. We need not concern ourselves about its mechanical construction—it depends, as in the other instance, on the reversal of a dynamo by the application to it of the power from a distant generating machine. It is possible that where water-power is available for working the necessary machinery, the use of electricity in this form might be economical; but it is obvious, where steam power has to be employed, it would be better not to waste force on electricity, but to apply the force of the steam direct. In 1879 an electrical railway was established at Berlin. Electricity was passed along a special conductor, and used to reverse a dynamo on the locomotive car; the transmission of motion to the wheels being effected by means of a fall chain. By a happy coincidence, which belongs to the nature of the electric motor, the static effect is at a maximum when the motor is in repose. This facilitates starting; the speed is regulated by resistance induced into the

general circuit by means of a lever at each end of the carriage. If ever electricity is to come into general use for locomotives, considerable improvement will have to be made in the way of communication of conductors with the carriages; but in other respects it offers no special difficulties for short sections of line. It is not for a moment to be supposed that it will ever rival steam for long journeys.

Among the smaller useful inventions exhibited in Paris and in London was one called "Griscom's double induction motor;" it was rather a toy than a machine; but it is a very pretty one. It is in principle exactly the same as all other dynamo machines used as a motor. It differs only in its diminutive size. It is hardly larger than an apple, and it consists of an electro-magnet in the form of a Siemens armature, which is made to revolve inside a fixed ring of malleable cast-iron a little over two inches long. The ring is covered with coils of coarse wire, connected with each other and also with the battery. An ingenious arrangement sends to the armature in the same direction all the currents induced by the opposite poles of the field magnets. It is worked by two or three voltaic cells. A suitable dynamo would work an almost unlimited number of them. Small and inexpensive as they are, they do very well to work sewing machines, fretwork saws, small lathes, or, in fact, anything in which light work is required.

But, in point of diminutive size, this little instrument is far surpassed by Edison's electric pen. The pen is, in shape, like an ordinary pencil with two little bobbins, that look like tiny reels of cotton, at the top of it. These little reels are, in fact, the two poles of a small horse-shoe electro-magnet wound in the usual manner; within its magnetic field revolves an armature, which, by an eccentric on its axle, makes a needle that traverses the pencil from end to end work up and down with extreme rapidity. The penman proceeds with his writing in the ordinary way, and the needle perforates an infinite number of small holes in the paper as it moves over the characters. The tracing thus formed is laid over an ordinary sheet of paper and an ink roller passed over it;

the ink goes through the holes perforated by the needle and produces an exact copy of the document. Thousands of impressions can be produced from one copy made by this beautiful little instrument. Even more delicate is the wonderful instrument invented by Professor Hughes, and called by him an "induction balance." Sir Charles Bright lately told the Society of Telegraph Engineers a story of this instrument at the Paris Exhibition. One of the foreign members of the society (Mr. E. Gray) said to Professor Hughes : " Some thirty years ago a scrap of iron entered my finger while at work ; it got deeper the more I tried to get it out, and I left it alone. Let us see whether your induction balance will find it." On trial none of Mr. Gray's fingers disturbed the balance except the one containing the piece of metal, which did so unmistakably when placed in the coil. An induction balance, specially designed by Professor Hughes, was employed to search for the bullet in the late President Garfield's wound.

I wind up with a whimsical application of science in its sportive mood. M. Frome exhibited, at one of the anniversary meetings of the Ecole Centrale in Paris, an instrument which he called a polyscope, wherewith, by means of a reflector and an incandescent wire in a small glass tube, he lighted up the interior of a pike ! An eyewitness tells us

that nothing can be more interesting than the exhibition of this transparent fish, which seemed in no way concerned on being turned into a sort of Chinese lantern.

Like Nasmyth's steam hammer, which can smash a nut or a cannon ball with equal facility, apparatus, similar in principle to that of Edison's pen, has been exhibited for piercing rocks either by percussion or rotation, and complete hoisting gear has been devised for mining, pumping, and quarrying. Rotative pumps, electric lifts, and such like objects have been already devised in great profusion ; and, the principle being established, it is hard to say where ingenuity in this direction will stop. Medical quacks have seized upon it and puff it as the universal panacea ; we see it stated in advertisements that " electricity is life," we find it asserted that electric power can be applied to hair-brushes and even to tooth-brushes. One gentleman even declares that he has produced a tooth-brush which, by electric agency, will cure tooth-ache. But in spite of nonsense such as this it may be truly said that the real marvels of this extraordinary agency are as wonderful as any that fancy can imagine ; and that, great as the achievements of late years have been, the science of electricity is yet, if not in its infancy, at any rate in its early and rapidly developing youth.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

FRENCH PRISONS AND CONVICT ESTABLISHMENTS.

I.

TEN years ago a commission was appointed to study the French penal system with a view to remedying a number of abuses which had sprung up in the management of prisons and of convict establishments. The labors of the commission were related in a very lengthy and exhaustive report, admirably written, as such works always are in France. The author was an academician, Count d'Haussonville, who, having skilfully grouped his facts to demonstrate in the most readable way possible the evils of the old system, submitted a long series of suggestions which he confidently hoped would result in making France's

prisons and convict establishments superior to those of all other nations. The National Assembly lost no time in adopting the suggestions of the report, and passing them into law ; but the consequences by no means fulfilled the expectations of the commissioners. The French penal system seemed all at once to have got into a tangle ; and now that the new system has been in operation nearly ten years, one may say that the tangle is worse than ever.

By " tangle " we mean this, that the penalties for the most heinous kinds of offences were found to be so much more lenient than those for crimes of the second category, that prisoners sentenced to *reclusion*, which was the second class

punishment, and involved solitary confinement, began to make murderous assaults on their gaolers in order to incur transportation to New Caledonia. Transportation is supposed to be the heavier punishment; but in truth it is incomparably lighter. Parliament grew alarmed at length by the epidemic of crime in the home penitentiaries; and in 1880 an Act was passed decreeing that transportation should no longer be inflicted for crimes committed within prison walls. This, however, was only an acknowledgment of the fact that transportation had altogether failed as a deterrent; and now this anomaly remains, that a burglar convicted of a first offence may get a sentence of eight years' solitary confinement, which will almost kill him, whereas a thrice-convicted burglar will be treated to a sentence of ten years' transportation, which will be no hardship to him at all. If he behaves tolerably well, he will in three or four years get a ticket-of-leave, enabling him to establish himself as a free colonist in New Caledonia, and to marry. If he be already married, Government will send out his wife and children to him free of expense. So humanitarian a spirit presided over the framing of rules for the penal colony of New Caledonia that many a villainous murderer sent out there under a life sentence found his punishment practically reduced to one of comfortable banishment. The governor was allowed absolute discretion as to the award of ticket-of-leave; and human nature being what it is, one may well suppose that well-connected criminals found it easy to bring such influences to bear upon him as considerably lightened their punishment. At this moment several murderers whose crimes appalled the public—but who escaped the guillotine owing to the squeamishness of juries and of M. Grévy about capital punishment—are pleasantly settled at New Caledonia as free farmers, tradesmen, or artisans. One of them keeps a café; another—a poisoner—has set up as a schoolmaster. One must not presume to say that the governors of New Caledonia—for there have been several during ten years—were wrong to treat these men kindly if they showed themselves penitent; but it is quite certain that the prospect of living with one's wife and family on a free

grant of land in a healthy climate is not likely to strike terror into the minds of the criminal classes as being an excessive punishment. The guillotine and solitary confinement have much more effectual terrors; and it is an undeniable fact that since transportation has been rendered so mild crimes of the worst kind, both against person and property, have alarmingly increased.

They have increased so much that M. Gambetta, and a large section of the Republican party, wish to get a law passed by which all criminals convicted for the second time, and no matter what the length of their sentences may be, shall, after the expiration of those sentences, spend the remainder of their lives in New Caledonia. This drastic measure would, no doubt, relieve Paris of the greater portion of its very large horde of habitual criminals; but it would not affect the question as to the leniency of transportation under the present system as compared with *reclusion*. So long as men are more lightly punished for serious crimes than for those of a less atrocious sort, it is evident that justice is not well armed against malefaction.

In a former article on "French As-sizes" we alluded to the vagaries of juries in finding "extenuating circumstances" for prisoners on merely sentimental grounds; and also to the unequal apportionment of penalties by reason of the arbitrary rules which commit certain offenders to be tried before juries, whilst others are sent before the judges of the Correctional Courts, who sit without juries and scarcely ever acquit because they judge according to the strict letter of the law. We pointed out that a husband who gave an unfaithful wife a severe beating would almost certainly be imprisoned by Correctional judges, whereas if he killed his wife outright he would assuredly be acquitted by an assize jury. Such anomalies may be witnessed in a multitude of other cases. The French Code divides offences against the common law into *crimes* (felonies) and *délits* (misdemeanors); but this distinction, which was found inconvenient in England, and which has been practically obliterated there since misdemeanants (*e.g.* the Tichborne claimant) can be sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude as well as felons—this

distinction remains an important one in France, where a misdemeanant can only be tried in a Correctional court, whose maximum sentence is five years' imprisonment. And the French legal definitions of *felonies* and *misdemeanors* are often most unsatisfactory from the moral point of view.

A man wishing to steal fowls clammers over a garden-wall at night, and breaks into a fowl-house. He has a bludgeon or crowbar in his hands, but makes no use of it to inflict bodily hurt on those who capture him. Nevertheless, this man is a felon who has committed a burglary with the *quatre circonstances aggravantes*, i. e., in the night, with *escalade* (climbing over walls), with *effraction* (breaking open a door), and *à main armée* (with a weapon in his hand). He can only be tried at the assizes, and, if convicted on the four counts, must get eight years' *reclusion*, or twenty years' transportation. On the other hand, take a man who by false pretences obtains admission to a house or shop, intending to commit a robbery there. He lays hands on some valuables, and, being surprised in the act, catches up a poker and knocks his detector down, inflicting a serious wound. This man's crime is evidently worse than that of the other who went after the fowls: he is only a misdemeanant, however, for he gained admittance to the house *without violence*, and was unarmed; his catching up the poker, although it may have been a premeditated act, inasmuch as he intended from the first to defend himself somehow if caught, was, equally speaking, only an act of *impulse* committed on the spur of the moment and without *malice prepense*. Therefore this man can only be tried by a Correctional court, and cannot get more than five years' imprisonment. Again, if a man, wishing to inflict on an enemy some grievous bodily harm, walks into a café, says a few angry words to him, and disfigures him by smashing a decanter upon his face, it is a misdemeanor, extenuated by the apparent absence of premeditation. The man walked into the café unarmed, and in the heat of quarrel picked up the first weapon that came to his hand. It might fairly be alleged that the man knew he should find a decanter in the café, and that his quarrel was

purposely entered into; but the law will not take account of this. If, on the contrary, the man entered his enemy's house with a loaded stick in his hand, and assaulted his enemy with that stick, he would be a felon who must go to the assizes on a charge of attempted murder. It might be that the man had taken the stick without reflecting that it had a leaden knot; but the *onus* of proving that his intentions were not murderous, and that in fact when he entered the room he did not even purpose to commit a common assault, would rest upon himself. A jury would probably judge his case according to his antecedents, and if it were shown that his past life was not blameless, he might fail to get *extenuating circumstances*, and might receive twenty years' transportation.

These oddities in criminology render it impossible for people to determine what precise degree of infamy attaches to this or that sentence. In a general way the public thinks more badly of a man who is sentenced to *travaux forcés* (transportation) than of one who is merely sent to prison; but there is very little faith current as to the scales of justice being evenly balanced, and Frenchmen as a rule feel very indulgently towards all criminals except those whose offences are characterized by savage cruelty. What is more, the people are so accustomed to see the Government act according to its good pleasure that public opinion exercises no control over the treatment of offenders when they have been put into prison. In England every newspaper reader knows pretty well what is the *régime* of convicts under sentence of penal servitude, and of prisoners in ordinary gaols, and it would surprise the public considerably to hear that such and such a man, owing to his having influential friends, was being treated with exceptional favor. In France such a thing would cause no surprise. Count d'Haussonville's report recommended that prisoners of rank or fortune should be treated exactly like humble culprits; but though this was agreed to in principle, it has been but little carried out in practice. Revolutions and other political changes produce so many misdemeanors in high life, cause so many fraudulent bankruptcies, bring into gaols so many men of high standing who have

dabbled in bubble companies, that the stigma of imprisonment is not felt as it is in England. The courts sentence an ex-cabinet minister to imprisonment for swindling, but the very term *escroquerie* is smoothed down in his case into *abus de confiance*, and the authorities connive with prison governors in making the lot of the interesting victim as easy to bear as possible. He is not made to serve out his whole sentence. Sometimes he does not serve out any portion of it. After his sentence he is informed that the Public Prosecutor will send him a summons to surrender after his appeal has been heard : but the Public Prosecutor omits to send that summons. He sends a friend instead, who advises the well-connected delinquent to travel for a few months or years, as the case may be, and the public, who know very little of what goes on in the gaols, are none the wiser. Those who know shrug their shoulders, "*C'est tout naturel*," they say, "*il est riche : il a le bras long*."

One may therefore premise that in the treatment of prisoners within French prisons, *maisons centrales* (penitentiaries), and convict establishments, the one thing lacking is uniformity.

II.

Readers of French law reports will notice that the judges of Correctional courts often inflict sentences of *thirteen months'* imprisonment. It makes all the difference to a prisoner whether he gets twelve or thirteen months, for in the former case he may serve out his time in the local house of detention and correction, whereas in the latter event he is consigned to a *maison centrale* or penitentiary. What is more, if, being sentenced to twelve months, he likes to undergo his punishment in cellular confinement, one quarter of it will be remitted, so that in many cases a sentence of twelve months means one of nine only. Prisoners sent to the *maisons centrales* have no option as to the manner in which they shall serve their terms, as they are made to work under the associated silent system.

In Paris there are five prisons for male offenders, one for boys, the Petite Roquette, and one for women, St. Lazare. The chief of the male prisons, La Grande Roquette, is only used as a

depôt for convicts under sentence of transportation or reclusion ; and the prison in the Rue du Cherche-Midi is for soldiers. Mazas is the House of Detention for prisoners awaiting trial, but it also contains about 800 prisoners undergoing sentence of not more than one year's duration. Ste. Pélagie and La Santé are houses of correction where the associated system mostly prevails, and the latter is at the same time a general infirmary. All convicted prisoners who are diseased, infirm, and who require continual medical attendance, are sent to the Santé.

It rests with the Public Prosecutor, and not with the judges, to determine in what prison a delinquent sentenced by the Correctional courts shall be confined. Herein favoritism comes largely into play. A prisoner of the lower orders, having no respectable connections, will not get the option of serving his time in solitary confinement, and thereby earning a remittance. If he petitions for this favor, he will be told that there are no cells vacant, and he will be removed to Ste. Pélagie or the Santé, where he will sleep in a dormitory and work in an associated *atelier*. If he be a shoemaker or tailor, he will work at his own trade ; if not, he will be employed in making brass chains, cardboard boxes, paper bags, toys or knick-knacks for vendors of those thousand trifles which are comprised under the designation *articles de Paris*. Being paid by the piece, he will have every inducement to work hard. Of his earnings Government will retain one-third towards the expenses of his keep ; one-third will be put aside and paid to him on his discharge, while the remaining third will be paid to him in money to enable him to buy little luxuries at the prison canteen. The things purchasable at the canteen are wine at the rate of a pint and a half a day, *café au lait*, chocolate, butter, cheese, ham, sausages, eggs, butter, salad, fruit, tinned meat, biscuits, stationery, tobacco and snuff. Prisoners are allowed to smoke in Parisian gaols, and a very sensible provision this is, for it prevents that illicit traffic in tobacco which brings so many prisoners and warders to trouble in English prisons, and it also supplies a ready means of punishing a refractory prisoner. Frenchmen decline

to admit that order cannot be kept in a gaol without corporal punishment. As a rule, French prisoners behave exceedingly well, because they know that they can greatly alleviate the hardships of their position by so doing. For a first offence, a man's tobacco and wine will be cut off for a week ; for a second he may be forbidden to purchase anything at the canteen for a month ; if he perseveres in his folly he will be prohibited from working, that is, from earning money, and will be locked up in a cell to endure the misery of utter solitude and idleness. If this severe measure fails, and the man becomes obstreperous, he will be strait-waistcoated and put into a dark padded cell where he may scream and kick at the walls to his heart's content. To these rational methods of coercion the most stubborn natures generally yield. It must be confessed, however, that there are certain desperate characters who delight in giving trouble, and who, untamed by repeated punishments, will often commit murderous assaults upon warders, chaplain, or governor out of sheer bravado. It would really be a mercy to flog these men, for a timely infliction of the lash would frighten them into good behavior, and often save them from the worse fate of life-long reclusion. It has not been found practicable to abolish the lash in convict establishments, and since it continues in use there no sound reason can exist for not introducing it into gaols.

There are no cranks or treadwheels in French prisons. These barbarous methods for wasting the energies of men in unprofitable labor are condemned by the good sense of a people, who hold that it is for the public interest, as well as for the good of the prisoners themselves, that men in confinement should be so employed as to make them understand the blessedness of honest labor. In their treatment of untried prisoners, too, the French are much more humane than we. What can be more cruel and foolish than to force an untried man, who may be innocent, to spend several months in complete idleness, as is done in England ? A Frenchman who has a trade that can be followed in prison may work at it in his cell, pending his trial, as if he were at home. Journeymen tailors, shoemakers, watchmakers, gild-

ers, carvers, painters on porcelain and enamel, etc., continue working for their employers (unless, of course, they are desperate men whom it would be dangerous to trust with tools), and it is a touching sight enough on visiting days to see the prisoners send out little parcels of money for their wives from whom they are separated by gratings. The same sight can be witnessed in the prisons for convicted offenders. Many prisoners will deny themselves every luxury procurable at the canteen in order to give the whole of their earnings to their wives.

Mazas is the favorite prison of Parisians, because the rules are less strict there than in the other places, and because a sojourn there always involves a remission of at least one-fourth, and sometimes one-half, of the sentence. Prisoners of respectable appearance or of good education, and prisoners well connected, can generally induce the authorities to let them undergo their punishment at Mazas. There are no associated rooms here ; each prisoner has his own cell, and is supposed to spend his time in solitary confinement. The supposition is correct in most cases, but the better sorts of prisoners are generally favored with some appointment in the prison which allows them to ramble about the place as they like. Some are assistants in the surgery, infirmary, library ; others keep the prison accounts ; others act as gardeners, clerks in the store-room, interpreters, and letter-writers for illiterate prisoners. All these berths are paid at the rate of sixty centimes to a franc a day, and Government levies nothing from it. The pay is given out to berth-holders in its entirety every ten days. Equally well paid are some of the berths held by skilled cooks and mechanics, locksmiths, plumbers, painters, carpenters, stokers, etc.

The convicted prisoners at Mazas have the privilege of wearing their own linen, boots, watches, and neckties ; they are not cropped, and may sport their face hair in what style they like. They may also have their own books sent in to them, and may receive money from their friends to the extent of a franc per diem. The prison dress is a dark pepper-and-salt suit, with no marks or badge of infamy about it ; but the

governor may at his discretion excuse a prisoner from wearing it. In fact, the governor can do anything. He may allow a prisoner to dress in his own clothes, have his meals brought in from a restaurant, and walk about the prison grounds all day on the pretext that he is employed in prison work. There are no visiting justices to trouble him. Prison inspectors come round every three months, but the time of their arrival is always known beforehand, and they discharge their duties in the most perfunctory way, scarcely occupying a couple of hours in the inspection of a building that contains 1200 cells.

III.

It has been said that any sentence of imprisonment exceeding a year relegates a man to a *maison centrale*. These penitentiaries are very grim places, affording none of the alleviations to be met with in houses of correction. To begin with, the manner of a man's transfer from Paris to a *maison centrale* is most grievous. He goes with a chain fastened round his left leg and right wrist; he is shaved and cropped, attired in a yellow prison suit, and he travels in a cellular railway carriage. At the penitentiary there is no respect of persons, or at least very little. The prisoners are divided into two categories—those sentenced simply to imprisonment and the *réclusionnaires*. The former are treated very much like the inmates of Parisian prisons on the associated system, except that they are not allowed to smoke. They sleep together in dormitories of fifty, and work together at making cardboard boxes, list shoes, lamp shades, and other such things. Their earnings seldom exceed 75 centimes a day, and of this they get one-third to spend inside the prison. In Paris the number of letters which a prisoner may write, and the number of visits he may receive in a year from his friends, are points which depend a good deal on the pleasure of the governor. In the penitentiaries there is a hard and fast line, allowing only one letter and one visit every three months.

The *réclusionnaires* lead very miserable lives of absolute solitude. As men over sixty years of age are not transported, a sentence of penal servitude (*travaux*

forcés), which would mean transportation for a man of fifty-nine, becomes *reclusion* for one of sixty. Cripples are also denied the favor of transportation; and, as already said, prisoners who have committed murderous assaults on warders in hopes of being shipped to New Caledonia are now kept in the *maisons centrales*, under life-sentences. The rest of the reclusionary contingent is made up of men whose offences are, from the legal point of view, one degree less heinous than those of transported convicts. Reclusion is generally inflicted for terms of five, eight, or ten years; and it is a fearful punishment, because the convict has no means of diminishing it by earning good marks to obtain a ticket-of-leave. Remissions of sentence are granted on no fixed principle. Every year the governor of the prison makes out a list of the most deserving among those of his prisoners who have served out at least half their terms, and he forwards it to the Ministry of Justice. There the *dossier* of each man recommended is carefully studied by the heads of the criminal department, and two-thirds of the names being eliminated, the remaining third are submitted to the Minister of Justice. His Excellency makes further elimination, so that out of a list of twenty sent up by the governor of the penitentiary, probably two convicts obtain a full pardon, while two or three others get a remission. It is obvious that there must be a good deal of haphazard in this method of proceeding, and that a convict who has no friends stands a poor chance of getting his case properly considered by Government. But even were the system administered as honestly as possible, there would be a strong objection to it, in that it would make the convict's chance of remission depend more upon his conduct before his sentence than after it. This is just what ought not to be the case. The convict should be made to feel that from the day of his sentence he commences quite a new life, and will be treated for the future according to the conduct he leads under his altered circumstances.

Five years of reclusion are quite as much as a man can bear without having his intellectual faculties impaired for life. Men of very excitable tempera-

ment, and those who have been accustomed to work out-of-doors, often fall into a decline after two years' confinement, and die before completing their third year. Those who remain eight or ten years in reclusion sink into something like imbecility, and seldom live long after their discharge. Advocates of the cellular system point to Belgium, where there is no transportation, and where every man sentenced to penal servitude serves his time in solitary confinement; but the Belgian system is much mitigated by the system of marks. To begin with, every Belgian convict has two fifths of his sentence struck off at once, simply because he is supposed to adopt cellular punishment from choice, though, since the old *bagnes* have been abolished, the option which convicts formerly had no longer exists. In the next place, the Belgian convict knows that by unremitting industry and good conduct he can earn marks enough to reduce the remainder of his sentence by half; and he has thus the most powerful incentive to good behavior and hopefulness. There is no possibility of cheating the man out of the liberty he earns. On entering the prison he gets a balance-sheet, upon which he enters a regular debtor and creditor account with the government: so many marks earned represent so many days of liberty won. Thus a man sentenced to twenty years sees his sentence at once reduced by eight years on account of the cellular system; and then it becomes his own business to reduce the remaining term of twelve years to six. At this rate it will be seen that a Belgian sentence of five years is no very terrible matter, especially when it is remembered that by a merciful provision of the code the time which a convict has spent in prison before his sentence is deducted from the term of that sentence. Therefore, supposing a five-year man had been three months in jail before sentence, and both worked and behaved extremely well after his conviction, he might be out in fifteen months.

There is a short-cut out of French penitentiaries, too; but it is such a dirty one that the authorities ought to be ashamed of themselves for encouraging men to take it. A moderately intelligent *réclusionnaire* who has served half

his time, or even less sometimes, may, on his private demand, become a *mouton*, or spy prisoner. He is subjected to certain tests, with a view to ascertaining whether he is sharp, and whether he can be depended upon; and if he successfully passes through these ordeals (to which he is put without being aware of it), he is forwarded to some House of Detention, or to the Préfecture de Police in Paris, where he is employed to worm secrets out of prisoners awaiting trial. To do this he must assume all sorts of parts and sometimes assume disguises; and he carries his life in his hands, for he occasionally has to deal with desperadoes who would show no mercy if they suspected his true character. All this unsavory work does not give the man his full liberty; but he may range freely within the prison boundaries. He is well paid, and he is generally allowed to go out on parole for a couple of hours every week. In the end, he gets a year or two struck off his sentence; but after his discharge he generally remains an informal spy and hanger-on of the police, and it need scarcely be said that of all spies he is generally the most rascally and dangerous. It is fellows of his kind who lead men into planning burglaries so as to earn a premium for denouncing them. They are foremost in all street brawls and seditions, playing the part of *agents provocateurs*, and privately noting down the names of victims whom they will get arrested by-and-by. They are, in fact, a detestable race, and it cannot be wondered at that when detected by the *pals* whom they dupe they should be killed like vermin.

IV.

French female prisoners and convicts are treated with more kindness, on the whole, than persons of their class are in England. Their matrons and wardresses are Augustine nuns, whose rule, though firm, is gentler, more merciful, and more steadfastly equitable than that of laywomen could be. The female convicts are allowed the same privileges as the men in the matter of earning money and buying things at the canteen. Those of them who are young also enjoy a privilege not granted to female convicts in other countries—that of having

husbands provided for them by the State.

Only these husbands must be convicts. Every six months a notice is circulated in the female penitentiaries, calling upon all women who feel minded to go out to New Caledonia and be married, to make an application to that effect through the governor. Elderly women are always very prompt in making such applications; but they are not entertained. The matrimonial candidates must be young, and exempt from physical infirmities. Girls under long sentences readily catch at this method of escaping from the intolerable tedium of prison life; and the pretty ones are certain to be put on the governor's list, no matter how frightful may be the crimes for which they have been sentenced. The only moral qualification requisite is to have passed at least two years in the penitentiary.

The selected candidates have to sign engagements promising to marry convicts and to settle in New Caledonia for the remainder of their lives. On these conditions, Government transports them, gives them a decent outfit, and a ticket-of-leave when they land at Noumea. Their marriages are arranged for them by the governor of the colony, who has a selection of well-behaved convicts ready for them to choose from; and each girl may consult her own fancy within certain limits, for the proportion of marriageable men to women is about three to one. Of course, if a girl declares that none of the aspirant bridegrooms submitted to her inspection have met with her approval, the governor can only shrug his shoulders in the usual French way. It has happened more than once that pretty girls have been wooed by warders, free settlers, or time-expired soldiers and sailors, instead of convicts. In such cases, the governor can only assent to a marriage on condition that the female convict's free lover shall place himself in the position of a ticket-of-leave man, and undertake never to leave the colony. Love works wonders; and there is no instance on record of a man having refused to comply with these conditions when once he had fallen in love. There are some instances, though, of the authorities having declined to let a female convict marry a free man,

when they were not convinced that the latter was a person of firm character and kindly disposition. For the women's own sakes it is necessary that they should not be married to men who would be likely, in some moment of temper, to fling their disreputable antecedents into their teeth. There is nothing of this kind to fear when a female convict gets wedded to a man whose past life has been as bad as her own.

Why the French Government should have saddled itself with the responsibility of promoting marriages among convicts it is difficult to say; but the experiment has on the whole yielded very good results. The married couples get huts and free grants of land, and all that they can draw from it by their own labor becomes theirs. During five years they are subjected to the obligation of reporting themselves weekly at the district police office; and they are forbidden to enter public-houses, and must not be found out-of-doors at night. This probationary period being satisfactorily passed, they get their full freedom, but subject always to the condition of remaining in the colony. To this rule the law has distinctly forbidden that any exception shall be made. On no account whatever must convicts who have accepted grants of land and contracted "administrative marriages," as they are called, ever return to France. They are at liberty, however, to send their children to France if any respectable person in that country will become answerable for them, and undertake to provide them with a good education. The sons of convicts are born French subjects, and will be required at the age of twenty to draw at the conscription, and serve their appointed terms in the army.

From what precedes it may be inferred that the lot of convicts in New Caledonia is a fairly pleasant one; but we have spoken as yet only of those convicts who have tickets-of-leave, and are more or less free to roam over the whole island. Those who have not earned tickets-of-leave are kept in the penal settlement of the Island of Nou, or are employed on public works, road-making, house-building, etc., in gangs, moving and encamping from place to place during the fine season under military escort. The

lot even of these convicts cannot be called a hard one as compared with that of convicts in other countries, and of French convicts under the old system of *bagnes*, or transportation to Cayenne. The climate of Cayenne was so deadly that all the convicts transported there either died or contracted incurable maladies. As for the old *bagnes* of Brest and Toulon, they were very hells, where the convicts were kept chained in couples, and were treated pretty much like wild beasts. The climate of New Caledonia, on the contrary, is delightful, and the soil of the different islands composing the colony is so fertile that corn, fruit, and vegetables grow there in abundance, and can be had very cheap. In 1873 an attempt to cultivate vines was commenced; but hitherto the experiment has not met with full success. It is said, however, that the difficulties which have beset the vine-growers will be overcome in time.

We are aware that the accounts given of New Caledonia by political convicts like MM. Henri Rochefort and Paschal Grousset have been very unfavorable; but the statements of these gentlemen must be accepted with reserve. The National Assembly in 1872 most unwisely decided that the political convicts—13,000 in number—should not be compelled to work; and the consequence was that, living in idleness, and being anxious to give the authorities as much trouble as possible, they suffered from the disorder and general squalor which they created. On arriving in the colony they grumbled at finding no huts prepared for their reception; they grumbled at having uncooked rations served out to them, alleging that the governor in obliging them to cook was violating the law which exempted them from work; they grumbled again because they had to find their own fuel in the woods instead of seeing fatigue parties of soldiers told off to pick up sticks for them. All this naturally angered the governor; who, perceiving that the Communists were bent on teasing him, retaliated by visiting all breaches of rules with rigor. M. Henri Rochefort was once sentenced to a week's imprisonment for being absent at the daily calling over of names, and a great hubbub was made over this affair when the news of it reached Paris, for it

was asserted, erroneously, that M. Rochefort had only missed answering his name because he was ill in bed with ague. Many Radical writers took this opportunity of declaring that the climate of New Caledonia was pestilential, and that every convict caught the ague on landing. As a matter of fact, M. Rochefort never had a day's illness in the colony; and ague is quite unknown there.

Successive amnesties have relieved New Caledonia of its troublesome political population, and no difficulty is experienced in maintaining order among the ordinary convicts. For some time after their arrival they are detained in the island of Nou, where they sleep by gangs of twenty in huts; and they wear convict garb, which is as follows—red blouse and green cap, with fustian trousers, for those under life sentences; green blouse and red cap for those whose sentences range between ten and twenty years; green blouse and brown cap for those whose sentences amount to less than ten years. They are not chained in couples; but those who work in gangs at road-making have a chain with a four-pound shot fastened to their left ankles, unless they be men who have earned a good conduct badge, in which case they work unshackled. Ticket-of-leave convicts of both sexes must during their probationary terms of five years wear their pewter good conduct badges; but they may dress as they like. It should be remarked that the rule forbidding probationers to enter public-houses is an excellent one, for it keeps them out of the way of temptation at the most critical point of their careers.

The convicts get paid for all the work they do; one half their earnings being handed to them every ten days, while the other half is set aside to provide them with a little capital when they get their tickets-of-leave. By good conduct they may also earn prizes in money. A good conduct stripe brings a franc per month; two stripes, 1 franc 50 centimes; and a good conduct badge, which entitles the holder to a ticket-of-leave when he has worn it a year, brings 2 francs 50 centimes a month during that year. By this judicious system of pay and rewards the men are kept in good subordination, and it is seldom that the

severer kinds of punishments have to be inflicted.

These punishments are deprivation of pay, confinement in cells, and for certain serious offences, such as mutiny or striking officers, the lash. Formerly convicts were flogged for attempting to escape, but this was put a stop to by the National Assembly in 1875. Flogging is administered with a rope's end on the bare back, the minimum of lashes being twelve, and the maximum fifty. It is the governor alone who has power to order flogging. The penalty for murder would of course be death; but it is rather a significant fact, worth the attention of those who allege that capital punishment has no deterrent effect, that not a single execution has taken place in the colony. It would seem that even the most desperate criminals manage to exercise self-control when they know that murder will bring them, not before a sentimental, squeamish jury, but before a court-martial which will have them guillotined within forty-eight hours.

The colony of New Caledonia is under the control of the Ministry of Marine and the Colonies, which generally has an admiral at its head. The Ministry of Justice has nothing to do with it, as the convicts all live under martial law. Tickets-of-leave, however, seem to be given at the discretion of the governor; and it would be strange indeed if out there, as in France, favoritism did not play a large part in the distribution of these rewards. Favoritism is, in fact, the great blemish of the French penal system. It smirches every part of

it; it obliterates all laws; it is the occasion of the most crying acts of injustice. How it works in New Caledonia may be judged from the case of a man named Estoret, the manager of a large lunatic asylum at Clermont, who was sentenced to transportation for life in 1880 for the brutal murder of a poor idiot. Estoret happened to be a consummate agriculturist, and his fame in that respect preceded him to New Caledonia. The governor, being very anxious to develop the resources of his colony, soon found that Estoret would be just the man to help him. He accordingly appointed him chief overseer of farms, leaving him practically free to roam over the whole colony on parole. Estoret was never even put into convict dress, and he was not compelled to wear a badge, for he had had no time to earn one. He was rendered perfectly free almost from the day of his landing, and appears to have done excellent work in his superintendence of the farms. His case shows, however, that the governor possesses the somewhat dangerous prerogative of reducing judicial sentences to nothing. Such a prerogative may no doubt be exercised at times to the great advantage of the colony, but occasionally it must be fraught with serious abuses.

In fairness one should conclude by saying that New Caledonia seems at present to be doing well; and that merchants who trade with it are beginning to speak hopefully of its future as a prosperous colony.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A DESERTED GARDEN.

At all times of the year the garden is left solitary and alone. It is quite at the end of a long lovely country lane that passes it by, leading away to the open heath and the dip in the range of hills that means the sea. No one could tell that the garden was there, for a long row of silent trees keeps guard over it, and seems as if it formed a thick wall expressly to keep out intruders. In the lane, in spring-time, can be seen the most marvellous collection of mosses; and as the tiny brown bubbling stream

that crosses and re-crosses the road, and makes melody at all times of the year, runs its course, it passes by deep dells carpeted with the fine fern-moss, every tiny frond like a perfect fern, and every morsel of a different shade of color, until finally it seems to be lost in the garden, which it truly enters, but does not there appear above ground. But we find it again in the open heath, where it sparkles mightily among its dark surroundings, and goes on its way, doubtless to join the bigger river below the

hills. Just by the garden the brook is obstructed by a moss-grown branch of a tree, so small that any stronger stream would have brushed it away long ago, but this thread of water is too tiny, and only becomes for a while a miniature whirlpool of froth, in which go round and round wee acorn-cups, pine-needles, or the shiny stiff beech leaf, that in spring is being reluctantly displaced by the new-comer; then the stream itself creeps under the branch, and after a very little way goes into the garden. There is an old gate, green with age, that we come upon in an unexpected corner of the lane; sometimes tall nettles and champions stand in quite a little hedge along the bottom of the gate, like a rank of lank weedy soldiers guarding the entrance, while here and there a blossom peeps through one of the upright slats of the gate that is only hanging by one rusty hinge; true, the other, at the lower part, is there, but it only holds out a ragged end that catches the raiment of the unwary, or grates with a harsh cry against the gate as we open it, and, regardless of the agony we cause several spiders, and of the destruction to the flowers, enter the garden. The latch is gone; a piece of wire twisted together takes its place, and has to be retwisted round the post before we can go on; and as we pause, as we always do just there, we note the bright sunshine in the lane, filtering through the crooked oak-branches that form a canopy and almost meet, and then look at the contrast of the dense gloom just behind us, where, even in spring and summer, cool damp and dark chilliness replace the warmth and color we find outside. As we linger we can see what used to be carefully-kept gravel paths, now closely dressed in a mossy green slippery robe that moves under our tread; while the beds, that once were gay with a thousand highly-cultivated blossoms, are now deep in weeds, and only to be discerned from the grass itself by moss-grown stones that had marked the borders, but that now are rapidly disappearing into the ground. In the winter it is comparatively easy to see where the garden has been originally, and almost to say positively where my Lady has walked, pensive at evening, watching the rooks fly home across a

lovely sunset sky to the trees below the hills where they have built since time memorial. We can almost trace her footsteps as she went down past the clipped yews long since gone back to their original shape, yet even now grotesquely displaying an occasional resemblance to the peacocks or strange mysterious creatures they were once supposed to resemble; toward the big gates, that are entirely gone, and are only seen by those who from a couple of moss-covered square stones can mentally erect a stately portico crowned by the crest of the family, whose very name now no longer survives. In winter there is very little undergrowth; the tall bracken below the pine-trees on the mound to the left of the garden has died down into a brown shabby carpet; the lank grasses and lush verdure in the garden itself have vanished; the hedges are no longer entwined with bindweed and hops and the fantastical clematis, but are bare and slender, and allow us to see where the kitchen garden once was, and where the square beds before the Manor were long ago filled with rare bulbs from Holland, or with lovely homely flowers whose presence would now be scouted by a head-gardener who "respected himself," and are only to be found in cottage gardens, or in those belonging to folks who rise superior to the riband bordering abominations of the present day. In the spring the first signs of life come on the thin brown willows, here the stir of the sap is first seen, and then they are decked with the soft gray-velvet palms, that when partly out, and watched at a distance, seem to flush to pink, though there is not a shade of that color upon them when we are close to the trees on which they grow. Then they are golden when ready to give place to the leaf, which comes far too soon generally, and robs us of the palms before we realized their existence. The kitchen garden is a strange medley: there are tumbled-down portions of the wall still left, that evidently formed the stay for stores of plums, and perhaps of peaches; and in the crevices grow tall wall-flowers, a very small yellow or brown blossom on the top of a thin long stalk, while the glossy dark-green foliage of the periwinkle climbs all over, and bestows upon us a very occasional gray-

blue blossom, as if to show what it could do if only we would allow it a little more light and air. The ivy, a little later, puts out pale green shoots, that in autumn have curious leaves, all lined and patterned with red and yellow ; and in one place a white-veined leaf every now and then comes out, to show us where to find that curious ivy that seems to have little feet to climb over everything, and requires no nailing to the wall it honors with its presence. Every crevice of the wall has a moss to fill it up, and red lichens, and yellow ones too, that in spring suddenly acquire with the rest of creation an indescribable access of color, do their best to dress the place gayly, and make up as far as they can for the loss of all care or all culture that the garden experiences. Gooseberry and currant bushes still abound ; an unexpected strawberry leaf marks where the strawberries once doubtless existed in profusion ; but though the apple-trees have a very occasional apple still on them, the only fruit besides that we can find is the hard blue sloe, that takes all taste from the roof of the mouth, or tightens the skin of the lips with its acrid taste, or a red-faced crab, of which it is impossible to think without a shudder. At the bottom of the garden is a hedge that in spring is covered with the white bloom of the blackthorn and here a thrush regularly builds her nest, while in the arm of a moss-grown apple-tree overhanging it we find the lovely home of the chaffinch, so like the tree itself that it requires very practised eyes indeed to see it at all. We doubt whether we should ever have done so, but the birds in the garden are so tame that they are less cautious than those outside, and allow us to see many of their little ways that a less unsophisticated bird would carefully hide from every human being ; and we watch the chaffinch feed her babies, or see the sparrows talk to each other in the nasty snappy manner possessed by all sparrows, or note the distant and haughty way in which thrushes exchange remarks, until we feel if we only had a little more time we might begin to understand all they say to each other, for we are quite convinced they talk, and talk intelligently on all subjects that are found of interest in the

bird world. In all our visits to the garden we have never come upon a single trace of the house, and we can only imagine where it may have stood by the presence of the more elaborately designed arrangement of flower-beds, where sometimes, in autumn especially, we find a rare blossom that we have seen in no other place, and have no name for. We are loth to take other better instructed folks to our retreat, for fear it may become common, and be no longer the place of refuge from all mankind that it is at present. One is a large, pale, yellow, globe-like flower, transparent and tremulous. It looks like a soap-bubble, so frail and lovely is it ; and another is pink, and hangs pensively on a stem that seems too fragile to hold it up properly. However, these are very seldom seen ; sometimes the plants come up bearing no flower, and sometimes we are afraid they have gone entirely away ; but last year they were there safe enough, and it remains for this autumn to show us if they are still extant. Here also we find in spring great clumps of wall-flowers, an occasional meagre single hyacinth, its white or pink spikes looking curious indeed among the maze of blue-bells that crowd all over, and make the open part of the garden look at times as if a blue cloth were laid there for some fairy gambols, or as if it were in readiness for an al-fresco party who were about to be entertained thereon ; while marvellous tawny polyanthuses and thin red-stained prim-roses contrast strangely with the pale-yellow blossom of their wilder sisters. There are one or two alleys between beech hedges, where the brown leaf hangs persistently until the new foliage comes in spring, and here there are ever sheltered and warm walks. They all lead in one direction from different starting-points, and through them we reach the brown knoll, surrounded by a ditch and a peat wall, where the fir-trees live, and where we can see all over the heath, and follow the course of the little gray river until it widens out beyond the mouth of the harbor to the open sea itself. Can anxious-eyed maidens or matrons have used this place as a watch-tower, we wonder, long, long before the beech-woods were made, from whence they could gaze on the wide expanse before them for lover or husband returning to

them from fighting the Danes in yonder marshes, or from hunting with the king along the hills, parting with him at the gate of the great square castle, that stands in the gap or "corfe" from which it takes its name? For from thence they could see the long red road, and the high causeway between the meadows, or turning inland could watch the other roads that led from the county town, or, farther away still, from the capital itself. Naturally we cannot tell; but the voice that sighs perpetually through the pine-trees seems essentially the voice of the past, and has a mournful way of interpreting Nature, who seems to confide her secrets to it, secure in her knowledge that no mortal is able to discern the meaning thereof. Is she at rest, and revelling in the golden silence of autumn?—the wind in the pines croons a perfect lullaby. Does she crave for sympathy in winter, when storms rend her, and the rain comes dashing down?—the pines creak and sway and croon as they lean down toward her, as if to show they shared her agony. In spring the song is one of hope; while in summer the aromatic shade is made vocal by the music that replaces the song of birds, for among a pine-wood it is rare to hear anything save the scream of a jay, the coo of a wild pigeon, or the twitter of a bird as it pauses there before pursuing its flight. To hear the songs of thrushes or blackbirds you must return to the garden; there they sing on, undaunted by the gloom and damp and decay, and even a nightingale has been known to build there; and then at late evening the whole lane resounds with the marvellous willowy music. But the saddest and most suggestive corner in the whole garden is a small plot portioned into six square pieces; it is away from where we suppose the house to have been, and is not too near the kitchen garden. On all sides it is surrounded by a thick hedge, and at one end is a gate that has once had a lock on it; while at the other is a tumbled-down summer-house, in the thatched roof of which numberless sparrows build unchecked, while under the eaves a house-marten last summer made a residence, and successfully reared a large and promising brood. Can we not see this was the children's corner? Surely

this plot rather larger and at the head of the rest belonged to some elder sister, who may have sat here working her sampler, and keeping one eye on her own property and the other on the conduct of the little ones, who were doubtless toiling away at their gardens, digging up, perchance, more flowers than weeds.

Absurd as it may seem, and waste of time as it doubtless is—for very likely the flowers we notice may have been planted by him or her who owns the garden now and may have never been seen by our hypothetical maiden—we cannot help thinking as we sit here that she must have been a gentle, patient child; most like a blue-eyed creature, with soft brown hair and pleasing expression of countenance, for we find at different times the bell-like lily of the valley, the homely hen and chicken daisy, clumps of lavender, and many old-fashioned flowers whose names we have quite forgotten. Then in one corner is a myrtle, that sometimes flowers, for here it is warm and very sheltered, and by the summer-house it gets the sun; and we cannot help believing that she planted it for her bridal wreath, and we wish her happiness—ay, almost while we laugh at our own folly. Next to her we find the Scotch brier rose, with its yellow buttons blossoming out freely; or find red and white strong-scented prickly creatures, scattering their leaves generously at every breeze that blows; and we think of the owner of this plot as a child of strong character, well able to work her way through the world that existed outside the garden, and so do not trouble about her at all. Another had an undecided owner, evidently. Here is a big old gooseberry bush, gnarled and venerable, and taking up a great deal too much room; while wild parsley smothers the one or two blossoming plants that still come up by fits and starts, and a curious bean-like climber twines all over what was once a handsome standard-rose. And so going on through the six, we like to fancy all sorts of different children owning the garden; and we must confess to a thrill of rapture when in the summer-house we came upon some roughly-cut initials and six different notches by one of the windows, that at once represented to us the divers heights of those whose kingdom this

once was. Alas ! no date was appended, only the mere dents and cuts that made the letters ; and we could only feel our children a little more real, even while we had to confess they were no more tangible than they had been before our discovery. Away from the children's corner there is a deep silent pool, sometimes covered with duckweed, and then later on fringed with tall grasses and rushes that lean down and look into it as if they tried in vain to discern its secret. There is never a ripple on its surface, and it always appears to us as if all the long past history of the garden had been confided to its keeping ; and, that being so, it would never betray its trust. Surely many a tempest-tossed soul has gazed into the water, and found help and peace in contemplating the intense quiet and unruffled face of the pool. And, indeed, the whole garden is a storehouse of fancies and unwritten stories legible enough to those who know it well, and often wander therein. It is entirely out of the world, and so peaceful and restful that it is like an unsuspected church in a silent corner in London, into which you may enter from the hot, noisy, summer streets, and at once be in an atmosphere scented, cool, and prayerful ; in which you may rest a while, neither praying nor even thinking, yet inexpressibly refreshed by

the few moments' retreat from the noise and glare of the city. And though the lane which represents the city to us is neither noisy nor hot, it is yet outside the garden and open to intruders, who in winter come for the holme, or holly, from which it takes its name ; or in spring and early summer for the golden-scented cowslip that springs ever freely in a broad bright field, beyond which lie three or four un-named tombstones, discovered long ago, when the little church was built that crowns the lane. Perhaps some of our six children sleep there unmovingly through all the lapse of years ; perhaps the elder sister, whose bridal wreath may after all have been woven for her marriage with death alone, there found balm for her broken heart ! But it is all speculation. Nothing lasts, save the immortal range of hills beyond the garden, that are now as when the garden was in its prime ; and as we stand at the gate, and try to avoid the rusted hinge that always stays us while we retwist the wire fastening, and prepare to plunge into the world again, we seem to part with a multitude of ghosts, who doubtless, when the moon rises high in the sky, walk hand in hand in the garden, and talk mournfully together of the days when they and it were in their prime.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

WAGNER.

It has been said of Meyerbeer that he was just as clever and skilled in working the success of his operas as in writing the scores. But Meyerbeer was an innocent baby compared to Richard Wagner. He does not content himself with having every word or note he writes puffed to the sky. He does better. With the doleful look and pose of a wronged woman, who thoroughly knows how to pass herself off as the silently suffering victim of malicious gossip, until she meets with the chivalrous knight who, spear in hand, advances in the arena to defend calumniated innocence against detraction—so posed all his life Richard Wagner, so does he pose at this very moment, and although living in luxury, in adulation,

in clouds of incense, he always was, and he is, the misunderstood or the ununderstood victim.

Wagner is not in the true sense of the word a great man, but he has both great natural gifts and great artistic acquirements, and had he left his musical talent alone and written as nature endowed him, and science helped him to do, he would never have lost himself in the labyrinthic path of unintelligible, ear-torturing intervals and harmonies, that mock at their name, because they are discord. "Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas" is the old and wisest king's saying. Wagner, as I said, is gifted and organized for a great musician, with a study and genius of orchestration, not, as he fancies, above Beetho-

ven, Meyerbeer and Berlioz, yet as high as any man of the century. He evidently is one of the glories of his country. But that was not sufficient for him, because other people had been the glory of their country, and he wanted to be more than anybody else; he tried to do the impossible, and as it always happened, since the tower of Babel, whenever a man attempted the impossible, so it happened to Wagner, who, like the frog in the fable, blew himself so big that he at last burst. The great work of his life, the *Ring of the Nibelungs*, according to his own words, was not only destined to wipe out of existence all other, but even his own earlier operas: *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Flying Dutchman*, master-works of conception, invention and execution, and from it he dated for Germany the era of "a new art," as he modestly called it in Bayreuth.* This work is, with regard to the book, an amalgamation of impossibilities, and totally unnecessary series of crime, and with regard to the music a perfect monstrosity, but to such an extent, that after having maintained for six years that it represented the only real music, that it buried all the old laws and doctrines, that in fact it was the "new art," he now has quietly returned to the ancient gods, to melody which he had previously declared to be quite unnecessary, or at least perfectly subservient to the words; he has given up the unnatural intervals which no singer can produce, so that the singers who learned how to produce *them* unfitted themselves for any other music. He has returned from his excruciating discords to harmonies bearable to and rejoicing the ear—he has, in fine, in his new composition *Parsifal*, to be produced next month in Bayreuth, abandoned the position of the false prophet with his "new art," and has, returned to the ancient æsthetic immortal law of real art: the beautiful and simple.

It is said that only a few weeks ago an adept in the art saw Wagner at Bayreuth, and was amazed to hear in the new work—*Parsifal*—the simplicity and melodious beauty of Wagner's old operas, those which he had so energeti-

cally repudiated as *péchés de jeunesse*, and he frankly expressed to Wagner his agreeable surprise to see him abandon the torturing path of what he called the "endless melody," but which was an endless bore without any melody. To his amazement Wagner said to him: "It may surprise you to hear me say so, but I, myself, find the *Nibelungs Ring* rather tedious and long-winded. I have given up this proceeding: it does not answer." And that he said of the very proceeding he had put his reputation at stake to uphold and proclaim—the "new art."

But if Wagner as a musician has shown great tact, both in what he has done and in the final perception of the mistake he committed and the readiness with which he gave it up, he is simply ridiculous from the immensity of his conceit, from the simply laughable utterances of his vanity. The French are said to be a vain people, and I have known Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas père and Victor Hugo, at one time the chiefs of French literature, and many a fine tale could I tell about their barely credible vanity. But not one of them pretended to have done more than create immortal works—they went, perhaps, so far as to think that all they wrote, even every word they spoke, was immortal; but none of them ever boasted of having invented literature or poetry, as Wagner said—"a new art."

It is said of Lamartine that when he arrived at Jerusalem and heard that a French lady was there established, he went to her house and told her maid that a countryman of her mistress wished to see. He was greatly surprised to hear that the maid should not know the name of M. Lamartine, but when the maid came back and said that her mistress was sorry she could not see M. Lamartine, that she never heard his name before and did not know what he dealt in, he exclaimed: "Voilà ce que c'est que la gloire—une montagne l'arrête!" Yet this is conceivable vanity. About Victor Hugo, the rôles which he imposes upon himself, different with each visitor, and about Dumas' vanity, volumes might be written. I have myself seen many examples of it, one of which I might here relate for the edification of the readers

* "Jetzt haben Sie eine neue Kunst."—Wagner's own speech at Bayreuth.

of this paper. I found him once, contrary to his custom, dressed in the middle of the day, ready to go on a still more unusual errand—to pay a debt. Alexandre Dumas has a very high opinion of Jews, and he owed every one of them, whom he knew, sums of money. On that day he had a bill of 1200 francs to pay, and asked me to go with him to do this act of unaccustomed conscientiousness. But fate was against it, as you shall soon see. It was one of the satisfactions of his vanity to be known to all cab-drivers. He was happy when passing before a cab-stand, he heard the drivers cry out: "Bon jour, M. Dumas; vous n'avez pas besoin de nous, M. Dumas," &c. Well, we went on, and as Dumas hired a cab to go to the lower city, he saw the driver rather dejected, and asked him what was the matter? "Oh, M. Dumas," said the other, "I have had a misfortune, and nobody can help me." "How so?" said Dumas. "My horse," sobbed the man, "fell, broke his leg, and smashed my cab; and from a proprietor, I am to-day again a servant to get bread for my family." "And how much," said Dumas, "would you want to set you up again and be your own master?" "Oh, M. Dumas, such a sum that nobody can give me." "NOBODY?" asked Dumas. "No; nobody," in despair said the fellow. "Well, just for curiosity's sake," said Dumas, "let me hear it." "One thousand francs," said the driver. "*Ce n'est que ça?* Here you are," said Dumas, and with the mien of a king he tendered him the banknote with which he was to pay the Jew, and turning to me, he said: "Ma foi, le juif attendra. Let us go and have luncheon. Me voilà à la tête de 200 francs. It is a long time since I had so much ready cash!" and we drove off among the cheering hurrahs of the assembled cabbies.*

Wagner prides himself on being as great a poet as a composer. As to the first, his German style is so full of affectation, incorrectness, and in many places

of obscurity, that the sense may be guessed at, but not always with certainty. He uses words of his own creation, which no man has a right to do without adding to his work a dictionary explaining his inventions, and then, well-known words in a manner which attributes to these expressions a sense totally different from that which they always were understood to convey, and which consequently would require another list—in fact, a Wagner's guide to Wagner's language.

During the month of May last, Director Angelo Neumann gave four cycles of the *Nibelungen Ring*, and had the cleverness to foresee that not many people would pay three times more to hear that heavy work than they paid for hearing good and digestible music, and consequently, in order to cover his expenses, he had to depend on a small number of maniacs, who would pay any amount of money for what they could not understand, merely that they might be supposed to understand what nobody else would appreciate. Speculating, therefore, on that inexhaustible source of income, human vanity, it seemed to him but just, that the few amateurs should pay for the satisfaction of gratifying their vanity, and for the intelligent people who kept aloof; so he fixed a trifle like forty-eight guineas for a box, eight guineas for an orchestra stall, &c., and although the house was never once full, the excessive prices paid by the minority nearly covered the expenses. He then flattered Wagner by telegraphing to him that the Prince of Wales had commissioned Director Neumann to express to Mr. Richard Wagner the pleasure His Royal Highness had derived from the perusal of his work. It was a courtesy on the part of the Prince which certainly rendered him popular with a number of Germans, and therefore it was so far quite in its place. To this message, Wagner responded by the following singular reply, of which I leave any man, who understands German, to judge: "Sehr erfreut gerade durch Sie fuer den

* I cannot but admit that Dumas perfectly well knew how dangerous it was to give way to impulses which Talleyrand warned every man against by saying, "*Méfiez vous de votre première impression, c'est presque toujours la bonne.*" And he was so well aware of the

valuelessness of his bills, that once a creditor—probably of the holy race—brought him a bill to sign, with a sixpenny stamp attached to it, and Dumas said to him, "You see this bill, now it is worth sixpence; now" (he signed it) "it is worth nothing."

Ihnen von Sr. Königl. Hoheit, Prinzen von Wales, an mich gewordenen ehren- den Auftrag. Meinen Dank ausspre- chen lassen zu dürfen wuensche ich mit der Bitte um diese angenehme Besorgung zugleich Sie zu einer herzlichen Begrues- sung der saemmtlichen um mein Werk so hoch verdienten Kunstgenossen in meinen Namen zu veranlassen. Fern doch nahe weilt in (*sic*) euch Wagner." There is a sentence to give a man con- sumption who reads it in one breath ! The phrase where I put "*sic*" is literal- ly translated : Far, yet near, remains in you (not amongst you) Wagner.

One of Wagner's admirers *quand même*, who holds him to be the greatest composer of the century, says that Wag- ner is still greater as a poet than as a composer. If elevation of ideas, adher- ing to the principle of the beautiful, mastery over his language, have any- thing to do with the great qualities of a poet, I am at a loss to see how Wagner can lay claim to the title. But what are the public to say to the gratuitous tendency to immorality to which his *Nibelungs Ring* lays itself open ? There is not even an extenuating cir- cumstance. I would not harshly judge a case which may present some claim to leniency. Take, for instance, a woman who follows the man of her choice, whom she became acquainted with, after having been by circumstances compell- ed to marry an old man she hated ; sup- pose her love to become so ungovern- able a passion that she leaves the chil- dren whom she brought up, the comfort- able home in which she lived, the respect- ed position which she must sacrifice, in order to live poor, hard working, hum- bly with him she adores above all, even above the duty she has sworn to fulfil. Such a woman may not be respected, but the magnitude of her sacrifice, the grandeur of her passion, elevate her above the level of a common sinner for gain or pleasure. But where in the old Saga *unknowingly* a married woman is attracted by an inexplicable magnetism toward a young man whose origin she knows not, and who is equally ignorant of his relationship to her, they both are moved by a superior power which they are supposed not to be able to resist, and they become sinners, free from the worst feature of the crime, premedita-

tion, because they knew not what they were doing.

But Wagner took this very Saga, and not finding the elopement sufficiently piquant, he preceded it by a long dia- logue—one of those endless conversa- tions with which the hearer of the *Nibe- lungs Ring* is so often gratified and in which they perfectly explain to each other who their father and mother were, so that they become thoroughly well aware that they are brother and sister, and what in the Saga they commit acci- dentally Mr. Wagner makes them fully conscious of, and therefore wholly res- ponsible. Some critics excuse this feat by saying that in olden times intermar- riage between brother and sister "was thought nothing of." If this holds good, then any manager might give the *Paradise Lost* in a costume which in Paradise "was thought nothing of," and that would be a sufficient excuse, logically speaking.

If there was at least any dramatic necessity for the depicting of this incest, but nothing, absolutely nothing, is gain- ed by it, except the aggravation of adultery—one of the most astounding facts in the matter being, that the Lord Chamberlain, who insisted on another libretto being reprinted three times, on account of one reprehensible word oc- curring in it, permitted this libretto to be published both in German and in Eng- lish, with a description in the third book (the work consists of four books) of all the pains which the mother had to en- dure at a critical moment, fully illustrat- ed !

The work, by the side of these great objections, shows a great power of adaptation, if not of invention. Yet there are notably nine assassinations, fraud, every kind of crime, going on through the four evenings, and not one character in it honorable, attractive or grand ; but the pettiness in the con- struction shows itself precisely in the anxious care for details. The great Italian Painters trusted to the principal figures of their pictures, for the general effect, but never for the small details, which they either neglected or got their pupils to work out. Rossini said once in my presence to a very talented young composer : "Write your large situa- tions, sketch your heroes, and with a

broad brush take care of the big part of your work ; do not mind the details, waste not your time and your inspiration with small matters." But what Wagner did, was not only to collect different Eddas and glue the divers ideas together, but he imitated in a simply childish manner the alliterative verses by which in olden times the eye of the reader was made to help the brain.

He gives for instance such imitated alliteration as :

"This thy truth then ?

In trouble thou leavest the sister ?"

A simple repetition of *t* and *th*. Yet more surprising is the trouble taken by the translator who toiled the toy into English with a most unmeritorious patience. When in olden times at the Olympic plays, before Alexander the Great, a man performed a famous trick and at a distance of a yard threw a microscopic bit of rice through a needle's eye with a nearly unfailling certainty, and expected a very great recognition, Alexander ordered a bag of rice and ten packages of needles to be presented to him, in recognition of the enormous time he had wasted in order to achieve so petty a result. I should think a hundred dozen of *th* presented to the translator, would be a similarly appropriate reward.

But not only for the sake of alliteration but for the sake of common sense, I ask how such phrases are excusable as : " Mich hungert sein"—" Me hungers after him"—which has no more sense in German than in English. Or this : " Göttliche Ruhe *rast* mir in Wogen," literally translated : " Divine *calm rages* me in waves !" *Calm rages*, and in waves ! But of these absurdities the book is full. What Hebbel (the German poet) said of a similar work is so applicable to this stuff : " The work suffers from this searched-after loftiness, so tedious and unbearable as to stop the circulation of the blood, and to make a man fall down dead as if frozen on the glaciers of the Alps. These creatures have as little to do with us as if they were born in the Moon, and could there live without air and water." Such creatures are the gods as represented in the *Nibelungs Ring*. Wagner, only in order to do what others did *not* do before him, wrote a whole opera, and it

would be more appropriate to say four operas, for it lasts during four evenings, without a duo or trio, *i.e.* without any concerted music, and with one exception without a chorus. His duos are never pieces of music where two voices are singing together ; no, each party sings alone from beginning to end—singing after each other, and this monotone, continuing for four, five, six hours, at last becomes so monotonous that a deadly bore is the unavoidable consequence. The system of making the orchestra sing and the voice accompany, is unnatural, and, like every unnatural thing, cannot stand muster. Can there be any sense in a man or woman feeling anger, tenderness, or rage, and the orchestra to express it, while the person moved, speaks on in colorless recitative ? It is moreover interesting to note that this kind of duetting was exactly the way two hundred years ago, so that instead of progressing to the music of the future, Wagner retrogrades to the music of the past.

To quote all the downright nonsense which the apostles of the Prophet publish in order to insure the people's adoration in the measure which Wagner thinks due to himself, would be most unprofitable and unnecessary. But it is curious to see to what an insane degree exaggerated enthusiasm may be driven, when in reality based upon no sincere convictions, and only bent to puff beyond all limit a man whose great qualities are just in the inverted ratio underrated by many, because they are so systematically, and as a very insult to common sense, overrated by " the few select," who fancy that to them only is an insight and an understanding of this superhuman genius conceded.

I will pass over the doctrine which one Mr. Wollzogen laid down, that : Only those who adore Wagner have a right to judge his work. Because, says this Chancellor to the Emperor of Music, " to judge Wagner you must know him, and to know him is to adore him."—Quod demonstrandum erat. Just like the Sopists proved that it could never be verified whether the inhabitants of Mycenæ were truthful people or not ; because, said they, " Aretas, an inhabitant of Mycenæ, says they are all liars. If so, then he, who is an inhabitant of

Mycenæ, is a liar too. In this case, what he says cannot be believed, and if so, none is a liar. But if none is a liar, he an inhabitant is not a liar either. His words therefore deserve credence, and then they all must be liars." There is no reason why this argument should stop anywhere. Once begin to build upon false premisses, and you may build up to the sky, and it will all be false. Anyway, another Apostle, a Mr. Hagen, goes even a trifle further and beats everything that has been said in praise of Richard Wagner, because he shows how far, once launched, flattery may go.

I give his own words in the following translation: "Look up, dust-born humanity, to the sunny light! There you see Plato, you see Kant, you see Schopenhauer, those solitary geniuses of all times, all powerful and gigantic. Yet, above all these towers one genius over them: Richard Wagner. Hail to thee, Plato; hail to thee, Kant, and to thee hail, Schopenhauer. Hail to all of you old geniuses; but three times hail to you, Wagner." One would fancy they are lunatics; but the finest part of their demonstration is, to see how utterly false are their comparisons and idolatries. It pleases them for instance to compare Wagner to Schopenhauer the philosopher. But not only has Schopenhauer's philosophy, treating human will as the source of all evil, and acting against one's own will as the only consolation and escape from evil, nothing whatever to do with music, but what Schopenhauer occasionally says about music is totally different from what Wagner affects to lay down as the principle of the "new art." Wagner says that until now all the musicians—himself included in his first operas—have been wrong. The music must be entirely subservient to the text. The word is everything, the singer ought only to speak and the orchestra to sing. Schopenhauer in a chapter referring to music distinctly says: "Music, far from being a mere support of poetry, is an independent art, the most powerful, to my thinking, of all the arts. If music were made too much subservient to the words, it would speak a language which is not its own. Of such a mistake nobody kept so clear as did Rossini, that

is why his music speaks its own language." The readers of this paper may remember that I said when speaking of Rossini, in last month's number of *Temple Bar*, that he does what Wagner preaches. He sings and orchestrates dramatic thought.

Wagner's work began, like that of nearly every musician, with a feeble, unoriginal opera, *Rienzi*. His life began with privations. The ebullition of youth drove him to political outbursts which then no doubt were sincere, although in after life he considerably changed the course of his boat. He was an ultra democrat. He fought for radical opinion on the barricades. By his side fought a friend whom he encouraged to hold out, *come what may*.

But, "come what may" is an elastic expression, and neither politicians nor lovers are always prepared to stand by their word that they will never change. "What may" did come; the soldiers sent the enthusiastic but very badly fighting youths to Halifax, which meant for Wagner pleasant Paris, and for his friend thirteen years' state prison. In Paris the young man could not get a hearing, which of course happens to every young man, who arrives there poor and unrecommended, and he had to copy music and do a lot of little menial work very much more unpleasant than what he did in after life—to make enormous debts and have them paid by a music-mad king. There was one man, however, who took pity on the poor young musician, and he supported him and got him work. This man was a Jew, yclept Meyerbeer, the first man who helped him, the first man whom he attacked the moment he had an opportunity to use his pen in gratitude for services received. Another man gave him the first piano he ever had; this man, also, was a Jew; so that, owing the real starting-point in musical life to a great composer and a benevolent friend, Wagner's mightiest effort as a literary man was to heap every possible insult, absolute, and calumny on the Jews, though the Christians would have allowed him to die from starvation; but then a Christian is only a baptized Jew. Here I must say that a friend of mine who has known Wagner when a very young man, assures me of his belief that Wagner him-

self is of Jewish descent, which his features, his prominent curved nose, his shrewdness and the very musical organization that distinguishes so many Jews, render rather probable. He says that it is just in order to conceal his origin that Wagner acts the Jew-eater with such violence.

Bethis as it may. I know that he says not only that in Vienna the Jews have attacked and most grievously harmed him—the said Jews being the well known critics, Hanslick, Schelle and Speidl, all three the best Catholics, as Vienna Catholics go; but he even openly stated that he could not return to England because the unfriendly reception which greeted him at his last appearance here, or, in his own words, “the antipathy with which he met in London, years ago, is based upon the peculiar character of the English religion having more affinity with the Old than the New Testament.” That is to say, there are only two true religious systems in the world: Wagnerites and Jews. Those Christians that do not adore Wagner and “no other God by his side” are Jews, *i.e.* a set whose intelligence is nothing but ill-used shrewdness turning the world of believers in Wagner into infidels, who believe in Mendelssohn, Mozart, Rossini—musicians and melodists unworthy of being named in the same breath with the Lord of lords: Richard Wagner.

I am afraid I am becoming too serious; and having mentioned the name of Mendelssohn, I beg leave for diversion's sake to give an unpublished anecdote concerning Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher and ancestor of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy the composer. Frederick II. of Prussia was very fond of having literary men, artists, and singers of talent at his small suppers, and he enjoyed free humor, and encouraged gayety with all his power. He was not like Charles V., who honored musical artists by particularly distinguished epithets, as the following sentence of one of his decrees (Edict) plainly shows: “When acrobats, bear-drivers, musicians, and other tramps (*anderes Gesindel*) pass through the town,” &c. Frederick II., personally fond of music and literature, had a special liking for the philosopher Mendelssohn, who was very witty, as hunchbacks usually are, and he often

gave him a seat at supper by his side. It so happened that some small ambassador—Germany was then divided into a number of microscopic countries with pigmy sovereigns—tried to chaff Mendelssohn, who with his quick repartee turned the tables at once on his adversary. Furious, his dwarfish Excellency ran to the King and complained of the plebeian being admitted into circles above his reach, &c. The King told him: “Mendelssohn was my guest, as you were, and you should not have joked him, or you should take the consequences.”

“Ah,” said the Ambassador, “he is the man who would consider nobody, and would offend your Majesty if it so happened that for some imaginary reason he thought himself hurt.”

“Well,” said the King, “but I shall give him no reason for feeling hurt, and, any way, he would not offend *me*.”

“Is it a wager?” asked the Ambassador.

“Certainly,” replied the King.

“Well, if your Majesty will do what I say, we will soon see whether I am right or wrong.”

“And what do you want me to do?”

“Will your Majesty at the next supper-party write on a piece of paper, ‘Mendelssohn is an ass,’ and put that paper signed by your own hand on his table?”

“I will not; that would be a gratuitous rudeness.”

“It is only to see what he would do, whether his presence of mind is so great, and in what way he would reply to your Majesty.”

“Well, if it is just for an experiment, and I am at liberty afterward to tell him that I by no means intended to offend him, I do not mind complying with your wish.”

“Agreed; only the paper must be signed under the words: ‘Mendelssohn is one ass,’ so that there can be no doubt in his mind that it comes from your Majesty.”

Reluctantly, but with a feeling of curiosity as to how it would all end, the King wrote and signed the paper as required.

The evening came; table was laid for twelve, the fatal paper was on Mendelssohn's plate, and the guests, several of

whom had been informed of what was going on, assembled.

At the given moment all went to the ominous table and sat round it. The moment Mendelssohn sat down, being rather shortsighted and observing some paper, he took it very near his eye, and having read it, gave a start.

"What is the matter?" said the King. "No unpleasant news, I hope, Mendelssohn."

"Oh no," said Mendelssohn, "it is nothing."

"Nothing? nothing would not have made you start. I demand to know what it is."

"Oh, it is not worth while—"

"But that I tell you that it is; I command you to tell me."

"Oh, some one has taken the liberty to joke in very bad taste with your Majesty; I'd rather not . . ."

"With me? Pray do not keep me waiting any longer. What is it?"

"Why, somebody wrote here, 'Mendelssohn is one ass, Frederick the second.'"

Now let us return to Wagner. As I said, his first opera made no effect, it bore the traces of other composers whose works had impressed his mind; it was nothing, it did not even show *unguem leonis*. Success, however, crowned his other operas, *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, &c.—splendid works, operas in the full sense of the word, not such mathematical examples as the *Rheingold*, where a lady after listening for two hours asked me: "But when is the music coming? As yet I have heard no music," which is the best criticism on these tedious heaps of recited phrases. But scarcely had he success, than he wanted to mount up higher than any born man, abusing all known composers, and he particularly desired to revenge himself on the French people, because they allowed the unknown young man to starve. He began posing, as I before stated, as a victim, and at last he reached with his complaints a personage so high, that he received the promise that all possible endeavors should be made to have his *Tannhäuser* performed at the Grand Opéra, Paris.

The Emperor Napoleon III. subventioned the Opera with nearly a million of

francs a year, and Monsieur Fould, Minister of Finance, and Ministre de la Maison de l'Empereur, had the Opera especially in his department, where he dictated the law. The intrigues rose to such an extent that Madame de Lagrange once told a story of the husband of a singer engaged at the Opera, who thinking his wife slighted by another singer, provoked that singer's brother, and only killed him on the spot; and she added: "Mais les intrigues de la cour ne sont qu'une pâle copie des intrigues du théâtre!" Anyhow, Monsieur Fould informed the patron of Wagner, whom we will call the Princess M., that she could depend upon his services, but that it would be as well to make the Emperor give him the order.

The Princess was *très bien en cour*, and doubted not that she would succeed in making the Emperor give the order—which he did—that the parts of the *Tannhäuser* be distributed, and the rehearsals begun.

Was it the unpopularity of the man, Wagner having recently published several articles attacking the great German masters, sacred to the Société des Concerts at the Conservatoire, or was it the unaccustomed style of the music? whatever it was, the singers made immense difficulties. First one, then another, finally, all sent back the parts, saying they could not sing it. The Régisseur Général, who could not bear Wagner, whose frightful French tore his Parisian ears, put on a hypocritical despair, and armed with all the letters of the recalcitrant singers, demanded an audience of the Minister, and "deeply regretted the impossibility of carrying out his Majesty's orders."

"You forgot," said the autocratic Minister, "that the Emperor is the master, that he supports the house, and that they *must* sing if he chooses to will it so."

"That is just what I told them, your Excellency, but I fear it will want a positive order of his Majesty . . ."

Monsieur Fould, who knew very well that the Emperor wished to please the Princess, but that nothing was more distasteful to him than to risk his popularity with favorites of the public, submitted the whole conversation to the Emper-

or in the evening. It was a Monday, one of the emperor's *petits lundis* at the Tuileries, where the smaller circle of the *habitués* assembled, and of course the Princess was there too.

The Emperor, who had only just been informed of the sending back of the parts, which moved him as an act of insubordination, but which, on the other hand, he did not wish to make a state affair of, called the Princess and told her the difficult position he was in. But a lady will never hear of any reason which is not to her taste, and she insisted that the Emperor should not be dictated to, that surely there was some woman's intrigue at the bottom; and she was just delivering a brilliant speech on the danger of putting up with intriguing women when—

The door opened, and General Fleury, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, walked in and spoke to the Emperor for a short time in whispers, when suddenly the Emperor said aloud: "By no means keep her in prison, you would only make a political martyr of her and give a stupid incident an importance; release her at once." Fleury went out, and the Emperor, turning to the Princess, said to her laughingly: "That is a thing you could not do." "What is it all about?" asked all the ladies, with a curiosity which of course is most exceptional with ladies. "The matter is," said the Emperor, "that at the Bal Mabille, where as you know, or perhaps you do not know, those girls dance the cancan, they are forbidden by the rules to lift up their legs more than two inches from the ground, and the gendarmes have to watch over the fulfilment of this regulation. But it appears that there is a little girl, whose name is Rigolboche, who infringed this rule, and when the gendarmes warned her not to do so again, do you know what she did?"

"No," said the ladies, who in high excitement surrounded the Emperor as if he had been talking of some battle just won.

"Well," continued the Emperor, "she defied the law in the person of a gendarme, went a step back, and suddenly taking her *élan*, with the tip of her boot knocked off the gendarme's hat. Of course he arrested her, but there

seems to have been such an uproar and even serenade before the Commissaire de Police, that I ordered her immediate release, not to make an affair of it. But she must be very quick, because the feat seems rather gymnastically clever!"

"And that," said the Princess, "was what your Majesty said I could not do? Certainly I should never try."

"That is a very easy way to get out of the difficulty."

"I do not think it a difficulty, and if there were any reason for my doing so, I believe that I could do it."

"You think so? Very well. I will make you a proposal. You see in what a difficulty you placed me with all my singers. Assuredly I *can* force them, but I would rather not. Now if you will agree to my proposal, we will settle the affair at once. I will put on my hat and go to the centre of this room. You go a few steps back, just as much as you think convenient. If at a given moment you can take your *élan* and do what that Rigolboche did—but without touching anything but my hat—I will give order that the *Tannhäuser* must be given. But if you fail to do what you seem so confident of, there is an end of the affair, and you must promise that you will never mention it again. Is that a bargain?"

The Princess reflected a few minutes and then said: "Right, let it be so."

You must know that the lady whom we call "Princess M." was one of the most distinguished ladies by birth and position, that she made the *honneurs de sa maison tout à fait en grande dame*, yet that she had such a propensity, as Dupin said, to imitate *ces dames* that she took singing-lessons of that vulgar singer Theresa, and that she once in her *salon* sang a driver's couplets, dressed as a coachman—*fallait voir?* Having at heart that *Tannhäuser* should be given just because the scheme was so strenuously opposed, she took her courage à *deux mains*—I should say à *deux pieds*—measured her distance well, and—

—one month after, the *Tannhäuser* was given. The uproar from beginning to end certainly did not arise from displeasure excited by the music, but the fact that all the intrigues were known which had been set in motion at Court, to compel the singers to produce a

foreigner's work, the foreigner, as I said, having made himself very unpopular through his selfish and pugnacious attacks on the idols of the public. The whole Jockey Club went, and with numbers of representatives, all armed with whistles and keys, mercilessly drowned the music in hisses. The Emperor was present. He came to the second performance again, but it was an *affaire nationale*, their blood was up against the arrogant German and down he went. The opera had to be withdrawn.

After this fiasco, Wagner swore for the second time eternal hatred to France, and he revenged himself nobly when, in 1871, the Germans invaded that country, unprepared as it was, and beat it as mercilessly as Wagner's *Tannhäuser* had been hissed.

Wagner published what he called a satire on the fallen foe, dragging in the mud in the lowest, most vulgar, and inept manner, Paris, Victor Hugo, the whole nation, and in a French, for which alone he would deserve the crucifixion of which he always talks.

In the *Meistersinger*, which he then wrote, he began the frightful system of the singers being made to accompany the orchestra, but the book being amusing and the orchestra at least full of melody, it goes smoothly to the end.

But what followed and the crowning of the edifice, *Tristan*, and more than anything the *Nibelungs Ring*, is simply excruciating ear-torture. The singers are mere parrots in the affair. They have intervals to sing which it does not matter a bit whether they are sung as they are written or not, for false they are at any rate, and while at that game there is no difference of character of the one or the other; the ladies could sing the gentlemen's intervals—provided it be false, it is all right.

Everybody or everything that comes on the stage, a god, a woman, a sword, the fire, all are represented by a few notes which are called a Leitmotiv, that is to say these very same few notes are repeated whenever there is an allusion to the person or the thing. And these motives are very easy to retain, there are only *ninety*! Fancy going and learning all these bits of bars by heart in order to hear it repeated every time where an allusion is indicated by the band! You

have to go through a regular training, in order to be worthy of standing the bore of seventeen hours' performance during four evenings. And where, you ask, are the fools to subscribe to such conditions? And what for? Reply: I, such a fool, have studied the music, the orchestral score of the four operas, which weighs two tons. I have read fifty-two volumes referring to the subject and its origin, I have heard it in Bayreuth when the house was so dark that you could read nothing, and I have twice heard a whole cycle here in London continually with the score before my eyes. So I hope now I have a right to speak out my mind and to say: A more shocking assemblage of crimes, both uninteresting and unnecessary, a more torturing assemblage of diminished sevenths, enharmonics, forced modulations, unnatural intervals, unsingable recitatives, monotonous, interminable, endless bores of conversations by the side of an undoubtedly most powerful treatment of the orchestra, I have never heard, and never hope to hear again. Like a drop of water in the desert were some rare motivos, not half a dozen in four evenings; of these Wagner makes the utmost; but for our emaciated skeletons this drop of water is no help, no reward, no saving, during the despair of these seventeen hours.

Wagner is a clever man certainly. But cleverness tries to induce you to accept what is not; whereas genius makes you accept with joy what *is* genuine. It draws you to itself, whereas the former, if it does attract you, at the same time rouses a certain suspicious feeling of being taken advantage of. You throw yourself into the arms of genius, you are cheated out of your confidence by cleverness. Both genuine and artificial music get up into your head, the former with inspiration, the latter with false excitement—like good and bad champagne, the one making you feel happy the other giving you the headache, or getting like opium, into your brain—making you dream at first and downright sick after a while.

This great man, so serious, with knitted eyebrows and full of dignity, who wrote a four-evening drama with one moral, if any moral at all may be deduced from it, viz., that gold not only does

not make men happy, but that it makes them unhappy ; drinks his coffee only in a heavy golden cup, surrounds himself with all that luxury can produce, and he preaches this supreme contempt of gold just as Seneca wrote on the small value of money, when he was possessed of thirteen millions of sestertia.

It is but just, when speaking of Wagner, to touch upon one other name which became first known to the English public through Richard Wagner ; that is, Hans Richter. The man is born to be a conductor, he plays the orchestra like any performer his instrument, he has the most inconceivable memory, knowing scores of scores by heart, not only the phrases, but every instrument where it comes in. Being a German, he has unbounded command over his countrymen ; but, what is more astonishing, over Englishmen also ; and he stood the biggest test that any authority can stand—the ridicule.

His English is capital, and at the rehearsals he comes out sometimes with phrases that are worth their weight in gold. Remember, please, that pizzicato means pinching the string with the finger, and that string in German means *Seite*, so he called out once : “ The staccato not with the nail but with the MEAT, and on the C *side*.” Once his band got careless when he instantly shouted : “ No republic here ; will you take your movement or mine ? ” They laugh but religiously do what he demands ; because they know that whoever is wrong, he is the man who can

snatch the instrument, violin, horn, whatever it may be, out of the performer's hand, and show every one of them what he ought to have done. I have seen him several times at rehearsals call upon the chorus : “ Why the—do you not come in with such a phrase,” singing for them the music and the words all together. Once in Munich a tenor did not appear at the general rehearsal. Richter passed his bâton to Hans v. Bülow, went on the stage and sang the whole part without a mistake in text or music. When an orchestra know that they have such a giant at their head, he can even afford to speak of the “ meat of the finger tip.” He is not to be shaken in his position.

But very different is the case with a man who started himself with political radicalism, and when he found it “ answered ” better, allowed a king, the “ tyrant ” of his younger days, to aid him in his career ; a man who sets himself up as a victim poor and misunderstood and lives in gold and silk—not like Mozart, who did not leave money enough to be buried with ; when such a man poses as a poor misunderstood poet—then it is high time to tell him that, clever as he is, talented as he is, gifted as he undoubtedly is, he wants the whole world to be deceived and to fall into the dust before a false prophet, and forsaking all real art, the real masters, the sacred works of real genius—to acknowledge only Richard Wagner.—*Temple Bar*.

A TOURIST'S NOTES.

PERCHANCE I dream : or have we gone
Through Picardy and broad Champagne ?
Five friends, our five days' wandering done,
Our faces set for home again.

Surely a dream : that evening fire
That lighted Amiens' sculptured west,
And touched with glory coign and spire,
Flames but in islands of the blest.

Noyon : its old-world houses round
The grey church, every buttress fair
And soaring arch with wallflower crowned,
The library, the courteous Maire ;

And Laon throned above the vale,
 Wind-smitten towers, and rampart steep;
 These must be memories of a tale,
 Read long ago, recalled in sleep.

The organ tones, the shrilling strings,
 The golden copes, the incense cloud
 At Rheims; the gifts of murdered kings,
 The lifted Host, the people bowed.

Once more a dream: for faith has ceased,
 And like an echo faint and far,
 The creeds, the mass, the chanting priest
 All were, but yield to things which are.

And so five days 'neath summer skies,
 Ere summer came, we five have sped;
 Say, shall we wake more sad, more wise,
 Nor e'er recall the visions fled?

No; they were real; the merry jest,
 The banter free, the courteous wish
 Of each to yield, the sense of rest,
 The enjoyment of each simple dish,

Were merely human; things of earth;
 No heavenly visions of the night;
 Emotion touched with harmless mirth
 Made all the journey pure delight.

Bright days! Bright scenes! I think that each
 Made friendlier who were friends before:
 Ah! guard their memory till we reach
 The land where laughter is no more.

Belgravia Magazine.



ÆSTHETIC POETRY : DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

BY PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.

IN December last, the President of the Royal Academy delivered an interesting lecture to the students of the Academy, in which he addressed himself to the question, What is the proper end and aim of Art, and in what relation does Art stand to Morals and Religion? In answering these questions, Sir Frederick Leighton set himself vigorously to combat the didactic theory of Art—that which maintains that the first duty of all artistic production is to inculcate a moral lesson or a Christian truth, and that the worth and dignity of a work of art is to be measured by the degree in which it performs this duty. Yet, while entirely repudiating this view, he strongly maintained that the moral force or weakness

of the artist's character would reveal itself in his work—that the *ethos* of the artist tinges every work of his hand, and moulds it silently, but with the certainty of fate.

With regard to the didactic theory of Art, he showed very clearly that it did not hold in the case of Spanish painting, especially in that of its greatest master, Velasquez; neither did it square with all the facts regarding either the Italian or the Flemish school of painters. But in arguing the whole question, Sir Frederick Leighton narrows the issue to the direct inculcation of some moral truth, and by so narrowing it has no difficulty in overthrowing the didactic theory. For the purpose of inculcating moral

precepts, teaching definite truths to the understanding, the simplest spoken homily, if sincere in spirit and lofty in tone, is more effective, as he tells us, than all the creations of all the most pious painters and sculptors, from Giotto to Michael Angelo. This is true. But it is one thing to disprove the didactic theory—quite another to invalidate the moral significance of art. There are many avenues by which the soul can be reached, stirred, and elevated beside the understanding. Do not indirect and quite inarticulate influences often melt into us more powerfully, do us more good, than the clearest, most forcible appeals to the intellect? Who has not felt if, after listening to the best spoken discourse, he has wandered forth alone into the fields, that there was something in the silent face of Nature which sank more into him, more soothed and reconciled his whole inner being, than any words of man? The same is the effect of the finest music, though no one could express in language what it conveys.

Sir Frederick's own view is that the function of Art is to speak to the emotional sense—to awaken the emotions throughout their whole range up to the highest in the scale. If so, he would, no doubt, allow that the highest emotions are those which are born in the highest regions of man's nature, which connect themselves with the greatest ideas of the intellect, the deepest ethical truths, and the noblest spiritual faiths. Art, if it is high art, cannot stop with the exhibition of color, or form, or sound, however exquisite. These sensible media it employs, not for their own sakes, not to produce merely pleasant sensations, or to convey clear-cut conceptions, but the artist so touches these that through them he may set vibrating fine spiritual echoes, and prolong them endlessly "through the sounding corridors of the soul." And in proportion to the mass, the variety, the complexity, and the elevation of these emotional echoes which he awakens, is the dignity and excellence of his work. This is a very different thing from saying that Art must directly inculcate ethical truth. The mind which is in the didactic attitude, which sets instruction of any kind before it as its purpose, is by that very act cut off from the true sources of inspira-

tion. By all means let art be free to range over the whole expanse of Nature and of human life, and to express, as far as it can, *all* the emotions which these awaken in men. We must not limit its province to the ethical or the religious region—much less must it impose on itself a didactic aim, or confine itself to this. Indeed, the idea of imposing on it any aim beyond that of expressing the delight it has in the objects it loves, and the thrilling emotions which spring from the contemplation of these, is alien to the very nature of poetic or artistic inspiration. It is the characteristic of genius that it is unconscious alike of its methods and its aims. It cannot tell how it produces its results, or why. It is something more than a merely natural power, this which we call inspiration. It proceeds by a path we cannot trace, works in a way inexplicable by the understanding. This is so; therefore let genius work as it lists, untrammelled by didactic purpose. And yet, if we can suppose two men of equal genius, of equal artistic power, one of whom dwells by instinct and habitually on the higher moral and spiritual levels, while the other is conversant only with things earthly and mundane—can any one doubt whose hand of the two would mould the finest creations? Genius, whether pictorial or poetic, achieves the noblest results, when it is led, not of set purpose, but by unconscious sympathy, to live in the highest regions of being, and to express the emotions which are native there. And the art of such a one will be, in the truest sense, moral and religious, though it never dreamt of inculcating anything. It will be so in the best way, that is, by instinct and unawares. So, then, we conclude, that while it is true that art is the vehicle to express *all* emotions, it is at the same time true, as has been said, that "it has always found itself at its best when its instinct has led it to express the higher religious and moral emotions." As a friend lately well expressed it, "Our sense of beauty is so allied and akin to our moral sense that whenever *mere* beauty is aimed at in a work of art, we feel a deficiency. The beauty is ten times as lovely if there is a soul of moral purity seen through it by the eye that seeks the inward beyond the outward." It

comes, then, to this, that if we would reach the highest beauty, we must forget beauty and ascend beyond it. One instance more of a well-known law of ethics, that it is not always true "that to get a thing you must aim at it. There are some things which can only be gained by renouncing them." And the highest beauty is one of these. Or to adapt words from Cardinal Newman: "The highest beauty and moral goodness are inseparably connected, but they who cultivate the goodness for the beauty's sake are artistic, not moral, and will never reach the beauty, because they can never really love the goodness." For the apprehension of the highest beauty, there is needed not merely a fine sensibility and a cultivated taste. The sense of it does not come merely from the intellect, or from the æsthetic faculties, as they are called—something more is needed, even a heart, pure and right.

Mr. Ruskin has told us that if the sense of beauty begins with pleasure at the sight of an object, it does not stop there but includes joy in and love of the object, then a perception of kindness in a superior intelligence—finally thankfulness and reverence toward that intelligence. To borrow words of the lately-departed Dr. John Brown, "All beauty of thought, passion, affection, form, sound, color, and touch, whatever stirs our mortal and immortal frame, not only comes from, but is centred in God, in His unspeakable perfections. This we believe to be not only morally, but, in its widest sense, philosophically true, as the white light rays itself out into the prismatic colors, making our world what it is—as if all that we behold were the spectrum of the unseen Eternal."

This, the moral theory of beauty, Mr. Ruskin has unfolded throughout his works, and especially in the second volume of his "Modern Painters;" and he deserves our gratitude for the strong witness he has borne to the doctrine, that all sublimity and all beauty is an adumbration of the unseen character of the Eternal One.

I am well aware that there are other theories of Beauty than this, which measure it by quite other standards. There are those who hold that Beauty should be sought for its only sake, quite

apart from any moral meaning it may be alleged to have. They proclaim loudly what is called the moral indifference of Art, and that to try to connect it with moral ideas or spiritual reality is to narrow and sectarianize it. They deprecate entirely in their idea of Beauty any transcendental reference, and say that it has certain occult qualities of its own, which may be known and appreciated only by a refined nature and a cultivated taste. Such persons, one soon perceives, mean primarily by Beauty, sensuous beauty, grace of form and outline, richness or delicacy of color. Painting, as the highest of those arts which deal with sensuous beauty, they take especially under their wing, and not painting only but all the arts which minister to the adornment of outward life. But such a pursuit of Beauty, genuine though it may be at first, because it has no root in the deeper, more universal side of human nature, swiftly degenerates into a mere fashion. What is new, rare, or antique, or out of the way, gets valued because it is so, not from any spiritual meaning or intrinsic worth it possesses. A surprise, a new sensation comes to be the one thing desired. Hence comes affectation, and artificial, as opposed to natural and healthy, sentiment. Mannerism, modishness, exclusiveness, the spirit of coterie, are the accompaniments of this mental habit, which craves for beauty, divorced from truth of life, without any really human and ethical root.

What this spirit is producing in the region of Art it is not for me to say—many of my readers know this for themselves. Do not its results meet us at this moment in all our galleries? It more concerns me here to note how a kindred spirit reveals itself in our poetry and criticism. In these, too, there has been for some time apparent a tendency—perhaps born of the artistic tendency, certainly closely allied to it—to make much of sensuous beauty, apart from any inward meaning it conveys. We have a poetry in which beauty of form and outline, gracefulness of attitude, richness of coloring are attempted to be portrayed in the most elaborate, sometimes affected, diction, and with the most high-wrought and luscious

melody of words. In the pursuit of this sensuous beauty men have gone back, as they supposed, to the Greeks, whom they fancied to be the great masters of it. But they have forgot that in the best and greatest of the Greeks—in Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles—color and grace of attitude are rigorously subordinated to the exhibition of great human qualities, or of moral truths. Indeed this worship of sensuous beauty, for its own sake, is not the growth of a vigorous age, strong in manhood, but is the mark of a late and decadent civilization. To appeal to the imagination chiefly through the eye, divorced from high thought, tends very surely to degrade the imagination and to lower the soul. The boundary line between the sensuous and the sensual may not in theory be easily defined, but in practice it is easily crossed, and there are not a few instances in modern literature in which it has been crossed very decidedly. If when the eye discerns beauty, the beauty does not become the index of something higher than itself, if to the soul it is not a step by which it springs upward, very speedily it becomes a snare to lure it downward. The senses of sight and smell, gorgeous color, and richness of perfume, these minister most readily to sensuous delight, and these are the sensations which sensuous poets most affect. The ear is a more spiritual sense, and so we find the spiritual poet making sound, not sight, ally itself to the finest beauty.

“She shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.”

But the poet who is chief favorite with all the modern beauty-worshippers is Keats. In his earliest poem, “Endymion,” there is little else but a revelling in sensuous delights; but, before his brief life closed, he had begun, as Mr. Arnold has lately well shown, to feel his way upward, to apprehend a severer, more spiritual beauty. Had he lived he would probably have risen from sensuous impressions to the moral meanings of things. As it is, the works he has left exemplify the first part of his famous line “Beauty is truth.” The second part, “Truth is Beauty,” he had

not yet attained to show. Keats has had many followers among recent poets, but they have mostly seized on his lower phase and exaggerated it, and have not risen to the height toward which he himself was latterly tending. If Keats is their prime favorite, there are others of our poets whom this school have, in an exclusive sort of way, appropriated as their own possession. Shelley, Coleridge, and Blake are high in the admiration of the abler men of the school, while their second-rate followers affect to despise Wordsworth as a tiresome prosy, Byron and Scott as shocking Philistines; even Shakespeare they would taboo, if they dared. Such are the vagaries of some, but it would not be fair to credit the stronger heads of any school with the absurdities of its weaker brethren.

One of the latest and greatest of the school of Keats, if we may venture so to tabulate him, has but recently passed from among us. This sudden and lamented loss has probably made many look into the poetry of Dante Rossetti, who before had been strangers to it. There exists, I believe, a circle of intimate friends, who have long known his powers, and admired the fruits of them, and the views of these admirers are to be met with, at times, in contemporary literature. It may perhaps be worth while for one of the uninitiated to give the impressions this poetry has made on him, coming to it recently with a fresh eye and an unprejudiced mind.

Mr. Rossetti's poetry is contained in two volumes, one published in 1870, the other in 1881. To begin with the first volume, you cannot open it without being struck by the marked individuality of manner, and also by the signs of poetic power which meet you on the surface. When you have entered a little farther into the precinct, you become aware that you have passed into an atmosphere which is strange, and certainly not bracing—the fragrances that cross your path are those of musk and incense rather than of heather or mountain thyme. It takes an effort to get into the mood which shall appreciate this poetry—you require to get acclimatized to the atmosphere that surrounds you. And, as you proceed, you meet with things which make you doubt

whether you would much desire the acclimatization. At the same time you are aware of the presence of genuine poetic power, even though you may be far from admiring some of its manifestations.

It would have been much more grateful to me, if of a man of genius, both a painter and a poet, so lately departed, one who by his works and character attracted to himself many admiring friends, I could have spoken only that to which I could expect them to respond. But as Dante Rossetti's poetry has probably already influenced the tone of our poetic literature, and may still further influence it, I feel bound to say what seems to me the truth regarding it, while I at the same time endeavor to do so with consideration for the feelings of others. It must be remembered, all that is here said now is the impression made on the writer by the study of these two volumes, which contain all he knows of their author.

I shall first notice what seem to be the weaknesses and faults of this poetry, then pass to the more pleasing duty of trying to show some of the beauties it contains.

As to the manner or style, the first thing that strikes one is that many of these poems take, as has been said, a great deal of reading. And even when you have given this, and gone over them many times, there are not a few, for which one would not like to be made responsible to furnish the explanation. I know not whether these particular poems will ever be thought worthy of the attention of those societies which meet nowadays for the purpose of illustrating poets who are obscure, but are believed to be oracular. There are various kinds of obscurity in poets, and various causes for it. In the case of Rossetti it would seem to come from too much after-thought and over-elaboration. If the poems had been struck off under the first access of emotion, and been fully pervaded by it, one cannot think that we should ever have had many of the subtleties and out-of-the-way thoughts and over-driven metaphors, which darken the meaning of many of the poems. But if after the emotion has cooled down, ingenuity, no longer supported by the inspiring heat, went to work upon

the subject, then would appear just such far-fetched thoughts, passing into conceits, such linked subtleties long drawn out, as we here too often meet with. Hence it is that few of the poems arrest you and carry you along with a spontaneous interest. They require rather a set purpose to study them, an effort to get at their meaning. The art, in short, is stronger than the inspiration. No doubt when you have pierced the cloud of redundant in agency and the incrustation of elaborate diction, you do find that the poet has "rescued some inward and delicate moods" from the border-land of "inarticulate meditation." Yet even for these evanescent moods, which can only be hinted at, not expressed, the pure style, which is simple, transparent, unloaded with ornament, is, we believe, the fittest vehicle.

We regret to see so much of whatever poetic feeling is among us, overlaid nowadays with this artificial diction, this cloying ornamentation. Whenever a stronger, manlier inspiration shall come and breathe on poetic hearts, it will, we believe, scatter before it the unhealthy sentiment which now prevails, the overwrought imagery, dainty sweet, which is its accompaniment.

As to the substance of the first volume, the tone of sentiment which certainly predominates is the erotic. So we call it, for it has little in common with the pure and noble devotion which the best of our older poets have immortalized. This amatory or erotic sentiment is unpleasant in the poem called "Eden Bower, or Lilith;" it is revolting in the ballad of "Troy Town." But the taint of fleshliness which runs through too many of the other poems reaches its climax in some of the twenty-eight sonnets, entitled "The House of Life." These sonnets not only express, but brood over thoughts and imaginations which should not be expressed, or even dwelt on in secret thought. Not all the subtle association or elaboration of words, nor dainty imagery in which they are dressed, can hide or remove the intrinsic earthliness that lies at the heart of them. One cannot imagine why—one cannot but regret that—they should even have been composed by a man of so much genius. What would become of our

English homes if an atmosphere like this were allowed to pervade them? It was in no such atmosphere that the noble manhood and pure womanhood of the England of past time were reared. From such an atmosphere minds used to the noble love that Scott depicted, imaginations fed by the portraits of Desdemona, Portia, Cordelia, instinctively turn away. Rossetti is said to have formed himself mainly on Shakespeare. If so, it is the young and voluptuous Shakespeare of Lucrece and Venus and Adonis which these sonnets recall, not the Shakespeare of the great tragedies, or of Cymbeline and The Tempest.

It has been said that these sonnets contain an allegory. If so, the allegory is well concealed—the unpleasant images are plain and patent. Again, we know the nonsense that is talked about poetry of this kind being the natural recoil from asceticism and Puritanism. We are aware of the talk of certain cliques about the soul being not more than the body. But poetry like these first twenty-eight sonnets, instead of making the body sacred degrades both body and soul alike. It has taken eighteen centuries of Christianity to make practical among men the true idea of purity. And are we now, under the guidance of a morbid and unmanly art and poetry, to return to that from which the best Pagan poets, Virgil, Æschylus, Sophocles, would have recoiled? The laws of modesty have been well ascertained, and are as truly natural, as deeply rooted in the best part of human nature, as is the law of truthfulness. It is an evil sign that there exists in so many quarters a disposition to rebel against these laws. Unless the moral plague can be stayed, and the higher literature kept clear of it, it is a sure prelude of moral decadence in a nation. Having said so much against a tendency, which we deeply regret to have found in a poet in many ways so gifted, we gladly turn to the more pleasing aspects of his genius.

The poems fall into three forms: 1st, Ballads, archaic in form, quaint in thought and expression, all more or less touched with glamourie and trenching on the supernatural. 2d, Sonnets, some such as I have spoken of, others expressing natural feeling and sentiment

in fitting language. 3d, Songs and lyrics, of very diverse quality, some of very condensed passion, others fantastic and subtilized till they have become remote from reality.

The first poem of the first volume, the ballad of "The Blessed Damozel," said to have been written when the author was only nineteen, contains at the outset an example of the author's strength and his weakness—the power of bodying forth strange and out-of-the-way situations, and the tendency to do this in a guise and diction so quaint that it verges toward the affected. The whole attitude and scenery of this poem are eminently pictorial, and the subject must, we should think, have engaged the author's pencil as well as his pen.

There is one other ballad in this volume—that of "Sister Helen"—which, after "The Blessed Damozel," stands quite alone in its power and pathos. The story is that of a girl who has been forsaken, and then, in order to revenge herself on her false lover, calls in the aid of an old superstitious rite, and melts the waxen image of him for three days before a slow fire. She does this knowing that the result of it must be the loss of his soul and of her own. The tale is told, in a strikingly suggestive way, in a dialogue between Sister Helen and her little brother, who sees the charm working on the body and soul of the lost man, and reports what he sees to his sister. She replies in few, terse words, in which weird phantasy, rooted revenge, and terrible pathos meet:

"Ah! what white thing at the door has crossed
Sister Helen?
Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?
A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little Brother!"

In another mood is the touching poem, named "The Portrait," on the picture of a lady who is loved and gone:

"This is her picture as she was;
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir,—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart—
And yet the earth is over her.
* * * *

Yet, this, of all love's perfect prize,
Remains; save what in mournful guise

Takes counsel with my soul alone,—
Save what is secret and unknown;
Below the earth, above the skies."

"A Last Confession" is a narrative in blank verse, very powerfully told. It is the story of a Lombard refugee in hiding from the Austrians, who reared a little orphan-girl—her parents had died in the famine, or fled elsewhere—up to womanhood; he grew to love her and she him. But in time she became estranged—loved some one else—and he stabbed her, and years after he confesses the whole story to a priest. The poem is more direct, full of strength, and less artificial than most of these poems. One could wish that the author had oftener wrought after this fashion. The subject is no doubt a painful one, as are most of the subjects in the first volume. For it seems to be characteristic of the school to which Rossetti belongs that calm joy seems gone from their world. Either the brief rapture of the most high-strung passionate emotion, or the long languor, exhaustion, despair, which come as the sequel. But the painfulness of the "Last Confession" is relieved by touches of rare beauty, as—

"Life all past
Is like the sky when the sun sets in it,
Clearest when farthest off."

Or this description of the heroine—

"As the branch sustains
The flower of the year's pride, her high neck
bore
Her face, made wonderful by night and day.
Her great eyes,
That sometimes turned half dizzily beneath
The passionate lids, as faint, when she would
speak,
Had also in them hidden springs of mirth,
Which, under the dark lashes evermore
Shook to her laugh, as when a bird flies low
Between the water and the willow-leaves,
And the shade quivers till he wins the light."

These seem to be the best poems in the first volume, with the exception of one called "Jenny," on which I do not care to dwell now, and some of the sonnets and songs to be noticed presently.

The volume published last year contains three new ballads, two of them long and very elaborate, and all more powerful than the ballads in the earlier volume, except perhaps "Sister Helen." "Rose Mary," the first, is the most studied and elaborately wrought of all the author's ballads. The story

is laid in the mediæval time, and turns upon the magic power which resides in a Beryl stone. Rose Mary's lover, Sir James Heronhaye, is about to ride to a shrift at Holcyleugh, and her mother has heard that an ambush lies in wait for him by the way. But there are two roads, either of which he can take. And as the Beryl stone has the power to show to a pure maiden whatever she would wish to see, her mother calls Rose Mary to look into the magic stone, and see by which of the two ways it would be safe for Sir James to go. But Rose Mary is not now what her mother takes her to be. By her sin the good angel has been driven out of the Beryl stone, and evil spirits have taken possession of it. She reads the stone amiss. By her advice the knight takes the wrong road, is waylaid by his mortal foe, the Warden of Holcyleugh, and foully slain. The mother discovers her daughter's secret, tells her that her lover has perished on the road by which she bade him ride. The knight's body is borne back to the castle, but under his mail the mother finds love-tokens, which prove that he had plighted his troth to the Warden's sister of Holcyleugh, and that when he went to the shrift he was going to meet her. Rose Mary, when she knew the truth, lay long in a swoon, but when she awoke, she ascends to a secret chapel, where the Beryl stone lay on the altar. With her father's sword she cleaves the stone in twain, and so drives out the evil spirits which had come into it and deceived her, and brings back the good angel who had been driven forth by her sin. As she dies, the angel receives her, assures her of forgiveness, and of a place in Blessed Mary's Rosebower. The ballad is an excellent example of the elaborately wrought and highly ornamented kind. It has many merits; but one it has not—simplicity and directness, which we take to be the chief characteristics of the real old ballad. Each feeling Rose Mary has, each situation, is over-described; and the pathos of the whole is smothered beneath a cloud of imagery. For instance, at the beginning of the third part, when Rose Mary wakes from her swoon, her sensations are described in nine stanzas, in which heaven and earth, and air and sea, and the nether

world, are ransacked to supply illustrative images. This kind of thing, however well done, palls at last, and by the multitude of details destroys the total impression. The Beryl songs interlaid in the ballad do not help forward the action at all, and seem forced and artificial. Indeed, it would be improved by their omission. The same may be said of most of the refrains with which the other ballads are interlaid.

If we would see how a ballad of elaborate workmanship looks by the side of one in the simple direct style, we may compare "Rose Mary" with Scott's "Eve of St. John." Both deal with tales of lawless love, both draw largely on the supernatural element: which of the two is the most effective—which leaves the deepest total impression? I, for my part, cannot doubt. For real impressiveness the pure style rather than the elaborately ornamental is surely the most suitable and effective. It is refreshing to pass from ballads whose scene is laid in an unreal and fantastic world, to two which deal with actual historic events. The first of these is entitled "The White Ship," in which the Butcher of Rouen, the only survivor, relates the shipwreck and the loss of the son of Henry I. of England. The narrative is told with as much force and directness as could be desired, without circumlocution, and without those strained smiles and images which disfigure "Rose Mary" and others. But best of all Rossetti's ballads, and probably his greatest poem, is "The King's Tragedy," founded on the murder of James I. of Scotland at midnight in the Charter-house of Perth. Here we see how much the poet's genius is enhanced, when he chooses a subject not from fantasy or dreamland, but from historic events, "supplementing," as has been said, "his mortal weakness by the strength of an immortal subject." James I. was the greatest king, except Robert Bruce, who ever reigned over Scotland. A poet, a musician, a warrior, a statesman, he was the most accomplished sovereign, perhaps the most accomplished man, in Europe in his day. On his return to Scotland from his English captivity, he had set himself to reduce his distracted kingdom to law and order, and to curb the proud

and turbulent barons who had for long lorded the land uncontrolled. He and his queen, Lady Jane Beaufort, whom he had wooed during his captivity at Windsor—his first sight of whom he had described so gracefully in his poem of "The King's Quhair"—they two had journeyed to Perth to pass their Christmastide in the monastery of the Black Friars there. During their stay, some nobles in the wild north, who had suffered by the king's vigorous rule, conspired together to take his life as he lived securely in the Charter-house. The tale is told by Catharine Douglas, the noble lady who thrust her arm into the empty staple in the attempt to bar out the king's murderers, and received from that the name of "Kate Barlass."

She tells how on their journey toward Perth, when they reached "the Scottish Sea," that is the Forth, and were about to cross it, at the Queen's Ferry, an ancient beldame appeared, and warned the king not to cross the water, for if he did, he would meet his doom. The king heard her, and replied, that if it had come—

"The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air,
My feet shall fall in the destined snare,
Wherever my road may lie."

He crossed the Forth, and rode on with his queen by his side to Perth. Nearly two months were passed in the Charter-house, when on a stormy night in February, while the wind is loud without, the king and queen within revert to the day they first met at Windsor, and to the scene described in the "King's Quhair."

As they are in the midst of their loving talk,

"Beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly:

"And the King reared straight, but the Queen
fell back,

As for bitter dule to dree,
And all of us knew the woman's voice,
Who spoke by the Scottish Sea.

"O King," she cried, 'in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears,
But, alas! it comes too late!

"Last night at midwatch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the
skies,
O King, in a dead light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth ;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck,
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn
broke,
And still thy soul stood there ;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

"Since then I journeyed fast and fain,
In very despite of Fate,
Lest Hope might still be found in God's
will,
But they drove me from thy gate.

"For every man on God's ground, O King,
His death grows up from his birth,
In a shadow-plant perpetually ;
And thine towers high, a black yew tree,
O'er the Charter-house of Perth."

The voice had hardly ceased when the king and the queen and their attendants heard "the tread of the coming doom," and the clang of the arms of Graham and his three hundred men. Then follows the well-known scene, Catharine Douglas rushing to the door and thrusting her arm through the staples, to supply the place of the bars which had been removed—

"Like iron felt my arm, as through
The staple I made it pass—
Alack ! it was flesh and bone—no more !
'Twas Catharine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass."

The king, raising a plank, and plunging down into a vault—the room thronged with armed men—who, not finding him they sought, depart to search elsewhere, then return, guided by one who knew the chamber well to the hiding place, in which, after the naked unarmed king had fought manfully, he is overpowered and slain.

All this is told directly and simply, but at somewhat too great length, and in too circumstantial detail. The whole ballad would have been more effective, if more condensed. But with whatever defects, it stands a noble rendering of a famous historic scene—a poem more likely to survive, I believe, than any other of the long ones in these two volumes.

Mr. Rossetti was evidently devoted to the Sonnet as the form in which he could best express his favorite thoughts and sentiments. This was natural in one who had begun his poetic career by translating many sonnets from the early

Italian poets, and of whom we are told that his earliest and latest model, in all condensed utterance, whether of sonnet or song, was Shakespeare. For the obscurity of meaning which meets us in most of Rossetti's sonnets, the example of Shakespeare might perhaps be pleaded. But it should be remembered that those sonnets of Shakespeare, which take the heart and dwell on the memory, are not obscure, but transparent, and that we know not how much of the difficulty of those which we find obscure, may be due to our ignorance of the subject he was writing of, and to the euphuistic contagion of his time, which even Shakespeare did not escape. We regret to see that Mr. Rossetti's second volume should have reproduced from the first volume most of the unpleasant sonnets we have already complained of. Some of the most offensive indeed have been omitted, but some in the same vein have been added. The more these are veiled in obscurity the better. But there are other sonnets that breathe a different sentiment, whose meaning we would gladly have been able to read plainly. Yet in most of these the sense is so buried beneath a load of artificial diction and labored metaphor, that we believe few but special admirers will take the trouble to unearth their meaning. Wordsworth had thoughts to convey at least as deep as any Rossetti was a master of ; yet we doubt if even Wordsworth's obscurest sonnet is not transparent compared with even the average of Rossetti's. We all know the maxim of Horace—

"Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi ;"

and Shelley's saying of poets, that—

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Here is a way into which Rossetti beats out that truth in his sonnet called "The Song Throe" :

"By thine own tears thy song must tears be-
get,
O singer ! magic mirror hast thou none
Except thy manifest heart ; and save thine
own
Anguish and ardor, else no amulet.
Cisterned in Pride, verse is the feathery jet
Of soulless air-flung fountains ; nay, more
dry

Than the Dead Sea for throats that thirst
and sigh,
That song o'er which no singer's lids grew
wet.

"The Song-God—He the Sun-God—is no
slave

Of thine : thy Hunter he, who for thy soul
Fledges his shaft ; to no august control
Of thy skill'd hand his quivered store he
gave :

But if thy lips' loud cry leaps to his smart,
The inspired recoil shall pierce thy brother's
heart."

This is the kind of thing we complain
of—this elaborate un-simplicity.

As one reads them one is reminded of
a passage from Milton's Second Book
on "Church Government" (quoted by
the late Dr. John Brown, when speak-
ing of Bailey's "Festus") :—"The wily
subtleties and influxes of man's thoughts
from within" (which is the haunt and
main region of Rossetti) "may be paint-
ed out, and described with a solid and
treatable smoothness." Would that all
our inward and analyzing poets nowa-
days would paint out and describe after
this manner !

Here are a few samples of his work,
where it leaves the shade, and comes out
into open day. In a sonnet entitled
"The Hill Summit," having told how he
has loitered on the hillside all day, and
only reached the top at sunset, he con-
cludes thus :

"And now that I have climbed and won this
height,

I must tread downward through the slop-
ing shade,

And travel the bewildered tracks till night.

Yet for this hour I still may here be stayed,

And see the gold air and the silver fade,

And the last bird fly into the last light."

There is a sonnet on "Lost Days,"
which has a serious, practically earnest
spirit, the more impressive that this
tone is not very frequent in these
poems. Equally impressive are six fine
lines which conclude a sonnet on "In-
clusiveness."

One also called "The Monochordon"
has been often alluded to. It hints
with great power what is so undefin-
able, the inarticulate yet absorbing emo-
tions so multitudinous, yet so opposite,
which are awakened by the finest
music. This is the conclusion :

"Oh, what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned
to flame,

The shifted lifted steep, and all the way?
That draws round me at last this wind-warm
space
And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay."

What "regenerate rapture" may exactly
mean, I must leave others to find out
for themselves, but the sonnet as a
whole is finely suggestive.

Amid so many morbid fancies and
such super-subtilized phrases as these
sonnets contain, we welcome all the more
gladly a few which are purely objective
and clothed in plain vigorous English.
Such is the sonnet on "The Last Three
from Trafalgar," and one on "Winter,"
and one on "Spring;" the latter two,
reproducing so faithfully the English
landscape, without being imitations, re-
call the best manner of Keats. Here is
the last of these :

"Soft littered in the new year's lambing-fold,
And in the hollowed haystack at its side,
The shepherd lies o' nights now, wake-
ful-eyed,

At the ewe's travailing call through the dark
cold.

The young rooks cheep 'mid the thick caw
o' the old ;

And near unpeopled stream-sides, on the
ground,

By her spring cry the moorhen's nest
is found,

Where the drained flood-lands flaunt their
marigold.

"Chill are the gusts to which the pastures
cower,

And chill the current where the young
reeds stand

As green and close as the young wheat
on land :

Yet here the cuckoo and the cuckoo flower

Plight to the heart Spring's perfect immi-
nent hour,

Whose breath shall soothe you like your
loved one's hand."

Perhaps the divisions between the
different months may be here somewhat
obliterated ; yet as we read sonnets like
this with their refreshing out-of-door
feeling we are inclined to say, "O si sic
omnia !"

One word on the lyrics and songs, for
each volume contains a different set of
these. Of the eleven short pieces in
the first volume the last four are all
more or less simple and intelligible in
style, and condense into a few felicitous
lines some fleeting mood, or some one
thought which, coming for a moment,
would have been lost, had it not been

fixed in words. Such are the songs or poems named, "The Wood-spurge," which compresses much sadness into little space, "Honeysuckle," "A Young Fir-wood." The lines named "Sea Limits" express well the feeling that there is one life pervading all things in some mysterious way.

"Consider the sea's listless chime :
Time's self it is, made audible,—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end. Our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

* * * *

"Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods ;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee :
Hark, where the murmurs of thronged
men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

"Gather a shell from the strewn beach,
And listen at its lips : they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart,
Not anything but what thou art :
And earth, sea, man, are all in each."

In the second volume the lyrics have all more or less an undertone of sadness for some loved and lost one, which breaks out here and there into a passionate cry. They dwell mainly on the mystery of our life here and of our destiny. This is expressed in the last of the series, "Cloud Confines," which the author himself, we are told, regarded as his finest lyric work. It repeats the old truth of the inexorable Silence which encompasses us, behind, before, and above.

"Our past is clean forgot,
Our present is and is not,
Our future's a sealed seed-plot,
And what betwixt them are we ?

"We who say as we go,
Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know some day."

There is also a very touching lament named, "Alas ! so long !" This and other of these lyrics close with a faintly

breathed hope, so little removed from uncertainty that it does not relieve the oppressive sadness—the hope that there may be a meeting hereafter—

"Is there a home where heavy earth
Melts to bright air that breathes no pain,
Where water leaves no thirst again,
And springing fire is Love's new birth ?"

Rossetti does not rank with the poets of denial and decided unbelief ; there is in his poetry a desire, that almost becomes a hope, for better things. But it is a hope so faint that it seems almost next door to despair, and is nearly as sad as despair. Of this kind of poetry, which is unilluminated by the sense of the Divine Presence in the world, and by the hope of immortality, we have surely had enough in this generation. To young poets we should say, Till you have learned something better to tell us on man's life and destiny, had you not better be silent ? The world is weary of these moanings of despair, and can well dispense with any more of them. It is really not worth your while to trouble it with your pipings till you have something to tell it ; some authentic message to bring of man and of God, and of man's relation to God.

On the whole, we must again repeat our regret that poetic genius, real within a certain range, such as Mr. Rossetti possessed, should, if judged by any high standard, seem to a large extent to have spent itself in vain. The worth of his poetry is vitiated by two grave errors. The first of these is the unwholesome sentiment and the esoteric vein of thought into which he allowed himself to diverge. The second is the exotic manner and too elaborated style, which, for whatever reason, he adopted.

If future poets wish to win the ear of their countrymen, and to merit the honor accorded to the highest poetry, they would be wise to cultivate manlier thought and nobler sentiment, expressed in purer and fresher diction, and to make their appeal, not to the perfumed tastes of over-educated coteries, but to the broader and healthier sympathies of universal man.—*The Contemporary Review*.

THE "LADY MAUD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

UNTIL the morning of the —th of July, that day making it over five weeks since we had sailed from Southampton, nothing happened that is worth recording. But on that morning the "Lady Maud," being then under a mainsail, foresail, and two jibs, the wind to the northward of east, and fresh, a squall blew up, and half an hour after a heavy gale of wind had stripped us of every fragment of canvas, saving the close-reefed foresail; but the wind increasing in fury, this had to be furled, and we lay breasting the monstrous seas under bare poles, our topmasts struck, and the yards on deck.

Taking it altogether, the gale was as fierce a one of its kind as ever I can remember; never indeed approaching the force of a cyclone, though at midnight it came very near to being a hurricane. For hours and hours the ocean was like wool and the sky like ink. The heavy seas which rolled up carried the yacht bodily away to the westward, and I reckoned that the average drift of the vessel was not less than one and three-quarter nautical miles an hour for hard upon seventy-two hours of storm.

The gale blew for three days, and they were the worst three days that ever I had passed. The "Lady Maud," though a powerful boat, and large for her class, was but a small craft to fight such a sea as then ran; nor did she make the weather we might have hoped from her beam and sheer. There were times when her plunges left nothing of her visible but her after-deck down to a few feet before the mainmast; she looked to be smothered in a boiling caldron; and one of those seas tore up the whole length of starboard hencoops, and shot the fragments overboard like a flight of arrows, and robbed us of two dozens of fine poultry.

Our condition below was truly pitiable. It was the worst part of the storm. The gale was like a sirocco for the temperature of it, and the cabin, with the skylight closed and the companion shut to prevent the water from washing down, was hot enough to bake a joint in. But

add to this intolerable atmosphere the frightful pitching, the sensation of being shot into the air with terrific force and velocity, and then falling with such headlong, sickeningly swift descent, as to make you hold your breath, with the belief that the hull would split open as it crashed into the deafening hollow; whilst the whole fabric rang with the howling and roaring of the tormented seas outside, and the furious blast raged along the dark sky; and every now and again there would be a deadly pause in the yacht's motion after one of her wild plunges, as if the sea she had shipped over her bows, and that had washed aft in a tempest of foam, had proved too much for her, and she was going down. Add this, I say!

No skill, no experience was of any avail at a time like this. The yacht lay to under bare poles, and the helm lashed, and whoever happened to be on deck to watch her stood right aft, for the seas which swept the fore-castle made that part of the vessel as perilous as a raft, and no man could have stayed there without being lashed; nay, even then he would have stood the chance of being drowned by the perpetual flying of water over him.

But our miserable condition below was lamentably aggravated by Lady Brookes' agony of apprehension. I believe, had the gale lasted another day, she would have died outright of fright. No food that I heard of passed her lips. She lay upon her swinging bed, moaning and screaming, until the power of making those noises failed her. At one period, indeed, her mind grew deranged, for I afterwards learnt that she had charged her husband with bringing her on this voyage merely to kill her, and stormed and raved at him, until he ran in a state of distraction from her cabin.

His distress was truly deplorable. Between the horror of the gale on one hand, and the alarming state of his wife on the other, he lost all nerve. I remember on one of those evenings being alone in the cabin, listening to the terrifying and thrilling bursting of the seas against the groaning, struggling, stag

gering hull, and very gravely doubting whether any of us would ever see the sun rise again, when Sir Mordaunt came through the door that led to the sleeping berths, and passing his arm round an iron stanchion, stood looking at me without speaking a word, and his face as white as death. There was an expression of horror in his eyes which made them singularly brilliant and affecting to see, and I then took notice that he appeared to have aged by at least ten years since the morning.

"Come, come," I exclaimed, encouragingly, "let us keep up our hearts, if only for the sake of the women. You know Jack's old saying—'While she creaks she holds.'"

"That may be," he replied, in a wild manner; "but oh, Walton, it's killing my wife! it's killing her! it's killing her!" he repeated.

As I had not seen her, she having kept her cabin from the first hour of the gale, I could not offer an opinion; but had she been anybody else but his wife, I believe I should have told him that a woman who could make such a hullabaloo as she had raised was not a person to die off in a hurry.

"Oh, Walton," he continued, "it's a dreadful blow to have my cherished hopes defeated in this way. I brought her against her will, and yet God knows I acted as I thought for the best. Even should this miserable gale leave us alive, it will have upset all the good she has derived from the cruise."

"I should strongly recommend you," said I, "to abandon all thoughts of returning home in the 'Lady Maud.' Your wisest course will be to land your wife at Kingston, and accompany her to England in one of the mail steamers. It is quite clear that Lady Brookes' nerves will not suffer her to receive any benefit from the sea."

"And can you be surprised?" he cried. "Feel this now!" and as he spoke, the yacht seemed to jump clean out of the water, reeling in her somersault until the edge of the swinging-trays touched the upper deck, and I, from the port side of the cabin, looked down at Sir Mordaunt as though my head was out of window and I was surveying a man on the pavement below. And then came one of those falls which always

filled me with dread. The crash of the hull striking the water was as heart-shaking as the explosion of a great piece of ordnance, and the thunder of the near surges roared like the echo of the report. The deadly pause followed; you could have heard the foam upon the deck seething and hissing to the very doors of the companion, and presently, when the brave little vessel lifted again, my face was wet with sweat. Ay, call me what name you please, my fine fellow; but had you sat in that stifling cabin, and felt that prodigious heave and fall, and waited through that frightful pause to see if she would lift again, you must have a stronger head and heart than I, not to have perspired at every pore as I did.

It was impossible to go on talking. Even the few sentences we had exchanged had to be shouted, so wild and mixed were the sounds in the cabin. Norie lay sick and stupefied in his bunk; he had been there since the preceding day. Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton were with Lady Brookes. The widow, I had heard from Sir Mordaunt, had been unremitting in her attentions to her ladyship, and Miss Tuke had borne herself with great courage. Indeed, these two women were the real heroes of that gale; we men made but poor figures by comparison.

But to cut this part of my log short: the gale left us at noon on a day that made three days of furious storm. The wind fined down with astonishing rapidity. It seemed, indeed, to drop completely and at once. I went on deck to look about me, and stood transfixed and absolutely awed by the appearance of the swell. The height and power of the liquid mountains pass all power of description in words. The monstrous acclivities took their color from the sky, and wore the appearance of molten lead. They poured their gigantic folds along without a break of foam to relieve the livid, heaving, unnatural aspect; and such was the rolling of the yacht, that with every dip of her gunwales she seemed to lay her masts along the water, and it was as much as a man's life was worth for him to let go his hold.

Figure such a sea, without a breath of air to ruffle the gigantic oil-smooth coils! The small rise in the glass did

not encourage me to believe that we were going to have it all our own way yet. Clinging to the companion, I gazed around me, to see what damage the gale had done us. Forward I could trace no mischief beyond the loss of the hen-coops; but, on looking at the davits, I saw that the fine quarter-boat with which we had rescued the survivors of the bark's crew had been smashed to pieces—she was no more than a mere skeleton, the stem and stern-posts hanging by the tackles. But the long boat amidships on chocks was safe, though it was strange that it should have escaped the seas which had washed over the bows.

The first to come on deck was Sir Mordaunt. He stood looking around him with the utmost astonishment.

"I can hardly credit my senses!" he exclaimed. "Why, just now it was blowing fit to tear the masts out! Is this only a lull, Walton? It may burst upon us from another quarter in a minute."

"I hope not," said I, "and I hardly think so. Once in my experience—it was in my first voyage—a gale left us as this has done, blew itself clean out, and fell dead. But I remember that it left a better sky than that," I continued, casting my eye on the sooty stooping pall, and noticing the gradual thickening up of the horizon all round.

"How frightfully the yacht rolls!" he cried. "I hope we may not swing our masts overboard. To be reduced to a sheer hulk would about complete the misery of the last three days."

"No fear of that," I answered, "with those topmasts housed and those preventer backstays set up. Is that your doing, Mr. Tripshore?" I called, pointing to those additional supports to the masts, and addressing the mate, who stood holding on to one of the belaying pins which girdled the foot of the mainmast.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "and they're all wanted. If there was any chance of this here tumbling lasting, I don't know but what I'd recommend Mr. Purchase to swifter in the rigging. But now the wind's gone the swell will go too."

"Are we booked for any more bad

weather, think you?" said Sir Mordaunt.

"Well, it's hard to say, sir," said the mate, throwing a look round. "It's drawing on thick, but if any wind comes, it won't come hard whilst that fog hangs."

"Where's Purchase?"

"Below, sir, working out his dead reckoning."

"We ought to know what he makes it," said I. "We've been blown by a long slant to the westwards, and if the last observation he took—four days since, mind—was correct, his course should be due east until he can get sights."

"I'll speak to him," said the baronet.

"Tripshore, tell Purchase to come to me the moment he has worked out his reckoning, and request him to bring his chart."

The mate went below.

"Sir Mordaunt," said I, "will you tell me how Lady Brookes does? Is she better to-day?"

"She is not worse, Walton; but you will find her thin, and sadly changed. I have made up my mind to do as you suggested. I'll go home with her in one of the mail steamers, and Purchase can sail the yacht to England. We will settle the matter later on. Only let this dreadful swell go down. I can hardly collect my thoughts."

He said this at an instant when an unusually heavy mountain of water heeled the yacht over until she lay almost on her beam ends; the spray shot in a fury of smoke through the submerged scupper-holes, and the toppling sea rose above the level of the bulwark rail. Had we let go at that moment we should have whisked overboard as neatly as a man holding on to the gutter of a roof would drop into the road by relaxing his grasp. The wildness of the tumble appeared to daze the baronet, whose ashen-gray face showed such ravages from the worry, anxiety, and alarm that had possessed him during the storm, as I never should have believed the human countenance capable of receiving the imprint of in so short a period.

As I stood looking at him, Mrs. Stretton came up the companion. I helped her up, and gave her a rope's end to

hold by. She was very pale, and seemed worn out; her eyes had lost their brilliancy, and she reminded me of the appearance she had presented on the day of her rescue.

"You are wise to come on deck," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "I am afraid you have suffered much from your confinement below and your devoted attention to my wife. Believe me deeply sensible of the sympathy and kindness you have shown her."

"I owe you my life," she replied, simply. "I shall never be able to repay you—nor you, Mr. Walton." And then looking at the sea, she cried, "The wind is gone, and yet in the cabin it feels sometimes as if the yacht were rolling over."

"We have seen the worst of it," said I; "though I should prefer the sunshine to that mist which is gathering around us. Is Miss Tuke coming up?"

"No, as Lady Brookes is asleep, Miss Tuke has gone to lie down," she answered. "What a brave lady she is! In the worst of the gale she never showed the least fear. Oh, I should tell you, Sir Mordaunt, that before Lady Brookes fell asleep we got her to eat a plate of cold chicken and drink some brandy and water."

"I am glad to hear that; the food will put some strength into her," exclaimed the poor gentleman, with a little show of cheerfulness in his manner that to me somehow made his aspect and tones exceedingly pathetic.

"Her ladyship is no longer afraid of you, then," said I softly in the widow's ear.

"No; but Mr. Norie was very wise to keep me banished while there was a chance of my frightening her," she replied, whispering. "You cannot imagine what a dreadful condition her nerves are in. Her behavior during the gale was like that of a mad woman. What would have been my sufferings had I been as timid as she was when I was with the poor men on the wreck?" She shuddered, and sighed convulsively, and added, "I am so weary of the sea! It is so cold, so cruel, so merciless! Would to God it had spared my poor love to me! The loss of all that we owned in the world would have been a little matter then."

Here Tripshore came on deck.

"Will Purchase be long?" called out Sir Mordaunt.

"I don't think so, sir," answered the mate, giving me a queer look, the meaning of which I could not guess.

All this while we lay floundering and wallowing under our lower-masts, with not a fragment of canvas showing. Sail was of no use to us until some wind came. An hour's idle beating and flogging upon those shooting, staggering, and swinging spars, would have done our canvas more harm than three months of fair wear. The schooner lay broadside to the swell, that now and again depressed her so sharply that the green water poured over the bulwark-rail on to the deck, and went washing as high as a man's knee over to the other side with the send of the vessel; and the jerking and straining of the masts was so violent, that it would not have greatly surprised me had the chain plates drawn, and the lofty sticks gone away overboard.

About twenty minutes after Sir Mordaunt had sent for him, Purchase emerged and came clawing and lurching along to where we stood. He had a chart under his arm and a sheet of paper in one hand. His face was unusually red, his cap was drawn low down over his forehead, and fake upon fake of blue spotted neckcloth coiled round his neck gave him such a strangled look as was disagreeable to see.

"Purchase," said Sir Mordaunt, "I am anxious to know what you make our position. We must have been driven a good many leagues to the westward, and the weather looks very ugly—very ugly yet, Purchase. No sign of the sun, and no promise of a star to-night;" and he stared upwards and then around him with a dismal shake of the head.

The old man made no answer to this, but leaning against the skylight so as to balance himself, he opened the chart.

"Here, Mr. Tripshore," he exclaimed, in somewhat thick accents, "come and put your hand upon this chart where it curls up."

This was done, and Sir Mordaunt drew near the skipper, holding tightly by the skylight. I stood on the other side, but the chart was intelligible to me though inverted. Likewise I had a good view of Purchase, who, the moment I looked at him close, I could see had

been drinking. Sir Mordaunt found this out also in a moment, no doubt by the smell of the man's breath (for he stood next him). He drew up suddenly and stared at him, and then glanced at me, but said nothing.

"Here's the place where I makes the yacht to be," said Purchase, pressing his square thumb upon the chart. "Ye can read the latitood and longitood," he added, speaking in a greasy, neutral, low-comedian sort of voice, and surveying me with his small wondering eyes.

"What do you make it?" demanded Sir Mordaunt, with a sternness I had never seen in him before, nor should have believed him capable of.

The old fellow raised the sheet of paper to his face, and after bothering over the figures, answered, "Latitood, twenty-five degrees ten minutes; longitood, seventy-three degrees five minutes."

"What drift have you allowed for the three days?" I inquired.

He made no reply.

"Don't you hear Mr. Walton's question?" cried Sir Mordaunt.

"I've got nothing to do with Mr. Walton, sir," he answered. "You're my master."

The baronet repeated my question.

"About thirty mile," he answered, keeping his thumb stuck upon the chart in the queerest posture, as though he wanted to spin his hand.

"You may add another sixty miles to that, Sir Mordaunt, and then be within the mark," said I.

The old skipper looked at me with wondering eyes and a most evil expression in his face. I waited for him to insult me, when I should have told him he was drunk, and talked to him as I should have known how from my old sea training; but he held his peace, perhaps because he saw my intention.

"Here I see is the Crooked Island Passage," said Sir Mordaunt, after pausing to give Purchase time to answer my objection.

"Bearing south by west-half-west," said Purchase. "'Taint my idee to try for that passage, sir. I shall haul away to the east'ards under heasy canvas till the weather clears."

"That's just what you suggested,

Walton," said Sir Mordaunt, with a gleam of satisfaction on his face.

Purchase looked at me and was about to speak, but the yacht dipping heavily, he gave with it, lost his balance, and went rolling like a barrel down against the bulwarks. This was an accident that might easily have befallen him even had he been perfectly sober; but as we all perceived he was partially intoxicated, his tumble was like an emphasis upon his condition, and Sir Mordaunt looked away with an air of great disgust and irritation from the square scrambling figure as the old noodle got up and lurched toward the skylight, with a purple face shining with perspiration.

Mrs. Stretton whispered, "He is intoxicated, Mr. Walton. He is not in a fit state to talk to Sir Mordaunt, and explain his navigation."

"This is not the first time," I replied, in a low voice. "But Sir Mordaunt will see him with my eyes now, I hope. He is less qualified in my opinion to command this vessel than the cook."

"That will do," said the baronet to Purchase. "You can take the chart below again."

"That's what I makes it, sir," replied the man, again reading the sheet of paper, and trying to steady his voice and comport himself as though he would have us see his fall was no evidence of unsteady legs. "Latitood, twenty-five ten; longitood, seventy-three five." And so saying, he rolled up the chart very slowly, and deliberately took a prolonged view of the sea, and, watching his chance, sheered over to the starboard bulwarks, and clawed himself abreast of the hatchway, down which he disappeared.

Sir Mordaunt stood near me in moody silence, until Mrs. Stretton, who grew fatigued by her posture, asked me to hand her to the companion. I assisted her to descend the steps, and then returned.

"I am afraid you are right in your views of Purchase," said Sir Mordaunt. "He is again in liquor, and I fear the abominable habit is confirmed. Three times we have detected him, and who knows how often he may have been intoxicated in the night-time, when we were asleep? I am greatly deceived and disap-

pointed. I could not have believed he would misbehave again after the conversation I had with him. But I shall say nothing to him. Let him carry the yacht to Kingston, which I have no doubt he'll be able to manage, and I will hand the vessel over to some agents to send to England. We have all had enough of this cruise. For myself, I can honestly say the last week has cured me of my taste for ocean sailing. Henceforth—if I am spared for any more yachting—I shall never go a mile beyond English waters."

"Well, as you say, the man has navigated us so far, and he may be able to accomplish the rest; and perhaps you are wise in resolving to say nothing to him," said I. "But he is out of his dead reckoning—of that I am positive; though as he means to stand to the eastward, his miscalculations ought not to greatly matter."

"When should we make Jamaica, think you?"

"This day week, with anything of a breeze," I answered. "I am assuming, of course, that Purchase's latitude is correct. His longitude I am sure is wrong."

"After his conduct to-day I shall stand no more on ceremony," said he. "I'll not consult the fellow's feelings. If you will take an observation—of course, if a chance occurs," casting a forlorn look at the sky—"you'll greatly oblige me."

"I can take a star in his watch below. He needn't know that I am topping him."

"Why didn't you suggest that before?" asked he, reproachfully.

"Pray remember how sensitive you have been about the man. You staved off all criticism."

"Because I had confidence. And mind, Walton, I am only shaken now because he has broken his promise, and I find him drunk again. But you will do as you suggest? It will ease both our minds to know that his reckoning tallies with ours. And though he should have underestimated our drift to the west, that will not make his observations incorrect."

"Certainly not," said I. "But look there—and there! We shall get no stars to-night. The horizon's not a mile off;

and did mortal man ever see the water of so hideously ugly a color before?"

The thick mist that had been slowly gathering round, coming up from every point of the compass, like the four walls and ceiling which met and crushed the miserable prisoner in the story, had made the visible sea a mere narrow circle of water, which every moment was growing smaller and smaller. The swell, however, was fast falling, though it was still ponderous enough in all conscience; and owing to the diminished compass of the deep, had a more formidable appearance than it wore even when at its worst, owing to the majestic waving of the near horizon. The decks were full of currents of air, caused by the wallowing of the schooner, but there was no wind on the sea. The folds of the swell were as polished as glass. Yet the creeping girdle of mist, and the violent panting of the ocean, and the malignant, sallow, bluish tint of the water, as though it was putrefied, and the lowering lead of the sullen, motionless sky over our staggering masts, filled the mind with a spirit of foreboding miserable to feel and impossible to express.

When the luncheon hour arrived I followed Sir Mordaunt into the cabin, where we found Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton. Before taking his seat, Sir Mordaunt went to his wife's berth, and then returned, accompanied by Norie, who, although greatly nauseated by the detestable rolling, was making a manful fight with it. He had been in attendance on Lady Brookes for the greater part of the morning. This was the first time I had seen him for many hours, and we shook hands like people meeting after a long absence.

I found that Mrs. Stretton was to lunch with us, which I attributed to Miss Tuke's invitation. But now that she was constantly with Lady Brookes, there was no reason why she should not make one of our party, and drop her furtive life in Carey's cabin, and her secret meals with that lady's-maid. I was heartily pleased to see her among us. I had all along felt that Norie's banishment of her, merely because Lady Brookes might take fright at any reference to the horrors of the time spent upon the water-logged bark, was cruel usage to give to the poor shipwrecked wo-

man, whose sex and loneliness, and the dreadful sufferings she had endured, gave her a powerful claim upon our tenderness.

"Do you think we shall have any more stormy weather, Mr. Walton?" asked Miss Tuke.

I answered that it would be very unusual if we met with another gale, as this was not hurricane month. "The air," said I, "is very thick, but a little wind may scatter that, and expose the blue sky again, which I for one shall be glad to see."

"The motion of the yacht is much less violent than it was," said Sir Mordaunt. "The swell goes down fast, thank Heaven."

"Walton," cried Norie, "you do not catch me coming to sea again. An old sailor once said to me, 'Master, a square foot of dry land is better than an acre of shipboard.' And often did that observation rise in my mind while I was praying in the gale, and wondering how long a stout young fellow like me would take to drown."

"If your fright was so great, I wonder your hair preserved its color," said Miss Tuke.

"My fright was very great; I don't deny it. Several times I thought we had upset," he answered.

"That's an honest admission for our friend to make in the face of such courage as you and Mrs. Stretton showed," said I to Miss Tuke.

"The bravery was Mrs. Stretton's," she answered. "Had she not encouraged me, I should have been as frightened as Mr. Norie."

"The fog must be upon us," said the baronet. "How uncommonly dark the cabin has become."

"Hark! What are they doing on deck!" cried Norie, whose nerves were in a condition to be easily alarmed.

"Making sail," I answered, hearing the tramp of feet and the sounds of coils of running gear flung down. "There is a breeze coming, or arrived."

In a few moments the vessel heeled over to starboard, sure evidence that canvas was on her and that wind was blowing. The inclination greatly steadied her, and there was a sensation of buoyancy in her movements as she swung over the swell.

"Can you read that tell-tale over your head, Sir Mordaunt?" I called out.

He stood up and looked at the compass with a pair of glasses that dangled on his waistcoat. The gloom was so deep that he had some difficulty to decipher the points. After a little, he said:

"We are heading south-east-by-east."

I reflected, and said:

"That is not our course. Tripshore should be advised not to make any southing. We have a whole nest of islands under our lee."

He interrupted me.

"Let us go on deck, Walton, and see what they are about."

I threw down my knife and fork, and ran for my hat. Had it not been for the tepid temperature, emerging through the companion into the open air would have been like shooting into a London-November day. The mist was as thick as smoke, grayish rather than white, owing to the sun being buried; and had you flung a biscuit over the yacht's side, it would have disappeared before it touched the water, so short was the span of visible sea from the yacht to the concealing folds of vapor. The mist was like a driving rain, and the decks were dark with the saturation of it. The breeze was sweeping the vapor in masses along with it, and whitening the close water with streaks and glancings of foam. The yacht was close-hauled. They had set the double-reefed mainsail and standing and outer jibs, and this canvas was as flat as pancakes under the tautly-bowed sheets. Indeed, our main boom was very nearly amidships. The scud of the head swell stopped the schooner's way, and she was jammed too close to the wind to take much propulsion from the canvas that was stretched like drum-skins fore and aft her. I was bitterly vexed to find the wind sticking in the east. Tripshore came up to us the moment we appeared.

"Do you think you are wise in making any southing?" I asked him.

"Why, sir," he answered, "if Mr. Purchase's reckoning is right, we have plenty of sea room with our head at this."

"But Mr. Walton is persuaded that we are further to the westward than Purchase allows," said Sir Mordaunt.

"Give the matter a moment's consid-

eration, Tripshore," said I. "Will you agree with Purchase that our drift during the gale was only thirty miles?"

"I'm agreeable to double that, sir," he answered. "But even then there's nothing in the way, heading as we go."

"Fetch the chart," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "There's only one road to be taken—and that's the right one."

The man quitted the deck, and I walked aft, to see what leeway we were making. The wake was short, broad, and oily, and veered away on our weather quarter. With my hand upon the compass card, I made it about two points. This was as much leeway as one would look for in a ship under close-reefed topsails. It did not surprise me, however. I knew, under certain conditions, that few schooners could hold their own on a wind better than the "Lady Maud," but the luff choked her. She was under small canvas, and, looking as she was almost right in the wind's eye, it was wonderful that she made any headway at all.

To save this leeway, I thought it would be advisable to ease off the sheets a trifle; but the responsibility of making any suggestion in the midst of weather as thick as mud, and in the face of my complete doubts of Purchase's accuracy as to the position he affirmed us to be in weighed down my anxiety, and determined me to hold my peace for the present. The weather, I said to myself, may clear before nightfall, and then I shall be able to find out where we are.

After a brief absence, Tripshore returned with the chart. We laid it upon the skylight and bent over it.

"You see, sir," said the mate to me, "if Mr. Purchase be out even by three times the drift he allows for, this here course of south-east-by-east heads us well into the open, away from that there raffle," indicating the Bahama group to the south of Providence Channel.

"But suppose our longitude should be to the west of 74°?" said I. "Go and look over the stern and mark the leeway, and then take notice of this island," pointing to the island of San Salvador.

"Ay, Walton," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt; "but why do you want to give us so much west longitude? Allowing

that Purchase is out as far as you say, you don't believe that he is farther out still?"

"I don't know," said I. "I have no faith in his calculations. Who can swear that this latitude is right?"

Sir Mordaunt peered at the chart, and then said;

"What do you propose, Walton?"

"Since you ask me plump," I answered, "I should like to see the yacht on the starboard tack."

"That 'ud be running away from where you want to go to, sir, wouldn't it?" said Tripshore, smiling, and speaking as if he thought me needlessly nervous.

"We certainly don't want to do that," cried Sir Mordaunt, quickly. "We must get to Kingston as soon as ever we can."

I made no answer to this. Though Tripshore meant no offence whatever by smiling, he had annoyed me, nevertheless, by doing so.

"Go and call Purchase up," said Sir Mordaunt to the mate, "and tell him to bring the log-book, that we may go into the matter thoroughly. The fellow is not too drunk, I suppose, to explain his workings," he added aside to me.

I noticed that the mate hesitated.

"Cut along now, Tripshore! exclaimed the baronet, impatiently. "This is an anxious time, and I must have Purchase on deck."

The man went away. At this juncture Miss Tuke and Norie showed their heads above the companion.

"Don't come on deck, Ada, don't come on deck!" instantly called out Sir Mordaunt. "This mist will wet you through. Norie, oblige me by handing my niece below; and keep the ladies amused there, will you?"

"With pleasure," answered the doctor. "But I say, Sir Mordaunt, if it's too damp for us, it's too damp for you and that fragile creature Walton. The air is full of rheumatism."

"Yes, yes; we'll be following you shortly. Away with you, Ada." And as they disappeared he said, "I don't want them to suspect any grounds for anxiety. My wife knows that the gale is gone, and is much easier in her mind. Ada's eyes are like a carpenter's drill. And faith, Walton, she does not need to be so sharp

either, for your face looks as full of trouble as an egg is full of meat."

"I *am* bothered," I answered. "It's a devilish bad job, Sir Mordaunt, to be with a skipper you can't trust, and whose calculations you are sure are wrong, in weather of this kind, and with those leagues of Bahama Islands dead to leeward of us. And do you know, the wind freshens. It's breezed up since we have been on deck."

"Why doesn't Purchase come?" he exclaimed impatiently.

Just then the mate came along. He looked greatly worried, but without any hesitation he marched up to Sir Mordaunt and said, "I'm sorry to say I can't rouse Mr. Purchase up, sir."

Sir Mordaunt looked at him with astonishment, and then muttered, "It's *too* bad! it's *too* bad!"

"Has he been drinking since he went below, Tripshore?" I asked.

"He has, sir. His cabin is full of the smell of liquor. It's not pleasant for me to peach on a shipmate, but if you'll go below, gentlemen, you'll see it all with your own eyes. He bargained for a four hours' spell, and his nipt fit to last him that time."

Sir Mordaunt took two or three impetuous strides.

"What's to be done?" he said confronting me.

"What's to be done?" I ejaculated, almost contemptuously, I fear. "Why, break the drunken rascal out of hand, and take care to set the Board of Trade at him when you get ashore; so that, by depriving the incompetent 'longshoreman of his certificate, you may put it out of his power to imperil human life."

My poor friend eyed me anxiously, and then turned to the mate.

"Very well," said he. "Mr. Tripshore, will you take charge of this schooner?"

The man touched his cap and was about to speak.

"For God's sake let us have no refusal," cried Sir Mordaunt, quickly. "Mr. Walton will navigate the vessel."

"The run is only to Jamaica, Mr. Tripshore," said I. "Another week of sailing at the outside, I hope. If you like, I will keep watch and watch with you. Sir Mordaunt knows I have had

confidence in you as a seaman from the beginning. You owe me something for my good opinion, so oblige me by giving the baronet the answer he wants."

The man still hung in the wind; but after thinking a little, he said, "All right, sir. I'll take charge. You may depend on my doing my best."

"At four o'clock the watch below will be turned up, Sir Mordaunt," said I, "and the crew had then better lay aft, that they may be told of the new arrangement."

"Certainly. Do whatever you think proper," he answered, looking harassed to death by this new bother.

I went below to consult the glass, but it offered no promise of improvement in the weather. Norie and Miss Tuke sat in the cabin, and the former wanted to know why Sir Mordaunt and I kept in the drizzle. I made some answer and went up the steps, envious enough of the doctor's quiet enjoyment of Miss Ada's company to make me willing to call him aside and alarm him with a representation of our situation, and so stop his pleasure.

I went over to the chart again, and studied it attentively for some time, while Sir Mordaunt stood talking with Tripshore. The real trouble to me was not being able to depend upon the observations Purchase had taken on the day before the gale. It is necessary that I should dwell upon this, that the sequel may be clear to you. Could I have been sure that his sights on that day were accurate, I should have been able to work out our position by the dead reckoning of those stormy days, so as to come near enough to the truth. But how was I to trust such data as an illiterate seaman like Purchase could furnish me with from his sextant? A trifling error by being repeated would bring him fearfully wide of the mark in a corner of the Atlantic that is studded with dangerous reefs and low lying islands. I own I now sincerely deplored my want of resolution in not insisting upon checking the man's calculations by observations of my own. I had acted mistakenly in suffering Sir Mordaunt to put me off discharging what was a duty owing to every person in that yacht by his weak and unwise tenderness for Purchase's "feelings." And I was also greatly to blame in not

having ascertained the latitude and longitude from the steamer into which the rescued men had been conveyed, so that we might have compared her reckoning with Purchase's.

But ten years absence from sea had very greatly disqualified me professionally, as any man may suppose; and the weight of my present responsibility was not a little increased by this sense of my deficiency.

My disposition now was to put the schooner on the starboard tack. With her head at north-east, the whole clear North Atlantic (as I then believed) would be under our bows. Yet Sir Mordaunt's unwillingness to go north when our way lay south influenced me in spite of myself, and I could not forget Tripshore's quiet smile that was like ridiculing my anxiety.

I rolled up the chart, and going over to the mate, advised him to take a heave of the lead.

"Very good, sir," he answered, and went forward to give the necessary instructions.

After a little the deep-sea lead was got up, and the line stretched along. The vessel's way was stopped by her head being shoved into the wind and the lead dropped overboard. The "Watch O watch!" rang mournfully on the breeze as the fakes fell from the men's hands, until it came to Tripshore, who was stationed right aft. Seventy-four fathoms went overboard without giving us any sounding—hard upon four hundred and fifty feet, and no bottom.

"That looks as if the ocean was still under us, sir," said the mate cheerfully, as the line was snatched in a block, and the watch tailed on to haul it in.

Sir Mordaunt stood looking on, much impressed by these proceedings. He plucked up when he saw Tripshore grin and heard his remark, and said to me, "There is evidently plenty of water here, Walton."

"So there ought to be," I answered. "Meanwhile, Tripshore, I should recommend you to keep that lead-line coiled down ready for an occasional heave. When you can't see you must feel."

All this time the mist remained abominably thick. It was, indeed, a very

fine rain, and it blew along our decks in a kind of smoke. The swell was greatly abated, but the heads of the seas as they arched out of the vapor broke quickly, and with a certain fierceness, and poured in foam against our weather bow. The schooner, in consequence of being sailed so close, crushed through the water heavily and sluggishly, throwing off the spray to leeward in broad seething masses. With her housed topmasts and streaming decks she looked more to be struggling round the Horn than ratching in July upon the Western Atlantic. And, indeed, nothing but a low temperature was wanted to make me believe myself off the Horn, with the long Pacific swell under me, and the air as thick as a feather-bed, and a sharp breeze rattling down out of the mist; just as I remembered it when our latitude was 63° south, though then the decks were covered with ice, and the salt-water froze as fast as it was chucked aboard.

At four o'clock the watch below was called. Tripshore came to me and asked respectfully if I meant to stand Purchase's watch. I answered that I had offered to do so, and was quite willing to keep my word.

"I've been turning it over in my mind, sir," said the mate, "and I doubt if the men 'ud feel quite easy. You know what sailors are, sir. The crew have been taught to think of me and Mr. Purchase as their bosses, and of you as passenger."

"Who'll take turn and turn about with you, then?"

"There's Bill Burton, sir. Bill's our oldest hand, and a good man. The men 'ud mind Bill Burton."

Sir Mordaunt, who stood near, said, "As you are to navigate the yacht, Walton, it is only right that others should do the practical part. Tripshore takes Purchase's place, and so let Burton take Tripshore's, if, as you say,"—to the mate—"he is the best man for that duty."

"I'll warrant Bill Burton as a steady man, sir," said Tripshore. "He's as good a look-out as any sailor that I was ever shipmates with, and he's something more than a yachtsman."

"Let us consider that settled," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "And now the

men should be told of the change. Send them aft, Tripshore, or the watch below will be going to bed." And as the mate went forward the baronet added, "Will you talk to them, Walton?"

"They'd like it better from you," said I. "You pay them. You are their master."

"Very well," said he, and he fell to stroking down his beard while he thought over what he should say to them.

In a few minutes they were all assembled. They were most of them in oilskins, which glistened with the wet, and they stood looking eagerly—this being a novel summons indeed, and they had no idea of what it meant. Sir Mordaunt coughed and fussed, and then rapped out:

"I've sent for you to say that Mr. Purchase is no longer captain of my yacht. At this moment he is drunk in his cabin and incapable of coming on deck. Such conduct is scandalous in a responsible man. I don't believe he knows where we are within sixty or seventy miles, and yet there he is in his cabin, drunk and useless, and the weather so thick that you cannot see a boat's length from the side." ("It isn't the first time, sir," sung out one of the men.) "I know that. It's the third time. On the second occasion I gave him a good talking to, and he promised on his word as a man that he would not offend again. He's no longer captain. Our lives are too precious to be in the hands of a drunkard, though I always believed him to be a good seaman." (Some of the men laughed, but Sir Mordaunt took no notice.) "Mr. Tripshore will have command until we reach Kingston. Meanwhile, he will want somebody to help him to keep watch, and so I select William Burton. Step forward, Burton."

The man addressed made a stride, and looked around much astonished.

"You and Tripshore will head the watches," said Sir Mordaunt, "and I'll trust to you being a smart seaman to keep a bright look-out and help us all to bring the 'Lady Maud' safely to an anchorage."

"I'm willing to obey any orders, sir," said the man, who was a short, thick-set, intelligent-looking fellow, with earrings, and a quantity of ringlets over his forehead and down the back of his neck,

"but I hope this here setting me to head my watch means no difference 'twixt me and my mates. I'm only a plain sailor man, and don't want to be better nor my equils."

"They'll obey your orders of course," answered Sir Mordaunt.

"That'll be all right, Billy; don't bother about that, mate," said a voice.

Just then old Purchase made his appearance. He stood a short distance before the mainmast, holding on to the little companion that led to the part of the vessel where his cabin was. The absorptive power of his "bibulous clay," as Southey calls the drunkard's body, had drained the liquor away from his head; but it was easy to see that he was by no means yet recovered, and it looked as if the sight of Sir Mordaunt made him unwilling to trust his legs. He blinked at us in wonder at seeing all hands together in a crowd on the quarter-deck, but was too muddled to perceive or guess the cause of the assembly. The crew were not conscious of his presence, but we who looked forward saw him at once.

Tripshore sidled up to me and whispered, "He lay like a dead man, when I tried to rouse him up. But he can smell anything going on, and he knows how to pull himself together, Purchase do."

It was probably the seeing Tripshore edge up to me and mumble in my ear that made old Purchase roar out violently, "How was it no one called me at eight bells?" and knitting his brows and looking very fierce, the better to disguise the lingering effects of the drink in him, he let go his hold of the companion and came lurching along toward us.

At the sound of his voice all the men looked around. He stopped after making a few strides, and planting himself on his legs by setting them wide apart, in which posture he presented the most absurd figure that ever I saw in my life, he roared out again to Tripshore to explain why he hadn't called him at eight bells, that is, at four o'clock.

"I'll answer you," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, very sternly, dropping his head on one side and raising his arm. "More than half an hour ago the mate went to your cabin to tell you I required your presence on deck, but he found

you so drunk that he couldn't arouse you."

"Me!" said the old fellow, putting on such a face that in an instant half the crew were broadly grinning. "Me—Purchase—drunk?" He tapped his breast and fell back a step. "No, no," says he, smiling foolishly, and looking round him; "this here's some skylarkin' of Ephraim Tripshore's. Tell Sir Mordaunt it's a bit o'tom-foolin', Ephraim. Lor' bless ye, mate! I never was drunk in my life."

"You're drunk now," cried Sir Mordaunt, warmly, seeing nothing diverting in this exhibition. Indeed all the time he was incessantly glancing behind him at the skylights and companion, as if he feared that some echo of what was passing would reach his wife's ears. "You are superseded, sir. I shall discharge you at Kingston, and perhaps prosecute you for this conduct. You gave me your word that you would drink no more. You have broken your promise. You are a drunken fellow, and utterly unfit for the responsible position you have filled. Go back to your cabin, sir. I have given the command to Mr. Tripshore, and William Burton will assist him. We shall manage very well without you, and a deal better than with you. So go below, Mr. Purchase, and don't let me see your face again, sir; and if I hear of you swallowing another dross of spirits before you are out of my vessel, I'll have you locked up in your cabin."

All this was delivered with an energy that surprised me in my friend. No doubt it was the nervous irritability induced in him by the worries, anxieties, and dangers of the past few days, and our present uneasy condition, that enabled him to rap out so smartly. The men were astonished at this vehemence in their mild-mannered master, but old Purchase was absolutely confounded. After the baronet had ceased, he stood staring at him with his mouth open, then slowly rolled his eyes around on the face of the men, as though he would persuade himself by an inspection of their whiskered faces, ashine with the muggy, luke-warm, driving drizzle, that he was not in a drunken dream. Presently his gaze rested upon my face.

"Ha, Mr. Walton!" he bawled, extending his great clenched fist toward

me. "It's *you* I've got to thank for this, I suppose. It's *you* that's pisoned Sir Mordaunt's mind against me!"

I looked at him coldly. He was proceeding.

"Will you go away?" cried Sir Mordaunt.

The old fellow, retreating a step, shook his clenched fist at me.

"*You* call yourself a sailor?" he shouted, in the thickest and deepest notes I had ever heard rumble from him. He drew a deep breath, and added, "You're a marine! You're a sea-cook! A sailor? Why?"—he drew another deep breath—"as sure as ye stan' there—"

I was never a man to be menaced. I stepped hurriedly toward him, but at the first movement I made he rounded on his legs and started for the companion; and, drunk as he was, he managed to scull himself along fast enough to swing himself down the companion steps before I could reach that hatch, and vanished amid a half-suppressed shout of laughter from the crew.

Sir Mordaunt had nothing more to say to the men, so they went forward, and Bill Burton, as they called him, was left to stump the deck of the schooner for a couple of hours. I could not help laughing at the gravity and look of importance the man put on. He had a nose like the bill of a hawk, and the wet collected on his face and streamed away from the point of his nose in large drops. He stepped the deck as regularly as a pendulum, his walk extending from the taffrail to abreast of the main-mast, and every time he came to a stop, before slueing round, he would dry his eyes on the knuckles of his claws, take a hard, steady squint at the fog on either side and ahead, cast a prolonged look aloft, and so start afresh, swinging along in a gait that was an indescribable roll, his arms swaying athwart his body, and the fingers of his hands curled, as though they still grasped a rope.

Sir Mordaunt now went below to change his clothes, which hung upon him like wet paper. I crossed over to Bill Burton as he came along, and said it was a pity that Purchase should not have held his drinking habit in check until he was ashore, or until the weather improved.

"Well, I don't mind telling 'ee, sir, I never took him for much," he answered. "We all knew he was given to"—here the man imitated the action of drinking—"for most of us in our tricks at the wheel in the night, when you gents was turned in, have seen him cruising about in a way that proved his ballast was i' the wrong end of him. But it wasn't for us to take notice."

"I should have supposed the speech he made to you, when the watches were called for the first time, enough to ruin him in the confidence of the crew," said I.

"Ay," he answered. "That were a rum speech. I doubt if he had his head when he talked that slush."

"What drift should you think we made in the gale, Burton? You'll allow for the send of the heavy sea, and recollect that our freeboard was tall enough to scud under every time we were hove up."

He reflected and said, "Two mile an hour, might be."

"What do you think?"

"Well I should say that, sir."

"That would bring it hard upon a hundred miles," said I.

"It wouldn't be much less," he answered. "I've been going to leeward two mile an hour under bare poles in a heavier craft than this vessel."

"Purchase allows only thirty miles for drift in the gale," said I.

He went to the rail to spit, as a mark of contempt. "My 'pinion is," said he, coming back, "he never saw a real gale o' wind afore this voyage."

"That's my notion, too," said I. "He's not only out in his dead reckoning, but I thoroughly question whether he was correct in his sights when he last took them. Therefore this thick weather and the wind dead in our eye is something to keep us uneasy. Even if Purchase's reckoning is right, the Bahamas are not far off. What instructions has Tripshore given you?"

"To keep her as close as she'll go, and take a heave of the lead every half-hour."

"That's it. And let me add, if the vessel should break off by even a quarter of a point, put her about."

"Ay, ay, sir."

I went to look at the compass, and

found it steady at south-east-by-south. The wind had not increased in weight, but it blew very fresh, and under the double-reefed mainsail the yacht's lee rail lay low upon the smother of foam which the bursting and chopping action of the little schooner threw up around her hull. The mist was as thick as smoke, and the water hardly to be seen outside the line of froth under the vessel.

"Is this thickness going to last?" I said to Burton.

"There's no tellin', sir. If you mustn't trust a squall ye can't see through, what's to be thought of stuff like this here?"

This sort of comfort might have suited Job, but it was of no use to me. I had been on deck all the afternoon, was wet through, as uncomfortable in body as in mind, and thought it about time to follow Sir Mordaunt's example, and dry myself.

"Keep a sharp look out," said I, "and don't forget to 'bout ship if she breaks off," and, so saying, I gave my body a hearty swing, to shake off the wet and save the cabin carpet, and went below.

Norie was stretched along one of the lockers, reading. I pushed past, being too wet to bother with his questions, and going to my berth, dried and reclothed myself, taking care to lay out my water-proofs in readiness for my next visit on deck. I lingered over this and other little jobs, and when I returned to the cabin the lamps were lighted, and the steward was laying the cloth for dinner. Miss Tuke and her uncle and Mrs. Stretton and Norie were seated in a group near the piano.

My first glance was at the tell-tale compass; the course remained unchanged. Sir Mordaunt, seeing me do this, called out—

"Every hour of this should be carrying us well to the eastward, Walton."

"With two points leeway," I exclaimed, with a shrug.

"Is there no means of preventing that leeway?" he asked.

"Setting more canvas would do it," I answered; "but the vessel has as much as she wants. The other way is by easing the helm—but you know I don't advise that. Indeed, I have taken

the liberty to order Burton to put the yacht on the other tack, should the wind veer to the south'ard by even a quarter of a point."

All this talk was Hebrew to Norie and the women, who sat looking on and listening.

"No doubt you are right," said the baronet.

"You know," said I, "that I should like to see the yacht on the starboard tack, heading well to the north-and-east."

"Away from our destination! Let her break off, Walton, before you put Jamaica over her stern," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, with a dull smile, and gravely shaking his head.

A short silence fell upon us. I broke it by inquiring after Lady Brookes; and then Miss Tuke asked what her uncle and I had been doing on deck all the afternoon, "getting wet through, Mr. Walton, and risking all sorts of illnesses, as Mr. Norie will tell you."

"We've been watching the weather," I answered.

"Not much weather to be seen Walton," said Norie. "This looks to me like November detached from the other months and out for a cruise on its own account in the Atlantic. I shall behold the sun with interest when it shines forth again. It has not been in sight since the—let me see"—He counted on his fingers "D'y'e call this *summer* cruising?"

"How long shall you stop at Kingston, Sir Mordaunt?" asked Mrs. Stretton.

"I cannot say, madam; but not long, I believe," he answered, with a look at me, to let me know that his intention of abandoning the cruise on his arrival there was not yet proclaimed. "We left England without meaning to touch at any port, unless our fresh water ran short. But the ocean," said he, in a very sober voice, "makes a man's programme an idle thing."

The poor woman sighed at this; and, God knows, she had reason.

Dinner was now served, and we took our seats.

"It is a great pity," said I, "that Lady Brookes keeps herself imprisoned in her cabin. Company and conversation should do her more good than Carey and solitude."

"She is best where she is," said Norie; "certainly until we get fine weather. Robust fellows like our friend, Sir Mordaunt, have no sympathy with delicate nervous organizations. A hungry man wonders at another's want of appetite. A man whose heart beats strongly wonders at people feeling cold. You should study medicine, Walton, if you want to sympathise widely."

"Mr. Norie means that you should make people suffer first, in order to feel for them," said Miss Tuke.

But talk of this kind was very flat, stale, and unprofitable to me, and I dare say to Sir Mordaunt too, in our present humor. I was repeatedly glancing at the tell-tale, hoping to find the schooner breaking off, that we might have an excuse to get upon the other tack. Although it was only six o'clock, it was as dark as a pocket outside with the fog, and the skylight windows stood like squares of ebony overhead. The heat was no longer an inconvenience, owing to the draughts of chilled air that breezed down through the wind-sail. Likewise, the swell was greatly moderated, and, though the piping wind raised a bit of a sea, there was nothing discomfiting in the movements of the yacht. In truth, we had been well seasoned by the gale. After the mountainous surges of the three days, the tumble that a brisk wind stirred up was not a thing to notice.

Sir Mordaunt was as reserved as I; the others chatted freely. Mrs. Stretton, who had lived a few months in Jamaica, talked about the scenery there and the negroes, and their strange superstitions; and I particularly remember her description of a mountain, seen from the sea at sunrise—how the mountain on top seemed a solid mass of red fire forking out of the snow-white wreaths of clouds and vapor which girdled the lower parts. She spoke with animation, and her rich accents lent a singular charm to her language. She interested the baronet, in spite of himself; and it was the attention he gave to her speech, while she was describing the Jamaica scenes she knew, that warmed her up into fluency and spirit; for she was *triste* enough when we first sat down to dinner, and whenever she was silent and listening to the others, the sad look came into her face. Somehow, I had never felt

more sorry for her than I did on this day and at that table.

The comfort and luxury of the rich sparkling interior was made sharply sensible to the appreciation by the dismal, dark, damp, oppressive weather without, and my heightened perception of it from this cause set me contrasting the situation of the poor woman with hearty sympathy. I thought of Lady Brookes; the love and solicitude bestowed on her; her freedom from anxiety; her husband's ample estate, that made her life as delightful as existence can be made for a woman by money in the hands of a husband who lives mainly for her and her pleasure; and then I thought of this poor widow, newly snatched from a horrible peril, her husband drowned in her sight, and herself a beggar, as she had as good as hinted

But sufficient for the day, thought I, is the evil thereof. Let us first get out of this weather, and find out in what part of this corner of the Atlantic the yacht is, before we vex our souls with other considerations.

CHAPTER XII.

SIR MORDAUNT was the first to quit the table. He apologized for leaving us, and went to his wife's cabin, saying, as he rose—

"If you are going on deck, Walton, I'll join you there presently."

On this I quitted my seat, too anxious to linger; and, going to my cabin, put on my waterproof coat and returned. Miss Tuke stood at the foot of the companion steps, looking up at the darkness. She said to me, with a glance around at Mrs. Stretton and Norie, who remained at table, though the widow had followed me with her eyes as I passed along—"Mr. Walton," she said, in a low voice, "what makes you and Uncle Mordaunt so dull?"

"If your uncle is dull," said I, "and I don't know that he is, his wife's condition will answer your question about him. As for me, I am as cheerful as a man can be in a fog."

"No, no; you are dull too, Mr. Walton. Pray what is it? You can trust a sailor's daughter," said she, coaxingly. "Nothing you can say will frighten me,"

"I give you my word of honor there

is nothing whatever the matter. There is a dense sea-fog around us; and as Purchase's calculations, and maybe, the man himself, are not to be depended on, I am merely going to lend a hand on deck for a short while, to keep a lookout."

I saw she did not believe me, though I spoke the truth. She eyed me gravely and earnestly, and I was willing she should look as long as ever she pleased, for, I, too, could look at her closely, with good excuse for so doing. Suddenly a little smile kindled in her pretty eyes, as she said softly—

"Well, Mr. Walton, join us here again as soon as you can. We are dull without you," and she went back again to the dinner table.

To my sight, fresh from the sparkling cabin, the air seemed pitch dark. I stood at the companion for some moments, waiting for my eyes to get used to this profound blackness. I then saw the rays of the binnacle lamp striking into the thick mist like luminous gold wire. Anon I could faintly distinguish the outline of the bulwarks over against me on the other side, and a fragment of the mainmast where the haze from the skylight fell upon it. But that was all. For the rest, as the French say, I might have had my eyes shut.

This being the second dog-watch, I knew Tripshore would be on deck, so I called his name.

"Here, sir," he answered, and came to my side.

"Have you kept the lead going?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "but we get no bottom."

"And we want none, Tripshore. Have you seen anything of Purchase?"

"No, sir. His cabin door's to, and I allow he's turned in and asleep."

"The wind keeps steady," said I; "but so fresh as it is, I wonder it doesn't blow away this mist. The weather is thicker than it was. It's like smoke. I never remember the like of it," said I, facing to windward a moment, and then gladly turning my back on the blinding, penetrating drizzle.

"The men have grown anxious since Sir Mordaunt talked to 'em," said Tripshore, after a pause. "They're not used to weather o' this kind, and they've took

it in their heads that Mr. Purchase is all out in his reckoning. His being in drink at a time like this is a bad job, sir."

"We can manage without him," said I.

"Why, yes, sir. It 'ud be a poor look-out if we couldn't."

"If the men," I continued, "were all of them salt-water men like you, they'd find nothing to disturb them in the loss of such a skipper as Purchase. I feel as safe again with that drunken fellow under the deck for good."

"Oh, is isn't *him* the men mind," he exclaimed. "They reckon nobody aboard knows where we are, and they don't like that."

And small blame to them, thought I, but I said nothing.

"However, when the weather clears they'll brighten up with it, I dare say," he added.

"You will remember, Tripshore," said I, "that you had confidence enough in Purchase's reckoning to fancy that I was over uneasy when I told Sir Mordaunt that I should like to see the yacht on the starboard tack."

"You may be right, sir, though," said he, quickly.

"In my own mind," said I, "I am convinced that we are further to the westward than we know of. I may be wrong. It is because I can't be sure, that I don't insist upon heading away to the norward."

"If you'll give the word, I'll put the yacht round at once," said he.

"Not without Sir Mordaunt's leave. He wants to fetch Kingston as soon as he can, and dislikes the idea of turning tail upon it. When he comes on deck—"

But before I could finish my sentence he arrived. That is to say, he came up the steps, but stopped before he reached the top of them, and stood there like a man struck blind.

"My God!" he ejaculated, "what a night!"

I sung out cheerily, "Come along, Sir Mordaunt. It'll not be so black when your sight has lost the glare of the cabin."

"Oh, are you there, Walton?" he cried, and came on deck, but remained standing, as I had, in front of the companion.

"What a night!" he repeated. "It is

not yet eight o'clock. Who is that near you?"

"Tripshore, sir," replied the mate.

"What sail is the vessel carrying?"

"Just what you left on her, sir—double-reefed mainsail, and outer and standing jibs. She's snug enough, and wants what she has if she's to ratch with the wind fore and aft her."

"Ay, and ratch she must," said I.

"Tripshore is willing enough now, Sir Mordaunt, to see her on the starboard tack."

But what's the good of going north, Walton," he answered, "when we are heading well to the east, and when we know from the chart that it is all open sea that way as far as the coast of Africa?"

"Unless we have diminished our leeway," said I.

"There's no change in that, sir," interrupted Tripshore.

"Our true course now is south-east-by-south. Practically, then, we are steering a course parallel with the trend of the Bahama range. Nay, we are worse off even than that, for the trend of those islands is south-east. If we were certain of our whereabouts then we might find it safe enough to lie as we go. But in this weather, and without an atom of faith in Purchase's calculations, I'm for edging away to the norward and eastward."

"Mr. Walton's right sir," said Tripshore.

"Why, if you both think the yacht should be put about, let it be done," said Sir Mordaunt. "I'll not put my wishes against your judgment."

The necessary orders were immediately given by Tripshore, whose eagerness was not a little flattering to me after the reception he had given my opinion some hours before. The helm was put up to give the schooner plenty of way, and the brave little vessel, eased of her gripping luff, began to snore through the water, whitening it all around until the phosphorus and the foam of it threw out light enough to enable us clearly to see the whole figure of the hull, though within the rails all was as ebony, save where the skylight and the binnacle filled a space of the midnight blackness with a golden haze and shining lines.

The men had to get the yacht round by feeling. They knew where the running gear led, and groped about until they came to the places. When all was ready the helm was put down, and the flying schooner shot into the wind, her mainsail rattling like a roll of thunder, and the great main-boom tearing at its hempen bonds like an elephant straining at a lasso. In a few minutes the head-sheets were bowed taut, and I went to the compass and looked at it with a feeling of relief which I even then thought, and do still think unaccountable, considering that there was nothing but my distrust of Purchase to make me suppose our former course a perilous one.

Sir Mordaunt did not remain long on deck. I told him he could do no good by staying, and that he merely risked his health by exposing himself to the malignant damp of this lukewarm, penetrating mist, and that I should not be long in following him.

And I was as good as my word. For after hanging about the deck for half an hour, the sight of the rich, comfortable, bright cabin, as I saw it through the skylight, tempted me beyond resistance. I waited until another heave of the lead assured me that there was nothing to be felt at eighty fathoms, and then I went below.

I believe our going below and sitting in the cabin reassured Miss Tuke. Besides, I was cheerful enough now that I had had my way, and Sir Mordaunt was likewise heartier and brighter in manner, as though his mind took its posture from my behavior. They say that coming events cast their shadows before; but I can answer for our little company aft that not for a fortnight past had we been in a calmer and pleasanter mood. Besides, there was good news from Lady Brookes' cabin. Her spirits had recovered something of their tone, the smoother passage of the vessel had briskened her up, and Sir Mordaunt said that if the weather was fine to-morrow he hoped to have her on deck.

We were all careful to keep our conversation away from topics likely to recall what we did not wish to remember—the death of the mastiff, the water-logged bark, the terrible gale we had been struggling with. We talked chiefly

of England, how strange it was to be without newspapers, and not to know what had happened in the time we had been away.

"Yes," says Norie, "think of the mass of news that will have accumulated by the time we return. Most of it we shall never hear."

"All my dresses will have become old-fashioned," said Miss Tuke. "How do the ladies dress in the West Indies, Mrs. Stretton?"

"In the newest styles," she answered. "But I believe they look for their fashions to New Orleans and the American cities."

"Who import them from Paris," said Sir Mordaunt. "So, Ada, you'll not find yourself behind."

"But you'll give us no time for judging, Uncle Mordaunt," exclaimed Miss Tuke.

"Well, well, never mind about that now," said he. And then looking up at the compass, he turned to me and said, "Is this part of the Atlantic much frequented by vessels, Walton?"

"Not just hereabouts, I fancy. We're too far north for the West Indian steamers, and hardly in the track, I should say, for vessels bound to the Gulf."

"Pray let us talk of dress," exclaimed Norie. "We've been so fearfully nautical lately, that it's quite a relief to think of shops and shore matters. Mrs. Stretton, you were saying—" And here we jabbered about West India dress fashions, and so plied the poor woman with questions that presently we were all talking about dress.

In this way passed the evening, until Miss Tuke, looking at her watch, said it was ten o'clock, and that she would go to her aunt and then to bed. Mrs. Stretton and she then wished us good-night, and withdrew. Shortly afterwards Norie, who never showed any disposition to linger over the grog when Miss Tuke was gone, delivered himself of a loud yawn, shook hands, and went to his cabin. Sir Mordaunt lighted a cigar, I a pipe, and we sat for a while smoking in silence, listening to the stifled hissing of the water washing along the sides of the yacht, and to the straining of the bulkheads as the vessel rose and sank.

Presently, and without speaking, the baronet went to the foot of the companion steps and looked up.

"The night remains terribly dark," said he, coming back. "I had hoped to see a star. Surely such a fog as this must be very unusual here at this time of the year."

"You must be surprised at nothing that happens in the way of weather at sea," I replied. "I remember the master of a brig telling me that he once made a voyage from London to Barbadoes without meeting with the North-East Trades."

"This dreadful thickness makes one think of collisions, Walton."

"I suspected that was in your mind," said I, "when you asked me that question about this part of the Atlantic being frequented by ships."

"But what do you think?" he inquired nervously.

"I should not allow any fear of that kind to trouble me," I replied. "The odds are a thousand to one against a collision in a great sea like this."

"You always put a hearty face on those ideas," he said, relaxing. "No doubt you are right; but this last week has tried me severely. Purchase, too, has worried me greatly; and such is my mood at this moment, that I would gladly give five hundred pounds to be safe in harbor—at Kingston or anywhere else."

"I hoped you had recovered your spirits," said I, grieved by this breaking down in him. "You have been very cheerful for the last hour or two."

He filled a tumbler with brandy and water, and swallowed a copious draught, and then sat silent, uneasily combing down his beard with his fingers, and holding his extinguished cigar, which he looked at without relighting.

"Shall you go on deck again?"

I answered, "Yes, to have a last look round."

He glanced at the skylight, as if he had a mind to go too; but, guessing his intention, I advised him to keep below, to go to bed indeed. "The chances are," said I, "that when you wake the sky will be blue, and the yacht buzzing merrily along under a bright sun to Jamaica."

"Ay," said he, "but do Tripshore and Burton know the course?"

"The schooner is in my hands," said I. "Only let the sun shine, and I'll engage that Tripshore and Burton run the vessel correctly. While this fog and this wind hold, we have nothing to do but to keep as we go."

He looked at me with a musing expression, and then, holding forth his hand, he said, "Very well, Walton; I'll obey your orders and go to bed. I commit our safety to you and Tripshore."

We shook hands cordially, and he went along the cabin, pausing, when under the skylight, to look out, and then closing the door softly after him.

I put on my waterproof coat and went on deck. I wanted twenty minutes to eleven. I thought the fog had thinned somewhat, and I crossed the deck to look to windward. Yet though the mist was undoubtedly less dense, gazing over the side was like staring at a black wall. The driving fog of fine rain made my eyes tingle, for the wind was strong, though so warm that it felt like the gushing of air from the engine-room of a steamer. Nothing of the water was visible but the boiling foam churned up by the yacht's bows thickly interlaced with long fibres of phosphorescent light. Sometimes, when a wave broke a short distance from the vessel, the flash of its foaming crest shone out through the mist, but nothing else of it was distinguishable.

Burton was in charge. I called to him, and told him that he must keep the schooner heading as she went. "Let her lie as close as she'll ratch," said I, "and shake it out of her. I would rather she crawled than ran, until the horizon clears. Those will be your instructions to Tripshore."

"Right, sir."

"How many men have you on the lookout?"

"Two, sir."

"Do your lights burn brightly?"

"I was forward just now, and they're as bright as the mist'll let 'em be."

"Tell Tripshore to see to that, will you? and to keep a sharp look-out. I'd give a deal of money, Burton, to know within ten miles where we are. This fog is a bad job after our long westerly

drift. Have you any notion of the currents hereabouts?"

"No, sir," he answered. "But we should be right as we go. I was looking at the chart along with Mr. Tripshore, and it shows northen but open water to the east'ards."

"I shall be up and down all night," said I. "I may take some rest upon one of the cabin lockers, ready for a call. It may clear up suddenly, and you or Tripshore must have me up at the first sight of a star. Add that to your instructions, lest I forget to tell him."

We stood talking thus, and flitting about the deck, stopping now and again for five minutes at a time to look ahead into the pitch-black void, straining our eyes against the needle-like rain, in the hope of catching sight of a flaw, to let us know that the mist was breaking, until eight bells—midnight—were struck. The men forward thumped the fore-hatch, and bawled to the watch below to rouse out. Tripshore came aft. We heard him calling, otherwise we should not have known he was on deck.

"Here!" answered Burton.

The mate, groping his way in the direction of the man's voice, walked up against me.

"Is this Burton?" says he, feeling me as a blind man would.

"No," I answered; "he's to the left of me."

He begged my pardon, and said, "That scowbank of a steward's turned down the cabin lights. Had he let 'em a be, the sheen of the skylight would have helped a man to see. It's like being smothered up in a blanket, Bill. I plumped agin the mainmast as I came along, and allow I've lifted a bump the size of a hen's egg over my right eye."

Burton repeated my instructions, and, after hanging about us a few minutes, wished us good-night and went below.

I was weary enough myself. A man usually is when he would rather not feel sleepy. The ten years I had spent away from the sea had robbed me of the old seasoning. The wet and the wind bothered and tried me. Nevertheless I remained on deck another hour, occasionally conversing with Tripshore, but for the main part hanging over the rail, first to windward, then to leeward, vain-

ly striving to see a fathom beyond my nose, and watching—for the want of something to rest the sight upon and relieve it from the oppression of the heavy darkness—the pallid quivering of the rushing foam alongside, until the play of it, and the shooting and throbbing of the whirling fires in it, made my eyes reel.

Even if I had not been predisposed to lowness of spirits, this spell of loneliness, and the foul black weather, and the groaning and moaning of the invisible deep, with now and again the shriek of a block-sheave high aloft, and the hollow flap of the hidden canvas, and the numerous disturbing and startling sounds which were jerked out of the rigging and spars in the blackness overhead by the sharp jerking and jumping of the schooner, were quite enough to depress me.

But at last my eyelids felt as if they were made of lead. Once, while looking over the lee rail, I found myself dropping asleep, and awoke with a kind of horror at the closeness of the hissing foam. I could resist the inclination to sleep no longer, and calling to Tripshore, told him I was going to lie down in the cabin, and that he would find me on one of the lockers on the port side coming abreast of the companion steps.

I then went below, removed my waterproof coat, and, putting a soft pillow on the locker, laid myself along, completely dressed, and ready to jump up at a moment's notice. The cabin lamps had been turned down, and yielded a very feeble light. I could have sworn I should drop asleep the moment my head touched the pillow; yet for at least twenty minutes did I lie, looking at the feeble lamps swinging to the motion of the vessel, and listening to the sounds in the cabin, and struggling to work out a kind of reckoning to myself, so that I might figure the yacht's position.

In the midst of this idle problemizing I fell into a deep slumber.

CHAPTER XIII.

I WAS awakened by a violent concussion. So heavy was the sleep from which I had been aroused, that I remained for a considerable space in a state of stupefaction. On my senses becoming active, I found myself sprawl-

ing on my back upon the cabin floor. I now supposed that I had been rolled off the locker by a heave of the vessel, and that the sensation of a strong concussion having taken place was due to my fall. I scrambled on my feet, but scarcely was I upright when a terrible grinding and rending shock pitched me sideways on to the locker on which I had been lying. Men's voices were shouting overhead. I also heard the tramping of feet, the violent beating of canvas—above all, the roaring and rushing of water.

I sprang to the companion steps, and as I gained them there was another tearing shock—I know not how to describe it. To say that it was like the vessel going to pieces, will convey no image to your mind. Rather figure your sitting in a house, and one side of it sinking suddenly a foot or two, and every joist and strong fastening cracking and shrieking, and the roof and the whole structure trembling and groaning, as if the building must crash in. I stopped, struck to the very heart by the unbearable and soul-sickening sensation. At that moment I was grasped from behind. I turned, and saw Sir Mordaunt, dressed only in his shirt and trousers.

"What has happened?" he cried.

"We have either been run into or we are ashore—the latter, I think," I answered. "For God's sake get the women dressed, and bring them into the cabin;" and, releasing myself from his clutch, I sprang on to the deck. As my head came level with the companion, the vessel heeled over—over—over yet! I crouched down, breathless and waiting, convinced that the yacht was going. I heard the men shrieking in the blackness as they fetched away with the angle of the decks, and fell helplessly into the lee scuppers.

When on her beam ends the schooner remained stationary. I knew by the bursting of the seas against her side, and by the fierce sounds of sweeping water over my head, that she had beaten round with her broadside to the sea, and so lay. At the top of my voice I shouted under the name of Tripshore, but it was like speaking when a gun explodes. The main sheet must have parted, for the sail I supposed lay fore and aft to the wind, and the slating of it was like the

crashing of thunder. The sea to leeward was as white as milk, and the noise of its boiling was alone enough to deafen a man. Added to this, every sea that struck the weather side of the vessel boomed with a deep and hollow note, and was followed by a wild splashing and tearing of water upon the deck. Had I not kept the shelter of the companion when the vessel stopped at her sickening heel, I must have gone overboard, for a sea came pouring over the bulwarks that washed like an ocean of fire—so vivid was the phosphorus in it—as high as my waist, and tumbled down the steps in a cataract that was like to flood the cabin. I had sense enough to check this by closing the weather door and top of the companion, and there I stood, confounded, horrified, dulled, so that I was like an idiot, I may say, by the dreadful darkness, unable to see anything but the white water, and hearkening to the shrieks of the invisible men which rose with an edge that made the bellowing of the canvas and the thundering of the bursting surges a maddening and distracting uproar indeed.

Whilst I stood thus, some one in the blackness on the starboard hand cried out my name.

"Who is that?" I shouted.

"Me—Tripshore, sir. For the Lord's sake, stretch along and give me hold of your hand. I'm drowning down here." I could not see him; but I was visible to him in the faint haze of light that came up out of the companion. Rejoiced to hear his voice, I swung myself out on to the deck, and, grasping the companion with my left hand, I threw my legs wide apart and leaned down with my right arm outstretched.

"Do you see me?" I cried.

"Ay, sir—keep so a minute," he answered, and presently I felt him seize my hand.

Now that he was close, I could see his outline, but not his face. The deck sloped like the side of a steep hill, it was slippery as ice with the wet, and cataracts of water were incessantly rushing down it from over the bulwarks. The poor fellow could give me no help, and I had to drag him up, which, by a desperate effort and putting forth my whole strength and will, I managed to do, swinging him round into the companion,

where he lay awhile on one knee, with his arm on the hand-rail and his head resting on his arm, quite spent and very nearly drowned.

All this while I heard no sounds in the cabin, and the men's voices on deck were stilled. The yacht lay dead on her side. Once only, and shortly after she had heeled over hard and fast aground, a sea raised and bumped her, and I heard the crash of timber aloft, and the sound of a mighty fall, but it was too dark to see what spar had gone; and after that the schooner lay quiet, with the sea breaking against her port side, and shooting high into the air over her, as was to be known by the rattling of the sheets of water when they fell into the boiling whiteness to leeward.

I said to Tripshore, "Have you your senses?"

"I'm better," he answered. "There's an ocean of water in the lee scuppers, and I was drowning in it. I feel full o' water. If I could be sick it 'ud relieve me."

"Where are the men?"

"Most of 'em drowned, I fear. They got away with the long-boat."

"What time is it?"

"About half-past four."

"Oh, my God!" I cried. "If the daylight would only come, that we might see where we are!"

As I said this I heard Sir Mordaunt calling my name. I slid down the steps, and, turning round, found one of the cabin lamps brightly burning, and the whole party, everybody who belonged to our end of the vessel, standing at the table, which alone prevented them from slipping down the cabin floor. Sir Mordaunt grasped his wife round the waist with his right arm, and with the other held Miss Tuke by the wrist. Mrs. Stretton and Carey clung to each other, and Norie stood beside them. Full of hurrying horror as that time was, I could yet find a moment to wonder at the supernatural calmness of Lady Brookes. She was as white as marble, but I could not question that she had her senses; and though she may not have known that any instant the yacht might crumble to pieces under our feet, yet she surely comprehended that our peril was of the direst kind, that we were shipwrecked, lying broken and storm-swept

upon some nameless reef, amid the blackness of a howling night.

Both Mrs. Stretton's and Miss Tuke's faces wore rather an expression of consternation than horror. Now and then Carey uttered a low moan—every time the water thundered on the deck she made that noise—otherwise no sound came from the women. Their silence indeed was almost shocking to me. In Lady Brookes I should have foretold a behavior so different, so distracting, that her rigid posture and stony face smote me like a prophecy of immediate death. It seemed to take all hope of life away, as if the bitterness of death had passed from her and the others, and they were waiting to die.

"What has happened, Walton?" said the baronet, in a strong thick voice.

"The yacht is on her beam-ends ashore," I replied. "Purchase's reckoning is diabolically wrong. I always feared so—yet I had hoped to escape this."

"What are we to do?" he said.

When he said this they all fixed their eyes upon me, with a dreadful eagerness in their expression—heart-moving beyond endurance, indeed, owing to their silence. I gulped down a sob, and struggling to master my voice, I answered, "We can do nothing until daylight comes. It draws on for five o'clock, and we shall have the dawn shortly. Let us pray God that the vessel will hold together—I think she will. She is strong, and can stand this buffeting unless she bumps."

"She is motionless," exclaimed Norie, in a broken voice. "I have not felt her bump for some time."

"Is there no way of finding out where we are?" cried Miss Tuke, wildly and suddenly. "Can we not get help from the shore?"

"It is as black as ink on deck," I replied. "There are no lights—there is no land to be seen."

"Oh, the water—the water! Listen to it!" shrieked Carey, cowering, and looking around her with eyes brilliant with terror.

A heavy sea had broken over the vessel and poured over the deck above us, and a bright flood came bursting and smoking down the companion ladder.

Lady Brookes threw her arms up, and

Sir Mordaunt pressed her fiercely to him ; but she remained as silent as a statue.

I called to Tripshore to close the companion and come down. I reckoned that if any of the crew were alive they would be in the forecabin. Be that as it was, we could not let the cabin be drowned. Already the water was as high as the starboard lockers, and the cabin was small enough to be quickly flooded.

Tripshore descended with a faltering motion. No one but myself had known he was on the top of the steps. His clothes were streaming, his sou'-wester had been washed off his head, and his hair was pasted on his forehead, throwing out his bleached face, and making him look more like a corpse than a man. There stood a decanter of brandy on one of the swinging trays, and with the utmost difficulty I managed to seize it and gave it to Tripshore, bidding him put his lips to it and swallow a dram. In truth, numbed and confounded as my mind was by the sudden horror of our condition, I yet preserved sufficient presence of mind to foresee a vital value in this sailor if the wreck held together until the daylight, and that our lives might depend upon my recovering him from his half-drowned state.

I gathered hope when I found the yacht lying immovable. That she was bilged, I knew by the slow rise of the water to leeward in the cabin ; but, as I say, that rise was slow, and much of the water that was there had come down the companion ; and I guessed if the leak did not drain in faster than it now did, it would be a good bit past daylight before the water came high enough to drive us out of the cabin.*

The worst and most dreadful part was the heavy concussions of the seas which struck the windward side of the schooner, and kept her trembling like a railway carriage swiftly drawn. After every blow there would be a pause, and then down would come the water in tons weight, smashing upon the deck overhead, and washing in a loud roar over the bulwarks on the other side. Every instant I expected to see the companion

carried away, or the skylight dashed in. But, mercifully for us, these fixtures stood, so nobly and stoutly built was that vessel down to the meanest of her appointments.

What our position was at this time I will leave you to imagine. The heel of the yacht was certainly not less than fifty, ay, and maybe more than fifty, degrees. The swinging trays lay with their lee rims hard against the upper deck. So acute was the slope, that nothing but the interposition of the table prevented us from falling headlong down the incline. In the light of the lamp we stood looking at one another, all in silence, save but for the occasional screams or moans of alarm which broke from Carey, and once or twice from Miss Tuke, though never from Lady Brookes, when a wave beat upon the deck, and ran snarling and hissing away, like a score of disappointed wild beasts. I shall never forget the expression of anguish in Sir Mordaunt's face. I can recall no hint of fear in it. It was bitter grief and horror, as if *he* were to blame for the frightful peril that with amazing swiftness had confronted the motionless, staring woman he clutched to his heart.

As for *her*, her passivity was as though a miracle had been wrought. I thanked God for it, for I knew how the agony of that time would have been heightened by her screams and terror. Yet it was wonderful that she, whom a thunderstorm had driven into hysterics, and who had fainted over the narrative of a disaster, should be standing there now as if all sensibility had fallen dead in her. Perhaps, indeed, this may have been the case. Her aspect was one of petrification, or it might be that her senses were paralyzed by the first alarm, and were unable to take in the full meaning of our situation. She often turned her glittering eyes on me, and stared as though she beheld an apparition. It was a positive relief to see her toss her hands when the water above boomed thunderously. Suddenly Tripshore made a movement.

"Where are you going?" I asked sharply.

"To see if anything can be done for our lives," he answered.

"Stay where you are !" I cried. "If you show your head above the compan-

* The hold was no doubt full of water, and the draining into the cabin was through the cabin floor.

ion you'll be washed overboard; and I won't have the doors opened. When the dawn comes you'll see it on that skylight. What *can* be done now, man? It's pitch dark still. Could we see to launch a boat? Would those breaking seas allow us to enter a boat? Stay where you are, I say. Here, at least, we have a refuge."

"Can nothing be done?" exclaimed Miss Tuke, with a dreadful note of despair in her voice.

"Yes, yes," I answered. "Everything that can be done *shall* be done. But it will be madness to leave this cabin until the dawn comes, to let us know where we are and what we can do."

"Have you no rockets to send up?" cried Mrs. Stretton.

"They'll be drowned by this time, sir," said Tripshore, addressing me. "They're in the fore peak. There'll be no getting at 'em."

"They would not help us," I said. "They would not show in this mist; though could we come at them we might fire them through the companion."

"I'll try and ge 'em, if you like," said Tripshore; "but unless yon bulkhead can be broke through, I shall have to go on deck to get down the fore hatch."

"No, don't risk that," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "The dawn will be here soon. Mr. Walton is right: we can do nothing in this blackness."

Nothing; nor did I regret the want of the rockets, for from the first I never doubted that we were aground upon one of the hundreds of the Bahama shoals, miles out of sight of inhabited land, and that there was no eye but God's to mark our signal of distress, though we should make a blaze as big as a burning city.

The steady posture of the yacht and my confidence in her strength kept my heart up; and I endeavored to cheer my companions by pointing out that the wind might drop with the rising sun, and that, though we had lost one boat, we had two others large enough to contain us all. Likewise, that we need not doubt of being able to make our way to one of the numerous islands which lay scattered broadcast upon these seas, where we should get the relief we stood in need of.

Sir Mordaunt asked Tripshore where the rest of the crew were. The man answered that he feared some of them were drowned, but he could not say for certain: he supposed those who lived were sheltering themselves in the fore-castle.

I was sorry he answered the question in that way. His reply was a dreadful shock to the women. His saying that he feared some of the men were drowned gave a most crushing sense of realness to our awful situation. Miss Tuke's face contracted as with an agonizing spasm, and Mrs. Stretton cried bitterly. Lady Brookes said something to her husband—I did not catch the words—and he laid her head against his shoulder, and soothed her with the most endearing gestures, at the same time looking at me with a most heart-broken expression in his eyes.

In this manner we stood waiting to see the dawn brighten upon the skylight windows, listening with terror to the weary crashing of the seas, feeling with unspeakable dismay the dreadful occasional quivering of the hull; and I at least scarcely daring to hope that the vessel could much longer withstand the cruel hammering of those pounding surges.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE CHINESE: THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE manners and customs of the Chinese—an extensive subject, and our canvas a narrow one.

But where to begin?—Domestic life, religion, war, courts of justice, schools, literature are all alike almost unknown. Be chance our guide. A paper is lying open on our table: it is the *Times*. Let us follow the order of its articles

and commence at once with the article of births, marriages, and deaths.

Births will afford us but little subject for remark. Let us, however, suppose that the solemn bath appointed for the third day is over, which would seem to be almost a Chinese baptism, and the mother to be convalescent. If the offspring be a girl there will probably be

no rejoicing, but if a boy, the mother will go in state to the temple frequented by her family and offer thanks to Tien How, the queen of heaven. The only time it was our fortune while in China to see a native lady of any standing was on such an occasion. A wife of Howqua, the son of the celebrated Hong merchant, had gone to the temple of Honam to return thanks for the birth of a son. The shrine in the temple which she was visiting had been founded by the elder Howqua in honor of his ancestors : it was a lofty hall with roof open to the beams, closed in the rear and at the sides, but in front opening with richly-carved doors on a raised terrace surrounded by a stone balustrade and overlooking a square, turfed enclosure containing two or three fine specimens of the Chinese banyan or *Ficus religiosa*, and a pond of water covered with the broad green leaves and rose-tipped flowers of the lotus, the sacred plant of Buddha, who is often represented as seated on its open flower. Crossing this pond and skirting it were a bridge and gallery of massive stone carving, corresponding with the balustrades and communicating with the terrace. On the opposite side of the gallery was seen the rear of another shrine, colored of a deep vermilion like the one in front, with its high arched roof sweeping down like the curved outline of a Tatar tent (from which the Chinese style of architecture is supposed to be borrowed), and adorned with dragons, birds, and dolphins in glazed pottery of the brightest colors. Down either side stretched a line of gloomy cloisters communicating with the rest of the building. At one end of the terrace were two or three small tables arranged with viands placed upon them and surrounded by a considerable party of Chinese, among whom we noticed several females standing, evidently in attendance upon some lady, as in China the servants are almost invariably of the other sex. Knowing the scruples of the Chinese against admitting foreigners into the presence of the female members of their families, we turned back, and were on the point of leaving that part of the temple, no little disappointed at being unable to see the whole of the building, when two members of the group, one of whom was a son of Howqua, came for-

ward and requested us, if we wished, to continue our examination. We did so. The shrine at which the ceremony was going on had been decked with flowers, whilst on the long, counter-like altar in front of the figure of the goddess, between the jars of porcelain and bronze half filled with sandal-wood ashes in which sticks of incense were burning, and upon two square pedestals in front of the altar, were piled up pyramids of fruits and sweetmeats. On either side of these pedestals were two of smaller size, on each of which was placed a book apparently of religious service, and by its side a small wand and a hollow, red, kidney-shaped gourd, which when struck gave a hollow and not unmusical sound, each blow upon it marking the repetition of a prayer. These, as it were, formed the lecterns of the officiating priests; and between them, facing the central vase on the high altar, was placed a cushion and a mat on which the fair devotee might kneel and perform the kotou, or ceremony of kneeling and touching the ground with the head at certain periods during the service. At either side of the central door of the shrine stood a large bronze vase heaped with silvered paper formed into boxes about the size and shape of steel-pen boxes, and emblematical of bars of Sycee silver, which is burnt at the conclusion of the ceremony as an offering to the queen of heaven.

On passing out of the shrine, still accompanied by the two Chinese who had joined us, we passed near the banqueting party, when the lady rose, supported by two of her servants, and, crossing her hands, saluted us in the Chinese fashion. Of her beauty I can say nothing; neither my companion nor myself could remember anything save a face painted *à la Chinoise*, and hair tied up in the usual teapot form, dressed with magnificent pearls, jade ornaments and natural flowers. The golden lilies, as the inhabitants of the Flowery Kingdom call the crippled feet of the higher classes of their women, and the splendidly embroidered robes, attracted our attention far more than the eyes and features, which doubtless ought to have been our only consideration.

It is after this festival, not always of course celebrated with the magnificence

we have described, that the relatives of the child present it either with plate, or bangles of silver or gold, on which are inscribed the characters signifying long life, honor, and felicity. It is also at this period that it receives its "milk name," or the pet name by which it is known in its family, the name by which it is known to others being only given to it at the completion of its fourth year, when its education is supposed to commence.

We have all heard the Chinese charged with infanticide. We believe that crime to be less prevalent with them than it is with us. If our children are ever exposed, as has been seen on a wayside altar near Honam, we believe that bitter want, and a hope that charity would provide for the child better than the mother could, have been the moving causes. As a general rule self-interest acts as the strongest bar to this vice. That the life of the male children should be preserved is most important, as the Chinese law will compel the sons to maintain their parents, and in the event of all the sons dying, no one would be able to offer that worship at the tomb of the father and mother on which their happiness in another state is supposed to depend. With the girls, preservation is almost as important, and they are a marketable commodity either as wives or as servants. Indeed, it is no very rare thing to see a basketful of babies sent down from Canton to Hong Kong for sale at prices ranging from two to five dollars. These are all girls; and the purchase of one or more of them is generally the first investment that a Chinese *Aspasia* makes of her earnings, a speculation sure ultimately to pay a very large interest on the money sunk.

In denying the existence of infanticide it is necessary to make one exception. This is among the *Tan-kia*, or boat population. These are a race of people of different descent and different religion from the Chinese, governed by their own magistrates, and so looked down upon by the other classes, that no child of a boat-woman can compete in the literary examinations, or, whatever his ability may be, become an aspirant for office. This class is excessively superstitious, and we have heard it stated by missionaries that, when a child belong-

ing to people of this class suffers from any lingering malady, and recovery becomes hopeless, they will put it to death with circumstances of great cruelty, believing it to be not their child but a changeling, and fancying that a demon has taken the place of their offspring for the purpose of entailing on them expense and trouble for which they could never get any return.

The next article we come to is *marriage*: hedged in with formalities in all countries, but in none more so than in China. As we have just been speaking of the *Tan-kia* people, let us take Dr. Yvan's account of one of their marriages and have done with them:

"In harvest time," says the doctor, "any man of their class who wishes to marry goes into the next field and gathers a little sheaf of rice, which he fastens to one of his oars. Then, when he is in presence of the *Tan-kia* girl of his choice, he puts his oar into the water, and goes several times round the boat belonging to the object of his affections. The next day, if the latter accept his homage, she, in her turn, fastens a bunch of flowers to her oar, and comes rowing about near her betrothed."

The relatives on both sides assemble on board the girl's boat: there is a general feast, a great firing of fire-crackers, beating of tom-toms and burning of joss paper to frighten off evil spirits, the cup of union is drunk together, the bride is taken to her new floating home in a closed sedan of red and gold, and the ceremony is at an end. The rice in the above case is emblematic of the support promised by the man, the flowers of the happiness offered by the woman.

Among the pure Chinese, and especially among the higher classes, the affair is a much longer and more serious one. From the almost Turkish strictness with which females are secluded, it is comparatively rare that a couple see each other previous to betrothal, and still more so that there should be any acquaintance between them. This has given rise to the necessary employment of a character equivalent to the *bazvalan* or marriage broker of ancient Brittany, to Mr. Foy's Parisian Matrimonial Agency Office, or the daily marriage advertisements of our own papers. If your wish is for marriage in the abstract, the broker will find you a fitting partner first, and negotiate the transfer after. If

you are less purely philosophical, and wish to consult your own tastes as well as the interests and increase of the nation, you are only to name the party, and the broker becomes your accredited ambassador. There is, however, one preliminary point to be ascertained. Has your intended the same surname as yourself? If so, it is a fatal difficulty, as the laws of China would not permit the marriage. If, however, she is Chun and you are Le, or she is Kwan or Yu, and you rejoice in any other patronymic monosyllable, the next step is for the broker to obtain from each a tablet containing the name, age, date and hour of birth, etc. These are then taken to a diviner and compared, to see if the union promises happiness: if the answer is favorable (and crossing the palm with silver is found to be as effectual with fortune-tellers in China as it is elsewhere), and the gates are equal, that is if the station and wealth of the two families are similar, the proposal is made in due form. The wedding presents are then sent, and if accepted the young couple is considered as legally betrothed. A lucky day must next be fixed for the wedding, and here our friend the diviner is again called upon. Previous to the great day the bridegroom gets a new hat and takes a new name, whilst the lady, whose hair has hitherto hung down to her heels in a single heavy plait, at the same time becomes initiated into the style of hair-dressing prevalent among Chinese married ladies, which consists in twisting the hair into the form of an exaggerated teapot and supporting it in that shape with a narrow plate of gold or jade over the forehead, and a whole system of bodkins behind it. On the wedding morning presents and congratulations are sent to the bridegroom, and among the rest a pair of geese; not sent, as we might imagine, by some wicked wag or irreclaimable bachelor, as a personal reflection on the intellectual state of his friend, but as an emblem of domestic unity and affection. The ladies, too, in China, as well as elsewhere, indulge in a little fashionable crying on the occasion, and so the relatives of the bride spend the morning with her, weeping over her impending departure, or, more probably, their own spinsterhood. They do not, however, forget to bring

some contributions for her trousseau. In the evening comes the bridegroom with a whole army of his friends, a procession of lanterns, a long red cloth or silk tapestry embroidered with a figure of the dragon borne on a pole between two men, and a large red sedan covered with carving and gilding, and perfectly close. In this the bride is packed up securely out of sight, and the whole procession, preceded by a band of music and the dragon, and closing with the bride's handboxes, starts for home. On arrival, she is lifted over the threshold, on which a pan of charcoal is burning, probably in order to prevent her bringing any evil influence in with her. She then performs the kotou to her husband's father and mother, worships the ancestral tablets of her new family, and offers prepared betelnut to the assembled guests. Up to this time she has been veiled, but she now retires to her chamber, where she is unveiled by her husband; she then returns, again performs obeisance to the assembled guests, and partakes of food in company with her husband; at this meal two cups of wine, one sweetened, the other with bitter herbs infused in it, are drunk together by the newly married pair, to symbolize that henceforth they must share together life's sweets and bitters. The bride then retires escorted by the matrons present, some one of whom recites a charm over her, and arranges the marriage couch. The next morning the gods of the household and the hearth are worshipped, and the six following days are devoted to formal receptions at home of different members of the two families or equally formal visits paid to the family of the bride. During the whole of this period, she still travels in her red-and-gold sedan, and is still escorted by her band of music and dragon.

Such are the ceremonies with which the chief or No. 1 wife is espoused, and of this rank there can be but one. Taste and depth of pocket give the only limit to the number of subsidiary wives that may be taken. These are married with far less ceremony than the first, are often from a different class of society, being literally purchased, and act to a certain extent as servants or attendants to the chief wife. They are,

however, legal wives, with recognized rights and position: their children are legitimate, and inherit in equal shares with those of the first wife. Indeed, this last is considered as the mother of the whole family, and the children are bound to display towards her more reverence than even towards their natural parent.

But even in the Flowery Land, people sometimes find that the bitter predominates over the sweet in the cups of alliance, and that the geese borne in the marriage procession are emblematical of something else besides domestic affection. In a word, they occasionally want to be unmarried. And really they have made a very fair provision for enabling themselves to loose the knot. Not only do they admit such grounds of divorce as would satisfy Sir Cresswell Cresswell, but they add to them inveterate infirmity, disrespect to the husband's parents, thieving, and, most comprehensive class of all, ill-temper and talkativeness. However, if the husband has acquired property since his marriage, if the wife has no parental home to which she may return, or if she has mourned for her husband's parents, divorce cannot take place. It is one of the many exemplifications of the Chinese maxim that the laws should be severe, but tempered with mercy in their administration.

There is, however, another dissolution of marriage over which law has no power—that which is effected by the hand of death. The widow is not forbidden to remarry, but by so doing she loses many privileges, and her conduct is considered somewhat light and irregular. Nature, however, will occasionally speak louder than fashion, and it may be worth while to repeat the tale told by Chwângtsze, the great Chinese philosopher.

A Chinaman died soon after his marriage with a young and lovely woman. As he was dying the wife was loud in her protestations of grief, and her determination not to marry again. The husband was not unreasonable: he only asked that if she did take another spouse she would wait till the earth upon his grave was dry. He died and was buried; and many a young and handsome bachelor of the province of Shan-

tung was present at his funeral. She listened to no suitor, for woman's heart is tender, and she could not so soon forget the lost one. Daily she stole to his grave. She wept, but no tear fell upon the soil: she took good care of that. At last after a few days Chwângtsze happened to pass, and saw her fanning, not herself, but the damp earth. He asked the reason. She told him of her husband's last request, and begged him to assist her. She offered him a fan to assist her, and there they sat to fan away the moisture: the grave was *so* long a-drying!

Poor Chwang! He was not much more lucky himself. He did not take the widow, but neither did he take warning. The geese were carried for him, and were *very* typical of *himself*. He had nothing to do for it at last but to quit political life, in which he had gained some distinction, and turn philosopher. But we will have "no more scandal about Queen Elizabeth," lest rosy English cheeks should take the part of China's golden lilies, as we have known widows at home almost in as great a hurry as those of the province of Shantung.

But even to the poor Chinaman death must come at last, even though there is no paper in Canton, so far as we know, to furnish a notice of his life and death, and to publish an abstract of his will, as is the case in more civilized countries. To him it comes armed with few terrors, so long as he leaves behind him male offspring to make the prescribed offerings at his tomb. We have stood by many a Chinese death-bed, and though the dying man might "prattle o' green fields," and fancy himself once more surrounded by his friends amidst the peach groves of Hiang Shan, whilst his frail body was tossing on the stormy waves of the Indian Ocean, yet there was no sign of dread with regard to the future that awaited him. But there, far out at sea, there was no opportunity for witnessing the ritual of death. But one brief hour after the eye has glazed, and the jaw has fallen, the canvas-shrouded and shotted corpse takes its last plunge into the blue ocean depths, without a prayer, without a rite save the few cash sprinkled by his remaining comrades over his watery tomb.

On shore a very different spectacle is presented. As the last hour draws near, the relatives wander round the house with cries, the gong is incessantly beaten, and packet after packet of fire-crackers gives out its short, sharp series of detonations, sounding like irregular platoon-firing, to frighten away the evil spirits supposed to be watching round the house to seize the departing soul. Whilst within, upon the filming eye the smoke of the ever-burning incense mingles with death's gray shadow. The eye is closed, the spirit has departed, and now every door and window is flung wide open, and the "keen" rises wildly to recall the wandering guest to its deserted tenement. And now the death is announced to all the relatives; the door is hung with white drapery, and down each lintel hangs a scroll of white on which appear funeral inscriptions in blue. Large blue and white lanterns are hung on either side the entrance, and probably a bamboo portico, thatched with matting, is erected to preserve lanterns, inscriptions and garlands from the weather. Should it be a parent who has passed away, two figures of the stork, the emblem of longevity, appear amid the decorations. The relatives of the deceased, robed in white, and with white cloths bound about their heads, now go in procession to the nearest spring or river; before them is supported the nearest heir of the deceased, wearing a white veil, showing signs of the deepest affliction, and bearing in his hand a bowl in which are two copper coins, whose united value is about half a farthing. This company, uttering the most dismal howls, and having in its train musicians whose performances are scarcely less doleful, has gone to purchase water to wash the dead. This ceremony having been performed, the body is dressed as in life, and placed in its coffin, which has previously been half-filled with quick-lime. The lid is then put on, and cemented down, the whole of it being afterwards highly polished, and the name of the deceased inscribed upon it.

The coffin, it may be as well to remark, is not a slight shell like those in use amongst us, but is either a hollowed tree or made in the form of one—the sides being rounded, and five or six

inches in thickness. They are formed of very hard and costly woods, reaching occasionally the price of £500. A handsome coffin is considered as acceptable a birthday present as a son can offer to his father, and coffins so given are often preserved unused for years.

The coffin having been closed, it is covered with a white cloth, and watched for twenty-one days. During this period a small red board with the names of the deceased in raised gilt letters, standing on a pedestal, and having an opening in the back, stands near the corpse, and is the object of a species of worship. It is called the ancestral tablet, and the hole in the back of it is intended to give admission to the spirit which is supposed to inhabit it. Should the family possess no available burial-ground, a diviner is consulted to choose some lucky spot for a tomb, which must be outside a town, and generally at some distance from it, a favorite spot being on the slope of a hill overlooking water. The tombs are formed in the shape of a horseshoe, consisting of a flat platform, under which the body is laid, surrounded by a raised wall, in the centre of which a stone is placed, bearing a copy of the inscription on the ancestral tablet. Of course the degree of ornament about the tomb depends in great measure on the rank and wealth of the deceased.

It by no means follows, however, that the body is buried at the close of the twenty-one days. The necessity to choose a lucky site, or the wish to transport the coffin to some distant burial-ground, may cause delays; and cases have been known where the delay has arisen from less justifiable motives. The Chinese law will not enforce the payment of rent so long as the body of the tenant's grandfather remains unburied in the house; nor is a man's property distributed till his funeral rites are completed. Hence the necessity which arises of taking legal steps to compel the burial.

Under different circumstances, the body of the great viceroy Yeh lay for months unburied. Let us give a description of his coffin, as it was not many months ago. A few rods outside the east gate of Canton, back from the streets, stands an unpretending Taonist

temple. A plain unornamented gate opens the way into a long narrow enclosure, which leads up to the shrine. The grounds seem deserted save that one old Chinaman stands by the inner gate. He is no door-keeper, but a street beggar. Yeh, the viceroy of Canton, has no door-keepers now.

We pass beneath another archway, and up a passage hung with white, till we reach the apartment of the dead. Here at length we meet a few attendants, and a Taonist priest officiates as our guide. He leads us into a small hall about twenty-five feet by twenty, hung with blue cloth, on which funereal inscriptions are embroidered in white silk. An altar stands in the middle of the room, on which are placed some dozen bowls of cooked vegetables and piles of artificial fruit, and sticks of burning incense. Behind the altar is a tablet of white silk on which are embroidered the names and titles of the late viceroy, and behind this, again, a curtain hangs from the roof to the ground. We raise and pass the curtain, and before us stands the coffin.

It is a plain box, but of great size, being twelve feet in length and four in thickness, each side consisting of a single slab of hard and costly wood brought from the province of Sze Chuen, far in the interior. Its cost was over 1500 dollars. The man who for years ruled with a rod of iron—before whose mandate 100,000 heads fell in the execution-ground of Canton, whose diplomatic skill baffled for years the ministers of European powers, who when his city was little better than a ruin and a desert could

not fight, and would not yield, lest he should betray the prestige of the inviolability of Canton, after all his power, skill, and obstinacy—lies unhonored and almost unattended without the walls of the city which he could rule, but could not save.

But we must hasten to a close. The grave having been fixed upon and the day for interment appointed, an altar is prepared in the room in which the body lies, and upon it are piled fruits and cakes, whilst in front of it we see a roast pig and a goat, the two latter being often made in lacquer-ware and hired for the occasion. At the door are placed musicians, and from time to time large masses of silvered paper are burnt at the entrance of the room. The body is then escorted to the tomb, all the mourners dressed in white, and the offerings, pig, goat, and all, form part of the pageant. But the principal object is the ancestral tablet, borne in a red shrine, and often accompanied by the figures of the household gods. On reaching the grave some religious ceremonies are performed, large quantities of silvered and gilt paper, and imitations of clothes, ships, etc., are burned, this being the readiest way of supplying the wants of the deceased, and forwarding his luggage to the spirit-land. The provisions furnish forth a feast, the coffin is interred, and the ancestral tablet borne back to the ancestral hall, where we will leave it, until the return of the period for the worship of the dead leads us back to the now closing grave.

—*Temple Bar.*

A SONG FOR WOMEN.

BY A. MATHESON.

WITHIN a dreary narrow room
That looks upon a noisome street,
Half fainting with the stifling heat
A starving girl works out her doom.
*Yet not the less in God's sweet air
The little birds sing free of care,
And hawthorns blossom everywhere.*

Swift ceaseless toil scarce winneth bread :
From early dawn till twilight falls,
Shut in by four dull ugly walls,
The hours crawl round with murderous tread.

*And all the while, in some still place,
Where intertwining boughs embrace,
The blackbirds build, time flies apace.*

With envy of the folk who die
Who may at last their leisure take,
Whose longed-for sleep none roughly wake,
Tired hands the restless needle ply.
*But far and wide in meadows green
The golden buttercups are seen,
And reddening sorrel nods between.*

Too pure and proud to soil her soul
Or stoop to basely gotten gain,
By days of changeless want and pain
The seamstress earns a prisoner's dole.
*While in the peaceful fields the sheep
Feed, quiet; and through heaven's blue deep
The silent cloud-wings stainless sweep.*

And if she be alive or dead
That weary woman scarcely knows,
But back and forth her needle goes
In tune with throbbing heart and head.
*Lo, where the leaning alders part,
White-bosomed swallows, blithe of heart,
Above still waters skim and dart.*

O God in heaven! shall I, who share
That dying woman's womanhood,
Taste all the summer's bounteous good
Unburdened by her weight of care?
*The white moon-daisies star the grass,
The lengthening shadows o'er them pass:
The meadow pool is smooth as glass.*
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GARIBALDI.

BY HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP, ALBERTO MARIO.

THE first time I ever saw General Garibaldi was in Milan in 1848. He was reviewing the Anzani battalion, which, after the armistice between the Austrians and the Piedmontese, he led against the enemy—Mazzini bearing the flag of "God and the People" at the head of the column. Garibaldi had just returned from the camp of Charles Albert, to whom he had offered his sword and services. These the king had refused, while the minister of war, Ricci, said to him, "You can go and play the corsair on the waters of Venice."

The fame of his mythological feats by land and by sea in South America had already made him the idol of the Italian

youth; his actual presence enhanced the enthusiasm. Of middle stature, square-built, well-knit frame, lithe and stalwart, his figure always reminded me of the *Miles Romanus*. He was dressed in a close-fitting brown coat and high hat; his beard was long and thick; his fair golden hair flowing over his shoulders; his profile was that of a Greek statue; the eyes small and piercing; the whole face lionesque. He was just forty years of age—in the flower of manhood and beauty.

He was accompanied by a band of officers who had fought under his command at Monte Video, and had followed him throughout all successive cam-

paigns. Among them were Sacchi, Medici—now generals in the royal army—Leggero, Rodi, Bueno, and others; all of unrivalled courage, who looked upon him as the god of war, obeyed him with the blindest enthusiasm, and imbued the volunteers with those sentiments of devotion, admiration and confidence which time and fresh victories generalized in Italy and in the world.

The Lombard campaign he finished on his own account; then after the defence of Rome and a year's banishment in America and Asia, he returned in 1856, as captain in the merchant service, to Genoa.

On the 9th April, 1860, at Lugano, where I was living in exile, I received the following letter:

"MY DEAR MARIO,—The news from Sicily is good. Pay in the money you have collected to Dr. Agostino Bertani, of Genoa. Assuredly I shall do all I can for our unhappy Nice; if we cannot wrest it from the felon of the 2d September, we shall at least protest. Write to Bisceco at New York, and tell him also to send his 250 dollars to Bertani.

"Affectionately yours,
"G. GARIBALDI."

In 1860 we landed with Medici at Castellamare, and arrived at Alcamo. Garibaldi came to meet us on horseback, delighted at the sight of this first expedition sent to him from the continent, and headed by his favorite friend and officer. I had never yet been personally presented to him, but he at once held out his hand saying, "You are Alberto Mario; I am glad to have you here; you did well to come." He had guessed who I was, because I was accompanied by my wife, who for many years had known him, he having spent some time in her father's house at Portsmouth. He placed a carriage at our service, and we returned with him to Palermo; where, on the morrow, he received me in his little bedroom at the splendid palace of the Normans, and attached me to his staff. He was seated on his bed, overlooking the wondrous view of the Golden Shell and of Monreale—assuredly one of the most enchanting landscapes in the world. Offering me a cigar, he said:

"Do you know this morning I had a visit from Admiral Persano, who is here in the bay with two frigates? Guess why he came. He was sent by Cavour to beg me to arrest you and your wife—to consign you to him on board the *Maria Adelaide*, to be sent back to Genoa. I looked at him with astonishment, and answered, indignantly, 'Signor Ammiraglio, reply to Count Cavour that I am not his police agent, like his lieutenants—Ricasoli, Farini, Lionetto or Cipriani—in Central Italy; that I do not arrest tried and honored patriots who have come to our assistance, and that I feel much offended by the demand. Signor Ammiraglio, let us speak of other things.' Quoth the Admiral, visibly disconcerted, 'They are Republicans!' and I, 'Republicans? Their Republic at present is the unity of Italy, which we intend to found, and for which we are willing to spend our lives!' And instead of sending you two on board the *Maria Adelaide*, I despatched La Farina, sent here by Cavour to create embarrassments, and to prevent me from completing the liberation of Naples by promoting the immediate annexation of Sicily, when even the island is not yet entirely freed from the Bourbon."

Rarely have I seen the General so excited, for he usually preserved an Olympic calm in the midst of tempests and agitation. I thanked him, and told him that Cavour had sent the same orders to Colonel Medici, detaining the expedition at Cagliari. Medici, out of delicacy, did not inform us of the fact, otherwise we never should have allowed such an important affair to be suspended for our unimportant selves. I shall never forget Medici's courtesy, especially as he owed much to Cavour and the Cavourians for the success of his undertaking.

During that month we made frequent excursions on horseback in the city of Palermo and its neighborhood. Palermo is populated with convents, and Garibaldi set his mind on penetrating their mysteries. The state in which we found the penitentiaries and foundling hospitals filled him with grief and indignation. He ordered rigid inquiries into the administration, had the food tested, and took steps for the amelioration of the

health of the inmates. It was curious to note how, even into their jealously guarded prisons, Garibaldi's fame had penetrated; how nuns and little children clustered round him with enthusiasm and trust, hailing him at once as liberator and saviour; and how, after the first burst of welcome, one by one, and interrupting each other continually, the nuns in their convents, and the orphans in their squalid habitations, would narrate the cruelties, the privations, the tortures to which they were subject — their emaciated faces and attenuated frames attesting the truth of their affirmations. More than once have I seen tears standing in the General's eyes as he ordered us to take notes of the declarations, and draw up reports that should serve as bases for future reform.

One morning he rode out to the fort of Castellamare, which the populace were demolishing with hearty good-will. This fort had been erected to keep the city in order, and to serve as a prison for patriotic rebels; and many of the best and purest Neapolitan citizens had languished there for years.

"It is the consciousness of their right," said Garibaldi, "which inspires these slaves of yesterday, which strengthens those arms, to shiver, like glass, this stronghold of infamy."

From the fortress we proceeded to Monte Pellegrino, where three or four thousand children, belonging to the very poorest classes of Palermo, were undergoing drill. Garibaldi had ordered Major Rodi, one of his officers of Monte Video, who had lost an arm on the battle-field, to collect these children, give them military training, and pay their parents three tari (a shilling) a day; thus relieving poverty, and keeping the children out of mischief.

"What beautiful lads!" he exclaimed. "We shall make brave soldiers of them; whereas the Bourbons were already training them for thieves and criminals." And regularly every morning he renewed his visits.

On one of these occasions he said to me:

"Will you organize a regular military school for these children?"

"Willingly, General."

"Good; draw up your project."

On the same day I presented him with the regulations drawn up in due form.

"So soon!" he exclaimed.

"There is no time to lose. If one cannot improvise under a dictatorship, what is the use of a dictatorship?"

It was settled that the new school should be entitled "Garibaldi's Military Institute," and should be adapted for three thousand pupils. The General very soon increased the number to six thousand; endowing it with the patrimony of several foundling hospitals and other institutions, whose inmates were transformed into soldiers. I accepted the direction of the college, on the understanding that the post was to be gratuitous, and that I should be free to return to active service as soon as hostilities recommenced. A laconic order, placing the building and necessary funds at my disposal, enabled me, within a month, to organize the institution thoroughly. Officers, non-commissioned officers, schoolmasters, were all in train; two battalions lodged and boarded at Santa Sabina. For the remainder I had already provided in a convent inhabited by some Palermitan nuns, when one day I received a sudden summons from the General to his pavilion.

"I am displeased with you," he said, half seriously, half in joke; "you have emptied a convent of nuns, among whom is the sister of Rosalino Pilo, the pioneer of the Sicilian expedition, who died on the battle-field. She has been here repeatedly to express her indignation against you, and to entreat that justice may be done. Dislodge immediately from the convent, and give it back to Pilo's sister and her companions."

"But, General, you gave me *carte blanche*, and I have found a much better convent for them."

"No matter—keep it for the lads."

"But, General, excuse me, I have spent three thousand francs in adapting the convent for a military school. Another thousand would be needed to restore it to its former state."

On this Garibaldi made a gesture of impatience; but, reflecting on the financial condition of the island, and on the fact that his generals only received two francs a day, he relented.

"But you must never forget," he said, "how much priests and friars here in Sicily assisted in the liberation of the island. True, they are enemies to the modern ideas of progress, but, above all, they are enemies to the Bourbons. Try to pacify Pilo's sister, and henceforth leave my nuns in peace."

Garibaldi visited the institution every morning and took the most intense interest in its daily progress. Nothing escaped him. On some days he would be present at the class lessons, on others at the manœuvres, listen to the band, direct the target shooting, taste the food, question the doctor as to the health of the children, himself give them short lessons in patriotism and morals. One morning he arrived at the institution with his felt hat pulled down over his eyebrows—a sure sign of vexation with him. After passing the two battalions in review, he walked away from where his staff stood, bidding me follow him.

"I am molested with persistent appeals for annexation," he said; "and the annexionists are setting these good Palermitans by the ears. I am weary of the implacable war waged against me by Count Cavour, though the island is not yet entirely free. Let them annex it. With four hundred men we can cross the straits, march up Calabria, and free Naples."

"General, allow me to observe that if you permit Sicily to be annexed now to Piedmont you will not be able to secure the four hundred men for the passage of the straits. Those who agitate for immediate annexation do so in order to impede your further progress. Deprived of Sicily as your basis of operations, what could you do with four hundred men? And in case of repulse, whence could help come? where could you take refuge?"

"There is much in what you say," he answered. "What think you of the constitution given by the King of Naples? Will it content the Neapolitans?"

"Not for a moment, General—not for a moment. It comes too late. The young king should have given it when he ascended the throne; no one now would believe in his sincerity. The Bourbons are a race of traitors."

"The young king is innocent of his father's crimes."

"But he has not washed his hands of them. And, besides, the Neapolitans are bent on Italian unity. No reconciliation is possible between them and the reigning dynasty."

"True, we must profit by a fair wind."

King Victor Emmanuel's Government had, ever since January, 1860, commenced negotiations for an alliance with the kingdom of Sicily, and even after Garibaldi's expedition to the island Cavour continued these negotiations, pledging the throne of Sicily to the Prince of Syracuse. Hence his anxiety for the annexation of the island to Piedmont, in favor of which a popular demonstration was organized. This irritated Garibaldi beyond bounds, and prompted his famous speech, ending with the words—"Fight first, and vote afterwards."

Towards the end of June, as we were assembled on the terrace of the pavilion, where all the *élite* of Palermo used to gather in the evening in hopes of seeing the General, seven haggard and emaciated youths asked for me, bringing a letter of presentation from my wife. They were the surviving companions of Pisacane, who had perished with three hundred of his followers in the expedition of Sapri (June, 1857), and Garibaldi's victories had liberated them from the dungeons of Farignana, where they had been confined for three years. They were so changed that I did not recognize any one of them. All they asked was to be allowed to thank their liberator. Garibaldi was, at the moment, conversing with the Commodore of the United States, his eyes caressing Enrico Cairoli, then a youth, who had received a bullet through his head at Calatafimi, and was killed on the Monte Parioli in 1867. The conversation was often interrupted by presentations, by officers of the staff, of Palermitan ladies, hovering round for a smile or for a word from the Dictator. Profiting by one of these intervals, I announced—"The galley-slaves of Farignana!"

"Where are they? Bring them to me."

As they entered he took the hand of each, and they silently, and many of them in tears, embraced him. The American Commodore gazed in amaze-

ment at their wan faces and tattered vestments. At last Garibaldi broke the silence :

"Bravo ! bravo ! I am indeed happy to see you. Tell me of Pisacane's glorious end. If my soldiers sleep in this palace, on the carpets of kings, the merit belongs in great part to Pisacane and his followers, who were our pioneers."

This justice rendered by Garibaldi to their beloved chief, increased the emotion of the brave lads. Seeing them become paler and paler, Garibaldi concluded, and rightly, that they were hungry, and bade me see to their wants. They were soon seated at the dinner-table of the staff in the pavilion, and finished off a hearty meal with the confitures and sweetmeats with which Garibaldi's nuns kept them constantly supplied.

Garibaldi then distributed some piastres to the men, who immediately asked him to enroll them in his ranks.

"The undertaking which you say was commenced by us in 1857 we wish to finish with you in 1860. We are trained sharp-shooters ; will you not enroll us in the corps of the Carabinieri Genovesi ?"

This was Garibaldi's crack corps, but he immediately summoned the Colonel, Mosto, who, however, could scarcely be persuaded to accept the poor fellows, so weak and helpless did they look. But, of course, to Garibaldi's demand he answered "Yes."

Out of the seven, five fell, dead or wounded, on the battle-field of Milazzo.

After the battle of Milazzo, to my involuntary reproach for the manner in which he had exposed his life in a hand-to-hand duel with a cavalry officer, he answered :

"Don't worry yourself ! our cause would triumph all the same even if I fell in action, but I know that I shall live to see its triumph."

On the evening after the battle, entering with my wife the hall where he was dining with the staff, he called us to his side, and with most punctilious courtesy to her, he said :

"Allow me to present to you the Admiral Persano ;" and to the Admiral he added, "The Marios."

The Admiral, as though he had never
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received any instructions concerning us, talked cordially on the subjects of the day, till Garibaldi interrupted the conversation by ordering me to go immediately to Palermo with instructions to General Sirtori and with the nomination of a vice-director of the military college, refusing meanwhile to accept my resignation.

Persano, hearing the orders, said quickly : "I am going to Palermo at once, and shall be most happy to give you a berth on board the *Maria Adelaide*."

"Thanks, Admiral, but the General expects his orders promptly obeyed, and would scarcely approve of my going round by Genoa."

Persano, with a look of perfect unconsciousness, said : "Why should we touch at Genoa ?"

But Garibaldi laughed heartily, and invited the Admiral and ourselves to visit the castle of Milazzo, which the vanquished Bourbons were then evacuating, embarking their troops on board French ships. In the court-yard were numerous abandoned and frightened horses, and Garibaldi amused himself by dexterously catching them with a lasso as he used to catch the wild horses in the Pampas. When the sport was over I presented Colonel Mussolino, now deputy in the Italian Parliament, who brought the General congratulations from the French Liberals. Mussolino proposed to the General to land by surprise in Calabria at Cavallo, in front of the Faro. "Go at once yourself," answered the General ; "examine the spot, and return to report to me at Messina."

On my return from Palermo it was precisely at Messina that I found Garibaldi, and there accompanied him every day to the Faro, he climbing even to the top in order to study the manœuvres of the Bourbon ships and the Calabrian shore. His whole soul was so concentrated on the idea of crossing over to the continent, that he often spoke no word either going or returning. It was a difficult problem to solve. The straits were possessed by the Bourbon fleet—whereas Garibaldi had no men-of-war—the coast bristled with fortresses, the enemy was on the alert.

One day he said to me : "I have chosen you for a dangerous enterprise.

You will go as aide-de-camp to Colonel Mussolino to examine the land in Calabria for us."

An hour later he bade me enter his boat with General Medici and Guastalla. It was followed by a little fleet of boats, each manned by six volunteers. The shore was crowded with soldiers, the drums were sounding the retreat. Night fell; perfect silence was maintained as the arms were distributed. Mussolino said: "General, the cartridges don't fit the revolvers." "Use your fists," was the laconic reply. Then ordering me to enter Mussolino's boat, at the head of seventy-two others, parallel with the shore, and reaching to the Faro, he steered his own boat to the middle of the straits, and the tiny fleet rowed past him, one after the other, at distances assigned by him, and with orders to glide along the shore and make for the light-house.

"I have intrusted you with a difficult and dangerous enterprise. I know your courage; I am sure of you. Go, I shall join you soon."

Towards the end of July, 1867, I visited the General in company with Deputy Acerbi at Vinci, intending to try and dissuade him from his intended expedition to Rome. I did my best to demonstrate that in the present state of Italy Rome could not be entered without coming to a compromise with the Church, and he would, while dethroning the king, strengthen the power of the pontiff.

"We will settle with the pontiff when we have dethroned the Pope-king," was the only reply vouchsafed. Acerbi had undertaken to point out the embarrassment in which the Government would be placed were Italian troops to cross the frontier before the Roman had risen, but without giving him time to speak, Garibaldi said: "You, General Acerbi, will command the volunteers; Viterbo will be our rallying place; you can treat with Rattazzi, and tell my friends who now oppose my scheme that I give them a month longer for preparation." In war time or during the preparation for war it was very difficult to discuss with Garibaldi. As he had neither soldiers, nor officers, nor treasury nor armory, but had to trust to the omnipotence of his name to create

them, he was always prepared by long meditation for all the objections that friends or foes offered; and when on the field itself his acts seemed most spontaneous, you might be sure that he had weighed all the *pros* and *cons*, conjectured what the enemy could or would do in a given circumstance, and decided how best to baffle or defeat him. Hence at the sound of that quietly authoritative voice all Acerbi's courage vanished, and he only said, "General, I thank you for the confidence you repose in me." So thoroughly was I convinced of the unwisdom of the scheme that I declined accompanying the General on his preliminary tour, nor even after his escape from Caprera did I join him at once, but after a few days the fever of anxiety and uncertainty prevailed, and I joined him at Monterotondo, where he at once named me vice-chief of his staff, the venerable General Fabrizi being the chief.

On the 30th October we marched from Castle Giubileo along the Anio towards Ponte Nomentano with Rome in sight. Ten thousand volunteers formed his little army. Garibaldi made a reconnaissance in person towards the bridge, halting at Casal dei Pazzi; here were already a number of Zouave scouts; our advanced guides signalled their presence, and one of them fell wounded through the lungs. We formed round the General, who ordered me to go in haste to Villa Cecchini for a battalion, with which I soon returned; then we mounted one of the turrets of the castle, and saw a battalion of Zouaves cross the bridge and advance towards the castle. "Here," said the General to Fabrizi and myself, "we can defend ourselves until the rest of the troops come up." I told him that the exit of the castle was free, as I had placed one battalion at the entrance, leaving another at Villa Cecchini. The enemy now attacked us in front and flank, but the General gave orders that our troops were not to reply, as he did not consider it a fit place for a decisive battle. In the evening he gave the orders for returning to Monterotondo, and at once his 10,000 volunteers were reduced to 6000. Many of them had read the King's proclamation; others knew that with Menabrea instead of

Rattazzi at the head of the Government all further attempts on Rome were impossible. Already the new ministry had forbidden that provisions, ammunition, or clothes should cross the frontier for our use, and we were in fact blockaded between the Papal and Piedmontese armies. Meanwhile we had persuaded the General to form a provisional Government. On the 2d of November, in one of the halls of the Piombino palace, we met to consult Fabrizi, Bertani, Misori, Menotti, Canzio, Bezzi, Guerzoni, Adamoli, Bellisomi, and others. Garibaldi came to the meeting and sat apart, with his elbow on his stick, which in that campaign had served instead of a sword, and his chin leaning on his hand. He listened in silence to the ideas expounded; the articles of the new constitution were duly condensed for his benefit, the resolutions drawn up were read. On this he rose, and we all rose also. "*Bene, bene,*" he said; "*bravi! farò poi a modo mio.*" "Good, good; well done! now I shall act in my own way." On the night of the 2d November he summoned me to his room and gave me orders to march before dawn on Tivoli, saying: "We shall thus be protected by the Apennines, and be masters of both banks of the Anio; we can hold out a hand to Nicotera, and Acerbi will soon join us; we encamp in a country which has not been exhausted of its supplies, and the volunteers will no longer be so near *Passo Corese* as to escape easily."

The plan was excellent, and indeed was the only one feasible under the circumstances.

But meanwhile came Menotti, and obtained a delay, as the troops were waiting for shoes and other necessities, and we only set out at eleven on the following morning. The General was not in his usual good-humor; his hat was pulled down over his brows, and he hummed an old war-song of Monte Video as he came down the staircase of Palazzo Piombini and silently mounted his horse. Once on horseback we galloped along all the line in march, and towards midday entered Mentano. A guide came back from the outposts to say that we were attacked. "Go and take up positions," said the General to me. I obeyed, taking our men to the

heights and the right and left of the road, while the General himself posted our only two small pieces on another height, thus for a time keeping the assailants in check.

When once the troops recovered from the momentary panic of the sudden and unexpected attack, Garibaldi ordered them to charge with the bayonet along all the front; the order was valorously obeyed, and the Papalini retreated in confusion.

Indeed there was a moment when Guerzoni exclaimed, "General, the day is ours." But soon an unknown and as it then seemed an unearthly sound assailed our ears, like the hissing of tribes of rattlesnakes. The "*chassepôts*" had commenced their "*miracles*," the French had taken the place of the Papalini! There was nothing for it now but to return to Monterotondo. Arrived at the foot of the hill leading to the town, Garibaldi ordered me to defend the height to the left, and sent Colonel Cantone to occupy the convent of the *Cappucini*, to the right, which he did at the cost of his life.

The position of Monterotondo without ammunition or cannon being untenable, General Fabrizi ordered the retreat on *Passo Corese*. Garibaldi never quitted his horse. Perfect silence reigned, save for the sound of the troops marching; it was a mournful spectacle.

After succeeding in removing a huge barricade, I asked the General if he would enter his carriage. "Thanks, no!" The night was passed in a hut at *Passo Corese*; he still hoped for the arrival of Acerbi, but on the morrow allowed the arms to be consigned to Colonel Carava of the Italian army, saying as he gave the order for dissolving the corps, "Colonel, tell our brave army that the honor of the Italian arms is safe."

Once in the railway for Florence, it was the General's intention to return to Caprera. But Menebrea sent troops to arrest him. He refused to yield save to force, at the same time forbidding us to make any resistance, and after a short imprisonment was sent under escort to Caprera, and there considered a prisoner until after the entry of the Italians into Rome, when he departed without

saying "by your leave," to offer what remained of him to struggling and defeated France!

From the 4th November, 1867, until January, 1876, I did not see the General, as my Christian charity was not sufficiently broad to sustain me in a war for France against Prussia, who had given us Venice in 1866, and enabled the Italian troops to enter Rome in 1870. In 1876 I found the General in Villa Casalini, outside Porta Pia, intent on his schemes for the prevention of the inundation of Rome by the Tiber, and for the improvement of the Roman Campagna. The eight intervening years had left no sensible alteration on his face or form; the lines of the face were unchanged, the eyes gleamed with their old fire—only the hair and beard were considerably thinner and whiter. The teeth, still perfect, maintained his speech and smile intact. He received me affectionately, saying:

"We are changed indeed since last we met; I have lost both hands and feet."

And indeed he gave his left hand as the least crippled of the two. As we were talking, a boy of six rushed into the room, accompanied by some English ladies and a person who, coming up to the General, said:

"Look at Manlio; how well the sailor's costume suits him! He is quite proud of himself. Miss——made it for him without taking his measure."

The General, taking the child between his knees, thanked the English lady, and turning to me and pointing to the speaker, said:

"This is my wife, and this is our little son; call Clelia."

Clelia, about two years older, appeared, and thus the new family group was completed, and the General's eyes beamed with pleasure. Presently, addressing himself to the English ladies, he said:

"You have lost your mother, I understand; it is a great trial, but a natural one. The idea of death does not weigh on my mind; I am prepared for it; only I would fain not suffer more, I have already suffered so much. One ought to look on death as on a friend. Priests have terrified the imagination with their pictures of hell and purga-

tory, in which I do not believe at all. See here, I have been invited to go to London, to assist at a conference of evangelical people. Are you Protestants?" he asked, looking at the ladies above his spectacles.

"Yes."

"Well, then, listen to my reply." And he read a letter in which he said that he belonged to a religion without priests, because priests are the greatest scourgers of mankind. "Is it not so?"

As the ladies did not reply, he turned to me and said:

"I see, the navigation is difficult."

At last, one of the ladies took courage, and said:

"General, don't you believe in God, and in a future life?"

"I like to imagine," he answered, "a superior intelligence which regulates the universe in its movements, and in its laws, and that my intelligence is a particle of the same as that of every human being, and that all return to the great origin after death; and this belief raises man to a high sense of his dignity, whereas the priests and their paradise and their hell debase mankind. Do you know your God? Have you seen Him? To whom has He revealed Himself?"

Miss M. No one can discuss a faith!

Miss N. The Bible is a revealed book, and traces of the Deluge are still extant.

Garibaldi. How can you expect me to believe that in those days Noah built a boat large enough to hold his own family and all the species of animals besides? That is absurd!

Miss N. With God nothing is impossible.

"I beg your pardon," said the General, "for having led you on to this discussion, where we shall never agree. The only persons who have revealed anything to the world are men of genius; the priests have brought nothing but evil!"

"But there have been good priests."

"Very rarely. Ugo Bassi was a good priest, and now and then I have met with others, but in general they are baneful, owing to the doctrines they profess—and I speak of priests of all religions."

The English ladies seemed rather inclined than not to continue the conversation.

"All the wars, for instance, in Spain, and many elsewhere," I observed, "have been brought about by the priests."

"Bravo! that is true," said Garibaldi; and the conversation turned on war in general, until Manlio and Clelia, also dressed sailor fashion, returned, and their boisterous glee and their father's delight in their fun put an end to all conversation. The ladies left, and I returned to the Tiber schemes.

"We shall do nothing," he said, impatiently; "let us come to our own affairs. From the camp of the insurgents (the Herzegovina) I have been requested to send them a chief of the staff, and I took the liberty of promising that you would go."

I looked at the General stupefied. I had not joined him in the French campaign, not feeling general knight-errantry to be my mission—and certainly had now no intention of joining the insurgents.

"The Turk in Europe," he went on, "is a disgrace to civilization, but in order to be rid of him, all the nationalities in the Greek and Slavonic provinces must rise. It would be difficult for the Slavs to found a republic, but they might form a confederation of states. What do you say?"

"That I am grateful for the honor you have offered me; but do not feel myself equal to the mission."

Accustomed to absolute obedience on the part of his friends and subordinates, Garibaldi looked at me as one who had not heard aright, but only said in his quiet fashion:

"You can take time to decide. I do not know what part Italy will take in the Eastern question. If she chose, before Austria could appear on the field, she might, from the ports of Ancona and Brindisi, send an army to the rescue. The insurgents entreat me to go to their aid, but I am, as you see, no longer able to march across country at the head of insurgent bands. If I am to command an army, it must henceforth be from behind the horses!"

Once more I tried to bring him back to the Tiber question.

"*Che Tevere! che Tevere!*" he said,

impatiently. "They have befooled me; they will do nothing. The President of the Council and the Minister of Public Works name commissions, these name sub-commissions, and so we go on from day to day, and the works are sent to the Greek Kalends. If they would only begin to fill up the marshes of Ostia and Maccarese, that would do much to purify the air. My idea would be to see the Tiber deviated from its present course, carried round Rome, re-entering its bed below San Paolo fuori le Mura. Another canal passing directly through Rome and running parallel to the sea. The deposits brought down would fill up the marshes, and thus the city would be saved from inundations, and the neighborhood between Rome and the sea rendered fertile and salubrious. But these are dreams that we shall never see realized."

I could not help reflecting that they had been dreams ever since the earliest days of Rome, and that Father Tiber had outwitted and defied Popes and Emperors, the heads of the Republic and the minions of despotism; and I quite agreed with the General that little or nothing was to be expected from the ministry in the present state, especially, of national finance.

In the May of the same year I accompanied Garibaldi to Viterbo. At Orte we left the train for carriages, and went through districts that seemed deserts—not a village to be seen, nor even a farm-house; yet Garibaldi's presence was known, and crowds of herdsmen and peasants, children and women, cheered him as he passed. They were a wild-looking set, clad in goat and sheep-skins; but the women held the children aloft to get a sight of the General, as they would have lifted them to kiss the images of the Madonna by the roadside. It was a sort of triumphal march, and from the balcony of the communal palace of Viterbo, Garibaldi took for this theme the community of interest and affection that ought to reign between the army and the people. "The soldiers come from the people, and the time will come when they will serve the cause of the people and no longer that of tyrants. The Italian soldiers and people together conquered the tyrants."

This speech was much applauded, especially by the soldiers present among the spectators, and even the royal carabinieri cheered. As the Liberals had just come to power, there were also cries of "*Viva la Sinistra!*"

"I like that cry," said Garibaldi. "I hope my friends will govern better than their predecessors; but we must wait and see before we praise them. We want facts, we are all tired of promises."

After a long sojourn at Caprera, Garibaldi returned to Rome on the 4th of April, 1879.

We had not been warned that he was suffering severely from one of his rheumatic attacks, so that on finding him stretched and apparently motionless in the waiting-room of the station we received a shock never to be forgotten. His voice alone rang clear and clarion-like as he recognized us, and alluding to a biography of him which I had just published in Italian, he thanked me, and spoke very cordially of his satisfaction. Then, as some one kissed him on the forehead from behind, he said, "*Che diavolo!* Who is it that takes me in the rear?" Then recognizing old Ripari, his volunteer surgeon both in 1860 and 1849, he welcomed him, and then directed us to have him carried to his carriage by a private door. He was suffering intensely, and could not bear the noisy welcome of the crowd, and, to say the truth, those who caught sight of him returned in silence, and many in tears, from the heart-rending spectacle.

I spent much time with him every day during his sojourn in Rome, where he soon rallied from his attack, and busied himself to summon all the leaders and chief men of the Democratic party to unite in some given work on which they could be all agreed. This agreement was found in the question of universal suffrage, and it may be said that all the survivors of the old revolutionary battles, from Sicily as from Turin, answered to the roll-call. The Government was much alarmed, but so far from there being any cause, this act of Garibaldi's, giving the Democrats a feasible object to work for, enabling them to keep strictly within legal means, was sufficient to stem the torrent of useless demonstrations, of flag bearings,

and noisy appeals to the worst passions of the multitude.

One day old Avezzana, who began his political life in 1821, when he was condemned to death as a *carbonaro*, visited him. "Ah!" said the General, in a real voice of vexation, "I do envy you, for you can still mount on horseback."

The Democratic Congress was held in Rome, and went off satisfactorily. The General's object, however, in coming to Rome was to obtain the divorce from Signora Raimondi, married and rejected on the same day in 1859, and to marry the mother of Clelia and Manlio. The children, two handsome young savages, were constantly with him, Manlio evidently the apple of his eye, and as turbulent and disobedient a young imp as ever fell to my lot to see. But his noise and restlessness never seemed to disturb his father, whose eyes and voice caressed him even in reproof. After a short sojourn in Rome, he went to a beautiful villa near Albano, where, going with a Roman friend, we were warmly welcomed. He was looking well in comparison with when he left Rome, and was in fact free from pain, which was all that he could hope for henceforward, feet and hands being hopelessly crippled. We talked long over olden times, but his thoughts reverted constantly to Greece, and the abandonment by Europe of the Greeks. "There is yet *our* war," he said, "against Austria, to take from her Trent and Trieste, which are our own. If we are silent for the nonce, it is not that we have at all abandoned the idea. If the war be possible in our time, you will have to carry me into the field." "That I will do," said the friend who accompanied me, and, glancing at his herculean frame, Garibaldi seemed satisfied, until I said, "No, no, General! the next time you must command the fleet, and in twenty-four hours we shall be in the port of Trieste." "Ah, if that could be! if that could be!" he said.

From Albano Garibaldi went to Civita Vecchia, more to gratify the wish of the children for sea-bathing, than because he hoped for any benefit from the baths himself.

Toward the close of 1880, the workmen of Milan who, indignant at the

Moderates for erecting a statue to the ex-Emperor of the French, had contributed their hard-earned pence to the monument "for the martyrs of Mentana," sent a deputation to Caprera to entreat the General to be present at the inaugural ceremony. The members of the deputation were themselves convinced of the almost impossibility of his compliance with their request, so utterly broken up did he appear, so sad were the accounts of his sufferings as narrated by his family and attendants. But he answered, "I will come," and toward the end of October he landed at Genoa, where his first thought was to visit Mazzini's Court at Staglieno, but the weather and a fresh attack of pain preventing, he wrote a letter to Saffi, promising to do so on his return, and adding meanwhile, *invio in ispirito il mio saluto alla salma del precursore*.

After a few days' rest at S. Damiani d'Asti, the house of the mother of his young children, to whom his divorce from *la Raimondi* had enabled him to give his name, he arrived at Milan, where the promoters of the monument announced their triple intent to commemorate the victims of the temporal power of the Papacy—to protest against all foreign intervention and interference in Italian affairs—to assert the bond of union between French and Italian democracy; hence the significance of the special invitation to Blanqui, to Rochefort, as the men who had done much to efface the insolent *jamais* of *Rouher*.

It was a programme after Garibaldi's own heart, a fresh protest against *Papal and Imperial tyranny*, a fresh assertion of the "alliance of the peoples." "All Milan" clustered to the station, or lined the streets, balconies, and roofs, to bid welcome and catch a glimpse of the hero.

The "Thousand," the "Veterans," the "Survivors of the revolutionary battles," the working men's societies, with their three hundred banners and bands, had undertaken to keep the station and streets clear for the general's carriage. *Che!* the people took the station by storm, and even the engine (it was the *Niobe*) was seized on as a vantage point before it had fairly stopped.

"It is he! It is he!" was the one exultant cry, but when that *lui* pale, motionless, a shadow of his former self,

was lifted from the railway carriage, a hush fell on the multitude; those who had not seen him since 1862 stood aghast with fear; even I, who had parted with him so lately, was not prepared for the ravages that disease and pain had wrought in the eighteen intervening months. The bands still played, the people shouted welcome, but a change had come over the spirit of their dream, that welcome seemed instead a last adieu. The General, with evident effort, held up two fingers and smiled his thanks upon the multitude, but a tear coursed down his pallid cheeks as he said, "Milan always Milan!"

"The Milan of the people, my General," said Carlo Antongini, one of his veterans.

"Yes, and that is why it is so grand."

Then the French deputation arrived, and the air rang with cries of "Viva France! Viva the French Republic! Viva Blanqui and Rochefort!" The former, a bowed, bent, white-haired veteran, thirty years of whose span of life had been spent in prison for his faith, formed a striking contrast to the latter, a hale and vigorous man, with a thicket of tawny tangled hair surrounding his vivacious countenance. He seemed much impressed by the sight of Garibaldi, and presenting him with a magnificent album containing letters, signatures, poems, and addresses, he said: "The representatives of the people, and the representatives of the powers that be, who throng to see you, are the living proofs of your universal popularity."

Garibaldi's welcome to each of us, his old officers of Mentana, was heartfelt. "I cannot embrace you, my arms are infirm; give me a kiss instead."

At the moment of the unveiling of the monument Garibaldi's carriage, from which the horses had been detached, was wheeled on to the platform; he was looking less fatigued, and smiled as he saw the old familiar faces—Fabrizi, Bertani, Missori, Bezzi, and others—who had been with him on the day of the *miracles des chassépôts*, the 3rd November, 1867.

The speech, which he had written himself for the occasion, was read by his son-in-law, Canzio. He alluded to Legnago and the five days of Milan: "The alliance between the Moderates

and the priests against universal suffrage, which they know will prove a purifying wave over the soil of Italy, the inexorable judge of their iniquities. He who gives his blood and sweat for Italy has a better right to a vote than the few well-to-do ones (*abbiente*) who have hitherto monopolized that sovereignty which is only legitimate when exercised for the welfare and benefit of all, instead of for the interests of a single class."

The day after the ceremony Garibaldi quitted Milan. On the 7th November, 1880, I listened for the last time to the vibrating music of his voice, and looked my last on his beautiful, beloved face.

Several letters I received later referring to our agitation for universal suffrage, and when in August, 1881, we were holding our great meeting for the abolition of the laws on papal guarantees came his characteristic telegram :

"*Voto l'abolizione delle garanzie e del garantito.*"

"I vote the abolition of the guarantees and of the guaranteed (the Pope) "

The closing scenes of his noble life have been too minutely described, and are too fresh in the recollection of all readers to need any description here.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

FROM FISH TO REPTILE.

UNDER my eyes here, in the muddy pond on Hole Common, a miracle is this moment taking place in the open air, without any dark-room *séance* or mystical hocus-pocus, compared with which Mr. Home's levitation or Dr. Slade's spirit-writing is mere clumsy conjuring and inconclusive sleight of hand. Why people will refuse to believe in the possibility of evolution, when they can see it thus taking place any day in broad daylight before their own faces, surpasses my poor limited comprehension. Is it so incredible that a lizard should by long ages of change have grown at last into a bird, when we ourselves can watch a crawling caterpillar growing in less than three weeks into a beautiful feathery-winged butterfly? Is it so incredible that an ancestral donkey should gradually develop by slow increments into a modern horse, when we ourselves can watch a fixed and rooted polyp throwing off buds from its own body to form a free and locomotive jelly-fish? Or is it so incredible that some primeval mammal should be ultimately descended from a fish-like progenitor, when we ourselves can watch, here on Hole Common, a gill-breathing, limbless aquatic tadpole, developing by rapid steps into so different a creature as a four-legged, air-breathing, terrestrial frog? How can we deny that these other things may well have been, when we know that these active little jumping frogs on the bank here have each positively grown out of

the small, shapeless, darting mud fish we see swimming about in the pond below? Look at it how we will, a miracle it is in all sobriety of speech; and if the creature which exhibited it had just been brought for the first time from Central Africa or the Australian Bush, we should all be rushing off excitedly to the Brighton Aquarium to see this strange animal which positively changes from a perfect fish to a perfect terrestrial quadruped before our very faces. What a triumph for the evolutionists we should all consider it! and what a sensation its arrival would produce! We should be as much astonished as if a lizard were discovered in South America which gradually put forth a crop of feathers, developed a beak and a pair of pinions, and finally turned into a full-fledged pigeon. But as it is nothing more than a common English amphibian, we turn away from the familiar miracle wholly unconcerned, and say with a yawn to one another, "Why, it's only a tadpole."

Scientific writers generally know so very much themselves that they have clean forgotten what are the sort of difficulties that beset the likes of you and me in our endeavors to comprehend the process of things in the organic world. They are so accustomed to look at plants and animals from the point of view of structure and classification, that they quite overlook the obvious and external differences of shape and appearance and color, which form the only ob-

jects of interest in the plant or the animal to ninety-nine out of a hundred among their human fellow-creatures. They are so absorbed in the homologies of the skeleton that they forget to say anything about the flesh and blood; they are so deeply interested in the monocotyledonous seed that they forget to mention the leaves and the flower. Now of course for any real scientific reconstruction of the past history of any organism, these purely structural points are of the highest importance. Without them, it is impossible to arrive at any true or useful conclusion. The real underlying difficulty about the evolution of birds, for example, does not lie in any question about their feathers, or their wings, or their bills, but in certain unsolved internal problems of bones and vital organs. The real underlying difficulty about the evolution of the elephant does not lie in his trunk, his tusks, or his gigantic size, but in certain small points of his bony structure. Accordingly, scientific expositions of the evolution theory usually give us a great many pretty pictures and diagrams of sternums, and coracoids, and upper epibranchials, and other nice things with nice names to correspond; while they seldom give us a single word about the bird's feathers, or the elephant's trunk, or the horse's mane, which are the objects that strike everybody's eye, and that everybody wants to have explained to him. In short, the ordinary scientific writer cannot be made to understand that we don't want bones and organs, but real live birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles. The scientific man is clearly right, of course, and we are just as clearly wrong; but such is the perversity of human nature that we shall probably always continue in our evil courses, and never take that lively personal interest in orbitosphenoids which is properly expected of us—no, not if we live to be as old as Methuselah.

Suppose, accordingly, we sit down quietly here by the side of Hole Pond, and, with the living tadpoles before us for a text, we just try to reconstruct ideally so much of the pedigree which links reptiles with fish as we can arrive at without once cutting up an unfortunate tadpole, even mentally. For the most curious part of it all is this, that

the great gulfs which appall the ordinary mind are to the scientific thinker no gulfs at all; while the bones and the internal organs which we so carelessly disregard are the real crux of the whole discussion. The origin of the elephant's trunk, a man of science will tell you, is obviously a mere bit of functional adaptation; so is the origin of bright petals in flowers, of pulpy fruits, of beautiful plumage, of tall antlers. All these things are so simple that he never troubles his head for a moment about them. And consequently the poor outsider looks upon them usually as insoluble problems, which all the resources of science are powerless to attack. Whereas in reality the very questions which interest every one of us on the first blush are also the ones to which evolutionism offers the simplest, easiest, and most satisfactory answers.

It is well to begin at the beginning; and indeed, in order to trace the development of reptiles from fish, it is necessary first to look at the very earliest form of fish known to us. Many people imagine that if evolution be true the highest fish will resemble the lowest reptile; the highest reptile the lowest bird; and the highest bird the lowest mammal. But this is really a most mistaken idea. For as a rule each great class branches off from the classes beneath it at a very low point indeed. It is while a group of animals is still young and plastic that it buds out on every side into new and diversified forms. Each specialization in any one direction naturally hinders specialization in other directions; and so the true arrangement of animals is not linear, but rather divides and subdivides like the branches and twigs of a great and spreading tree. The lowest types of each class most closely resemble one another; while the highest types present the greatest diversities from one another. Hence, in order to get at the real relationship between any two groups of animals, it is almost always necessary to go back to the very earliest common ancestor whom we can discover. And in the case of fishes and reptiles, this earliest common ancestor is best represented among modern animals by that very primitive little vertebrate, the lancelet, or amphioxus.

It is usual to describe amphioxus as a

vertebrate, because it remotely resembles other vertebrates in the most important points of general structure ; but as far as the fitness of language goes, the name is rather a misnomer, for amphioxus is really a vertebrate without any vertebræ—a boneless and heartless insignificant little sand-worm. Nobody but a naturalist would ever describe it as a fish at all, for it has no apparent head, no eyes, no mouth to speak of, no teeth, no backbone, and no shape worth mentioning. It is a small transparent worm-like creature, about three inches long, quite cosmopolitan in its habits, and found in all countries, from England to Tasmania, from China to Peru, and from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. Though not uncommon on the coasts of Britain, it is seldom noticed, partly because of its transparency, and partly because of the rapidity with which it can bury itself in the sand when disturbed. Unlike all other vertebrates, the lancelet is pointed at both ends, after the fashion of a shuttle, so that it seems to have no head and two tails. It does not possess a true skeleton, but in its place a cartilaginous pipe or notochord runs from one end of the little creature to the other, partially protecting the spinal chord. There are no ribs, no limbs, and, what is strangest of all, no skull or brain ; both cartilaginous shell and spinal cord end at the head, as at the tail, in a tapering point. Indeed, the senses and organs of amphioxus, this earliest ancestor of the highest animals, are far inferior to those of most insects, or even of slugs and jelly-fish. The mouth consists of a simple ring surrounded by little waving arms or tentacles, which sweep in the food and water together ; the first rudiments of eyes are represented by two tiny black spots of pigment, faintly sensitive to light or darkness ; a primitive organ of smell exists, almost invisible, where the nostrils ought to be ; and there is no organ of hearing whatsoever. As to locomotion, that is performed partly by wriggling, and partly by a sort of slightly expanded and undeveloped fin at the tail end. At the imminent risk of growing too obviously physiological, like the men of science whom I have been treating so harshly, I shall add that its blood is colorless, and that it has only a pulsat-

ing fold of its chief artery in place of a heart. A simpler little sand-worm one could hardly find ; and yet from some such form as this all the highest vertebrates are most probably developed. No wonder that Haeckel should separate it entirely from the remainder of the vertebrate classes in a distinct order of brainless animals.

Why such a very primitive little creature as this should have survived unaltered to the present day it is not difficult to understand. Early forms are always found in hole-and-corner situations, where a higher type of life would be unsuccessful ; just as a civilized man would starve or freeze to death where a Bushman or an Eskimo would manage to pick up a very tolerable livelihood. Thus the lowest mammals are burrowing or nocturnal creatures in isolated Australia, like the echidna and the ornithorhynchus ; while our own lowest forms are underground worm-hunting moles, night-prowling insectivorous hedgehogs, and little diving, water-haunting shrews. In just the same way, the amphioxus has lived on almost unchanged from an unimaginable antiquity to our own time, because in its simple habitat any higher senses or limbs are unnecessary, and competition from more developed forms need not be feared. The little transparent lancelet can hardly be seen at all on the shallow bottom ; it can bury itself at a moment's notice ; and its structure is perfectly adapted to its own primitive habits and manners. Even when you know where to look for it, and are quite sure that it is to be found in abundance, you can seldom discover one without a great deal of trouble. Eyes would be useless to the poor thing in the sand where it usually lurks, and a brain would be an unnecessary luxury for an animal that has no limbs to move, no senses to co-ordinate, and nothing on earth to think about. Somebody once asked the Veddahs of Ceylon why they never laughed. "Because," answered the guileless savages, "we never see anything to laugh at." The case is much the same with amphioxus ; he has no brain, because he would have no use for it even if he had one.

Just above the lancelet, in the direct line toward amphibians and reptiles,

come the ugly class of suctorial cartilaginous fishes to which the hags and lampreys belong. These uncanny eel-like creatures are parasitic on other fish, which objectionable habit has preserved them in comparative simplicity of type to our own day; for parasitism is just one of those special shady walks of life in which humbly organized forms usually have the advantage over higher and better types. In all probability the hags are a very ancient family indeed; for the oldest vertebrate remains which we possess are a lot of little horny tooth-plates from the lower Silurian rocks, extremely like the small hooked denticles of our modern hag-fish. Of course, the ancestors of amphioxus could never leave any fossil remains at all, seeing that their bodies were all soft and cartilaginous; while even in the hag family, the only part hard enough for preservation is the dental plates. The whole tribe resembles the lancelet in many points of organization, though it rises decidedly higher in the scale as regards senses and intelligence. The skeleton of the fish belonging to this class is soft and gristly; the notochord, or rudimentary backbone, has no ribs, and the animals are without limbs of any sort. But they have a skull, though a very soft one, and a brain inside it; and they have also an extremely simple and clumsy sort of heart. The suctorial fish fall into two main divisions, the hags and the lampreys, each of which has some importance of its own as a link in the chain of development toward the higher vertebrates.

The hags are unpleasant-looking oily marine fishes, with long, thin, snake-like bodies, popularly and well described by fishermen as about half-way between a worm and an eel. They admirably illustrate the portmanteau word "slithy," in the *Jabberwocky* poem, explained by the White Queen as a compound of "lithe" and "slimy;" for they are squirming, wriggling, sinuous things, and they secrete an incredible quantity of a disagreeable glutinous mucus, with an ancient and a fish-like smell, which makes them very unpleasant animals to handle experimentally. They are known to fishermen as "borers," from their habit of burying themselves inside the body of other fish,

chiefly cod, and then devouring their unfortunate host piecemeal, till nothing is left of him but the skin and bones. The hags have a rudimentary eye, buried in the skin, and quite useless, which shows that they are descended from a slightly more advanced free swimming form, with a real external organ of vision. This hypothetical honest ancestor is now no doubt long extinct, having been killed off ages ago by the open competition of better-developed types; and as to the hags themselves, which have survived by virtue of their low parasitical ways, they have ceased to have any further need for an eye, which could not aid them much in the inside of another fish. On the other hand, they have a fully developed organ of smell, single, as in the lancelet, instead of being double as in the nostrils of higher fishes and other vertebrates; and this smell organ largely aids them, of course, in scenting out their victims, as soon as they have eaten out one cod, and are on the look-out for another eligible residence. Indeed, all hunting animals and carnivores, whatever their grade, always depend largely upon smell, and have very big olfactory lobes in their brains to direct their actions accordingly. Hags are not nice-looking creatures externally, with their naked bodies, apparently eyeless heads, and round sucking mouths; nor are their habits such as to endear them either to fish or fishermen. They do great damage to the cod, and have no redeeming feature whatsoever. As to the mucus, I suppose that may serve to render them indigestible to the other fish whose bodies they feloniously enter, with intent to do them grievous bodily harm. At any rate, they never are so digested, and they must have some effectual protection to prevent it.

The lampreys are hardly a nicer family to deal with than the hags; but they are still interesting as a distinct link in the pedigree which leads us gradually up from amphioxus to the reptiles, and so indirectly to the birds and mammals. In external shape they are a good deal like the hags; but they undergo a metamorphosis from a larval to a full-grown form, exactly as our tadpoles here do from their fish-like stage to the adult and terrestrial frog. Now, a metamor-

phosis is always biologically valuable and suggestive, because it recapitulates for us, in part at least, the ancestral development, showing us the actual stages by which the animal has reached its present grade of evolution. The larvæ of the lampreys are inferior in organization even to the hags, and very little superior to amphioxus itself. They have a round suctorial mouth without teeth; and their very small rudimentary eyes are hidden in a fold of the skin. In this condition the young lamprey lives in rivers, and apparently fastens himself on to other creatures, whose blood he sucks as best he may. But after three or four years of such an aimless existence, carried up and down on the sides of his unwilling host, he begins to develop a set of rasping teeth; acquires a pair of fairly serviceable eyes, and turns out a mature locomotive fish, with respectable fins, and a moderately decent tail. Still, however, he keeps to his parasitic habits, using his teeth to rasp a hole in his victim's side, and never letting him go till he has killed him.

Observe that in all these cases the fish we now possess is not the exact original fish who formed an historical link in the pedigree of reptiles and mammals, but only something like him. The hags and lampreys are parasitical on higher types than themselves, which of course the ancestral fish could not have been; he could not have lived by feeding off the bodies of his own remote and more advanced descendants. Nevertheless, if we omit the functional features which belong to these low types in virtue of their parasitism, and consider only those underlying points which are general and structural, we have probably a fair picture of what the original common ancestor was really like. When the mass of the race developed to something higher, or became extinct in the competition, the forefathers of these particular creatures took to a parasitical life on the new types, and so, while specially modifying certain of their organs in adaptation to their new habits, preserved for us in the main the general peculiarities of the primitive form. That is almost always the case with such transitional links; where we have them at all, it is just in some such way, because they have accommodated themselves to some

exceptional and neglected situation in the hierarchy of nature. At the same time, this fact explains the occasional existence of such transitional forms, which would otherwise naturally have become extinct. We can thus see both why transitional forms are so often wanting, and also why in a few out-of-the-way places they still occasionally survive.

From an ancestor something like the larval lamprey, the various tribes of fishes have branched out variously in many directions, some of them toward the sharks and rays, some of them toward the cod, sole, and salmon, and some of them toward sundry other less familiar types. At the present moment, however, we are only concerned with those fish which lie as directly as possible (after this collateral fashion) in the line of descent which finally culminated in birds and mammals. For this purpose we may leave entirely on one side the vast majority of our existing species, which belong to the immense sub-class of the teleostei, or hard-boned fishes. Among these may be reckoned almost every sort of fish familiarly known to us at table or elsewhere, such as the perch, bass, mullet, bream, mackerel, herring, trout, salmon, whitebait, gurnard, cod, stickleback, sole, plaice, turbot, brill, dab, flounder, and cat-fish; in short, every one that any respectable person (except a professor of ichthyology) would ever wish to know anything about. All these we may lawfully eat without scruple—they are certainly no ancestors of ours. The fact is, these teleosteans, with their hard sharp bones, are comparatively new-comers in marine circles, having nothing to do with the pedigree of old families like the frogs, lizards, birds, mammals, and human beings. An ardent evolutionary housewife has been known to express a hope that in time, with the progress of science, Professor Huxley (now that he has turned his attention to fisheries) might succeed in evolving for us a boneless whiting. Alas! the actual course of evolution has run all the other way. Good old-fashioned palæozoic fish had cartilaginous bones, like those that we still know so well in crimped skate (a cannibal dish, for skate is one of the other class, collaterally related, I must candidly con-

fess, to our own line of ancestry) ; but as time went on, the old families got outstripped in the race by a younger and less illustrious branch of cadets, with hard bones, who have now taken possession of all the seas and rivers of the world, almost completely ousting the original cartilaginous inhabitants. To say the truth, it is the hard bones that have given them the victory in the struggle for existence, and the cartilaginous kinds are becoming extinct in the water, much as the great saurians have become extinct on the land, through the parallel evolution of far higher and better-adapted forms. If anything, the tendency must be for whitening to get bonier, instead of less bony ; and we can only hope, for the sake of our remote descendants, that their bones will at last get so big that there will be no further danger of choking oneself with them.

Put simply, the facts are these. The oldest order of true fishes, above the lampreys, is that of Palæichthyes, a cartilaginous race whose very name of course indicates their venerable position as the real old piscine stock. They stand to the ordinary hard-boned fish in somewhat the same relation as the marsupials of Australia stand to the higher mammals. It is from them that the amphibians and reptiles are probably descended : and it is among them that the few remaining transitional links are still to be found. From them, too, but in another direction, the bony fish are also derived : and the geological relation of the two classes is just in accordance with this view. It would have been impossible for amphibians or reptiles to be developed from such highly specialized aquatic forms as the perch, the cod, or the turbot ; they could only be developed from a simpler and less specially adapted type like some of the Palæichthyan fishes. It is with these alone, therefore, that we have here to deal, leaving aside all the better-known families whose connection with the main line of descent is merely collateral.

The sharks and rays (including our friend the skate) are the best-known modern instances of the older cartilaginous fishes ; but these too stand a little apart from the central pedigree of the higher animals. It is rather in the very ancient order of Ganoids, once domi-

nant in Devonian and carboniferous seas, but now verging rapidly to extinction, that we must look for surviving relatives of the primitive amphibian forms. Most of the connecting links are here long since dead ; but we have still a few very important types surviving. The Ganoids in question have a cartilaginous skeleton, and a continuous notochord in place of a true backbone, thus diverging but very slightly from the primitive model. Such plasticity of the internal framework, indeed, is an absolutely necessary precedent of the changes whereby limbless creatures were to develop bony, five-toed limbs. Most of these transitional Ganoids have elongated, eel-like bodies, and fins of much the same character as those of the lampreys.

The Australian barramunda may be regarded as the lowest of the connecting links on the road towards the reptilian form. Its history is a very curious one. For several years a great many peculiar fossil teeth of fishes were known from the Triassic and Oolitic formations of Europe and America, and were referred to a supposed extinct genus, *Ceratodus*. But no naturalist expected to meet with a living *Ceratodus* any more than he expected to meet with a living mammoth or a living pterodactyl. In 1870, however, it was reported that there lived in the rivers of Queensland a certain curious native fish commonly known as Dawson salmon—the classificatory powers of the British settler are not of a high order—and possessing the faculty of leaving the water, and walking about casually upon the mud-flats. By-and-by, specimens of the supposed salmon arrived in England, and were duly cut up and examined by ichthyological authorities. To the surprise of everybody, they turned out to be modern survivors of the supposed extinct genus *Ceratodus*, with teeth of just the same character as the familiar fossils. Australia, as everybody knows, is a wonderful place for the discovery of such antiquated and elsewhere obsolete creatures. It has not been joined to the mainland of Asia (as Mr. Wallace has shown), at least since the cretaceous period ; and hence it has never been invaded by any of the higher types developed meanwhile in the keener competition of the great continents. This has enabled it to keep to the

present day a native fauna belonging practically to the secondary period, though a good deal specialized in certain particular directions. Thus its indigenous mammals are all marsupials; its mud-banks are burrowed by still more archaic ornithorhynchi; its fields are inhabited by the primitive echidna; and its fresh waters are tenanted by such a simple Ganoid type as the barramunda.

What made the discovery of this living fossil all the more interesting, however, was the fact that it exactly supplied a missing link between the ordinary Ganoids and a certain abnormal group whose relation with them has been hitherto unsuspected. The barramunda is a large, awkward-looking fish, about six feet long, with a small pointed head, and a very little-developed brain, as is always the case with ancient types. But the two most important points for us to notice in the present connection are these: first, that it has four limb-like fins, occupying about the same relative position as the legs of a newt; and, secondly, that its swim-bladder has been developed into a sort of rude lung, which assists it to breathe under certain special circumstances. "The barramunda," says Dr. Günther, whose book I have brought out with me by way of light reading—for I hope you don't suppose I am making this all up, as the children say, out of my own head—"the barramunda is said to be in the habit of going on land, or at least on mud-flats; and this assertion appears to be borne out by the fact that it is provided with a lung. However, it is much more probable that it rises now and then to the surface of the water in order to fill its lung with air, and then descends again until the air is so much deoxygenized as to render a renewal of it necessary. It is also said to make a grunting noise, which may be heard at night for some distance. As the barramunda has perfectly developed gills, besides the lung, we can hardly doubt that when it is in water of normal composition, and sufficiently pure to yield the necessary supply of oxygen, these organs are sufficient for the purpose of breathing, and that the respiratory function rests with them alone. But when the fish is compelled to sojourn in thick muddy water charged with gases, which are the products of

decomposing organic matter (and this must be the case very frequently during the droughts which annually exhaust the creeks of tropical Australia), it commences to breathe air with its lung in the way indicated above. If the medium in which it happens to be is perfectly unfit for breathing, the gills cease to have any function; if only in a less degree, the gills may still continue to assist in respiration. The barramunda, in fact, can breathe by either gills or lungs alone, or by both simultaneously. It is not probable that it lives freely out of the water, its limbs being much too flexible for supporting the heavy and unwieldy body, and too feeble generally to be of much use in locomotion on land."

Here, then, we have a creature which is in all essential particulars a fish, and a Ganoid fish, but which approaches the amphibians in two important respects—the possession of fins that closely resemble limbs, and the modification of the swim-bladder into true lungs. As compared with the lampreys, too, it shows another mark of advance in the same direction in the fact that it has two pairs of nostrils, instead of a single one; and these nostrils are directly related to the breathing organs, as in higher animals, instead of forming a totally separate organ, as in the lampreys. At the same time we must remember that many intermediate links have now probably perished, though their place can be partially supplied from the analogy of other Ganoids, out of the direct line.

The African lepidosiren, which is also a Ganoid closely allied to the barramunda, though far less like a fish, supplies us with another interesting link in the evolutionary chain. It is a scaly, eel-shaped creature from the Gambia (notice how this early eel shape persists right up to the level of newts and salamanders), with much smaller and slenderer leg-like limbs than the barramunda's, but with the same arrangement of the nostrils, and the same double breathing apparatus of lungs and gills. Moreover, its lung, instead of being single, is divided into two, and has a cellular structure approaching that of a reptile. Lepidosiren lives in the tropical pools of the west coast rivers; and when these dry up in summer, it forms a sort of hollow nest in the mud, lines it

inside with mucus, and there lies by coiled up in a torpid state till the rains refill the pools and melt it out again. The clay-balls or cocoons can be dug out and sent to Europe unbroken with the live fish inside ; which makes lepidosiren a cheap and favorite object in large aquariums. The limbs are used more like legs than fins, and by their aid the fish crawls along the bottom of its tank, though it also swims at times by the paddle-like action of its flexible tail. Clearly such a creature only needs a few toes to its legs to make it at once a very tolerable amphibian.

So far, the animals we have been considering are all classed as fish ; they have no true limbs with feet ; they possess gills during their whole lives ; they normally live in the water ; and if they sometimes venture on dry land, it is for a few minutes only, in search of special food. But there are some small ponds which dry up for a large part of each year, and which are usually full in the spring only ; and these, being unfitted for fish of any sort, have become the habitat of that special class of animals that we call amphibians—among them, our little frogs and tadpoles on Hole Common here. Every amphibian begins life absolutely as a fish ; and in varying degrees, according to their relative development, they end it for the most part as more or less terrestrial animals.

The intermediate stage between fishes and higher amphibians like the frog is best seen in the small class of animals known as perennibranchiates, that is to say, efts which permanently retain their gills throughout life, instead of dropping them as soon as the lungs are developed, like the frogs. Such creatures are of course in the most genuine sense amphibians : they can live entirely on land or entirely in the water, at the same time, just as they please. The line which separates them from the lepidosiren is certainly a very slight one. The siren of the South Carolina rice marshes—so called, I suppose, *a non canendo*—makes an excellent typical example of these early surviving forms. In shape and movements it is still eel-like, but it has distinct and decided legs, the feet being each provided with four toes. This is what makes it, so far as externals are

concerned, a true amphibian. On the other hand, the end of the body is flattened fish-fashion, and ringed round by a marked obtuse fin. Our modern siren does not love the rocks, like its Greek namesakes, but rather delights in mud ; and indeed the mud-haunting habits of almost all stranded ancestral vertebrates are very noticeable. It grows to about three feet long. One which was kept in the Zoo used to live in a tank of pond-water, with a deep muddy bottom, and was generally buried an inch or two in the slush whenever a scientific observer wanted to see it. If ever it did condescend to appear, it wriggled about gracefully like an eel, and rarely ventured out of the water. Nevertheless, the siren has true lungs, as well as gills, the latter being external, and forming pretty, lace-like fringes outside the head. In its native State, it goes ashore now and then in search of worms ; but it evidently distrusted English institutions, or else was too well fed in the tank. Several other species are found elsewhere.

We have, however, one still simpler connecting link. The Grotto of the Maddalena in Carniola is probably the largest cave in Europe ; and, like most other large caves, it has a special blind fauna of its own. Such blind subterranean creatures have usually been much modified in special points to suit their very peculiar habitat ; but in their general type they are, as a rule, representatives of extremely ancient forms. They got in there a long time ago, and have been left behind by the rest of the world. In the Carniolan cavern a curious perennibranchiate is still found, by name the proteus ; for somehow a quaintly inappropriate classicalism seems to have pervaded the minds of all the nomenclators who fixed the scientific names of these intermediate creatures. The peculiarity of this particular proteus, indeed, consists in the fact that he doesn't change his form, but always remains much the same as he began ; whereas the higher amphibians all undergo a complete metamorphosis before reaching the adult shape. Strictly speaking, the animal does not belong to the open cave itself so much as to some subterranean reservoir in communication with it ; for it is only now and then that a few are caught by accident in a small

pool there. Indeed, all the limestones of Illyria, Dalmatia, and Carniola are honeycombed for hundreds of miles with underground lakes and rivers. Proteus has an eel-like body, a foot long; it is flesh-colored, with pretty pink tufts of external gills; and it has rudimentary eyes in the shape of pigment dots beneath the skin; for, like the hags, it has nearly got rid of organs for which it has clearly no further use. Here, too, the tail is compressed, and the little feeble limbs are in a most rudimentary condition. The fore feet have three toes; the hind feet have two only. Thus this castaway of the Adelsburg caverns has preserved for us some very early features of the primitive amphibian ancestor.

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum"—everybody has not been to Carinthia to see a proteus. But everybody has been to the Brighton Aquarium, of course, and everybody has noticed there, in a glass case in the vestibule, those prettily little dappled creatures, the Mexican axolotls. Though of less importance in the genealogical scale than the proteus, the axolotl is yet very interesting in its own way as marking another manner in which early types may be more or less preserved for us under exceptional circumstances. It comes from the great lake which surrounds the City of Mexico, and it is much relished as a table delicacy by the connoisseurs of the most volcanic capital even in Spanish America. For my own part, I can manage frogs (at the Café Jollineau), but I draw a line at tadpoles. Now, for a long time, the axolotl was only known in its larval or perennibranchiate form, as an aquatic animal; but suddenly some specimens kept in a tank at the Jardin des Plantes astonished their keepers by developing one summer into a distinct form of American salamander, known as Amblystoma. Dr. Weismann, most learned and patient of ponderous German biologists, thereupon began to study the creatures closely, after his microscopic fashion; and he has finally succeeded in proving (at very great length, *more Teutonico*) that the axolotl is descended from a terrestrial Amblystoma, but that, in the great saline lake of Mexico, it has reverted in many respects to an ancestral form which is not quite the larval

condition, but is an intermediate stage between the two. He attributes this retrogression to the dryness of the high Mexican plateau, which will not permit the axolotls to take to the shore in their full Amblystoma stage; for all amphibians, even when terrestrial, require a good deal of moisture in the air to keep their skins damp. Living in such a climate, with a lake which does not dry up in summer, they have naturally reverted to an earlier condition; and though they still preserve some salamandrine peculiarities in their structure, they have practically become a simple type of perennibranchiates once more. On the other hand, when brought to the damp climate of Europe, and forced to live in shallow water for a certain length of time, they can be made to lose their gills and artificially to resume their lost salamander shape. This is one of the most curious practical illustrations of what is called atavism, or "throwing back," that has yet been recorded, because it is really double-barrelled. We must suppose, first, that a water-animal something like the axolotl gradually took to undergoing a metamorphosis, which made it into an Amblystoma; and the Amblystomas of the United States still continue to undergo that metamorphosis, exactly as our own frogs do. Then, the Amblystomas of Mexico, living under circumstances unfavorable to metamorphosis, must have reverted once more to the axolotl form, and passed a sort of larval life throughout all their existence. And finally, some such axolotls, brought to Europe, are found again to revert under special conditions to the Amblystoma form, and to undergo metamorphosis in the same way as their northern relations.

Our own English newts represent the next stage in ascending order. They live, as everybody knows, in shallow ponds or ditches, and lay their eggs in May or June. From these eggs, little tadpoles are produced, with fringed external gills, and very fish-like forms. Toward autumn the gills begin to drop off, and the tadpoles acquire their perfect lizard-like shape. But though they are now lung-breathing creatures, they do not take kindly to terrestrial life. They still pass almost all their time in the water, coming up to the surface every now and then to breathe, but sel-

dom venturing out on to the dangerous shore beside the pond. The lungs are so large that one pull lasts a long time. In their adult form they have four legs, with weak, sprawling toes, which they use almost entirely for groping about in the mud at the bottom : their real organ of locomotion, however, is still the paddle-like tail, by whose aid they propel themselves through the water after the fashion of screw steamers. But indeed the newts at the best of times are sluggish little creatures, like all mud-haunters, and seldom bestir themselves unless they see a boy with a minnow-net looming ominously on the brink somewhere above them. Very occasionally you may catch one crawling about with a weak-kneed, shambling gait beside the water. Amphibians of this higher class are said to be *caducibranchiate*. It is easy to understand how such a stage could have been reached from that represented for us by the *proteus* and the *sirens*.

Just above the newts come the Central European salamanders, those mysterious creatures whose name is best known to us for their mythical fiery propensities. They are in reality very harmless and ordinary little amphibians of a most interesting sort. The spotted salamander begins life as a tadpole, just like the newt : but as it reaches weeks of discretion it loses its gills, acquires serviceable legs, and walks out upon dry land, exactly as the frog does. Unlike the frog, however, it retains its tail throughout life. It thus differs from a lizard (setting aside internal structural peculiarities) mainly in the fact that it starts with gills, whereas the lizard is hatched out of the egg with lungs direct. However, there is one species of salamander in the dry mountains of the south which does not visibly pass through the tadpole stage at all : it is produced alive as a full-formed lung-breathing salamander. Yet even here the embryo has useless gills, thus showing its kinship to the other members of the family.

From such an amphibian as this, the step to the lizards is not a difficult one. The differences (though relatively great to the anatomist) are a mere nothing as regards external form ; and even anatomically they are anything but insuperable. The great points of distinction are in the bones. Now, even as far up as

the salamanders, ossification is still very imperfect ; there is plenty of plasticity yet in the skeleton, plenty of room for further improvements and modifications. The ribs are still very rudimentary—mere knobs on the backbone ; the breast-bone is still cartilaginous ; the various parts of the skeleton are still often loosely bound together by ligaments, instead of being mortised into one another by cunning joints. But all these things have comparatively little interest for you and me, who are not anatomical ; when we have got from a lancelet to a salamander, which looks exactly like a lizard in shape, lives like the lizard on dry land, and produces its young as lung-breathing creatures like the lizard itself, we need not quarrel about the single condyle or the quadrate bone, of whose very existence we never knew anything till we were triumphantly requested to account for their evolution. It is enough for us that the lizards have a more perfectly ossified skeleton than the salamanders, that they live on dry land, and that they are hatched from the egg as perfect animals, without undergoing a metamorphosis. Nothing to stagger us anywhere in all that. Only just notice in passing that the lizards, too, the lowest of true reptiles, still keep very much to the original eel-like form. Their limbs, indeed, are of comparatively little use to them, and they wriggle about over the ground with their long tails much as the lampreys, *lepidosiren*, and *proteus* wriggle about in the water. Among the closely related snakes, this wriggling habit is even more conspicuous ; but if I were to diverge in that direction, I should never get this long screed finished at all. I must content myself with observing that throughout, in the direct line of ascent from the lancelet to the reptiles, the general shape of the body alters singularly little in any surviving type from its original elongated form.

And now, where in this direct line does the frog stand ? Why, nowhere. He is a divergent higher type among the amphibians, just as the trout and perch group are divergent higher types among the fish ; and he shows by analogy many of the same peculiarities. For, as we saw already, the highest groups in each great class do not form part of the main

genealogical stem toward the classes above them : they are specialized in particular directions, and have left the early genealogical forms quite behind them in the race. The frog starts in life as one of these very minute hammer-headed tadpoles, with external gills ; and in that form it is simply a very low type of fish. If it never went any further, we should unhesitatingly class it next to the lancelet. It loves to bury itself in the mud, and otherwise disport itself like a true mud-fish. After a while, however, a pair of hind legs bud out from its side, and then a pair of fore legs ; but the tail and gills still remain ; and in that form it closely resembles the perenni-branchiates. If it never went any further, we should unhesitatingly class it next to the proteus. Then the gills drop off, and the tadpole breathes by lungs alone ; in this state, it is essentially a newt. But soon it gets off the line altogether, by losing its tail, which no well-conducted salamander or lizard ever dreams of doing (except upon compulsion, in which case he soon grows it again) ; and this marks its place as a higher though still thoroughly amphibian type. The tail does not drop off, but is absorbed by the body. In its perfect form, the frog shows a great adaptation to its special mode of life. It has firm solid bones ; a well-knit skeleton ; and powerful legs for swimming or jumping, which contrast strongly with the feeble sprawling limbs of the newt or even of the lizard. It has specialized itself in the direction of very muscular legs, and has therefore lost its tail, which of course would only impede it in hopping, and be of no particular use even in swimming. At the same time, this very specialization has precluded it from becoming the ancestor of still more developed types. While the hardened frogs have all remained frogs alone, the plastic salamanders and lizards have slowly widened out into birds and mammals, ending at last with the very highest types of all.

The pipa, or Guiana toad, shows us another way in which the transformation from aquatic to terrestrial animals may take place. Its case is not very different from that of the black salamander, which produces its young alive. The pipa lives in a dry climate, and can-

not easily find pools in which to hatch its spawn. Accordingly, as soon as the eggs are laid, the attentive father plasters them all over the mother's back. There they raise small pustules, into each of which an egg is absorbed, and in the cell thus formed the young tadpole is hatched. It passes through its metamorphosis in this queer living honeycomb, and hops out at last a perfect toad. There is hardly any more wonderful instance in nature of cunning adaptation to adverse circumstances. It must have taken a great many generations and a great deal of natural selection to produce such a quaint result as that.

There is another side relationship of the frog, however, which is too full of genealogical interest to be passed by without a word. Do me the justice to admit that, so far, I have spared you the ascidian larva. You knew, however, that before we got to the end of the subject the ascidian larva would certainly be dragged in, tail foremost ; and you were quite right. Now, it is perfectly true that you have been quite familiar with that celebrated larva's name and fame any time these last ten years ; but do you really know what he is like ? I am prepared to stake the best specimen in my case that you don't. An ascidian is one of those queer, sack-like marine animals that one sometimes sees in aquariums, all inflated and distended with salt-water, and looking much like the thumb of a glove turned half inside out. In its adult stage, it is a sessile, semi-transparent creature, sticking firmly to a rock, without head, tail, eyes, or limbs, and so soft that it used always till very lately to be reckoned as an inferior kind of mollusk. But in the larval form, the young ascidian closely resembles the frog's tadpole, and has an exactly similar internal economy. It begins its existence as a translucent glassy little thing, with an eye inside its head (for being as clear as crystal, an eye inside is just as good for it as an eye outside), and it has a notochord and a tail, and an arrangement of the mouth and gills, much like that of these tadpoles here. The Russian naturalist Kowalewsky has shown that the ascidian is in fact a very degenerate descendant of the same primitive ancestor as the

fishes, amphibians, and reptiles: only, while they have gone up in the scale, the ascidian has gone down. In some respects the ascidian larva probably better represents this primitive ancestor than any other among its descendants. It shares with the tadpole and the lancelet the honor of being the most characteristically antique vertebrate now known. As it grows up, however, it runs its head against a rock, and there sticks: its tail drops off, its eye atrophies; and it turns at last into a mere living digestive sac—a blind, motionless, degenerate thing. Such are the bad effects of heedlessly rejecting the theory of progressive development. Had the ascidian only directed its energies into the proper channel, it might have risen at length to be a Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Nor shall divine *Cecilia* pass unsung:" only, regard for scientific accuracy should have made the poet spell it *Cæcilia*. That last unpleasant example among the amphibians deserves a word of recognition before we part. The *cæcilia* of science can only be called divine on a very liberal interpretation of a much-abused word. It is a nasty, ugly, worm-like creature, without legs or feet, and unpleasantly cold and slimy to the touch. Like the frogs and newts, it entirely loses its gills as it approaches maturity; but, unlike them, it never acquires legs or toes. Living in moist mud, where it buries itself deeply, it still keeps up in great perfection the eel-like or snake-like form. For the same reason the eyes are quite rudimentary. Whether *cæcilia* is or is not "the father of all snakes" it would be hard to say. Perhaps we may consider it quite as likely that the snakes are derived from a different line as descendants of some primeval lizard. But whether the real pedigree runs one way or the other, *cæcilia* at least gives us a general idea of the way it might have run; and such analogies are often just as valuable as real links in the biological chain. For example, our own common English blind-worm, or slow-worm, also looks externally very much like a snake; but scientifically it is only a lizard which has lost its legs. It has a scapular arch (whatever that may be), which no respectable snake ought ever to have, and it has also a pair of eyelids, whereas in snakes the skin continues

over the eye, merely becoming transparent in that part. Nevertheless, the analogical value of the blind-worm is very great, because it is a lizard which has reached much the same point as the snakes by a different route. It shows us how snakes might have been developed, if they hadn't been developed another way. Similarly, whether *cæcilia* stands in the direct line toward snakes or not, it at least shows us how a snake-like creature might easily be evolved from an amphibian of the salamandrine type, by simple suppression of the weak little legs. Certainly, what eyes it has (minute in some kinds, wanting in others) are in the right place for a forefather of serpents, beneath the skin. If ever such an amphibian took to living on shore and suppressing its tadpole stage, it would become a snake indeed—that is to say, as soon as it had acquired the proper complement of ribs, for of course it is ribless. But what are ribs to an evolutionist? It is a significant fact, once more, that the chief species of *cæcilia* come from just the same sort of tropical rivers as the lepidosiren, the barramunda, and almost all our other antiquated types. They are found in Brazil, Cayenne, Malabar, Ceylon, Java, and other moist equatorial countries. The warm muds of the tropics must most closely keep up the average circumstances of life to which our ancestors were subjected during the damp hot period of the great carboniferous flora. Wherever we try to investigate our pedigree, we always get back at last to the dust of the earth, if not precisely in the dry state, at least in its moistened condition as mud. That idea I present gratis as a valuable suggestion to the framers of harmonies and old-fashioned cosmologists.

It is a wonderful pedigree, truly, and difficult to trace in places; but every day now we are getting to know of lost links, and learning to piece it together with greater and greater approach to rough completeness. Nowhere are the links more numerous or more continuous than in the bit of ground we have just gone over together. Chance has preserved the pieces for us very curiously—here in a buried sand-fish; there in an internal parasite; yonder, again, in an Australian mud-haunter, a dweller

in African pools, a blind subterranean troglodyte, or an abortive Mexican tadpole. But somehow, by some lucky combination of circumstances, almost every important link *has* been preserved for us somewhere or other; and men of science, with wonderful patience and long co-operation, have dovetailed the fragments of evidence together on our behalf, till at last you and I, sitting here together lazily by the pond on Hole Common, can reconstruct the whole history ideally for ourselves, and see the entire genealogical table unrolled in detail before our mind's eye. And though I spoke just now in jesting disrespect of these same men of science, with their long dry names for small dry bones, we must never forget that only their vast and ceaseless care for petty minutiae could ever have enabled us to get at last at

those fundamental truths of organic nature. Months of microscopic toil at the embryological development of the ascidian larva, at the eggs and tadpoles of the frog, at the metamorphosis of the axolotl, at the anatomy and physiology of the lancelet and lepidosiren, were necessary before we could obtain those few brief and technical summaries of results that lead up in the fulness of time to the great generalizations of the evolutionists. Let us reverently thank the painstaking and watchful men who find out these things for us, and let us not even pretend to laugh at their big words for very little objects. After all, I end where I began: it is the very vastness of their knowledge that sets such a gulf between them and us.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

DR. JOHN BROWN.

BY WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

A FINE stock of Scottish preachers, beginning with a Perthshire shepherd-boy, found its perfect flower in the dainty and delicate humorist who, on the 11th of May last, passed into the world where their sun goes no more down. The first of the race, John Brown of Haddington, taught himself Latin and Greek when watching his flock among the green hills that look down on the Firth of Tay, and afterwards fought his way—first as a packman, then a village schoolmaster—to be at last a minister and professor of theology. He was never exactly a popular preacher, yet his earnestness was such that it impressed even so cool a sceptic as David Hume. In him, too, we seem to find a trace of the quiet humor which distinguished his great-grandson, if the story be true, that he used to tell the students in his parting counsels to them: "If ye want grace, ye may get it by praying for it; and if ye want learning, ye may get that, too, by working for it; but if ye want common sense, I dinna ken where ye are to get it." His son, John Brown, of Whitburn, was a divine highly esteemed in his day, author of several books of theology, but without the fresh pith which marked the writer of "The Self-Inter-

preting Bible." Still continuing the tradition of John Browns, the Whitburn John was followed by another who was first minister at Biggar in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, and afterwards in Edinburgh, where he attracted many of the more thoughtful and educated classes by his honest efforts rather to explain the Scriptures than to preach dogmas. A comparatively liberal-minded man, as liberal as, in those years, it was possible for a "secession minister" to be, and still retain his pulpit, he did a good deal to break down hard doctrines of "limited atonement," and such-like extreme outworks of Calvinism, and was altogether a man of some mark in his day.

It was while he was minister of sleepy little Biggar that to him was born another John, our John, on the 22d of September, 1810, by his first wife, Jane Nimmo. She died early, and his father married again, yet not till many years after, and his experience of stepmothers led him to have a kindly feeling for those who had to fill that delicate post. His father's second wife, a Miss Crum of Thornliebank, shared her love equally between him and her own children, and they, in their turn, were not less fond of their wise and witty elder brother.

I remember, one day last summer, that some girls were talking to him in a girlish way against stepmothers, when he gently stopped them, saying: "You must not speak so, my dears. For if I had not had a stepmother, I should never have had Alexander" (his brother), "and what would I have done without *him*?" It was in Edinburgh, whither he went when he was ten years old, that he received all his education. Dr. Carson, then at the head of the High School, was something of a pedant, hardly a fit successor for Dr. Adam, yet a good Latin scholar, and no bad Grecian for a Scotchman of those years. John Brown learned there, at least, to have a real love for classical literature, and a sufficient perception of its excellence, if he was not familiar with its niceties. There, too, he had for companions such men as Lords Inglis and Moncrieff, besides that "Bob Ainslie" of whom he speaks in "Rab and his Friends," and Sir Theodore Martin, who was somewhat younger, and to the last looked up to him with a kind of reverent affection "as an upper-form boy." Departing from the clerical tradition of the family, this fourth John Brown took to medicine, and was apprenticed to Syme, of whom, alike as teacher and friend, he has given so pleasant a notice in his last published volume. When he was some eighteen years old—for in those days university education began with boys of twelve or thirteen—he went up to Chatham as assistant to a surgeon or physician there, and remained a year, brightening, I daresay, many a sick-bed by his sweet boyish face and his gayety and sympathy, and, it is to be hoped, without avenging Flodden by much administration of "calomy and lodamy." In 1833 he graduated M.D., and at once began to practise in Edinburgh, where his father's name and connection ere long secured him a fair practice. It was never large, for, after all, his heart was not exactly in it. He was too sensitive for the surgical branch of the profession, and, like most thoughtful physicians, had not much faith in medicine, though he was recognized in the profession to be a great doctor too. Indeed, we have heard such accounts of his professional skill, and especially of his

fine "diagnosis," that we can only explain his very moderate success on the assumption that his heart lay more to art and literature than to feeling pulses and drawing fees. Certain it is that at its best his practice did no more than provide him with a very modest living. But with that he was quite content, caring chiefly to lay up the better riches of thought and wisdom and the love of all men.

Among his earlier literary efforts were some papers on art, notices of the Academy's annual exhibition in the *Witness* newspaper. John Brown had a fine feeling for art, and, like Norman MacLeod too, was fond of making rapid pen-and-ink sketches which hit off a character almost as nicely as his words could. When he was in good trim, one hardly got a hasty note from him without some scratch of this kind, brimming over with fun. His reviews at once showed that a new kind of art-criticism was rising among us, and that Ruskin's "Modern Painters" was already bearing fruit. One noted that there was an eye here able to see the artist's thought, if he had one, and to discover the genius of a Noel Paton or a David Scott, even when it was still only struggling for expression which, alas! in the latter case it never fully attained. Brown soon became an authority among painters, for he had a rare insight into what is true both in form and color, and I doubt not that his influence helped not a little the progress which our Scottish art has made of late years. Harvey and Paton, and Duncan and D. O. Hill and Scott were close friends of his, and profited, all of them, by his appreciative criticism.

But, after all, this was not the field where his real honors were to be won. He was essentially an essayist of the type of Addison and Charles Lamb, blending humor and pathos and quiet thoughtfulness, not inferior to theirs, with a power of picturesque description which neither of them had. For though city-bred, like Lamb, his delight was not "in the habitable parts of the earth," but in its lonely glens and by its quiet lakes, on Minchmoor, or in the Enterkin, or where Queen Mary's "baby garden" shows its box-wood border grown into trees among the grand

Spanish chestnuts in the Lake of Men-teith. How it was that he came to find his right vein, I cannot tell ; but its first "lode" produced the touching story of Rab and Ailie and Bob Ainslie, which at once gave him a foremost rank among our English humorists. One can hardly say whether it is more pathetic or humorous, for the smiles and the tears fight with each other all through ; only in the end the cheerful feeling comes uppermost. Having opened such a vein, and opened so many hearts by means of it, whose purses also would have cheerfully opened for as much more of the same article as he chose to give them, one is rather astonished, in these days, to find that he did not work it to death. But Brown was afflicted with a profound self-distrust. He could not be persuaded that he was, in any sense, a great writer, or that he could do anything people would care to read. No amount of favorable reviews could change his idea permanently on that head. It might be pleasant for a moment to read them ; it was kind, of course, in people to write them ; but they gave him no encouragement to try his hand again. Not even Thackeray's letter, which he has published, or that of Wendell Holmes which appeared lately in the *Scotsman*, could make him at all believe that it was his clear duty to go on. Therefore his friends had very hard work to get him to take up his pen again. He would talk, and tell the most delightful stories, and make the gayest-hearted fun at pleasant social gatherings ; and one longed to have a short-hand writer hid in some cupboard near by to take down the wise, quaint, odd, and tender words which then so naturally flowed from him. But to sit down and write, and still more to correct proofs, the very thought of it seemed to freeze him.

When Dr. Hanna* became editor of the *North British Review*, he managed to get from his friend the article on Locke and Sydenham. The late Norman MacLeod also obtained for *Good Words* some popular lectures on Health, for he had more faith in hygiene than in medicine. But had not his publish-

er, Mr. David Douglas, kept most lovingly "pestering him," we should never have had even the very imperfect fragments that remain to tell what a rich and beautiful nature his was.

In a brief notice like this, we cannot, of course, attempt to do anything like critical justice to his work. That, we trust, will yet be done by some more fitting hand with ample time to do it. But "Rab and his Friends," "Pet Marjorie" and "Mystifications," "Jeemes" and "Our Dogs," "John Leech," and "William Makepeace Thackeray," "The Child Garden," and the "Enter-kin," will never cease to delight and to profit those who read them, whether they understand, or do not understand, the subtle cause of the pleasure they feel. Jeemes the Beadle's family worship, when he himself was all the family, with its fixed tune for each day of the week, whatever the psalm happened to be ; Pet Marjorie's struggling thoughts, wrestling with limited ideas of spelling, and of what was proper language for a little miss to use, and the tender hand that touches her weaknesses so lovingly ; the various dogs who become almost human as this most human spirit draws out their several characters ; the old Aberdeenshire Jacobite family, and Miss Grahame of Duntrune, and indeed every bright picture he has painted for us, will they not all hang in our mind's gallery among our choicest treasures of art, which the more familiar they are, the more we shall love to look on ? There is one spirit in them all, and yet there is no sameness. Everywhere we find the same pathetic humor and humorous pathos, whether he is dealing with man or dog, and he seems to enter into the mind of both alike, with tender sympathy that gives him clear understanding. For he had that fine reverence which looks with a kind of awe both up to the Creator and down to all his creatures.

Religious he was in the truest sense of the word. If a good many of the formulas of the four pious John Browns who preceded him had fallen away from, or, at least, sat loosely on him, yet was he the true heir of all their faith and virtues. A more beautiful soul never looked out from a more beautiful face, and saw God, and lived in the light of his

* Since this paper was written he also has followed his friend to the world of spirits. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they are not divided."

countenance. Of course, his piety was the reverse of sour—was as sweet, and gentle, and loving as a pure spirit could be. It was not exactly the old Scottish piety, but it was still less the English kind; and, indeed, I know not that it belonged to any age, or to any Church, but just to John Brown; and to him it was perfectly natural and real. Always serious, he was often even sad; and yet what an amount of playful, tricky, wayward nonsense he would perpetrate, and even carry on for whole weeks on end! Some odd fancy would strike him, and being with those he could trust, it was uttered with the utmost gravity, and the fun was kept up as long as they could toss the light shuttlecock back. Nor did it stop there. Little notes would come for days after—daily little notes, with illustrations of the joke, pen-and-ink illustrations of the quaint absurdity, enlarging and unfolding the original germ, till it grew to be really a part of one's life, which one talked of at breakfast, wondering what its next development would be. The fancy seemed to take hold of him, and grow from day to day, with fresh outcomes of fun and fresh lights of humor, almost as if he studied it, and yet it was only the veriest play of a spirit that tried to make its world as merry-hearted as it could. For underneath that crisp froth of gayety there lay a great deep of solemn thought, which he tried to sound, and often found no bottom to it; and in the midst of his "quips and cranks" there were many wistful sighs to know the hidden mystery. And over all there still rose, and abided steadfast in his faith, laugh and jest as he might, the face of the Crucified, the ever-beloved, ever-trusted Image and Glory of the Father.

Our somewhat formal and commonplace piety, therefore, did not find many points of contact with his mind, and rather held aloof from him, as he did also from it, not because he doubted its reality, but because it was narrow and strait-laced, which he could not be. Strait-laced folk never could comprehend him; thought him strangely loose, irreverent, unprofitable, though nothing would have profited them so much as to get really for once close to his mind. It would have done them no end of good

to learn how much true divine reverence could be under forms of speech quite alien to theirs, and how much yearning Christian love could express itself in ways wildly foreign to their lips. I wish I could remember half the quaint touching stories I have heard from him in illustration of this. He was an exquisite story-teller, quiet, simple, with a look in his face half-pawky, half-pathetic, which never failed to catch and keep the interest of the hearer. Other *raconteurs*, like Sir Daniel Macnee, had no particular point in their stories, or rather they were prickly all over with points, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," which in the end is all one as if they had no point at all. But John Brown's stories never failed to come to a distinct point, and leave a definite impression, so that, minus a great deal that belonged to him personally, they could still be tolerably well told by another. Those who could not pierce beneath the surface, and get at the deeper thought which they often oddly draped, were apt to be staggered by them, or, at any rate, they lost their real meaning. But most of his stories would bear twice thinking over; and the more you thought, the more you found in them, wondrous things often being wrapped up in their quaint dress. Consider, for instance, how much this implies. I forget now, for it is many years since I heard him tell it at Craigcrook, what exactly were the circumstances giving rise to it—peril of a boat in a storm, or danger of a gig whose horse had madly run off, and become unmanageable: but whatever the risk was, it was enough to make one of the parties suggest to his neighbor that, if he had a prayer he could pray, it was high time to say it. And the answer was: "I don't remember anything but the Lord's Prayer, and *what is the good of that?*" Was it that there was no express petition there suitable for their circumstances; or that he had been from childhood so accustomed to it that he had got to think of it as only a "bairn's prayer," of no use to grown men; or that our Scotch habits of thought have tended to evacuate that prayer of its meaning and power? You may ponder over it for a long while, and fail to get to the bottom of it; but rest assured there was strange deep import to John

Brown in that question, "What's the good of that?" I remember, not many months ago now, and yet what has happened since makes it look to me like years, for I have to gaze across "the valley of the shadow of death," and its bleak silence feels ever so vast—I remember, as he paid me one of his frequent morning visits which broke with such a bright gleam of natural sunshine on the daily task of sermon-writing, that something led me to speak of the various motives which brought people to church, which were not always so noble as a desire to hear of the way of salvation, nor always so flattering to the preacher as he might fancy. And I adduced as an illustration a circumstance that had come under my notice long ago. One country clown was heard calling to his fellow on the Sunday morning: "Are ye gaun to the kirk to-day, Jock?" To which the reply was, "Na, I dinna think it. I hae naething to tak' me. I hev tobacco." He had been wont to get his weekly supply of that weed at "the kirk town" on Sunday, and as he was now provided for, he saw no occasion to go up to the house of the Lord. Brown enjoyed the story very much, but seemed to be set a-musing by it on yet deeper matters, for after a little he said: "There is no connection exactly between them, but yet it reminds me of a story my old friend Coventry used to tell me. The minister was catechising, one day, over in Kinross, and asked a raw ploughman lad, 'Who made you?' which he answered correctly enough. Then another question was put, 'How do you know that God made you?' to which, after some pause and head-scratching, the reply was, 'Weel, sir, it's the common clash o' the country.'" "Ay," Brown added, "I am afraid that a deal of our belief is just founded on the good 'common clash o' the country,'" and there-with he wrung my hand and went his way, having thoughts clearly in his head that he could not then utter. Nearly all his stories—and you hardly ever met him at a street-corner but one

at least would quietly drop from him—had this pregnant character. They had a meaning beneath the surface; they were not wit but humor; and they were full of human kindness.

All the more are those who knew him and loved him, and no one knew him but loved him, filled this day with a great sadness that the sweetest, purest, brightest of Scotland's sons has passed away, and will gladden us with his presence no more. A truer, tenderer heart never beat; and now it has ceased to beat for ever, and we are left to mourn. Yet there was, and we willingly acknowledge it, not a little in his end to assuage our grief. In his latter years he was often subject to mysterious clouds, overshadowings of great darkness, when his self-depreciation became something almost like despair. It was unspeakably painful to hear him cry, as he did sometimes, out of the depths, and to feel how little even the warmest love could do to comfort him. For no words of good cheer seemed to reach his darkened soul, as he felt like one forsaken, and had the bitter fellowship of his Lord's darkest hours. He understood Cowper and loved him, but I think he did not write about him for that very reason, because he understood him only too well. Happily during the whole of last winter these desponding fits never, almost, visited him—"Towards evening it was light." For the last dozen years, he had not spent on the whole so bright a time. Friends were made glad by frequent visits. He did not shrink from little dinner parties of choice old familiars, and was as happy at them as he made others. Nor were his last days burdened with long suffering or saddened with any disquietude of heart. The end came somewhat suddenly and very sweetly, surrounded by the fondest love, and endured in a patient hope, and perfect peace, and, like the morning star that shines out and disappears amid the light, he died away into the light that is inaccessible and full of glory.—*Good Words.*

THE GREAT AFRICAN MYSTERY.

WHEN I say that I am a newspaper correspondent, the public has all the guarantee which it could reasonably require of the accuracy of the information which I am about to impart to it in regard to the great African mystery. When I add that the editor of the great journal to which I was attached—or rather with which I was connected, for I always secretly despised it—has dispensed with my services on the ground that he could neither make head nor tail of the remarkably clear narrative with which I furnished him, I do not shrink on that account from forwarding it to “Maga” for publication, as I have every confidence in the superior intelligence of its readers. At the same time I must remind them that if they now and then lose the thread of the story, it is the story’s fault, not mine. It is an eastern story—a story of wild intrigue and harem conspiracy; of oriental ingenuity and occidental blundering; of vaulting ambition and international jealousy; of mines and countermines; of odalisques and diplomats; of despatches and red-tape; of naval heroism and cipher telegrams; of fraud and folly, of sagacity and simplicity; of meddling interference and of lofty reserve; of dethroned monarchs and military adventurers; of black slaves and exalted potentates—in fact, it is no end of a story, or rather a story of which it is difficult to foresee the end, or to understand the beginning, without having first thoroughly grasped it by the middle. It is because her Majesty’s Government have failed in accomplishing this feat, that they find themselves plunged in all the perplexities of the Ethiopian question. I have every confidence in being able so to present the middle to my readers that they will feel no perplexity about either end; and I would therefore earnestly suggest its careful perusal to every member of the present cabinet.

I will commence, in order to give my readers a clear idea of the various “factors” with which I shall have to deal, to present them with a list of *dramatis personæ*, after the manner of a play, because, as they will almost immediately become inextricably mixed up

with each other, it is very important that a clear idea of them should be presented to start with.

ETHIOP,	<i>A Military Adventurer.</i>
THE MOGUL OF SELJUKIA,	<i>Suzerain of Ethiopia.</i>
TOOTHPIK,	<i>Prince of Ethiopia.</i>
SCHAMYL,	<i>Ex-Prince of Ethiopia.</i>
KIATIB,	<i>An Agent of Schamyl.</i>
HOWLIM,	<i>Aspirant to the throne of Ethiopia.</i>
MR. SADSTONE,	<i>Prime Minister of Albinia.</i>
M. D’EFFRAYCINAY,	<i>President of the Council in Gallinia.</i>
PRINCE QUIZMARCK,	<i>Chancellor of Teutonia.</i>
FATIMA,	<i>A Seljukian Lady.</i>
SELIMA,	<i>A Circassian Odalisque.</i>
SIR EDGAR HAMMERET,	<i>Albinian Diplomatic Agent in Ethiopia.</i>
MR. SINKHISWITS,	<i>Gallinian Diplomatic Agent in Ethiopia.</i>
MAHMOUD,	<i>A chief Eunuch.</i>
SHEIK AEBASSAAD,	<i>The Veiled Prophet of Arabistan.</i>
M. DE GALEOWITS,	<i>An eminent Correspondent.</i>
SIR BECHEM SEMUR,	<i>The Albinian Admiral.</i>
WILFUL GRUNT,	<i>An Albinian Gentleman with Pan-Ethiopian sympathies.</i>
OMER STIFFKI,	<i>A Seljukian General.</i>
SOLDAN PASHA,	<i>President of the Chamber of Notables.</i>

*The Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control.
Circassian Conspirators—Ethiopian Princesses
—Newspaper Correspondents—Ambassadors—
Eunuchs—Cabinet Ministers—Slaves—Ule-
mas—Dragomans, etc.*

If I am able to take my readers behind the scenes and initiate them into the mysteries of those intrigues which the combined diplomatic talent of all the great Powers of Europe is now endeavoring to unravel, it is due to the latest mechanical contrivance of the age. I need scarcely say that I allude to the “Journalists’ Telephone,” or “patent American eavesdropper,”—that wonderful instrument which has been recently

invented by a celebrated electrician of the United States of Columbia, by means of which the enterprising correspondent is enabled to overhear the most private and confidential conversations, irrespective of distance, and which, by a curious polyglot contrivance, interprets any unknown tongue into his own. If I have headed my list of *dramatis personæ* with Ethiop, it is because he first set the ball rolling, and, like an acrobat, seems inclined to balance himself on the top of it. The first public performance of this remarkable individual was suggested to him by personal and professional pique, into the particulars of which it is not necessary now to enter, but the result was a successful military demonstration which took place about eighteen months ago : until then he was an unknown and obscure colonel in the army. The ostensible object of this *pronunciamento* was to secure for native Ethiopian officers the same rights and privileges as those enjoyed by Seljuks and Circassians in the service of the Prince of Ethiopia. He was especially careful to assure the Prince on this occasion that the movement was in no way directed against the foreign or Albinio-Gallinian predominance in the administration of Ethiopian affairs—a fact which instantly aroused my suspicions. “If,” thought I, with the ordinary acumen of a newspaper correspondent, “he says this, it is because he means exactly the opposite. I will keep my eye, or rather my ear, upon him.” - Curiously enough, I afterwards found out that exactly the same idea had occurred to the Mogul at precisely the same moment, only, unfortunately for his Majesty, he was not provided with a patent eavesdropper. Being an acute man, with a mind largely gifted with the oriental faculty for intrigue, Ethiop was at the same time in the advantageous position of having everything to gain and very little to lose by a display of audacity—so he bethought him of whom to consult in this emergency, and he went to his friend Wilful Grunt, and he said, “To you, my friend, though a Feringhee, I can unburden myself in this great crisis, for have you not the blood of the Ethiopian in your veins, or, at all events, have you not consummated the holy ceremony of blood relationship with innumerable sheiks in

the desert, by which you signified that you regretted that you had not their blood in your veins, and would willingly transfuse yourself if you could? Therefore to you I can open my heart freely in this matter. For you will see that the political interests of Albinia and of a free and republican Ethiopia are identical—are not the aspirations of the young and rising Pan-Ethiopian party to abolish slavery, to purify our religion from the abuses which have crept into it, to overthrow the Mogul who unjustly tyrannizes not merely over Ethiopia, but endeavors to do so over the free, high-spirited tribes of the deserts in which you love to wander. Explain, dear friend, to Mr. Sadstone, that we desire to form a new nationality, to throw off the oppressor’s yoke, to emancipate ourselves from religious superstition, to abolish slavery, to advance rapidly on the road to political liberty. Tell him secretly, but be very discreet, oh my friend, that I am even prepared to confiscate the vast property of Soldan Pasha, and all the lands belonging to rich proprietors in Ethiopia, and partition them among the Fellahin. In fact, tell him anything you think will win his sympathies, and is calculated to captivate that grand soul, and induce him to regard favorably my projects for independence. Let him co-operate with me in getting rid of this Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control. Tell him that if he will consent to this, as soon as both the comptrollers have been kicked out, I will make arrangements for the English one to come back by himself. We will exchange the suzerainty of the Mogul for that of the Empress of Albinia and Hind ; and henceforth the way to Hind will be secured to Albinia forever. Sadstone and Ethiop may then defy the world.”

Then Wilful Grunt shook his head mournfully. “Ah, my friend,” he said, “little do you know the complex motives which inspire the policy of that incomprehensible individual. If you were Christians of the pure and ancient Greek Church, desiring to attain freedom and independence under the benign auspices of Moscovia, or indeed a Copht, leading a Pan-Cophtic crusade, the case would be different. But what are you? You are Moslems whose existence as an

independent nation under the Protectorate of Albinia (which you say would be thankfully accepted) would be invaluable to us as guaranteeing to us our Eastern possessions, and you expect him, against his most cherished religious convictions, to be influenced by so trifling a consideration. You expect him for this to endanger an alliance which has been so carefully connected by Sir Charles Bilk between Albinia and Gallinia, in order to enable the latter Power to carry out the more securely her great African policy. Moscovia and Gallinia are the only two Continental Powers possessing oriental interests which conflict with those of Albinia, and you expect him to sacrifice the great altruistic idea which prompts him to advance those interests at the expense of those of Albinia, by promising to abolish slavery, to establish a republic, or even to confiscate the property of the landed aristocracy of the country. Ah, friend Ethiop, how little do you understand that grand old man; but go and consult your friend the ex-Governor of Taprobane, who knows him better than I do, and who may perhaps help you in the matter. Meantime I will agitate the public mind in Albinia on the subject by a series of letters in the newspapers, and call upon my friend Edgar Hammeret."

So Wilful Grunt went to the diplomatic representative of Albinia in Ethiopia, and explained to him Ethiop's programme, and told him how he would abolish slavery and introduce purity everywhere; and Sir Edgar shook his head with diplomatic reserve and remarked—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" and he added, "Whatever may be my own opinion upon the subject, I am bound to carry out the instructions of my Government; and I must venture to say that I think that when an irresponsible individual like yourself interferes in a manner to cause serious embarrassment to the foreign policy of his Government, even though he may not approve of it, he is not acting in a patriotic spirit."

To which Wilful replied, that in taking this course he was only following the example of Mr. Sadstone himself, who, when he was out of office, considered it to be his duty to thwart in

his public utterances, and the assurances of his sympathies with rival nations, the foreign policy of the Government, in the hope that by so doing he might himself attain to power—a hope which had been fully justified by events. "Therefore," said Wilful Grunt, "although I have no such lofty object of personal ambition involved, I shall not shrink from following that conspicuous example, and pursuing any course which may be in my private opinion the most moral; upon the purely abstract grounds which animated Mr. Sadstone, irrespective of the interests of his own country—of Pannationalism."

While this conversation was taking place, Ethiop had betaken himself to his old friend Souldan Pasha, and found that fine old type of the Ethiopian grandee smoking his nargilleh in his stately palace.

"My much venerated friend, whom I have known as a second parent from my boyhood," he began, "I come to you at a moment pregnant with great consequences to both of us. Bear with me patiently while I explain to you the present situation as it presents itself to my understanding. Allah has placed in my hand—not to speak irreverently—a great political card, and this card is the creation of a national party. Before the world my cry will be, 'Ethiopia for the Ethiopians!' This is a grand popular principle recognized by all the civilized world, strongly insisted upon in principle in the case of other nationalities by Mr. Sadstone, warmly advocated by my chum, Wilful Grunt, who represents the more intelligent section of the Albiniah nation, and eminently popular, not only with the soldiery, whose suffrages I control, but with the native inhabitants of my own country, of whom you, my excellent old friend, are the most influential and powerful representative. I am, moreover, providentially assisted by the extraordinary diversity of personal interests and international jealousies of which our country is the focus, and some of which, by dexterous manipulation, I shall always be able to enlist in my favor. First, there are Gallinia and Albinia, who are jealous of each other's interests in this country, and between whom, sooner or later, I may contrive to throw an apple of discord. Second-

ly, there is my Imperial suzerain, the Mogul of Seljukia, who is indignant with both, and who certainly will take advantage of a national movement to intrigue against them. Thirdly, there is Prince Quizmarck, who, if I can lay a trap for Gallinia, will not fail to push her into it; and so much the worse for Albinia if she falls into it with her. Fourthly, there are the other great Continental Powers, who are all jealous of the Western Powers, and will surely interfere if the latter are so unwise as to endeavor to coerce me by an armed intervention. Fifthly, there is the ex-Prince Schamyl, whose extraordinary powers of intrigue and great wealth I may rely upon if I find the Mogul getting too much for me. Sixthly, there is Howlim, the rightful heir to the throne, whom I may play off against Schamyl when the time comes to betray the latter. Lastly, there is the boy Toothpik, whom I may demoralize and intimidate to such an extent that he may ultimately see it is his interest to abandon his European backers, and place himself in my hands. Tell me, good old friend—excuse my using the Ethiopian vernacular—what you think of my little game?"

Then Soldan replied: "Friend Ethiop, I am old in years and experience. No man has passed through greater perils, or more trying political vicissitudes, than I have; and for the first time I see day breaking. My son, your conception is a grand one; go on and prosper, and keep me in the background until the right time comes. Be not too impetuous, and come to me for assistance when the skein gets too entangled for you to unravel. You will have need of all your wits. Now go, and may Allah protect you."

So Ethiop went his way, cheered and comforted; and he sent a secret emissary to the city of the Golden Crescent, where the Mogul holds his court. And his message to the Mogul was as follows. After compliments—"It may have appeared to you, Father of the Faithful, that recent events in Ethiopia have been directed against the authority of your Majesty—whom God preserve!—and that in the endeavor to assert Ethiopian nationality I have seemed to attack the principle of Seljukian author-

ity in the Principality, and unduly to urge the claims of the Ethiopian soldiery against those of Seljukian origin; but this was a mere blind to avert suspicion from my real object, which is to free the country from Ghiaours, and the accursed interference in our internal affairs of the Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control—which may Allah confound! There is no subject more submissive to your Majesty than is your slave, as I shall speedily prove, if your Majesty will exert your potent influence in my favor with Prince Quizmarck and the other Powers of Europe, and cause them to understand the insult which is being offered to your Majesty by the interference of the foreigner in one of the possessions of your Majesty. Let not the cry of 'Ethiopia for Ethiopians' disturb your Majesty; it is a mere catchword to rally the people against the foreigner, and has no significance as against the Seljuk. I have explained this to that distinguished Seljukian general Omer Stiffki, but his mind is poisoned with suspicions against your unworthy slave; therefore I have taken the liberty of addressing your Majesty directly, by means of a trusty emissary, and place my life in the hands of your Majesty."

When the Mogul received this, he called to his side the trusty Mahmoud, who presides over the lives and destinies of countless houris, and he said to him, "Read this, O Mahmoud, and tell me what the dog of an Ethiopian is really up to."

And Mahmoud, after respectfully alluding to the shadow of his imperial master, and so forth, replied, "The cur—may Allah give his carcase to the vultures!—is up to no good. But in the meantime, and until that desirable event occurs, it appears to your slave that your Majesty may make use of him, as he suggests, against the foreigner; and then, before he becomes dangerous, there are many ways of disposing of him,"—and Mahmoud gave a suggestive leer. "So long as the faithful Omer Stiffki is there, he cannot do much harm without our knowing it."

Meantime Ethiop had scarcely despatched his emissary to the City of the Golden Crescent, when he went off to Toothpik, who was always horribly nervous during his visits, and he explained

to Toothpik why certain changes in the government should be made, and warned him against ignoring the popular sentiment in favor of Ethiopian nationality, and told him, in Oriental phraseology, that both Hammeret and Sinkhiswits, the Albinian and Gallinian diplomatic agents, would prove broken reeds to trust to when it came to a pinch; and that the national party, as represented by himself and Soldan Pasha, were his real friends. Hardly had he left, when Soldan himself came and told poor Toothpik to be cautious, and not to believe everything that Ethiop said, as he was apt to take a sanguine view of things; but that it would be best to coquette a little, as he was doing himself, with both parties; and that though, of course, it was not pleasant to be dictated to by foreigners, it was sometimes better to bear the ills one had than fly to others that one knows not of. At the same time he reminded Toothpik that Ethiop was becoming a power in the country, and must be conciliated, with a good deal to the same effect, which left poor Toothpik in a more utterly perplexed and bewildered condition than ever.

While this was going on, Ethiop had private audiences with Hammeret and Sinkhiswits. He told them both that the national movement was directed solely against military interference on the part of Seljukia, and that he had the warmest regard for both Albinia and Gallinia, and considered the Board of Control the financial salvation of the country, though he admitted that some of the foreigners were paid salaries out of proportion to the amount of work they did. It is unnecessary to allude to the confidential insinuations which he made with reference to Gallinia, when discoursing privately with Hammeret, or the covert sneers at the expense of Albinia in which he indulged when discoursing about Albinia to Sinkhiswits, as I should not like to be the cause of ill-feeling between either the two countries or their representatives.

There was no more seductive beauty under Mahmoud's charge than Fatima, and when the chief eunuch had withdrawn from the imperial presence, it was not unfrequently his habit to seek relaxation in the company of this lovely

creature, whose wit and intelligence often inspired those political reflections which found such favor in the eyes of the Mogul. On the occasion to which I have just alluded, when Mahmoud had done discussing concerning Ethiop's letter with his Majesty, he sought as usual the society of that charmer. And she, with the skill and dexterity for which the sex is celebrated, where pumping processes are concerned, speedily extracted from him the details of the conversation which had just passed. And the beautiful Fatima was the better able to do this, because she seemed to be provided with some mysterious source of affluence; and being of a generous nature, she enjoyed many friends.

Meantime, the national party in Ethiopia continued to prosper, and Ethiop rose in rank and power, the boy Toothpik becoming more and more afraid of him, because he had reason to believe that the upstart had influential friends in the City of the Golden Crescent. And Soldan Pasha, seeing that things were going well, became President of the Chamber of Notables, and the Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control became much disturbed in its collective mind, because they feared that if events continued to progress in this fashion, they would soon appear in the eyes of the Ethiopians in a position rather more ridiculous than honorable, having the mere shadow of authority without its substance. And the Mogul himself thought things looking so serious, that he consulted his friend Prince Quizmarck on the matter, for the latter had cemented a cordial alliance with the Mogul, and had sent him financiers and advisers, thinking the day might come when the Mogul might be useful to him; and the Mogul, who had not many friends at the time, had thankfully accepted this offer of service and amity. If each party desired to make use of the other without sacrificing itself, this was only natural, and is the way of most friendships in this world; and hence it happened that sometimes the Mogul would exceedingly desire the assistance and support of Quizmarck, and the latter would take refuge in compliments, and leave him to his own devices.

So the Mogul, not getting the support on this occasion that he desired, and

which might encourage him to interfere directly, and with force, in the affairs of Ethiopia, became much perplexed and mortified, and continued to revolve in his mind, and to discuss with his Ministers, plans for bringing this independent and rebellious Ethiop to his senses.

Now just about this time there appeared in the public papers a manifesto, which was of a defiant tone, in so far as the authority of the Mogul was concerned over Ethiopia; and as it emanated from Ethiopia, and had an official character, the Mogul thought that the boy Toothpik had issued it, and that he had gone over to the party of Ethiop, which aggravated him exceedingly. So he bethought him that he would exercise his sovereign right by deposing the youth who ruled in Ethiopia, and appoint a new prince in his stead.

Now there dwelt by the shores of the waters of the Golden Crescent a certain Howlim, who was, indeed, according to the strict laws of succession of the Ethiopian dynasty, the rightful heir to the throne, being the granduncle of the present prince; and he had spent his life in languishing in exile and brooding over his rights, and occasionally fishing, for he was a man not without a taste for sport. And when it was confidentially communicated to him one day that he might hope to regain the throne of his father, his heart leapt into his mouth, and he rejoiced greatly, and at once sent privy messengers to the Gallinian Ambassador in the City of the Golden Crescent, because he is a friend of the Gallinians, and would become their willing tool in Ethiopia if he ever succeeded to the Principality, and he had often assured them of this; and now he begged the Ambassador to exercise his influence in his behalf, because, if the Mogul agreed, and M d'Effraycinay agreed, it was not likely that Mr. Sadstone, who never objected to anything that Gallinia proposed, would offer any difficulty, and the thing might be considered settled. But poor Howlim was doomed to disappointment, for the boy Toothpik denied strenuously that he had ever written the obnoxious document, and said that he was not responsible for it. So the Mogul was very glad to take him back into favor, for he never liked

Howlim, and Howlim that time lost his chance.

Now, the true history of the document which caused all this commotion was as follows: There arrived one day in Kahira, the chief city of Ethiopia, a Circassian slave, and she was conducted to the residence of Ethiop by her swarthy attendant, unknown even to Wilful Grunt, or the diplomatic agents of the Powers. And she prostrated herself before Ethiop, and kissed his feet—and she handed to him a paper, and upon the paper was written these words: "From Howlim to Ethiop, Selima, a gift and a token of amity."

And Ethiop raised Selima to her feet and caressed her, for she was very agreeable to look upon, and he said, "Worthy messenger, what news have you from the rightful heir to the throne of Ethiopia,—whom God preserve?"

And she replied, "My late master bids me to warn you, O light of my eyes, that you are mistrusted by the Mogul, and that he seeks your downfall, and he even contemplates sending hither a Seljukian army. He fears your power, and is even now making communications of a confidential character to the boy Toothpik through Omer Stiffki. See, I have it from the fair Fatima, with whom I have maintained friendly relations, and who dwells in a kiosk by the lovely waters on which stands the City of the Golden Crescent. For it was necessary that my master Howlim should be kept well informed."

And while Ethiop pondered over this disagreeable intelligence with gloomy brow, she played to him upon a tambourine—an accomplishment with which she was wont to cheer the sad hours of Howlim, while he languished in the palace of his exile.

"By the beard of the Prophet," shouted Ethiop at last, in tones so loud that they drowned even the notes of the musical instrument, "if he dares to attempt such a thing I will oppose his beggarly Seljukians with my whole army."

Then Selima whispered in soft tones, "My master bids you remember that you have allies over whom he has influence among the sons of the desert of Ethiopia, and that a word from him will be more powerful than one even from Wilful Grunt;" and she laughed with a

low silvery laugh, which sounded so pleasant, as I heard it through the telephone, that from that moment I have conceived an antipathy for Ethiop.

Then that worthy girded on his sword, and strode angrily to the Palace of Soldan, and communicated to him the intelligence we had just heard, and they decided that the moment was too critical to dispense with support, from whatever quarter it might come; and as Howlim had certain adherents in Kahira, they assembled them together secretly, and consulted with them, and it was decided that the boy Toothpik must be deposed, and Howlim placed upon the throne in his stead; and that a manifesto of a defiant character should be written, which should appear to come from Toothpik, and so enrage the Mogul against him, and also force his Majesty to show how far he was really supported by Quizmarck; for the wily Ethiop had also maintained secret relations with the great Chancellor, through the Teutonic diplomatic agent at Kahira, and he knew full well that the Mogul was reckoning upon a support that he would not receive. But Ethiop's real idea has only been to scramble upon the throne of Ethiopia himself; and what between Toothpik's being weak and shaky, and Schamyl being really impossible, and Howlim being much disliked by the Mogul, I am not sure that he has not just as good a chance as anybody else.

And here it should be remarked that I have so many conversations to report, and so many different threads to weave into one narrative, that I am often puzzled which one to take up next. I have heard, for instance, many curious dialogues between Ethiop and Baron Schutz, the sporting representative of Teutonia, and Codger, the agent of Oster-Magyaria, from which I gathered that it was not displeasing to them to see Ethiop exciting discontent against the Albinio-Gallinian assumptions of "preponderating influence;" and in this policy they were ably seconded by their Latinian colleague. In fact, it seemed to me that the object of all these gentlemen was to stir up all the trouble possible in Ethiopia, without in any way compromising themselves or their Governments; but I feel that this

is a very delicate matter to which to allude, and even with a "patent eaves-dropper," I must draw the line somewhere.

Certain it is that Ethiop would never have displayed the audacity he has, had he not been secretly stimulated and encouraged in certain quarters. And I think it not impossible that, as the great African mystery unfolds, it will be found that it will chiefly develop to the advantage of those Powers about whose participation in this remarkable concatenation of events the least has been heard. Indeed the minds of onlookers not so well informed as I was at this time were much puzzled as to the influences under which Ethiop was acting. Whether he was working in the interest of Howlim, or whether he was secretly inspired by the Mogul, or whether, after all, he might not have a private understanding with Toothpik, who occasionally showed symptoms of wavering, or whether Schamyl and he had not as yet some undiscovered relations, or whether he was relying upon encouragement insidiously imparted to him by the agents of Teutonia, Oster-Magyaria, and Latinia, or whether he was only trying to perplex people by mysterious allusions to support derived from all these various directions, and was trusting solely in Soldan, or whether, in fact, Soldan was to be trusted, and had not a thorough understanding with the diplomatic agents of Albinia and Gallinia, as was to be suspected from an apparent coolness which was springing up between the military national party headed by Ethiop and the civil national party represented by Soldan.

All these hypotheses, I say, furnished much matter for curious speculation to the world, and combined to render the great African mystery more mysterious than ever. Indeed I often wondered whether some of the actors in this great drama did not sometimes themselves get confused as to the part they were playing. Even I myself, though, as one may say, more behind the scenes than any one else, was becoming puzzled, when a certain Kiatib appeared upon the scene. To him I instantly applied my telephone, for I knew he was a devoted adherent and confidential friend of Schamyl, and that being in Kahira at

such a crisis he must be up to some mischief, and I found he had many powerful friends in Kahira, who mourned over the days when Schamyl had ruled the country, when money flowed like water, and they never lacked opportunities for lining their pockets; and I discovered that they were secretly plotting together, and that one of them was in Ethiop's confidence, and another, an Ethiopian princess who pushed her fortunes there as women can, who have influence with other women. And when all was prepared Kiatib presented himself to Ethiop, and Ethiop said, "Peace be with you! what news have you of that great man whose absence Ethiop has never ceased to deplore?"

And Kiatib replied, "My master is indeed a man of greater intelligence and loftier views than any prince in Islam, and from his palace near the Latinian city by the sea, where he dwells 'neath the smoke of the burning mountains, he watches events with a keen eye, and is never idle; indeed his operations are secret and far-reaching, and the centre of them is the sacred City of the Prophet in the midst of the desert. For his ambitions have only been stimulated by his downfall, and he now aspires to nothing less than the Imaumat; and his pretensions are recognized by many, and his influence is growing, and his wealth, as Ethiopia has good reason to know, is considerable; and, if you will enter into his combinations, he will assist you with the powerful party which still adheres to him in Ethiopia, and if together you succeed against his great enemy the Mogul, he will name you Prince of Ethiopia, and extend his spiritual protection over you when he has attained the exalted summit of his ambitions."

And they had much discussion over this matter, and went thoroughly into Schamyl's plans, which I may not now divulge; but when Ethiop afterward consulted with Soldan upon the subject, they did not think them feasible. Still Ethiop did not say this to Kiatib, but rather held out encouraging hopes to him; so Kiatib wrote to his master that all was going well for his cause in Kahira, and Schamyl was much rejoiced thereat.

Now just about this time there came to Kahira a man who had lived much in

the sacred city in the desert, and was possessed of great influence there, for he had the reputation of being a gifted and a holy man, and his name was Sheik Abbassaad, and he was a servant of the Mogul, and liked by him, and he had not long since arrived from the sacred city in the desert. And one day, as I was walking in the bazaar, I saw a woman followed by a slave, and I recognized the slave as one of Ethiop's, and I surmised that the woman could be none other than Selima; so I followed her, and she entered by the harem door into the house of Abbassaad; so my suspicions were aroused, and I applied my telephone, and I overheard a singular conversation; and I found that Abbassaad and Selima had known each other in the City of the Golden Crescent. And Abbassaad said, "Fair Selima, how come you in Kahira, and what news do you bring of my good friend Howlim?" And Selima replied, "My master is well, and he bids me tell you that his star is rising, and, with the help of your gracious influence, it may yet shine brightly in the Eastern firmament; but the horizon is, nevertheless, overcast in certain directions, and I have come to warn you of a peril which threatens not merely my Lord Howlim, but our Imperial master himself, for there is a dangerous man in Kahira."

Then Abbassaad pricked up his ears, and Selima confided to him all she had discovered in regard to Kiatib. And Abbassaad was much troubled, for he hated Schamyl with a hatred which was only equalled by that of his Imperial master; and he said to Selima, "Do you think that Ethiop really believes in Kiatib's stories of the great influence and vast designs of Schamyl, or that he is only playing with him?" And she replied, "My Lord, for the present he is playing with him, but any day that he thought it for his advantage he would use him." Then Abbassaad said, "Come back to me in three days." And he dismissed her. So she came back to him in three days, and he said, "I have found out that Kiatib is plotting against the life of Ethiop; tell him that I have told you this. Let him arrest Kiatib, and he will save his own life, and gain great favor from the Mogul, whom God preserve."

So Selima told Ethiop this, and Ethiop set spies upon Kiatib, and behold it was discovered that Kiatib, who was a man of desperate character, had determined, in the event of Ethiop not consenting to be his tool, to take his life secretly, and raise up another popular Ethiopian officer to be the head of the national military party; and he had also made friends with Circassian officers, who hated Ethiop because he had reduced their pay and promoted Ethiopians over their heads; and the whole plan was arranged, but it was not to be put into operation unless Ethiop refused to do what Kiatib told him.

So when Ethiop discovered the treachery of Kiatib, he made arrangements for arresting him and all his accomplices. But Kiatib, who was as clever as he was daring, escaped in time to the Latinian city where Schamyl dwells; but the other conspirators were arrested, and among them no less a personage than Omer Stiffki, whom Ethiop had long wanted to get rid of, because he was the head of the Seljukian military party in Ethiopia. The result was that, instead of pleasing the Mogul by the arrest of Kiatib, he incensed him mightily by the arrest of Omer. So the Mogul commanded the boy Toothpik to annul the sentence.

How Ethiop resisted this order, and how Hammeret and Sinkhiswits were constantly at Toothpik's palace keeping his courage up, and how they kept it up, and how he insisted upon the Ministry resigning, and how they wouldn't resign, and how eventually they did resign, and how Ethiop first did and then didn't resign, and how Lord Grannyville and M. d'Effraycinay began writing dispatches to each other in the most frantic way, and how they could not agree at first how Ethiop was to be dealt with and order be restored, and how the Ulemas and Notables came and said if he was not dealt with somehow, and order restored, there would be murder and bloodshed in Kahira, and how Ethiop convoked the Chamber of Notables, and how the Chamber of Notables wouldn't be convoked, and how a split thereupon occurred between the Civil National party and the Military National party, and how Wilful Grunt telegraphed to Soldan Pasha to hold on to

the Military party, or M. Sadstone would annex Egypt, and how Mr. Sadstone had not the remotest intention of annexing Egypt—all these are matters of history.

I only wish I had time and space to narrate all the conversations between them. There was one, for instance, between Mr. Sadstone and Mr. Clamberalong, as to the probable *moral* effect upon Ethiop's mind of six Albinio-Gallian ironclads demonstrating in the bay of the great Ethiopian city of commerce, which made old Soldan Pasha, with whom I was sitting at the time, and who overheard it through my telephone, split his sides with laughter, because, as he said ironically, "it showed such a knowledge of the Eastern character."

The discussion which took place in the Albinian Cabinet the same day was also most amusing. I invited three or four friends in Kahira to come and listen to it; and I must do Sir Historicus the justice to say that he made a most gallant stand in favor of treaties, and the necessity of complying with international law in a matter where the rights of the suzerain power were concerned; for, said he, "Look at the fearful precedent we should create in case the Mogul decided to send ships to the Cape of Bad Hope for the purpose of reducing the Cismaal to order, having previously notified us through his ambassador that we should not be allowed to send any, in defiance of all international obligations and rights of suzerainty." And Clamberalong replied, "Rights of suzerainty be blowed! We shouldn't mind it at all—in fact, we should rather like it; but they couldn't get there, because there is no port in the Cismaal." Sir Historicus maintained that didn't matter where naval demonstrations were involved; but he said, waiving that point, "Supposing Ethiop does not care for the naval demonstration, then what would you do?" and Lord Grannyville said, "Something else;" and Sir Historicus asked, "What else?" and Lord Grannyville said, "Oh, anything else—call a conference of the Powers, for instance." "But," said Sir Historicus, "suppose Ethiop does not mind the conference, and the Mogul declines?" "I opine," said Mr. Sadstone, in tones which came vibrating

through the telephone, "that would not concern us, but would be the affair of the Powers."

Next day I happened to apply my instrument to the Cabinet of M d'Effraycinay, in the City of Pleasure, just at the moment when M. de Galeowits, on the part of the Albinian leading organ, suggested to him the employment of Seljukian gendarmes in Ethiopia. But M. d'Effraycinay only seemed disposed to entertain this idea in order not to hurt M. de Galeowits's feelings, and said that he thought the despatch of ironclads would do for the present, and that his place was to let the morrow take care of itself, which had been the method so successfully tried in Carthage.

A few days afterward the ironclads arrived off the coast of Ethiopa, and Sir Bechem Semur went to call on the Gallinian admiral. "*Ah, mon cher collègue,*" he remarked, striking an attitude, "as the clown says in the pantomime, '*ici nous sommes encore*'—here we are again! '*Quod erat demonstrandum,*' as we used to say at Dulcigno." Sir Bechem dearly loves his little joke.

"I think we are very much like clowns in a pantomime," responded the Gallinian admiral, "and I don't know anybody that plays the part better than you do."

"Let us give Ethiop a few threatening evolutions," said Sir Bechem, who did not quite seem to like this last remark. "Suppose we man yards; I have got a man on board who can stand on one leg on the truck of the main royal—that ought to frighten him."

As there is not water enough for us to go and demonstrate inside the bay, you can't do it here," said the French admiral. "No man could stand on the truck on one leg in such a swell of the ocean as this" (this was a playful allusion). "We must get into harbor somewhere—we're looking more foolish than usual out here."

"Suppose we run on to Aboukir," said Sir Bechem; and he began singing in a fine mellow voice, "'Twas in Aboukir Bay," and then stopped suddenly, finding he could not go very far without wounding the French admiral's susceptibilities, and became pensive as he thought what a very different kind of demonstration the Albinian and Gallin-

ian fleets were making the last time they were together, and wondered how the great Albinian admiral who commanded on that occasion would like the kind of work Albinian admirals were called upon to do nowadays. So they took the ironclads to the bay of the great battle. Whether it was owing to the yards being manned, or what, I don't know, but sure enough the next day Ethiop resigned, and Soldan and the national party seemed thoroughly demoralized; but, most singular to relate, the day afterward Sheik Abbassaad, who had gone to the City of the Golden Crescent to report to the Mogul how matters had been progressing in Ethiopia, immediately after he had discovered Kiatib's conspiracy, returned to Kahira, and he went straight to the house of Ethiop, whom he found in a very disturbed state of mind, and he said to him, "I come to you from my master the Mogul, who bids you cheer up and be of good courage, and not be alarmed at the Ghiaour who is standing on one leg on the top of the mast of the ship of that dog of an Albinian admiral, nor can the Gallinian son of a sea-cook do you any hurt. Now that the Ghiaours have combined together to insult the dignity of the head of our Religion, it behooves all followers of the Prophet to forget their little differences or postpone them to a more convenient season. The admirals and diplomatic agents may talk about exiling you, but it is an empty threat, my friend. My Imperial master has become so accustomed to Albinio-Gallinian bluster that he has long since ceased to pay any attention to it, and he recommends you to do the same. So go straight to the youth Toothpik, and tell him that you are more determined to govern this country than ever. Tell him that he is a traitor to his suzerain, for he has thrown himself into the arms of Hammeret and Sinkhiswits at the moment when he should have defied them, and depended for support only upon his Imperial master. And he should have refused to take his orders from any Albinio-Gallinian admirals, or from anybody except the Mogul. His Majesty was very angry when he found you had arrested Omer Stiffki, and you would not have been forgiven had not Sadstone and d'Effraycinay—praise be to Allah

for their stupidity !—grossly insulted our Lord and Master, and thus restored you to the Imperial favor.”

And Ethiop replied, curtly, “ Well, I’ve got rid of him, that’s one good thing. Now what do you, who know the secrets of the mind of our Lord, and possess his confidence, advise me to do to prove my devotion and loyalty to his Majesty, whom God protect ? ”

And the Sheik answered, “ Though I am a man more used to the sacred precincts of the holy places than to the tented field, yet as you are a military man, I will address you in the language of strategy, which you understand, and I tell you that the key of the position is Carthagia, of which province our Imperial master has been foully and fraudulently robbed by the Gallinians. Help him to recover that, and he will make you prince of Carthagia, or perhaps of even Ethiopia itself ; but for the present you must forward for this latter position my old friend Howlim. In the meantime, in order to make these Albinians and Gallinians eat dirt, you must insist upon the deposition of the boy Toothpik, who is ready to accept any written instructions which he may receive from the Ghiaours without first asking the pleasure of his Lord and Master ; and upon the departure of the fleets, which are a standing insult to the dignity of his Majesty ; and upon the recall of Hammeret and Sinkhiswits, because it is always wise to have something to yield gracefully, upon your own restitution to office. Then if commissioners are sent from the City of the Golden Crescent to arrange the matter, you must entertain them sumptuously, and trifle delicately with them, remembering that they come only to scatter dust in the eyes of the Powers, and gain time ; and you must employ yourself in the meantime in working up the religious feelings of the people ; and you must compel old Soldan Pasha, who has behaved timidly in this crisis, and has very nearly fallen between two stools, to use his influence to excite fanatical discontent against the Ghiaours. In fact, you must produce such a state of things as to make it necessary for his Majesty to send a Seljukian army. Do not fear that it will overthrow your national aspirations. It will be direct-

ed not against you, but against the Gallinians in Carthagia. You will take part, thus, in a great rising against these miserable Ghiaours, and your Ethiopian soldiery will fraternize with the Seljukian soldiery ; and with a skilful commander like you—for you will be the leading military spirit in this matter—there is no saying how far along the western deserts, even to the borders of the great sea, this movement may not extend, undermining the power of Gallinia all through the north of the Continent. And your enterprise will be well-pleasing to Teutonia and Oster-Magyar, who will take this opportunity of falling upon Moscovia ; and Albinia will not interfere, partly because she has as much as she can manage with Erinia, and partly because she will secretly rejoice to see the Gallinians driven out of Ethiopia and Carthagia and Barbaria generally ; and be sure that Latinia will rub her hands and look on well pleased. The reward of the happy soldier, who has successfully engaged in such operations, will indeed be great ; and our Lord and Master will establish his dynasty in these lands, and he will rule over them.”

So Sheik Abbassaad skilfully inflamed the imagination of Ethiop with this brilliant prospect ; and he plucked up courage, with what results all the world knows. And Abbassaad said : “ Now that I have given you the cue, and you thoroughly understand the situation, I will return to the City of the Golden Crescent, and before long you will see me again ; perhaps with the Imperial Commissioners—who knows ?—for you are somewhat impetuous and indiscreet, like your friend, Wilful Grunt, and require me to be constantly by your side. Forgive my frankness ; I will not say peace, but rather war be with you,” added the holy man, smiling sweetly, as with a dignified gesture he untucked his legs from under him, and gliding his feet into his slippers, shuffled softly away.

A few day after this interesting conversation, I turned my telephone into the study of the great Chancellor whose will exercises so powerful an influence over the destinies of nations. I did this somewhat nervously, for the poor man had been suffering a good deal of pain

of late from rheumatism, and would occasionally send an oath and a roar through the instrument that nearly split my tympanum. Woe to the unlucky secretary who entered at such a moment. To-day, however, he was evidently a good deal easier, and received Count Felthat, who entered just then, with great affability. "See here, my dear Count," he said, pushing him a despatch, "run your eye over that." "Ah!" said the latter, as he glanced at it rapidly, "a polite invitation to a conference in the City of the Golden Crescent. I suppose your Highness accepts." "Did you ever know me refuse to do the civil thing?" replied the Prince, with a smile of some significance. "Gallinia begs Teutonia to advise with Seljukia as to the best means of restoring order in Ethiopia—that's better than a *guerre de revanche*, I think. How furious it will make Trombetta; his only consolation will be that d'Effraycinay has made a mess which he may profit by—not but what he is much the bigger bungler of the two. How neatly he walked into that trap I laid for him and dear old Bottlemey Hilarius in Carthage."

"And what, if I may venture to ask, does your Highness propose to advise the Mogul to do?" said Felthat.

"I am surprised," responded the Prince, "that a man of your Seljukian experience should put such a question. I will advise him to make himself as thoroughly disagreeable both to Gallinia and Albinia as his natural instincts would suggest, and assure him of my heartiest support should he wish to send an army to Ethiopia."

"In fact," said Felthat, "your Highness intends to keep the Eastern pot still simmering."

"I intend," shouted the Chancellor, "to make it boil over as soon as possible. The way the poor Teutonians are being treated in Moscovia has become unbearable; they could not be more abused if they were Jews."

His voice rose to such a pitch as he made this remark, that I involuntarily withdrew my ear from my telephone, fearing an explosion, and when I ventured to apply it again, I found Count Felthat had gone. I followed him, thinking I might pick up something

more, but he already had taken his coat off and was playing lawn tennis.

Three or four days later I was lounging with my telephone in the neighborhood of M. d'Effraycinay, when M. de Galeowits entered his room. "Ah, mon cher," said the Minister, "you are just the man I wanted to see: you who keep your finger always on the pulse of the Albinian nation—do you see any symptoms of backing out?"

"Backing out of what?" asked M. de Galeowits.

"Do you think Mr. Sadstone capable of deserting us and leaving us in the lurch in this Ethiopian difficulty, I mean?"

"Mr. Sadstone is too great a man not to be capable of anything," replied M. de G.

"But Sir Bilk! surely he would not be guilty of such a base act of treachery toward Gallinia."

"You forget that Sir Charles has disagreeable questions to answer in the House, and the interests of his party to consider. After all, he is mortal—besides, he is not the Cabinet, nor even in it."

"But you, my friend, who exercise such a controlling influence in Albinia, surely you will stand by me in this crisis, and do what you can to direct public opinion, and point out to it the path of honor?"

"I do not wish to depreciate my own influence," responded M. de Galeowits, "but you must remember that the leading organ represents the Albinian nation, and I represent the leading organ—we all three go together. I cannot sever myself from this great combination, even to serve Gallinia. The great advantage of a free country with popular institutions is, that it can never do anything dishonorable, and you never can tell what it will do next. And that is exactly my own case. Prince Quizmarck found that out long ago—hence our coolness. But in your case, I trust, whatever happens, we shall always remain friends."

"Friends!" said the President of the Council, bitterly; "where am I to look for them? I live by the antagonism of my political opponents among themselves." And he sighed deeply; and M. de Galeowits, who is possessed

of much tenderness of feeling, in order not to be too deeply affected by his friend's sorrow, took his leave hurriedly, and wended his way to the Oster-Magyarian Embassy, where he acquired much interesting information.

As Sheik Abbassaad had predicted, in due course of time Seljukian commissioners arrived at Kahira, and he with them; and he went immediately to the house of Ethiop, to have a private interview with him, in order to give him the news from the City of the Golden Crescent, and tell him what the Commissioners were going to say to him, and what he should reply to them, and what was the programme generally. And Ethiop, who had been very particular in carrying out his instructions, and in manifesting great loyalty to his Majesty the Mogul during the previous few weeks, received him with great effusiveness, and, after compliments, asked him how the project of a conference was getting on; and Abbassaad replied: "Well for our Imperial master, who is determined that it shall not take place if it can be avoided; and this, friend Ethiop, largely depends upon you. But the Gallinians are impatient and angry because they are being humiliated in the eyes of Europe, and are afraid of being abandoned by Albinia, and press hotly for the conference; and Albinia is nervous and uncomfortable because she is tired of being dragged at the heels of Gallinia, and being made ridiculous, and she is seeking an opportunity of getting out of the partnership with Gallinia, and does not much care about the conference, notwithstanding that Sir Bilk talks boldly in the House about having a conference elsewhere if his Majesty refuses to have a conference in the City of the Golden Crescent; and Prince Quizmarck is laughing in his sleeve, and I doubt very much if he would agree to a conference in which Seljukia was not represented, and Gallinia wishes in that case to persuade Albinia to a joint military occupation of Ethiopia, but that Albinia will never agree to with Erinia on her hands, and because she fears it may only lead to further complications with Gallinia, and she has enough of them already; nor will the other Powers. So our Imperial master has all the trump-cards in his hands—if we only play ours here prop-

erly, to speak in the language of those gambling Ghiaours, whom Allah confound. And now, my friend, as you are about in a few hours to discuss the matter with the Commissioners, I will explain to you how we propose to restore order to Ethiopia, and at the same time satisfy the pretensions of that troublesome soldier called Ethiop." And the Sheik laughed slyly—for, being a holy man, he never indulged in uproarious demonstrations of mirth; but when Ethiop heard the plan, he laughed loudly—partly because he had got a little game of his own, unknown to Abbassaad, and partly because it was well conceived, and calculated to produce such a nice kettle of fish.

Of course I heard all that the Sheik said, and I also knew what Ethiop intended to do, and it requires a great effort of self-restraint on my part not to take my readers into my confidence; but I feel it would be an abuse of the privileges conferred by the patent eavesdropper upon its happy possessor, and quite unjustifiable from an international as well as from a private point of view. I only promised my readers the middle of the story, and this is getting too near the end for their good. They now know quite enough to give them matter for serious reflection; were they to know more, they might put embarrassing questions to poor "Sir Bilk" in the House, and he would be obliged to reply in his usual affable manner, "Mr. Speaker, I do not think that it would advance the interests of the public service, in the present stage of the negotiations in which her Majesty's Government are engaged, that I should answer the question of the honorable member;" and considering how little he would know about it in the absence of an eavesdropper, it certainly wouldn't. So as I hate placing anybody in a false position, I will receive my information until events have developed themselves more fully, and then perhaps, when subsequent occurrences justify further disclosures, I will let a little more light into the Great African mystery. Meantime my readers may rest assured that on every important occasion I shall not fail to apply that remarkable mechanical contrivance, to the perfect condition of which they owe so much already.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ORIENTAL PATRIOTISM.

WE know of no subject upon which the opinion of experts in Asiatic affairs is so hopelessly divided as that of Oriental patriotism. A great number of the keenest of them, and especially of the men whose experience is entitled to respect, say that such a feeling as patriotism does not exist in any Asiatic. He can and will die for his creed, or for his tribe, or caste, or for his dynasty; but of patriotism he has no conception. He very rarely or never has a word in his language to express the virtue, his public opinion does not require it as a condition of political life, and under temptation he never finds in it any source of strength. An Asiatic, such observers say, can be very loyal to a ruler, or to an ally, or to an idea, but his loyalty to what we term his "country" is of the feeblest character. He may speak of patriotism in words, especially when talking to Europeans; but his impelling motive is always either ambition, or pride, or fanaticism, and not, especially under temptation, love of country. He will sell his country in order to rule it, and sometimes for mere lucre, especially when he is out of spirits, and thinks Destiny has declared against the Virtues. Those observers who think thus believe in their own view very firmly, point to the case of Tej Singh, who sold victory, as General Cunningham reports, for £220,000, and ridicule the notion that a man like Arabi Pasha can be governed by anything like "nationalist" feeling. He may be, they admit, a Mussulman fanatic, or a devotee of the Khalifate—which is not quite the same thing—or even an "Asiatic," that is, a man who loathes European ascendancy; but he cannot care enough for Egypt to make Egyptian interest, as he conceives it, the guiding-star of his policy—cannot, in fact, be in any sense a patriot.

We should say that, on the whole, this was the more general opinion, especially among those experts who have come much in contact with prominent Asiatic statesmen, the men, that is, who are not sovereigns, but have risen either by serving or by opposing sovereigns. At the same time, a minority of observers

equally experienced, and we think, as a rule, possessed of more sympathy and insight, though not of greater force, utterly reject this view. They say that Asiatics not only can feel, but do feel the sentiment of patriotism as strongly as Europeans; that the want of a word to express the idea is an accident, which, curiously enough, is reproduced in England, where, though every one understands "love of country," the only single word which expresses that sentiment is borrowed from the French; and that an Arab, a native of India, or a Chinaman, when a good man, is as strongly moved by the idea of "country," and all which it implies, as an Englishman or an American. He is more likely to be deficient in that virtue than a European, as he is more likely to be deficient in any other of the active virtues, his whole nature being feebler, and, so to speak, more feminine; yet he not only recognizes, but, unless overpowered by strong temptation, acts on it. He very often, for example, submits to invasion when a European would resist, but he never submits willingly, still less permanently. He never adopts the invader, never forgets that his own country is separate, and never ceases to hope that in God's good time the invader will be compelled to depart, or, if such extreme good fortune may be, will be slaughtered out. As to self-sacrifice for his country, he fills up the national army readily enough, and this in countries like Afghanistan, which have no conscription; he serves as a soldier, say, in Turkey, with wonderful self-suppression; and he will, and does constantly, risk his fortune, rather than give an advantage to the national enemy. No foreign government in an Asiatic State is ever able quite to trust the people, while it is a universal experience that if a rising occurs, the people enter into a silent conspiracy to give it aid. They may not rise, but the foreigner hears nothing of the plot till it explodes, finds no one to betray the leaders, and is conscious of living in an atmosphere of deadly hostility. In the exceptional case of small States separated by any cause from their neighbors, like that

of the Albanians, the Afghans, the Burmese, or the Druses, patriotism is a burning passion, to be as fully relied on as the same passion in any European country. Men who think thus declare that Arabi Pasha, though governed by mixed motives, still does feel the nationalist feeling; that his followers, though moved by many emotions, still do seek the independence of Egypt; and that a good many of those whom we consider dangerous fools, actuated by blood-thirsty race-hatred, honestly believe that in rioting they are risking life in order to be rid of enemies to their country.

We confess we agree with the second party, though it is needful to make a reserve. We do not believe that, as a rule, patriotism is as strong in Asia as in Europe. Its influence there has been superseded in part by other ideas; by the claims of religion—fervent Ultramontanes are, even in Europe, seldom patriots before all things—by the feeling of race, which is as strong almost everywhere in Asia as in Ireland; and by the passion of “loyalty” in the technical sense, which constantly leads Asiatics to postpone everything, even independence, to the interests of a dynasty; but it exists almost precisely in the degree and form in which it existed among Europeans in the Middle Ages. The people of an Asiatic State like their country, and are proud of it; are prepared to do something, though not very much, in its defence; and are passively, but implacably and permanently, hostile to the foreigner who invades it. They are not, outside some portions of Arabia, Democrats in any sense, but they are universally “Nationalist,” and prefer, distinctly prefer, bad government by themselves and through themselves, to good government by the foreigner. They may prefer one foreigner to another, as the Bengalees undoubtedly prefer Englishmen to Sikhs and the Peguans prefer them to Burmese; but if they had the choice, they would prefer each other to anybody else. Nobody, we suppose, doubts this about Armenians, who, though white, are recognized throughout the continent, from Shanghai to the Bosphorus, as true Asiatics, and can go in safety where no European would be spared; or about Afghans, or about Arabs, or about

Chinese; and it is true of far feebleness of races. There is not a Bengalee who is not proud of the old glories of Gour, or gratified when a European acknowledges the intellectual capacity of his countrymen, or sad when he admits that his *desh*—i.e. *patria*, as well as land—has constantly been conquered. There was not an Indian on the vast continent who did not consider the Sepoys Nationalists, and did not, even if he dreaded their success, feel proud of their few victories. An old Hindoo scholar, definitely and openly on the English side, actually cried with rage and pain, in the writer’s presence, over a report that Delhi was to be razed. He had never seen Delhi, but to him it was “our beautiful city, such a possession for our country.” The Egyptians are not a strong people, but it is quite useless to tell an Egyptian that the Europeans bring him prosperity and light taxes, as useless as to tell a true Irish Nationalist the same thing about the English. He does not trouble himself to deny the facts, nay, very often believes them; but, all the same, he wants the intruders gone, if wealth and comfort go with them. It is true the feeling is not acute, and does not take the European form. The Asiatic’s mind is full of bewildering cross-lights, of feeling about his creed, and his history, and his hates, and his personal interests, which, if they conflict with patriotism, often prove the stronger; but to say that is to say he is morally weak or intellectually crotchety, not to say he is unpatriotic. He knows what he is selling when he sells his country well enough, and if anybody else sells it will pour mental vitriol on his head. A “traitor,” in the English sense, has not in Asia a pleasant time of it with posterity. Patriotism with him is not an overmastering idea. He has too many notions about destiny, and about the sanctity of power as granted by God, and about the necessity of obedience when extorted by adequate force, to be a Washington, or anything like a Washington; but his country has his sympathies, nevertheless, which, whenever there is a chance for their display, have to be reckoned with by politicians. The Egyptians have always obeyed foreigners, and, if the English conquered them, would be very

fair subjects ; but we have no doubt that the majority of them, though quiescent, would much rather that Egyptians succeeded in this struggle than that Europe did, and a little rather that Egyptians conquered than that Turks did. The Turk is a foreigner, but he is a Mussulman and an Asiatic. It may be said that the emotion is only one of hate, and, indeed, this is almost always said by the makers of telegrams, but it is not strictly true. The hatred exists, like the hatred for England in Ireland, but it is in great part the result of a feeling indistinguishable, at all events, from patriotism, a feeling compounded of

national pride, national exclusiveness, and desire for national independence. If the Egyptian were a fighting man, like the Afghan, we should all understand him, but the possibility of sentiments or virtues in a passive state is always more or less incredible to the Englishman. Such sentiments exist, nevertheless, as the Englishman would remember, if he ever bethought himself that he himself holds it part of his duty to turn his cheek to the smiter—honestly and sincerely holds it—though, when the hour comes, he turns his fist, instead. —*London Spectator*.

NIGHT.

THE earth is veiled in twilight gray,
 Day wings her flight ;
 The worshipped sun is borne away
 On blushing waves of amber light ;
 Come then, thou Maid, and be our Queen ;
 Nought shall disturb thy reign serene,
 O dark-eyed Night !

The weary earth mourns not the death
 Of busy day ;
 The sighing wind now holds her breath,
 To list to Philomela's lay ;
 And Night-wooded buds, asleep since morn,
 Awake, and hasten to adorn
 Thy regal way.

'Mid dusky spheres is raised for thee
 A throne on high ;
 The budding stars await to see,
 The crescent moon come gliding by.
 Then they'll entwine thy raven hair ;
 And Cynthia on thy bosom fair
 Will gently lie.

Love lights his lamp, then steals away
 To Psyche's bower ;
 And Hope, who twines her wreath by day,
 Now hides in heart of drowsy flower.
 Come, wave thy strange enchanted wand.
 In magic circles o'er the land,
 From thy dark tower.

I hear the tread of silver feet,
 O coming Night !
 Thou turnest like a vision sweet,
 The misty darkness into light.
 I see thee now, and at thy side
 Is gliding sleep—the dreamy-eyed—
 Thrice welcome Night !

Chambers's Journal.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ELIANE. By Mme. Augustus Craven. New York: *William S. Gottsberger.*

Intentionally or otherwise, the story of "Eliane" is a prolonged argument against the prevailing conventionalities in France concerning love and marriage; and the force of the argument is none the less strong because of its expression in the form of fiction; for a fictitious representation of life is, proportionate to the author's skill, in itself of the nature of an argument from experience. To the English mind at least no method of reasoning could be more effective than this simple picture of the customs of French society against that part of the social code which provides for the marriage of children by an arrangement of the parents, made with regard only to social rank. It is the record of a few years in the lives of a titled family, written by one who is thoroughly familiar with French life in all its aspects and consequences. The plot of the story is so simple as to be of little importance, its consummation being foreseen almost from the beginning; but the interest of the reader is centred upon the moral problem which is being resolved in the lives of three of the principal characters. Madame de Liminge has provided a husband for her daughter Blanche, who accepts her destiny with implicit faith in her mother's superior judgment in such a matter, and she would now, in the same business-like manner, provide for her son and her niece Eliane. She has a supreme aversion for "sentimental nonsense," and when the son avows his love for Eliane, she answers his earnest pleading with a peremptory refusal because of the disparity of social position. He must overcome his foolish weakness and marry the lady whom she herself has chosen, the brilliant Mademoiselle de Longvilliers. Proud, cold, and imperious, she recognizes no law of the heart that can conflict with the demands of her social code. But Raynald will not "obey as a son," and departs into exile. Much misery follows for all the members of this family, but at last the proud heart of the Marquise is softened by suffering; the natural affections, so long and studiously suppressed, finally assert themselves, the son is recalled, and once more peace, love, and happiness are supreme.

The problem here presented is an old and simple one—the opposition of true sentiment to certain false notions of life which prevail in and, to a great extent, govern all so-called higher ranks of society, whether in France or America. Those readers who demand the stimulus of a rapid plot and frequent inci-

dents will, perhaps, not be interested by the quiet manner in which the results of this conflict are traced out in the story; but even such cannot fail to perceive the ease and gracefulness of the narrative and the frequent examples of excellent character drawing. The tone of the book is pure throughout, and not a false note is sounded, which too often cannot be said of the novels that are so rapidly and so indiscriminately done into English from the French.

NATURAL RELIGION. By the author of "Ecce Homo." Boston: *Roberts Brothers.*

The author of this work is Mr. J. R. Seeley, of London, whose remarkable book entitled "Ecce Homo" created such a veritable sensation some few years ago, and whose weightier work, "The Life and Times of Stein," is or ought to be well known. He is, to use his own words, "one of those simpletons who believe that, alike in politics and religion, there are truths outside the region of party debate, and that these truths are more important than the contending parties will easily be induced to believe." It is the aim of this volume to point out some of those truths which may be accepted by each of the combatants in the war between science and religion, without the necessity of surrender or compromise on either side. And first is the truth of a "God in nature," which the scientist virtually believes in while denying the God of theology; for, says the author, "that man believes in a God who feels himself in the presence of a Power which is not himself and is immeasurably above himself, a Power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed, in the knowledge of which he finds safety and happiness." The controversy over this point is mostly logomachy, for it does not matter whether the word used be Power, Will, Nature, Unity, or God. Science believes in Nature, or the sublime Unity of the Universe, and has for it a "prolonged admiration," which is worship, and reposes in it a faith which does not differ essentially from the faith exercised by Christianity. Thus both science and theology can accept this "natural religion," and so far come into agreement, since it is practically included in the creed of each. But it is not so easy to find a common truth in some of the theological attributes. The maxim of popular Christianity, that God is perfectly benevolent, is by no means consistently maintained in the Bible itself, and "is not necessary to theology or religion as such." So also with the current conception of the theological miracle. But much trouble arises

from a wrong interpretation of the term theology itself, for any one possesses a theology who possesses "a definite notion of God's dealings with us." Accordingly, the scientist who worships Nature as his God, and possesses a definite knowledge of Nature's laws, thereby possesses a theology, a sense of the word justified by its etymology if not by usage. It is a knowledge of the "relation of the universe to human ideals," and "is just as much a theology as Christianity. It deals with just the same questions and gives an answer to them, though a different answer. Both views, whatever may be professed, are views about God."

These brief extracts and definitions may indicate the author's line of thought, but very imperfectly suggest the ingenuity and frequent subtlety of his argument. His acute analyses and refinement upon words used in loose and conventional senses will furnish a wholesome stimulus to thought upon the topics discussed, without, however, endangering settled convictions. The analysis of Wordsworth's religious sentiments—which he assumes to be identical with natural religion—reveals his masterly critical faculty as well as a charming literary style.

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS. Passages from the Works of William H. Prescott. Compiled by Josephine E. Hodgdon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

When Professor Tyler announced his intention of writing a history of American literature, there were unquestionably many intelligent readers who were surprised to learn that there existed a body of literature, distinctively American, which was worthy of an extended history. Too many, it is to be feared, were inclined to accept the judgment of a few perverse English critics, one of whom recently declared that only Irving and Longfellow have attained really to classical eminence, and that of their works all that is best is indeed purely English. However all this may be, it is certain that until very recently makers of school text-books and teachers of literature have neglected American literature as a distinct subject of study. Pupils have long been required to learn the "outlines" of English literature with much thoroughness, and in more recent years have been furnished with excellent annotated selections for special study, ranging over the whole field from Chaucer to Tennyson; but all of this time they have received no hint of a native literature that needed to be outlined and studied in choice selections. Efforts are now being made in many ways to atone somewhat for this neglect, and not the least important of these is the issuing of the series of "Leaf-

lets," of which these selections from Prescott constitute the latest number. The text is neatly printed upon half sheets, intended for distribution among the members of a class or of the home circle, thus furnishing the means for obtaining the very best results of general discussion and criticism. It may be questioned whether historical works like Prescott's, which, possessing the connected interest of a romance, should only be read in their entirety, are adapted to this method of instruction. But in the hands of an efficient instructor the present selections, compiled with evident care and good judgment, cannot fail to introduce many pupils to the delights of a fascinating author, who perhaps would otherwise have long remained an unknown friend. If this can be accomplished with the "Leaflets" it is enough.

IN MEMORIAM: RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Recollections of his Visits to England in 1833, 1847-48, 1872-73, and Extracts from Unpublished Letters. By Alexander Ireland. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

No book could well be more unpretentious than Mr. Ireland's pleasant little monograph, which does not profess to be either a formal biography of Emerson or an adequate criticism of his work. It contains, however, much interesting biographical material that is not to be found in the larger volume lately written by Mr. G. W. Cooke; and it can hardly fail to be an aid to that criticism, alone final and satisfying, which surveys any notable literary product, not as standing alone and unrelated, but as the outcome of a certain personality with some peculiar quality of value or interest. For those admirers and disciples of Emerson who make large personal demands upon their literary hero there is clearly no such shock of disappointment in store as that which awaited enthusiastic worshippers of Carlyle in the pages of his own "Reminiscences" and of Mr. Froude's record of his earlier years. Everything that has so far been said or written concerning Emerson testifies to the beautiful graciousness and gentleness of his nature, to the utter absence from it of irritating roughnesses and humiliating affectations, to its harmonious exhibition of all "things lovely and of good report." This unanimous verdict is amply supported by Mr. Ireland's book, and the writer may claim to speak with the authority conferred by the close intimacy which grew out of a friendship extending over nearly half a century.

Mr. Ireland's acquaintance with Emerson dates from the year 1833; and though the latter had twelve months before resigned the charge of the Unitarian congregation in Boston to whom he had ministered, he was still

known as the Rev. R. W. Emerson—now a strange-sounding title—from whom persons of discernment in Boston and thereabouts expected great things. It fell to Mr. Ireland's lot to be the American visitor's cicerone in Edinburgh, whither Emerson had found his way; and in the course of conversation it transpired that there were two men with whom he was specially anxious to hold converse before he turned his steps homeward. One was well known and could be easily found—the poet Wordsworth; the other was the altogether unknown author of certain articles which had appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and had been characterized by an individuality of treatment not very common in the pages of that respectable organ of Whig opinion. Inquiries were set on foot, and it was discovered—not without some enterprise of research—that the author in question was a Mr. Carlyle, then residing somewhere among the wilds of Dumfriesshire. This ascertained, Emerson made his way to Craigenputtock, and his account of the visit given in the "English Traits" is here supplemented by a letter written to Mr. Ireland shortly after his return to Boston. Emerson writes:

"I found him one of the most simple and frank of men, and became acquainted with him at once. We walked over several miles of hills, and talked upon all the great questions that interest us most. The comfort of meeting a man of genius is that he speaks sincerely, that he feels himself to be so rich that he is above the meanness of pretending to knowledge which he has not; and Carlyle does not pretend to have solved the great problems, but rather to be an observer of their solution as it goes forward in the world. I asked him at what religious development the concluding passage in his piece in the *Edinburgh Review* upon German literature (say five years ago) and some passages in the piece called 'Characteristics' pointed? He replied that he was not competent to state it even to himself; he waited rather to see. My own feeling was that I had met with men of far less power who had got greater insight into religious truth."

This glimpse of Carlyle in his pre-oracular days, waiting for such knowledge of the mystery of things as might be vouchsafed to him, is decidedly interesting and much more edifying than that picture of his later years, drawn by himself in his "Life of Sterling," when "pantheism" and "potheism" had become the Carlylean equivalents for "tweedledum" and "tweedledee." The friendship which had its beginning at Craigenputtock was destined to be long-lived and fruitful. The first American edition of "Sartor Resartus" was published at Emerson's risk, and the

preface to the first series of Emerson's "Essays" was written by Carlyle, whose name had then acquired a marketable value. Mr. Ireland gives several of the letters despatched from Concord to Chelsea between the years 1859 and 1864, which have an almost pathetic interest. Emerson's loyalty to his friend never wavered, but there is a tone of wistful sadness mingled with the large magnanimity of his protests against Carlyle's blind antagonism to a cause which Emerson knew to be the cause of liberty and progress; and it is more than possible that Carlyle's after-acknowledgment of his error may have resulted from doubts first suggested by his friend's searching remonstrances.

There is a singularly attractive unity in the impression stamped upon the mind by these letters from Emerson's pen, by the characteristic anecdotes with which Mr. Ireland brightens his pages, and by the testimonies concerning him given by those who knew him best—the impression of a soul of rare purity, transparency, and simplicity. One anecdote must be given. Emerson had been delivering an address to a literary society, and at its conclusion the president called upon a clergyman to pray. The prayer, delivered from the pulpit which the speaker had just vacated, was remarkable throughout, and among other curious utterances was this sentence: "We beseech, thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk." After the benediction Mr. Emerson asked his next neighbor the name of the officiating clergyman, and, when falteringly answered, remarked with gentle simplicity, "He seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man," and went on his peaceful way. I am inclined to think this little story is one of the most charming I have lately read. It has the quality of illumination, the *cachet* of character; and so long as men are men and not merely critics, Emerson's utterances will be all the more weighty for being known to have character behind them.—*The Academy*.

THE LAND OF THE BEY: BEING IMPRESSIONS OF TUNIS UNDER THE FRENCH. By T. Wemyss Reid. *Sampson Low & Co.*

Mr. Reid possesses the facile pen of the daily journalist. He sets out with the high spirits of a man entering on the enjoyment of a hard-won holiday, and he easily carries the reader along with him from Leeds to Folkestone, to Paris, to Marseilles, and to Tunis. It is pleasant to find one's self in the company of a gentleman of such cheerful humor. For "impressions of Tunis under the French" Mr. Reid gives particulars of the duties and the worries of the excellent English Consul-Gen-

eral, Mr. Reade ; describes pleasant and sentimental visits to the ruined cisterns of Carthage and the English burial-ground ; and regales his readers with a sufficiently lively account of how he set out for Kairwan, but got only as far as Susa, and how he returned to Tunis through a delightful Mediterranean storm to say farewell. But when he approaches any point touching on the curious state of Tunisian society during the Punic War of M. Roustan he either turns from it or skims over it with the vaguest word, and this while he makes us conscious he has much he could say which would be of interest and value. It is difficult to understand what considerations of propriety or expediency demand such silence as Mr. Reid has imposed on himself, or why in his final chapter (in which he alludes in a hurried, summary fashion to such things as his readers expected his whole record to be occupied with) he should mysteriously hint at Madame Elias under cover of the phrase "a fair and frail Helen," and at M. Roustan under the phrase "a very powerful person in Tunis," especially since he confesses incidentally in this very chapter that he was the "special correspondent" who wrote those letters on Tunisian affairs which appeared in the *Standard* newspaper last October and November, and as he must know that since he wrote his diary the exposure of "the truth about Tunis," which he expected would soon be made, has been made very thoroughly in the speeches of M. Camille Pelletan and in the Roustan-Rochefort trial. It is indeed possible that Mr. Reid anticipated these revelations would be so searching as to leave him not a word to say ; but yet English people would have been glad to know for themselves whether the evidence in detail of an attentive and tolerably unbiassed Englishman tallied with that of Frenchmen suspected of being factious. Mr. Reid has, in fact, erred on the side of caution. There is no doubt that so experienced an observer formed a pretty clear conception of how matters stood at Tunis last November, but he has not taken his readers into his confidence.

—*The Academy.*

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE library of Mariette Bey has been bought by the French Government.

THE well-known Egyptologist, M. Chabas, is dead.

A COMPLETE edition of the prose works of the Italian poet Giosuè Carducci is announced.

WE regret to hear that the publication of Thackeray's suppressed preface to his "Irish Sketch Book" is indefinitely postponed.

BEFORE very long Capt. Burton will publish, in pursuance of his project of translating the whole works of Camoens, his version of the sonnets of the Portuguese poet. It is complete in manuscript.

DR. FORCHHAMMER, the son of the celebrated German Orientalist, has in the press at Rangoon a work on the old Talaing inscriptions. This work will be an important contribution to the history of the writings and spread of civilization in ultra-India.

THE discovery is announced (not, we believe, for the first time) of a daughter of Alfred de Musset. She styled herself Norma Tesuma—containing the anagram of Musset—Ouda, and died at St. Maurice, in Saintonge, in 1875, at the age of twenty-one. Many of her books contain De Musset's autograph, with the words "à ma fille."

AN exhibition is now open at Buda-Pesth, in the Academy of Science, of ancient Hungarian books and MSS. Here is to be seen the oldest known specimen of Hungarian writing, a "prayer for the dead," preserved in a Latin codex of the thirteenth century. Among the books are sixty-three from the celebrated library of Matthias Corvinus, including those restored by the late Sultan.

THE two most recent additions to the popular class of French novels that treat of "actualities" are "Défrouqué, by M. Ernest" Daudet (Plon), and "Dinah Samuel," by M. Félicien Champsaur (Ollendorff). The former opens in the Tuileries under the Empire, and closes in a Sardinian monastery ; the latter introduces several hundred people well known in the society of Paris.

THE New Shakespeare Society has, on Dr. P. Bayne's recommendation, resolved to give five of its nine nights next session to the discussion of the textual difficulties of five of Shakespeare's plays. The other meetings will be for more general subjects ; and the first of the session, on October 13, will be given to Dr. Bayne's address on "The Supremacy of Shakespeare," and will be open to the public.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS is engaged in writing a new serial story, the publication of which will begin next month. In this work the question of vivisection is placed in a new point of view by tracing the effect of the habitual practice of cruelty on human character. The story will be translated into the French, German, Italian, Dutch, and Swedish languages, by special arrangement with the author.

CIRCULATING libraries of an entirely new description are about to be started at St. Petersburg. A society has been founded for the purpose of supplying the tramscars of that

city with supplies of daily newspapers and illustrated weeklies. Passengers who avail themselves of these literary stores are to drop into a box a copeck for each paper they read. No watch is to be kept over the box, the payment being left to the honor of the readers. The society trusts that it will be only occasionally defrauded.

CANON MACCLATCHIE, of Shanghai, who has resided some forty years in China, has brought home with him, ready for publication, the MS. of his translation into English of one of the five Chinese classics, the "Li-ki," or "Records of Rites." The learned Sinologist intends to publish together the Chinese and English texts with the illustrations. This will be the first complete and the first English translation. Callery published in 1853, at Turin, an abridgment, now very scarce, of the same work, Chinese text and French translation, but without illustrations or notes.

THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, the author of "Through Siberia," is about to set out on a journey through Russian Central Asia. His route will lie across European Russia, which he has already traversed several times, and then by way of Tobolsk, Omsk, Semipalatinsk, Tashkent, and Samarcand, whence he proposes to proceed through Bokhara and Khiva to the Caspian. The record of his travels is likely to prove of considerable interest, especially if he will confine himself to his own personal experiences, and not trouble himself about "enriching" his narrative with those of previous travellers.

MR. WALTER HAMILTON, author of "The Poets Laureate of England" and other works, will soon have ready a volume entitled "The Æsthetic Movement in England," to be published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner. The book will throw considerable light upon a curious chapter of nineteenth-century life and literature, and will include chapters on "The Pre-Raphaelites and the *Germ*," "John Ruskin and the Critics," "The Grosvenor Gallery and Æsthetic Culture," "Robert Buchanan and the Fleshly School of Poetry," "'Patience,' by Gilbert and Sullivan, and 'The Colonel,'" "Mr. Oscar Wilde: his Poems and Lectures," "What the Æsthetic Movement has achieved in Art, Poetry, Music, and Decoration."

THE committee appointed in 1863, at Eisenach, for the revision of Luther's translation of the Bible, has held its last meeting at Halle; and there is every prospect that the revised version will soon appear. Out of the thirty original revisers, sixteen have died since the work began. No alteration of Luther's translation has been admitted unless sanctioned by two thirds of the committee. The next step will

be the publication of the text, as now revised, in order to submit it to the judgment of the theological faculties in the universities and to the criticisms of scholars. After their remarks have been received and considered, the new version will be recommended for adoption to all Protestant churches in Germany.

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SCIENCE AND ART.

A WEATHER COMPASS.—It is well known that the barometer of itself makes a very poor weather glass, because of the fact that the humidity of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind have to be taken into account as well as the barometrical pressure. In the weather compass of Professor Klinkerfues, of Göttingen, an attempt is made to combine these observations in such a way that the instrument indicates the joint result to be deduced from them. The apparatus consists of an aneroid barometer, the needle of which is also controlled by a horse-hair hygrometer indicating the degree of moisture in the air. The influences of the aneroid and the hygrometer may be either concurrent or counter to each other as determining the position of the needle, and forewarning the probable weather within the next twelve or twenty-four hours. The direction of the wind is also made a factor in the problem by means of a disk marked with the prevailing directions in which it blows. The device is ingenious, and is stated to yield a high percentage of accurate warnings.—*Engineering*.

ART AND LITERATURE.—The connection between art and literature, though supposed to be somewhat close, is ill-defined, occasional, and irregular. With certain honorable exceptions our artists can hardly claim to be well read. They have a desultory way of looking over books of the day which pass through clubs and circulating libraries; but as for any deliberate or continuous study of literature, though not without inclination, they usually lack the needful leisure. Yet, with the lively sympathies inherent to artistic minds, they fix affection on one or two favorite authors; old volumes lie about the studio, to be caught up at spare moments, and thus the literary spirit is imbibed, and stray ideas on the pages are instinctively transferred to canvas. Inspiration thus taken naturally grows with what it feeds on; the pencil moves responsive to the pen, till perchance the artist at length becomes so possessed that he sits down advisedly to illustrate his attached English classic. And, indeed, among the bright signs of our times stands conspicuous the illustrated literature of the day; the artist grows greater than himself as he expands to

the amplitude of the written thought. And yet our English art still lags behind our English literature. Readers, as a rule, look from the printed page to the appended plate dissatisfied; they prefer the mental picture which the written language has wrought upon the brain. This disappointment no doubt in part arises from certain inevitable limitations; a pictorial illustration, for instance, cannot step beyond one moment of time; therefore, unlike the text, it has no before or after. But a main cause of the insufficiency of art born of literature is that literary men are more of artists than artists themselves. A painter apparently allows himself to go to sleep over his work. He may possibly, if his idea be not borrowed second hand, have sustained some throes in the conception of his theme, but afterward he plods on with mechanical ease four or five hours at a spell, throwing in just an occasional thought to save his picture from vacuity or going to the bad. The literary man, in contrast—the dramatist, for example—is under severe tension at every line.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

TREELESS REGIONS.—The steppes of Asia are the grandest of all in extent, and perhaps the most varied in character; for not only are the vast areas of that nearly level and treeless country, which lie along the northern and north-western side of all the great central elevated mass of that continent, commonly designated as steppe, but a large part of that central region itself is described under that name by recent eminent geographical authorities, so that we may include in the various forms of steppe existing in Russia and Central Asia the grass-covered plains of the lower regions and the almost entirely barren valleys lying between the various mountain ranges which are piled up over so large a portion of High Asia. Absence of trees is the essential feature in both the "steppe" and the "high steppe," as these regions have been, and may perhaps with propriety be designated; but the lower regions are in large part well covered with grass, and suitable for occupation by a pastoral people, dependent chiefly for the means of sustenance on their flocks and herds, while the higher valleys are almost uninhabitable, very sparsely covered with a shrubby vegetation, and both too cold and too dry to offer any attractions except to the adventurous geographical explorer, who has still much to accomplish on the great central plateau of High Asia before its topography and natural history will have been anything like satisfactorily made out, even in their most general features. The vastness of the area which may be designated as steppe on the Asiatic continent is almost overwhelm-

ing. Nearly half of the 18,000,000 square miles which Asia covers is essentially a treeless region, and perhaps a half of that half belongs to the high steppe division, in which cold and dryness are the predominant characteristics. From the fact that the steppes of Russian Asia have been longer known and more written about than any others in the world, the term steppe has been most ordinarily applied to similar areas in other countries. This is especially the case because such a use of the word has been sanctioned by Humboldt, who was the first to draw popular attention to this variety of surface as a feature of importance in physical geography. In North America, where the treeless regions occupy so large an area, and where many of the physical conditions so closely resemble those prevailing on the Asiatic continent, the use of the term steppe has never been introduced among the people. Here, in fact, the character of the surface and distribution of vegetation over it, as well as its climatological peculiarities, have all been more satisfactorily and fully made out than in Asia, in spite of the fact that the latter country has been so much longer an object of scientific study.—*Science for All*.

EARTHQUAKES IN 1881.—In Herr Fuchs's report on this subject in *Der Naturforscher* it is stated that 244 earthquakes are at present known to have occurred, of which eighty-six were in winter, sixty-one in autumn, fifty-six in spring, and forty-one in summer. The earthquake period at Agram, beginning in November, 1880, extended into 1881; in which earth vibrations were observed on twenty-four days, many of the shocks being very violent (e.g. on February 1st, and at St. Ivan Zelina, from May 20th to June 1st). The neighboring regions, Dalmatia and Herzegovina, were frequently affected from this source, also by violent shocks, which occurred in the Croatian Mountains. Among the great earthquakes of 1881 that of Chios takes the first place. The tremendous first shock in the afternoon of April 3d laid most of the town of Castro in ruins. This earthquake, lasting six days in full strength (with thirty to forty very violent shocks), was felt most in the south part of the island. On the mainland, the port of Tschesme was half destroyed. In Chios 4181 persons were killed, and about 1000 injured. From April 10th the phenomena gradually abated; but strong shocks occurred on May 20th, June 10th, August 27th, and even in the end of November. The violent earthquake of Ischia (March 4th) caused the death of about 150 persons; it was quite local—confined to the district of Casamicciola and Lacco. A loud noise

about 1.05 P.M. was followed by the shock which, lasting seven seconds, wrought most of the ruin; the movement seemed undulatory and jerky, and threw down whole streets in the upper part of Casamicciola; in the lower part, and in Lacco, over the hill, only a few houses suffered. A second weaker shock occurred at 4 P.M. The fine seismographs at Vesuvius Observatory, and at Naples, gave no sign. Other notable earthquakes occurred at Osogna in Abruzzo on August 10th, ruining about 1000 houses; between Tabreez and Khoi, from August 25th to September 11th; and at the Azores, from the end of February extending into March; this last was connected with a submarine eruption, and in San Miguel destroyed 200 houses. Some interesting seismic phenomena occurred in Switzerland; the basin of the Lake of Geneva is indicated as a chief centre of vibration, whence principally Western Switzerland is affected. The more violent shocks extended into France or the Black Forest (*e. g.* on March 3d and July 22d); neither Alps nor Jura proved an obstacle. Another centre appeared on November 18th in East Switzerland, between Säntis and Glärnisch, and the effects reached to the Tyrol, the Southern Black Forest, the Jura, and the Ticino. Vorarlberg seems to have been the seat of independent earthquakes with the Arlberg as centre. On January 10th there was an earthquake on the eastern side, and on December 2d one on the western; and on November 5th a movement extended from Arlberg over the Bergenzerwald, most of East Switzerland, and as far as Zürich. In the flat regions of the Danube three earthquakes were observed (February 5th and 11th, and April 3d). In Belgium there was a small earthquake on February 28th, in Beckrath and Wickrath; and a stronger one occurred on November 18th, affecting Belgium, the Rhine Province, and Westphalia, and having its centre about Charleroi. Saxony had earthquake motions on May 22d and September 24th. Herr Fuchs says little of volcanic phenomena, but notes those of San Miguel as the most remarkable.

MISCELLANY.

UNPUBLISHED BYRON PAPERS.—In the course of the next few weeks we hope to print a series of hitherto unpublished Byron papers. Beginning with a letter from John Byron, the poet's father, to his daughter Augusta, and letters from the poet's mother to her husband; to Mrs. Leigh, the wife of General Charles Leigh, colonel of the 20th Regiment of Infantry, and to her stepdaughter Augusta—the writings comprise: (1) a collection of poems by Lady Byron, written during her brief residence with her husband, some of

them containing emendations by his pen; (2) correspondence between Lady Byron and Augusta (the Hon. Mrs. Leigh) during the term of Lady Byron's engagement to the poet and the earlier months of their married life; (3) correspondence from the date of Lady Byron's withdrawal from London till the settlement of the terms of her separation from her husband; (4) letters from Lord Byron to his wife, Dr. Drury, Mr. Hoppner, and others, including his *last* letter to Lady Byron, written on the eve of his departure from England; (5) correspondence of Lady Byron and Augusta from the commencement of the quarrel between Lady Byron and her husband till the date of Lord Byron's death; (6) documents touching the destruction of the "Memoirs," including Augusta's narrative of the circumstance of the destruction of the famous MS.; (7) correspondence from the date of the poet's death till 1830, exhibiting the circumstances, hitherto undivulged, that caused Lady Byron's animosity against the woman whom she had held for fifteen years in the highest esteem; and (8) a group of letters having reference to Lady Byron's interview with her sister-in-law in 1851 in the presence of Mr. Robertson of Brighton. This large body of correspondence will be found to demonstrate the baselessness of the various statements made by Lady Byron in her later years to her sister-in-law's discredit, and more especially of the hideous imagination to which Mrs. Beecher Stowe gave such wide and lamentable publicity some thirteen years since.—*Athenæum*.

COURTSHIP AMONG THE CHOCTAWS.—There are still 2000 of the Choctaws living in their ancestral homes in Mississippi, and, on the authority of Mr. H. S. Halbert, they retain in all their pristine vigor most of the usages of their ancestors. Among these the methods employed in conducting a courtship and performing a marriage are curious. When a young Choctaw of Kemper or Neshoba county sees a maiden who pleases his fancy, he watches his opportunity until he finds her alone. He then advances within a short distance and gently lets fall a pebble at her feet; he may have to do this two or three times before he attracts the maiden's attention, when, if this pebble throwing is agreeable, she soon makes it manifest; if otherwise, a scornful look and a decided "ekwah" indicate that his suit is in vain. Sometimes instead of throwing pebbles the suitor enters the maiden's cabin and lays his hat upon her bed. If the man's suit be acceptable the hat is permitted to remain, but if she be unwilling to be his bride it is instantly removed. Whichever method be employed the rejected suitor knows that it is useless to press his suit, and beats as graceful a retreat as possible. When

a marriage is agreed upon, the time and place are fixed for the ceremony. The relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom meet at their respective homes, and from thence march to the marriage ground, halting at a short distance from one another. The brothers of the bride go across to the opposite party and bring forward the bridegroom, who is then seated upon a blanket spread upon the ground. The sisters of the bridegroom then do likewise by going over and bringing forward the bride. She is expected to break loose and run, but, of course, is pursued, captured, and brought back to be seated by the side of the bridegroom. All the parties now cluster around the couple, the woman's relatives bring forward a bag of bread, a lingering symbol of the time when the woman had to raise the corn; the man's relatives a bag of meat, in memory of the days when the man should have provided the household with game. Next presents of various sorts are showered on the couple, who all this time sit still, not even speaking a word. When the last present has been given they arise, now man and wife, and, just as in civilized life, provisions are spread and the ceremony is rounded off with a feast.—*London Times*.

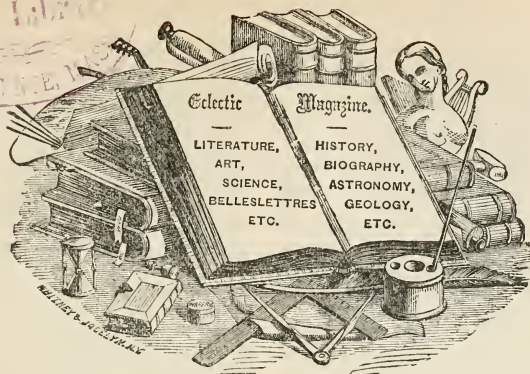
JAPANESE LITERATURE.—According to the statistics published by the Japanese Home Department, the works published in Japan in 1881 amount to 4910. In 1880 the number had only been 3792. Last year 545 works on some political subjects were printed by order of the Japanese Government, against 281 in 1880. Jurisprudence was represented by 255 works, against 207; political economy by 25, against 15 in 1880. The amount of geographical books fell from 170 to 164 in 1881, while in medicine it was from 229 to 267. There were 25 books on chemistry, 22 on natural history, in 1881; but in 1880 there were only 17 and 20. In mathematics we find respectively 116 and 107 works. There were also 9 astronomical books in 1880 and 7 in 1881. Works on morals have increased from 32 to 93; history, from 196 to 276; poetry, 127 to 339; architecture, from 8 to 28; commerce, from 70 to 113. School books give an amount of 707; general literature, tales, and novels amount to 193 volumes. Not fewer than 149 journals were founded in 1881, but 114 of them ceased their publications at the beginning of the present year. The laws against the press have not been carried out very rigorously, for only one paper has been stopped by the government. Beside the works mentioned above, dictionaries, cyclopedias, books on etiquette, book-keeping, military and naval art, have been published. Out of those 4910 books published in Japan a great many were transla-

tions or adaptations from European or American works.—*Journal des Débats*.

NAPOLEON III. AND HIS EXTRAVAGANCE.—The great Napoleon assumed state and encouraged luxury from calculation; his nephew both from policy and taste. Napoleon III. was fond of pomp and show, besides being a confirmed sensualist; and he derived a personal enjoyment from his entertainments. They were on a magnificent scale; but the only marked or lasting influence of the Imperial Court, as regards fashion or manners, was* on female dress. The invitations to Compiègne and Fontainebleau were commonly for eight days; and a lady was expected to change her dress three or four times a day, and never to wear the same dress twice. The outfit for the visit was computed at not less than 12,000 francs. We have heard a Frenchwoman of the Imperial circle complain that she could not dress for less than £1000 a year. A milliner's bill, on which an action was brought, amounted to £15,000 for three years, and the fair defendant paid £12,000 into court. The case was reported in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. This spirit of extravagance proved catching, and extended to England, where traces of it are still discernible. It is not uncommon for a lady at a country house to come down in a morning dress, change it for lawn-tennis or a walk, put on a *négligé* trimmed with lace for the afternoon tea, and then dress for dinner or a ball.* The only parallel in the male sex must be sought among the *jeunesse dorée* who indulge in fancy costumes for the smoking-room. Male dress errs on the side of negligence. The cut of a coat, the tie of a neckcloth, or the pattern of a waistcoat is no longer a title to fame, and a Brummel or a D'Orsay would be a social anomaly or impossibility. No indefensible fashion has taken so complete a hold on women of all classes as the fashion for false hair. Seventy-five tons of hair from the East paid duty at Marseilles alone in 1875, and M. Baudrillart computes that double that quantity is annually worked up in France. The exports, principally to England and the United States, are estimated at £75,000.—*Quarterly Review*.

VOICES OF THE SEA.

AGAIN I linger by the Langland shore,
And listen to the music of the Sea,
For some familiar voice to speak to me
Out of the deep, sweet, sad harmonious roar;
Whose murmuring cadences sound like a store
Of loving words, treasures of memory,
Once breathed into the ambient air, to be
Vibrated through the ages evermore.
'The infinite tides environ us: no strain
That e'er awakened human smiles or tears
Is lost; nor shall we call it back in vain.
Beside the shore, amid the eternal spheres,
Hark, the beloved voices once again
Rise from the waves and winds to soothe mine ears.
October, 1881. HERBERT NEW.



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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN, LL.D.

I HAVE been asked to say something as to the impressions left on my mind by my late visit to the United States. This is a work which I should hardly have undertaken of my own choice. Any picture that I can draw of American things must necessarily be an imperfect one, much more imperfect than the picture which I might draw of any European land. For there are many aspects of any country, but above all of a young country, of which I am quite unfit to judge, and at which, indeed, I was not likely to look at all. This necessary imperfection is a worse fault in a young country than it is in an old one. And unluckily a great number of aspects of present life, aspects which are specially prominent in American life, have for me no interest whatever. Political and judicial assemblies have for me the same interest in young America which they have in old Greece. But, greatly to my

ill-luck, I am wholly ignorant of all things bearing on commerce, manufactures, or agriculture. Nor am I better skilled in matters bearing on education, unless it be education which rises to the level of a college or university. Now I can pass through an old country, say Italy or Dalmatia, and I can find a great deal to notice and to record without meddling with any of the things of which I am ignorant. In America it is hardly possible to avoid them. Happily my American friends were merciful. I was taken to see a good many schools; for some people, I know not why, seemed to think that I had something to do with schools, or at least that I took some special interest in schools. But I was spared the more fearful grind of going through factories, prisons, hospitals, with all the weariness of an inexperienced.

It follows therefore at once that any

remarks of mine on American matters must be very imperfect, and further that such imperfection is a much greater fault in the case of America than it might be in the case of some other lands. But beyond this, I take up my pen with a dread, that anything that I can say of the United States and their people will be frightfully one-sided. It is not easy to write quite impartially of a land in which a man has received so cordial a welcome and such constant and unmingled kindness as I received in America. One has a feeling that it is ungrateful, almost unfair, to write anything but unmingled praise; and yet unmingled praise, either in America or anywhere else, must be unfair, because it must be untruthful. And I feel, too, that I personally can have seen only some of the brightest sides of the country and its people. The whole nation cannot be as good as the people who have been so good to me. I was naturally thrown mainly among men whose thoughts and pursuits had some kind of likeness to my own. I lived chiefly with professors, lawyers, a sprinkling of statesmen, men of thought and information of various kinds. Of the pushing, meddling, questioning American, described in so many stories and caricatures, I have seen nothing, at least not on American soil. It is, therefore, somewhat hard for me to write about American matters at all. But I think that cultivated and sensible people in America, such as those among whom I spent most of my time when I was there, are not likely to be offended with anything that I am likely to say.

"What do you think of our country?" is the question traditionally put into the mouth of the American addressing his British visitor. And the British visitor in real life finds that he very often has to answer that question or its equivalent. In its naked shape it is not often put by the very best people, and, whenever it is put by any one, the question is a little embarrassing. It is not a question that one can answer offhand in words of one syllable. I have sometimes tried to turn it off by answering that their country was very big, a statement which is surely colorless, and which cannot be denied by people of any way of thinking. Or, I have tried to parry

it by asking whether they meant the whole Union or their own particular State, or neighborhood. In England, if one could fancy the question put in that particular shape, its purport could, I think, be local rather than national. But in America it is always national. And even when one is not questioned quite so nakedly, it is easy to see an intense desire on the part of the American host to know how everything about him looks in the eyes of the British guest. Such a desire is indeed almost inherent in the relation of host and guest everywhere; but it seems to be stronger than elsewhere, it certainly is more openly and pressingly revealed than elsewhere, when the host is American and the guest British. That so it should be is neither wonderful nor blamable. It is only in the nature of things that every American should in his heart deem British opinion more important than any other, and should in his heart value British good opinion more fondly than any other. A young nation, honestly conscious of its own greatness in many ways, but conscious at the same time that it has been often unfairly censured, often misunderstood, is naturally keenly sensitive to the opinion of other nations, and above all of the nation which in its heart it feels to be its own parent. The very tone of boasting and bluster toward Europe and England which is sometimes put on by some classes of American writers and speakers is really a witness to this feeling. American dislike toward England—when it is really felt and not put on simply to catch Irish votes—is something quite different from the forms of national ill-feeling to which we are used at home. It is unlike either the old-fashioned dislike to France or the new-fashioned dislike to Russia. In this last kind of dislike there is mingled a certain feeling of contempt, of very unjust contempt in both cases, but still of genuine contempt. It is the dislike which springs from old-standing national self-sufficiency, a dislike which is quite free from touchiness or inquisitiveness; none of our characteristics is more marked than our utter and most unjust heedlessness of the opinion of other nations. This is the natural weakness of an old nation, above all of an insular nation. The natural weakness of a

young nation is the exact opposite. Such a nation must be touchy ; it must be inquisitive. It cannot help caring for the opinion of other nations, above all for the opinion of its own ancient motherland. And if such a nation, truly or untruly, fancies itself slighted, misrepresented, misunderstood, if it fails to meet with sympathy where it seeks for sympathy, the result may easily be a dislike which is possibly real — a contempt which is certainly artificial. Of this innate yearning, often unavowed, sometimes perhaps unconscious, for European, above all for British, good opinion, the tendency in some Americans, a tendency which to us seems so strange, to conjure up slights where nothing like a slight has been meant, is one side—a side which is unpleasant, but which is not at all unnatural. The honest desire to know what the stranger, above all what the British stranger, thinks, is another and a better side. It may sometimes get a little ludicrous and a little wearisome ; but in moderation it is perfectly right and healthy. And with the highest class of Americans—those who do not put their questions in quite so naked a shape, those who are keensighted enough to understand and candid enough to avow that there may be a balance of merit and defect either way—the discussion of things on the older and the newer side of Ocean often leads to comparisons, and the comparisons often lead to investigations, which are interesting and instructive in the highest degree.

Now comparisons and investigations of this kind come most naturally when there is a strong essential likeness between the things compared. It is in such cases, not in those where the things compared are altogether unlike one another, that we note the minutest differences. It is where things are very much alike that we most diligently mark the points in which they are not alike. Take for instance the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The main features in the constitution and customs of the two are so closely alike to one another, and so utterly unlike those of any other universities in the world, that there is a certain curious pleasure in tracing out the endless minute points in which they differ. So it is between

England and America. It is the essential likeness which makes us note every point of unlikeness. I hardly know whether my American friends were pleased or disappointed—they certainly were sometimes a little surprised—at my telling them, as I often had to do, that what most struck me in their country was how little it differed from my own. I had to say over and over again that this was the thing which had most surprised me, but that on second thoughts it did not surprise me at all, as it was only what was perfectly natural. To me most certainly the United States did not seem a foreign country ; it was simply England with a difference. The difference struck me as somewhat greater than the difference which strikes me in any part of England with which I am not familiar, but as certainly less than the difference which strikes me when I enter Scotland. That America should seem less strange than Scotland is doubtless partly owing to the fact that English and Scottish law are two things which stand wholly apart, while the law of the American States is for the most part simply English law with a difference. All things therefore which depend on the administration of the law — and the things which depend on the administration of the law make up a good part of ordinary life—are different between England and Scotland, while they are largely the same between England and America. A crowd of names, offices, formulæ, modes of proceeding, are very much the same on the two sides of the Ocean, while they are altogether different on the two sides of the Tweed. In the matter of language too, there undoubtedly are American peculiarities of speech, both of utterance and of vocabulary, of which I may have to say something ; but I never found any difficulty in understanding an American speaker. But I have often found it difficult to understand a Scottish or even a Northern-English speaker. The American speaks my own language, he speaks my own dialect of that language, but he speaks it with certain local differences. The man of Northumberland or either side of the Tweed speaks my own language indeed, but he speaks a dialect of it to which I am not accustomed. There was nothing strange to me in the general look of the great

American cities. They were very unlike York and Exeter; but they were very like Manchester and Liverpool. In short, when I landed at New York in October, my first feeling was that America was very like England; when I landed at Liverpool in April, my first feeling was that England was very like America.

I find that my feeling on this head is shared by some British travellers in America and is not shared by others. Doubtless I visited America under circumstances which were likely to make me dwell on likenesses rather than on unlikenesses. It might haply have been otherwise if I had known nothing of the continent of Europe, or if I had entered America, as some have done, on its western side. But I came to America from the east, and that as a somewhat old stager in continental Europe. I came as one fresh from Italy, Greece, and Dalmatia, as one who had used his own house in England as an inn on the road between Ragusa and Boston. Among a people of the same tongue, of essentially the same laws and manners, I naturally found myself at home, after tarrying in lands which were altogether foreign. But I have no doubt that deeper causes than this would naturally lead me to seize on the most English side of everything American. To me the English-speaking commonwealth on the American mainland is simply one part of the great English folk, as the English-speaking kingdom in the European island is another part. My whole line of thought and study leads me to think, more perhaps than most men, of the everlasting ties of blood and speech, and less of the accidental separation wrought by political and geographical causes. To me the English folk, wherever they may dwell, whatever may be their form of government, are still one people. It may be that the habit of constantly studying and comparing the history of England with the history of old Greece, makes it easier for me to grasp the idea of a people, divided politically and geographically, but still forming in the higher sense one people. The tie that bound Greek to Greek was dearer to Kallikratidas than the advancement of Spartan interests by barbarian help. And so, to my mind at least, the thought

of the true unity of the scattered English folk is a thought higher and dearer than any thought of a British Empire to the vast majority of whose subjects the common speech of Chatham and Washington, of Gladstone and Garfield, is an unknown tongue.

It may be more important to ask how far the doctrine of the essential unity of the divided branches of the English people is received by those whom it concerns on the other side of the Ocean. This is a subject on which I rather distrust my own judgment. I feel that it is a subject on which I am an enthusiast, and that my enthusiasm may possibly bias and color any report that I may try to make. And, of course, I can give only the impressions which I have drawn from certain classes of people, impressions which may be widely different from those which another man may have drawn from other classes of people. As far as I can speak of my American acquaintances, I should say that with most of them the essential unity of the English folk is one of those facts which everybody in a sense knows, but of which few people really carry their knowledge about with them. The main facts of the case are so plain that they cannot fail to be known to every man among a people who know their own immediate and recent history so well as the Americans do. That the older American States were in the beginning English colonies, that the great mass of their inhabitants are still of English descent, that, though the infusion of foreign elements has been large, yet it is the English kernel which has assimilated these foreign elements—that the German in America, for instance, learns to speak English, while the American of English descent does not learn to speak German—all these are plain facts which every decently taught man in the United States cannot fail in a certain sense to know. That is, if he were examined on the subject, he could not fail to give the right answers. But the facts do not seem to be to him living things, constantly in his mind. Those Americans with whom I have spoken, all of them without a single exception, readily and gladly accepted the statement of what I may call their *Englishry*, when it was set before them. Once or twice indeed I have

known the statement come from the American side. But, though the acceptance of the doctrine was ready and glad, it seemed to be the acceptance of a doctrine which could not be denied when it was stated, but which he who accepted it had not habitually carried about in his daily thoughts. And when the statement came from the American side, it came, not as an obvious truth, but rather as the result of the speaker's own observation, as a fact which he had noticed, but which might have escaped the notice of others. I will illustrate my meaning by an incident which happened to myself. At a college dinner to which I was asked, one gentleman proposed my health in words which in everything else were most kind and flattering, but in which I was spoken of as a man of "a foreign nationality." In my answer I thanked the proposer of the toast for everything else that he had said, but begged him to withdraw one word: I was not of a foreign nationality, but of the same nationality as himself. My answer was warmly cheered, and several other speakers took up the same line. The unity of Old and New England was in every mouth; one gentleman who had been American Minister in England, told how exactly the same thing had happened to him at a lord mayor's dinner in London, how he had been spoken of as a foreigner, and how he had refused the name, just as I had done.

Now this story is an exact instance of what I say. The feeling of unity between the two severed branches is really present in the American breast, but it needs something special to wake it up. It comes most naturally to the Englishman of America to speak of the Englishman of Britain as a "foreigner." The word is often so applied in American newspapers and American books. But when the Englishman of Britain formally rejects the name, the Englishman of America frankly and gladly accepts the rejection, and welcomes the European kinsman as truly one of his own house. Now I know not how far I may judge others by myself; but I should say that the feeling in England is somewhat different. I do not think that Americans are commonly thought of, or spoken of, as "foreigners." In the story that I have

just told, the case may have simply been that the lord mayor reckoned the representative of the United States among "Foreign Ministers," a formula in which the use of the unpleasant word could hardly be avoided. It seems to me that the American in England is welcomed above other men from beyond sea on the express ground that he is not a foreigner. Americans sometimes complain that they are welcomed indeed in England, but welcomed as if they were objects of curiosity, sometimes even that the welcome is mingled with condescension. The condescension I believed to be imaginary, a spectre called up by that spirit of touchiness of which I have already spoken. The curiosity is most real. But it is the curiosity with which we welcome a kinsman whom we have often heard of but never seen. It may sometimes take rather grotesque shapes, but it is in its essence the genuine interest which attaches to acknowledged kindred. In America it struck me that the British visitor was welcomed, kindly, cordially, hospitably welcomed, but still welcomed in the beginning as a stranger. That he is no stranger but a kinsman is a truth which dawns upon his American friends at a rather later stage. The American, it seems to me, feels a greater distinction between himself and the Englishman of Britain than the Englishman of Britain feels between himself and the American.

A good deal of this feeling is the natural result of past events, and I cannot help thinking that the result of past events has been somewhat aggravated by modern forms of speaking. The Englishman of America—he must allow me to call him so—has something to get over in acknowledging the kindred of the Englishman of Britain; the Englishman of Britain has nothing to get over in acknowledging the kindred of the Englishman of America. In the broad fact of the War of Independence there is really nothing of which either side need be ashamed. Each side acted as it was natural for each side to act. We can now see that both King George and the British nation were quite wrong; but for them to have acted otherwise than they did would have needed a superhuman measure of wisdom, which few

kings and few nations ever had. The later American war within the present century, a war which, one would think, could have been so easily avoided on either side, is a far uglier memory than the War of Independence. Still the War of Independence must be, on the American side, a formidable historic barrier in the way of perfect brotherhood. A war of that kind is something quite unlike an ordinary war between two nations which are already thoroughly formed. Two nations in that case can soon afford to forget, they can almost afford to smile over, their past differences. It is otherwise when one nation dates its national being—in the political sense of the word “nation”—from the defeat and humiliation of the other. If the American nation had parted off peacefully from the British nation, there would be no difficulty on either side in looking on the two English-speaking nations as simply severed branches of the same stock. The independent colony would, in such a case, have far less difficulty in feeling itself to be, though independent, still a colony, far less difficulty in feeling that all the common memories and associations of the common stock belong to the colony no less than to the mother-country. In such a case the new England might have been to the old what Syracuse, not what Korkyra, was to their common mother Corinth. But when independence was won in arms, and that by the help of foreign allies, when the very being of the new power was a badge of triumph over the old, it is not wonderful that the natural self-assertion of a new-born people often took the form of putting the past, the dependent past, as far as might be out of sight. Parents and brethren had become enemies; strangers had acted as friends; it was not wonderful if it was thought a point of honor to snap the old ties as far as might be; to take up in everything, as far as might be, the position of a new nation, rather than that of a severed branch of an old nation. I can understand that the Englishman of America may be tempted to see something of sacrifice, something like surrender of his national position, when he is called on to admit himself simply to be an Englishman of America. The Englishman of Britain has no such

difficulties. To his eye the kindred lies on the surface, plain to be seen of all men. But it is not wonderful if the eye of the Englishman of America is a degree less clear-sighted. He may be pardoned if to him the kindred does not lie so visibly on the surface; if it is to him something which he gladly acknowledges when it is pointed out, but which he needs to have pointed out before he acknowledges it.

But, beside all this, I cannot help thinking that certain forms of speech, possibly unavoidable forms of speech, have done much to keep the two branches of the divided people asunder. The ideal after which I would fain strive would be for all members of the scattered English folk to feel at least as close a tie to one another as was felt of old by all members of the scattered Hellenic folk. Geographical distance, political separation, fierce rivalry, cruel warfare, never snapped the enduring tie which bound every Greek to every other Greek. So the Englishman of Britain, of America, of Africa, of Australia, should be each to his distant brother as were the Greek of Massalia, the Greek of Kyrênê, and the Greek of Chersôn. I have no doubt that it is a piece of pedantry to hint at the fact, but the fact is none the less true and practical, that, in order to compass this end, the scattered branches of the common stock must have a common name. This the old Greeks had. The Hellên remained a Hellên wherever he settled himself, and wherever he settled himself the land on which he settled became Hellas. The Greek of Attica or Peloponnêsos did not distinguish himself from the Greek of Spain by calling himself a Greek and his distant kinsman a Spaniard. But it is hard to find a name fitted in modern usage to take in all the scattered branches of the English folk. A certain class of orators on both sides of Ocean would seem to have dived into the charters of the tenth and eleventh centuries, and to have hence fished up the antiquated name of “Anglo-Saxon.” We hear much big talk about the “Anglo-Saxon race,” somewhat to the wrong of that greater Teutonic body of which Angles and Saxons are fellow-members with many others. But those who use the name probably attach no

particular meaning to it ; to them it goes along with such modern creations as Anglo-Normans, Anglo-Indians, Anglo-Catholics. The very narrow historical sense of the word "Anglo-Saxon" is never thought of. It is not remembered that its use was to mark the union of Angles and Saxons under one king, an use which naturally was forgotten as the distinction between Angles and Saxons was forgotten. Anyhow the name is antiquated and affected ; it is not the name which most naturally springs to any man's lips : it is a name artificially devised to answer a certain purpose. For the Englishman of Britain and the Englishman of America to greet one another as "Anglo-Saxons" is very much as if the Greek of Peloponnêsos and the Greek of Spain had greeted one another, not as Hellènes, but as Danaans or Pelasgians. Yet there certainly is a difficulty, such as the Greek never felt, in their greeting one another by their true name of Englishmen. So to do is easier in Latin than in English ; "Angli," "Anglici," even "Anglignæ," might serve the term quite well ; but the word "Englishman" has somehow got a local meaning, as if it belonged to the soil rather than to the stock, as if it expressed allegiance to a certain government rather than partnership in a certain speech and descent. Now how old is this use ? How long is it since the word "American" was applied to English settlers in America ? and how long—a much shorter time undoubtedly—since the word "American" was first opposed to the word "English ?" These questions belong to that large class of questions, which cannot be answered offhand when the answer is wanted ; questions to which the answer can be found only by keeping them constantly in mind, and noting everything that directly or indirectly bears upon them. In a hymn of one of the Wesleys there is a line which runs thus :

"The dark Americans convert."

At that line the minds of some citizens of the United States have been known to be offended. Yet it is certain that by "Americans" Wesley meant only the native Indians, and I conceive that he could not have applied the name

"American" to the English folk of any of the Thirteen Colonies.

It is yet more to be noticed that throughout the contemporary records of the War of Independence, not only, as far as I have seen, is the word "English" never contrasted with "American," but the name "English" is never applied to the enemies against whom Washington and his fellows were striving. The word which is commonly used—which, as far as I have seen, is invariably used—is "British." This was just as it should be ; the distinction between "American" and "British" marks the political and geographical severance between the English in Britain and the English in America, without shutting out either from their common right to the English name. Words like "colonial," "provincial," "continental," went out of use as the colonies ceased to be provinces and declared themselves to be independent states. The new power needed a new name, and no name more distinctive than "American" was to be had. But "American" was still not opposed to "English ;" it was opposed to "British," as marking the severance between the English folk in Britain and the English folk in America. We have next to ask, When did this usage go out ? When did "English" instead of "British" come to be the word commonly opposed to "American ?" Again we cannot answer offhand ; but "British" certainly was the word in use at the time of the war of 1813, and I fancy that it was in use much later. I have been told that the change took place about the time of the Oregon dispute. I have also been told that the change was really brought in out of good feeling toward the mother-country. "British" was a name which suggested old wrongs, while no such unpleasant memories gathered round the English name. I can neither confirm nor deny either of these statements ; but that the change has taken place there is no doubt. The American no longer familiarly uses the word "British" to denote the English of Britain. As long as he did so, his language was at least patient of the interpretation that he still looked on himself as an Englishman. He now habitually uses the words "English,"

"Englishman," in every possible relation, to denote the English of Britain as distinguished from himself. That is, he gives up the English name as no longer belonging to him. Even if the change was, as was above suggested, made out of friendliness, I cannot look on it as a change for the better. Of the two, I had rather that the Englishman of America should look on me as a brother with whom he has a quarrel, than that he should look on me as a stranger in blood, even though a stranger admitted to his friendship.

It was acutely remarked to me by an American friend that it would be easy to use the adjective "British" according to the older usage which I had said that I wished to see restored, but that a substantive was lacking. This is perfectly true. The only available substantive, "Briton," will not do. Strictly, of course, that name means a Welshman, and it has gone out of use in that sense for a much shorter time than people commonly think. In any other use it belongs to the same class of names as "Anglo-Saxon." It is not the natural name by which an Englishman speaks of himself; it is used either in a half-laughing vein, or because it is thought to be fine, or else of set purpose to find some name which shall take in all the people of Great Britain. Yet the only alternative would seem to be the grotesque and rather ugly form "Britisher." And I always told my American friends that I had rather be called a Britisher than an Englishman, if by calling me an Englishman they meant to imply that they were not Englishmen themselves.

Then the name "American" also suggests some questions. No one uses it now in the sense of Wesley's "dark Americans." That is, no one uses it exclusively of them. The name takes them in for some purposes, while for others it shuts them out. The word "American" for some purposes means the United States only; for some other purposes it means the whole American continent. It is certainly odd that "American languages" would be everywhere understood as meaning the native languages of the continent, while "American literature" means so much of English literature as belongs locally

to the United States. To me Prescott and Motley seem as much English historians, Longfellow and Whittier seem as much English poets, as if they had been born and had written in Great Britain. They are English writers, writing in the English tongue, their own tongue, in which they have just as much right as any native of Great Britain. But in common American speech, "English literature" means the literature of the local England only. "American literature" belongs exclusively to the United States. The phrase hardly takes in the English literature, if there be any, of Canada; it certainly does not take in the Spanish literature, if there be any, of Mexico. The oddest use of all is when the word "American" is used geographically to shut out certain parts of the American continent. At Niagara people talk of the "American side" and the "English side." I suggested, "for 'American' read 'English,' and for 'English' read 'French.' " The truth is that the great land of the United States has not yet got a name, a real local name, like England or France, or even like Canada or Mexico. I know not whether it is any comfort that, as I once observed elsewhere,* the lack is common to the United States of America with the other chief confederations of the world. The kingdom of the Netherlands, once the Seven United Provinces, is commonly spoken of as "Holland," the name of one of its provinces only, while we commonly call its people "Dutch," the name of a great race which takes in ourselves. It is by a kindred confusion, though one which does not take exactly the same form, a confusion arising from the same lack of a real name for the country, that, when we speak of "American literature," "American institutions," "American politics," "American society," we mean the institutions, the literature, the politics, and the society of the United States only, while by "American zoology," "American geology," etc., we mean those of the whole continent, while "American languages" distinctly excludes those languages in which American literature has been possible. The want of a real name for the land, and

* "Historical Geography," vol. i. p. 582.

the awkwardness to which one is driven for lack of it, struck me at every turn in my American travels. But I cannot undertake to find the remedy for the evil by inventing a new name.*

Now mankind are, after all, so deeply influenced by names and formulæ that it does seem to me by no means unlikely that these ways of speaking have really had some share in keeping up and widening the distinction between the two branches of the English folk. They did not cause the distinction; for they are themselves among the effects of it; but, in the way in which causes and effects so constantly react on one another, they may very well have helped in sharpening the distinction and making it more long-lived. Anyhow, I think that my general proposition will hold. It seems to me that the Englishman of America is less likely to carry about with him the feeling of common brotherhood than the Englishman of Britain is, but that he accepts it willingly and gladly when it is fairly set before him. The feeling in short exists unconsciously, and it shows itself unconsciously in a thousand ways. It is hardly a contradiction to say that, where the distinction is most sharply and purposely drawn, it is really a witness to the real absence of any essential distinction. American interest in England seem to me to be generally as keen as one could wish it to be. The forms which it takes are various; some are all that we could wish them to be; others perhaps sometimes are not always so likely to lead to the result for which we are seeking.

I will illustrate my meaning as to the different ways in which likeness and unlikeness are apt to strike most strongly

* What if the name of New England, a name surely to be cherished on every ground, had spread over the whole Union? It would have been better than nothing; but a real geographical name would be better still. The lack has been felt in the country, and somebody once proposed "Fredonia." I remember a map in my boyhood with the name on it. One may guess that the author of the name had the words *free* and *freedom* in his head; but after what analogy did he coin his name? One might have thought it hard to outdo the absurdity of "Secessia," of which newspaper correspondents thought it fine to talk twenty years back. But "Secessia" certainly does not come within many parasangs of "Fredonia."

according to circumstances by an illustration from travel on the European continent. An Englishman most commonly begins his travels in France, he very often begins his continental travels of any kind, with a journey in Normandy. The result of this is that he fails to see how much Normandy and England have in common. If Normandy is the first continental land that he visits, he is naturally most struck by the points of unlikeness between Normandy and England. Let him go straight on into Aquitaine, and see Normandy as he comes back, and he will at once see how much England and Normandy have in common as compared with England and Aquitaine. Now if this is true of lands speaking different tongues, it has tenfold truth been lands speaking the same tongue. Everything leads the American who visits Europe to visit England before any other part of Europe. Indeed, unless he takes special pains to chalk out some other road, he will, as a matter of course, be taken to England first of all, saving the chance of an earlier hour or two in Ireland. But I have seriously counselled American friends, who have never been in Europe, not to visit England first. I have even counselled them, if they can manage it—and sometimes it can be managed—to see the less frequented parts of Europe first, say Sicily or southern Italy, Greece or the neighboring lands—I dare say Spain would also serve the turn, but I cannot speak of Spain from my own knowledge—then to see the more familiar lands of Italy, Germany, or France, and to see their own motherland last of all. One cannot expect many American travellers to follow this itinerary; but I believe that it would have a very wholesome effect on any that would do so. What I spoke of in the case of Normandy will now come true with tenfold force. The American who sees England first of all will naturally compare England with his own land, and he will naturally be most struck with points of unlikeness. If he does not see England till he has seen other lands where the unlikeness is far deeper, he will be most struck with the points of likeness; he will feel himself more thoroughly at home in the land of his fathers. It was not pleasant when I once read in an American periodical a

recommendation to American visitors to London to go somewhere or other where they would meet only their own countrymen, and would thereby escape "the horrible English intonation." I do not know what "the horrible English intonation" is, and one can hardly stifle the thought that travellers who are so shocked at it had better never have left their own side of Ocean; but I cannot help thinking that, if they had first taken in their fill of lands speaking altogether strange tongues, they might have been glad to find themselves in a land where their own tongue was spoken, be the "intonation" of the speaker what it may.

But, with all this interest and curiosity in English matters, I was, whenever I got beyond the very first range of American minds, which I found on the other side of Ocean, often struck by an amount of ignorance about such matters which I had certainly not looked for. It may be that the ignorance is to a considerable extent mutual, and I am certain of one thing, that the average American knows much more about his own country than the average Englishman knows about his. But I must say—even at the risk of being charged with that fault of "condescension" which of all faults I most wish to avoid—that English ignorance of America and American ignorance of England do not stand on the same ground. The American is really more called on to know about British matters than the Britisher is called on to know about American matters. And that for this obvious reason, that American matters cannot be thoroughly understood without constant reference to English matters, while English matters may be thoroughly understood with little or no reference to American matters. The present state of things in America implies the past history of America, and the past history of America implies the past history of England. It is needless to go about to prove this, while America keeps the tongue and—speaking roughly—the institutions of England, not as something borrowed from another people, but as the common heritage of the divided branches of the same people. It is needless to go about to prove that the Englishman of America has exactly the same right in all the memories and tra-

ditions and associations of the elder days of England which the Englishman of Britain has. On the other hand, the special history of America, the history of the English folk in America since the separation, though it must ever be an object of deep interest to all in the motherland, is not in the same way part of the history of the elder England, or in the same way needful for understanding the history of the elder England. I hold then that British ignorance of America is more easily to be forgiven than American ignorance of Britain. This last is largely owing to defective teaching, and I believe that the defective teaching is largely owing to a mistaken feeling of national self-assertion. The warning of Washington against meddling in the affairs of Europe was politically most sound; but Washington could hardly have meant it to be understood as forbidding all acquaintance with the past history and present state of Europe. But there certainly is—I should rather say there was—a tendency in some American quarters to think and speak as if nothing could concern the American people, if it were of older date than the battle of Bunker Hill, or, at any rate, than the sailing of the Mayflower. It is doubtless a caricature when the American child, when he is asked who was the first man, is made to answer George Washington, and when, on another child suggesting Adam as a correction, the first pleads that he did not know that he was to take count of foreigners.* I am told that it is only lately that English history has been at all generally taught in any but the highest American schools, and I fear that it is still taught as a thing apart, not as an essential part of the history of the American people. American children's books are sure to pay all due honor to the Pilgrim Fathers, and, if so disposed, to Captain John Smith of Virginia; but in the times before Smith and the Pilgrim Fathers they are apt to dwell more than enough on red Indians and mastodons and less than enough on the land and people from which Smith and the Pilgrim Fathers came. But it is harder still when the land from which

* This story seems badly put together. Surely it should have gone on to say that somebody named, not *Adam* but *Adams*, as the second man.

they came is passed by, and the rest of the elder lands acknowledged. A Chicago periodical reported as a fact, but a fact of which the Chicago periodical certainly did not approve, what followed when a school of girls was set to draw a map of Europe. One girl draws her map according to her own notions; another, by way of correction, suggests that the British islands are left out. The school-mistress rebukes the interference of the critic; she had not said that there was any need to put in islands. Then the mortified Britisher might thus at least have the consolation that Sicily, Crete, and Cyprus fared no better than his own island. This story was told in a review of Mr. Green's "Making of England," a book which the Chicago writer hoped might do something to improve this state of things. But, more seriously, I was struck, often in quarters where I should hardly have looked for it, with what seemed to me a strange ignorance of English matters, especially of English geography. I was amazed, for instance, to be asked whether Lincolnshire was on the west side of England or the east, to be asked, and that by a scholar of œcumenical fame, in what part of England Northamptonshire lay; and, cruellest of all, to be asked in very intelligent company whether the county of Somerset was called after the dukes of Somerset. That was indeed an unkind blow to an immemorial Teutonic *gâ*, to fancy it called after some Seymour of yesterday, or even after one of the somewhat older Beauforts. I need not say that Madison County, Tompkins County, and the like, was what was in the speaker's mind. Now I shall of course be asked whether an Englishman on the same level would know any more of the geography of America. And I will say beforehand that, if I have been amazed in America at ignorance of the geography of England, I have often been just as much amazed in England at the ignorance of the geography of continental Europe. But as for English knowledge of American geography, it seems to me that a decently educated Englishman ought to know the position of great and renowned states like Virginia and Massachusetts, but that he may be forgiven for knowing very little about Arizona and

Colorado, beyond the fact that they lie a long way west of Virginia and Massachusetts. But then all England, every corner of it, is, not as Arizona and Colorado, but as Virginia and Massachusetts, and something more. For no part of Britain or of Europe looks to Virginia and Massachusetts as a motherland. But every corner of England is, or may prove to be, the parent or the metropolis of this or that corner of America. The Federal capital bears the name of the patron hero, and the patron hero bore the name which his forefathers took from one or other of the obscure Washingtons in England. Such an instance as this is typical. I think we may reasonably expect an American of average thought and average knowledge to know more of English geography and of everything English than we can expect the Britisher on the same level to know of American matters, or than we can expect men of different European nations to know of each others' lands. In none of these cases is the land which a man knows or of which he is ignorant, the direct, obvious, acknowledged cradle of his own people.

I have to put in some modifying adjectives, lest I should be met with an answer out of my own mouth. In England I have ever preached the lesson "*antiquam exquirite matrem*," while in America I have, at the expense of metre, preached it in the shape of "*antiquiorem exquirite matrem*." I am not likely to forget that if the English settlements in America are colonies of the English settlements in Britain, so the English settlements in Britain are themselves colonies of the older English land on the European mainland. In the wider history of the three Englands no fact is of greater moment; it is in fact the kernel, almost the essence, of their whole history. Still the constant acknowledgment and carrying about of that fact is a kind of counsel of perfection which every one cannot be expected to bear in mind. The analogy between the European and the American settlements is real, but it is hidden. The points of unlikeness lie on the surface. The far longer time of separation between the first England and the second, the consequences following on that longer separation, above all the far wider

break in the matter of language and institutions—to say nothing of the wide diversity in date and circumstances between the settlements of the sixth century and the settlements of the seventeenth—all these things join together to make the relations between the first England and the second altogether unlike the relations between the second England and the third. The oldest England on the European continent should never be forgotten by the men of the middle England in the isle of Britain. But it never can be to them all that the middle England in the isle of Britain surely ought to be to the men of the newest England on the mainland of America.

The main ties between the motherland and her great colony are the two main results of community of stock; that is, community of language and community of law. Of language I will speak at another time. I would now, with all the diffidence of one who is not a lawyer, say a word about law. The lawyers in America are an even more important class than they are in England; the proportion of them in the legislative bodies both of the States and of the Union is something amazing. And the main point in which the position of the legal profession in America differs from its position in England, namely, the union of the two characters of barrister and solicitor in the same person, seems to me to cut two ways. On the one hand, I am told that it leads to the admission of many inferior and incompetent members of the profession, of many even who do not understand Latin. But, on the other hand, it helps, together with that localization of justice which is natural under the American system, to secure the presence of some lawyers of the higher class in every town that we come to. In England our barristers are nearly all gathered together in London; here and there in a few of the greatest towns there is a local bar; but the ordinary English town knows no resident form of lawyer higher than the local solicitor. But in America the size of the country and its Federal constitution join to hinder our centralization of the higher justice. In all the large towns there are State courts, and often Federal courts too, which need the con-

stant presence of men who answer, not to the solicitor who appears at petty sessions or in the county court, but to the barrister practising before—a layman may be forgiven for not venturing to meddle with the tribunals bearing new and longer names which have supplanted the venerable and historic courts of a few years back. Thus there is everywhere in every town a kernel of society of a higher kind than the English country-town supplies. Now in the higher class of American lawyers there is a very close tie between America and England. Where the law is simply the law of England with a difference, the old common law with such changes as later legislation may have wrought, there must be in the legal profession a good deal of knowledge of English matters. It is pleasant to see an American law library, with English and American books side by side. It is pleasant to hear an American legal pleading, in which the older English legislation, the older English decisions, are dealt with as no less binding than the legislation and decisions of the local courts and assemblies, and where the English legislation and decisions of later times are held to be, though not formally binding, yet entitled to no small respect. As to outward appearances indeed, most of the American courts have lost the pomp and circumstance with which we are accustomed to clothe the administration of the higher justice at home. It is only in that great tribunal which can sit in judgment on the legislation of a nation, in the Supreme Court of the United States, that any trace is left of the outward majesty of the law as it is understood in England. But look at any American court, in such States at least as I have visited, and we see that the real life of English law and English justice is there. All the essential principles, all the essential forms are there. The very cry of *oyer*, meaningless most likely in the mouth of the crier who utters it, not only tells us that it is the law of England which is administering, but reminds us how largely the older law of England was recast—not more than recast—at the hands of the Norman and the Angevin. We feel that the law which is laid down by the banks of the Hudson or the Potomac is still the law

of King Edward with the amendments of King William. Sometimes indeed, when we find the newer England cleaving to cumbrous tradition which the elder England has cast away, we feel that a few further amendments of later days would not be out of place. The wonderful repetitions and contradictions in the indictment against Guiteau belong to a past stage of our own jurisprudence; yet there is a certain, perhaps unreasonable, satisfaction in finding that the newer home of our people is conservative enough to cleave to some things which the elder home has exchanged for newer devices. New devices indeed we sometimes light upon in the new world. When we look at a Maryland judge who is authorized, under certain circumstances, to send men to the gallows without a jury, we are divided between wonder at the innovation and awe toward a being who can do what no other being that we ever saw before can do. We are struck with a different feeling when we see the mutual reverence which judge and jury show to one another in Massachusetts, where the judge stands up to give his charge to the jury and the jury stand up to listen to his charge. Even varieties of this kind, even what we are inclined to look on as the lack of some useful solemnities, bring more forcibly home to us that the law which is dealt out is, after all, our own law. In this, as in most other American matters, we notice the slightest diversity all the more because the two things are in their main essence so thoroughly the same.

I am not forgetful that the laws of different States are very far from being everywhere the same, and that the legislation of some States has brought in some startling differences from the legislation both of England and of other States. But we may still carry on our eleventh-century formula. The law is not a new law; it is the old law, with certain—perhaps very considerable—amendments. Even if it be held that a new superstructure has been built up, it has been built up upon an old groundwork. Here there is a tie, not only to the mother-country, but to an old side of the mother-country. A real American lawyer must be an English lawyer too. He cannot fail to know something of the history of the land whose laws it becomes

his duty to master; he may know at least as much as the English lawyer himself condescends to know. And I can witness that there are American lawyers who go somewhat further than the ordinary English lawyer thinks it his business to go. If a good many are still floundering in the quagmire of Blackstone, there are some who have made their way to the firm ground of Stubbs and Maine.

The nature of Blackstone suggests a state of mind which I certainly cannot call an American peculiarity, which it may be going too far to call even an American characteristic. For the state of mind of which I speak, though it was brought forcibly to my notice on the other side of Ocean, is only too common in England also, and in many parts beside. I remember years ago acting as Examiner at Oxford with a man who, whatever may have been his attainments as a lawyer, had certainly made a good deal of money at the bar. He made the men who were examined say that the Conqueror introduced the feudal system at the Great Council of Salisbury. I implored him to say nothing of the kind, and explained to him that the legislation of Salisbury was the exact opposite to what he fancied. My colleague refused to hearken; he had to examine in law: Blackstone was the great oracle of the law; Blackstone put the matter as he put it, and he could not go beyond Blackstone. This is an extreme case of a man who cannot get beyond his modern book, and to whom the notion of an original authority is something which never came into his head. I believe there is in all parts of the world a large class of people into whose heads it never does come that history is written from original sources. I have had talks with people, and have received letters from people who clearly thought that I or any other writer of history did it all from some kind of intuition or revelation, who had no idea that we got our knowledge by turning over this book and that. And I have known others who have got beyond this stage, who know that we get our knowledge from earlier writings, but who fancy that these earlier writings are something altogether strange and rare, the exclusive possession of a certain class, and placed alto-

gether out of the reach of any but members of that class. They are amazed if you tell them that for large parts of history, for all those parts with which I am mainly concerned, the sources lie open to every man, and that the only advantage which the professed historian has is the greater skill which long practice may be supposed to have given him in the art of using the sources. Now this state of mind, one which practically does not know that there are any sources, common enough in England, is commoner still in America. There, if we except a small body of scholars of the first rank, original sources seem to be practically unknown. It struck me that, with regard to reading and knowledge—at least in those branches of which I can judge—America stands to England very much as England stands to Germany. I conceive that in Germany the proportion of those who know something is smaller than it is in England, while the proportion of those who know a great deal is certainly larger. Anyhow this distinction is perfectly true between England and America. There is a mysterious being called the “general reader,” of whom some editors seem to live in deadly fear. Now I had long suspected that the “general reader” was not so great a fool as the editors seemed to think, and my American experience had confirmed that suspicion. America strikes me as the land of the “general reader;” and, if so, I am not at all disposed to think scorn of the “general reader.” It seemed to me that in America the reading class, the class of those who read widely, who read, as far as they go, intelligently, but who do not read deeply—the class of those who, without being professed scholars, read enough and know enough to be quite worth talking to—form a larger proportion of mankind in America than they do in England. On the other hand, the class of those who read really deeply, the class of professed scholars, is certainly much smaller in proportion in America than it is in England. The class exists; it numbers some who have done thoroughly good work, and others from whom thoroughly good work may be looked for; but it sometimes fails to show itself where one might most have expected to find it. Men from whose position one might have

expected something more seem hardly to have grasped the conception of original authorities. One sees college library after college library which does not contain a volume of the *Chronicles* and *Memorials*, where the existence of that great series seems to be unknown. I met men who admired Dr. Stubbs as they ought to do, who had read his *Constitutional History* carefully, but who had never so much as heard of those wonderful prefaces, those living pictures of men and times, on which, even more than on the *Constitutional History*, the fame of the great Professor must rest. How little some men, even in the chair of the teacher, have grasped the nature of the materials for historic study came out in a curious dialogue which I had with an American professor, I think a professor of history. He asked me, “Where do you write your works?” “In my own house, to be sure,” I answered, “where else should I?” “O but you can’t do them in your own house; you can’t have the rare books and the curious manuscripts; you must be always going to the British Museum.” He was a good deal amazed when I explained to him that all the important books for my period were printed, that I had them all around me in my own not wonderfully large library, that it was the rarest thing for me in writing my history to need a book that was not in my library, that I had never in my life made use of the British Museum library, and not very often of the Bodleian itself—that, for a few unprinted manuscripts which I knew would be of use to me the British Museum would give me no help, as they did not happen to be there—that, as a mere affair of the pocket, it was cheaper as well as more convenient to buy books for oneself than to take long journeys in order to read other people’s books elsewhere. All this seemed altogether a new light to my friend. Of course a student of some other periods could not have made the same answer that I did. There are times for which the library of the British Museum, or any other public library, must be invaluable, but those times are not the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But it is plain that to my professor all centuries were much alike; he knew that there were such things as original

sources, but they seemed to him to be something strange, mysterious, and inaccessible, something of which a private man could not hope to be the owner. That a man could have the *Chronicles* and *Florence* and *Orderic* lying on his table as naturally as he might have *Cæsar* and *Tacitus* had never come into his head. I heard a good deal in America of the difficulty of getting books, which I did not quite understand. It is surely as easy to get a book, whether from London, or from Leipzig, in America as it is in England; the book simply takes somewhat longer to come. But I can understand that American scholars may keenly feel one difficulty which I feel very keenly too. This is the utter hopelessness of keeping up with the ever-growing mass of German books, and yet more with the vaster mass of treatises which are hidden in German periodicals and local transactions. Of all of these every German scholar expects us all to be masters, while to most of us they are practically as inaccessible as if they were shut up in the archives of the Vatican. When a German, and yet more when a Swiss, scholar gets any fresh light, his first impulse is carefully to hide it under a bushel, and then he expects all mankind to enter in and see the darkness.

I think I may fairly say that the state of things of which I speak, not so much mere ignorance of original sources as failure to grasp the existence and the nature of original sources, while sadly rife in England, is yet more rife in America. But I need hardly say that America has men of sound learning in various branches of knowledge of whom no land need be ashamed. At Harvard, at Yale, at Cornell, the most fastidious in the choice of intellectual society may be well satisfied with his companions. And there is a younger school of American scholarship growing up, of which, and of its researches, I cannot help saying a few words more directly. Students of early English history and language have had of late to acknowledge much valuable help in several shapes from the western branch of their people. But the school of which I have to speak is one which, among its other merits, has the special merit of being distinctively American, of being the natural

and wholesome fruit of American soil. Its researches have taken that special direction which one might say that American research was called upon to take before all others. The new school is the natural complement of an elder school which has been useful in its time, but which could at the utmost serve only as the pioneer toward something higher.

Even from the days before independence, the English colonies in America have never lacked local historians. Every State, every district, almost every township, has found its chronicler. And worthily so; for every State, every district, every township, has its history. In New England above all, the history of even the smallest community has some political instruction to give us. The history of New England is a history of exactly the same kind as the history of old Greece or of mediæval Switzerland, the history of a great number of small communities, each full of political life, most of them reproducing ancient forms of Teutonic political life which have died out in the elder England and which live only among the lakes and mountains of the elder Switzerland. The institutions of any community in the Thirteen Colonies, above all of any community in New England, are more than a mere object of local interest and curiosity. They show us the institutions of the elder England, neither slavishly carried on nor scornfully cast aside, but reproduced with such changes as changed circumstances called for, and those for the most part changes in the direction of earlier times. As many of the best reforms in our own land have been—often unwittingly, and when unwittingly all the better—simply fallings back on the laws and customs of earlier times, so it has specially been with the reforms which were needed when the New England arose on the western shore of Ocean. The old Teutonic assembly, rather the old Aryan assembly, which had not long died out in the Frisian sealand, which still lived on in the Swabian mountain-lands, rose again to full life in the New England town-meeting. Here we have, supplied by the New England States, a direct contribution, and one of the most valuable of contributions, to the general history of Teutonic political life, and thereby to the general history

of common Aryan political life. And other parts of the Union also, though their contributions are on the whole of less interest than those of New England, have something to add to the common stock. Each of the colonies reproduced some features of English life; but different colonies reproduced different sides, and, so to speak, different dates of English life. All these points in the local history of the colonies need to be put in their right relation to one another and to other English, other Teutonic, other Aryan institutions. This would seem to be a study to which the scholars of the United States are specially called. The study of institutions, the scientific exposition of what America has to teach us on that head, has been taken up by those who have come in the wake of the older school of American inquirers. On the more homely researches of the local chronicler there naturally follows a newer and more advanced class of inquirers, men who not only collect facts, but who know how to put the facts which they collect into their proper place in the general history of mankind. I have hitherto abstained from mentioning names; it is often invidious to pick and choose, and some of those whom I have had in my eye may claim the benefit of the proverb that good wine needs no bush. But a young and growing school, which still has difficulties to struggle against, may be glad of a good word on either side of Ocean. I cannot help mentioning the school which is now devoting itself to the special study of local institutions, a school which is spread over various parts of the Union, but which seems to have its special home in the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, as one

from which great things may be looked for. And I cannot help adding the name of my friend Mr. Herbert B. Adams as that of one who has done much for the work, and who, to me at least, specially represents it. To trace out the local institutions, and generally the local history of their own land, to compare them with the history and institutions of elder lands, to show that it is only on the surface that their own land lacks the charm of antiquity, is the work which seems chalked out for the inquirers of this school, and a noble and patriotic work it is. An eye accustomed to trace the likenesses and unlikenesses of history will rejoice to see the Germans of Tacitus live once more in the popular gatherings of New England—to see in the strong life of Rhode Island a new Appenzell beyond the Ocean—to see the Great City of Arcadia rise again in the federal capital by the Potomac. North and South, and the older West also, has each its help to give, its materials to furnish. Viewed rightly, with the eye of general history, it is no mean place in the annals of the world that falls to the lot of the two great commonwealths between which the earliest, and till our own days the greatest, presidencies of the American Union were so unequally divided.

In this present article I have kept chiefly to general matters. In another I trust to say something more of my American impressions in matters of smaller detail. This will be in some sort a harder task, but I trust that I may go through that also without finding the dictates of truth and the memory of much kindness and many happy days clash with one another. — *Fortnightly Review*.

REMINISCENCE OF A MARCH.

SEVERAL years ago it fell to my lot to be on the march with a subaltern of my regiment in Ireland. I was taking a detachment into a remote part of the country, where I believe some disturbances were apprehended, and we had been started off at pretty short notice. I have even now a lively recollection of a long railway journey, the dingy stations we passed, the tedious stoppages,

occasional splashes of rain against the windows, and our final exit from the train in a dark draughty shed with a sloppy platform. From here we had a good long march to our halting-place, through a sad colored waste, past hill-sides of black bog, hardly a fence worth calling one to be seen, now and then a tumble-down hovel by the roadside, and off and on the rain pelting down in the

sort of searching cold showers one gets in bleak parts of Ireland in the autumn-time. The town where we were to stay the night was no exception to the general dinginess. After setting the men down into their billets, we "prospected" the principal inn in the place, got a couple of very middling bedrooms, and made up our minds to make the best of the situation. We had divested ourselves of our wet uniform, entered our little sitting-room with its welcome peat-piled fire, examined some hideous sacred prints hung round the walls—among them I remember one of St. Veronica displaying a large handkerchief with the Saviour's face upon it—and were busy planning what to associate with whiskey and the jacketed potato, when a note was brought in and handed to me, with a message that someone was waiting for an answer. It was addressed to "The officer commanding detachment, — Regiment ;" but one saw at a glance it was not an official communication, the envelope being a dainty white one, and the handwriting almost unmistakably that of a lady. It turned out to be a very courteous invitation from a Mr. and Mrs. M— of Innishderry Hall (we will call it), who, having heard that some troops were passing through Moynetown to-day, hoped for the pleasure of the officers' company at dinner that evening. This was really a timely as well as a hospitable offer, so A—, my subaltern, and I, at once agreed to accept it.

Fortunately, when evening came round, and the rickety-looking car that was to jolt us to our entertainers clattered up to the inn-door, the weather had cleared a little. Well do I remember the drive ; the cold keen air ; a pale half-moon lighting up the sombre landscape ; dark islands of bog alternating with pools of shimmering water ; hillslopes near but mysterious. As far as I can remember, we entered the grounds of Innishderry Hall about a mile and a half from the town. Already the country had begun to wear a prettier aspect ; patches of wood appeared ; and after passing the lodge-gate, we began to descend a valley—broken, rocky ground, with clumps of spruce and larch on either side—till, suddenly emerging from this, the drive swept round a corner,

and we were in view of the sea. A few minutes more, and we were looking down over a charming little bay shut in by cliffs, with a boat high and dry up the beach ; and from this point till we sighted the lights of the house, copse, park, and heather intermingled one with the other to our left, while on the right great white lines of surf quivered and broke in the moonlight.

It was a beautiful scene as it presented itself to us in the obscurity of the night-time. Possibly by day some of its enchantment might have been missing, but we did not see it in daylight. Such as it was, it probably impressed me and stamped itself in my memory, more on account of the subsequent incidents which ensued than anything else.

The house, as we drew up to it, seemed a large and handsome one. It had a great many windows, a steep-pitched roof, and was partly ivy-clad. Two long ranges of outbuildings were attached to it, one at either end, and from that nearest us as we approached, ran out an old wall matted with ivy-stems, and forming an enclosure screened by a row of thorn-trees, behind which one could just make out the ruined gable-end of a small building. Our driver, who had been most uncommunicative all the way out as to our host and hostess, condescended to tell us this was a very ancient chapel, which some ancestor of the family had pulled down and dismantled, "bad luck to him !"

The fine entrance hall—I can recall it now—warmed by an ample stove and well lighted up, with a few dressed skins lying about, and a huge ebon cabinet over against the door, made a cheery contrast to the outside car and surroundings we had just left. Round the walls were grouped a splendid pair of stag's horns, a fox's head and brush, a stuffed seal, and other trophies of a sporting life ; and a black buffalo's massive frontlet, surmounting a sheaf of assegais, suggested at once what we afterward learned to be the case, that our host had been in South Africa. "I wonder what sort of people they are, major?" were A—'s words to me, *sotto voce*, as he gave his sleeves a final jerk and glanced down critically at his boots, while we followed the butler to the drawing-room. A moment more, and we

were face to face with our new acquaintances.

I do not recollect anything very noteworthy about our host. He was a tall and rather handsome man, but of somewhat faded aspect—quiet and genial in his manner. "I am an old soldier myself," was his greeting to us, "and I never like any one in the service to pass our place on duty without our finding him out." But our hostess! As I shook hands with her, she at once engrossed my attention. I am at a loss now, as I was then, to define the nature or cause of the peculiar interest she seemed at once to excite in me. Certainly she was a remarkably handsome woman, but my observation of her at the moment of introduction was quickly diverted by the strange demeanor of A—. I had turned round, and was in the act of presenting him, when he suddenly started, stopped, and, without attempting a salutation or advance of any kind, stared at her. For the instant, the situation was embarrassing. Was the man going to faint, or was he off his head, or what? There he stood, stock still, facing Mrs. M—, till in a severe tone I said, "A—, this is our hostess." "Mrs. M—, allow me to introduce Mr. A—." This appeared to rouse him a little, for he made a sort of backward movement which might do duty for a bow, though a very poor apology for it, and said, "I—I—I beg your pardon," retiring immediately into the background. If this was bashfulness, it was a curious form of it, I thought, and certainly new in my knowledge of A—. This little incident over, I had leisure to look round the room. There appeared to be about a dozen people in all. Mr. M— introduced me to a relation of his, a baronet whose name I forget; to a parson, who assured me in Hibernian accents that troops had been down there "*repeatedly*;" and to a niece, whom I was to take in to dinner. I caught a momentary glimpse of A—, and saw to my surprise that he was furtively but intently watching the lady of the house from an obscure corner. I was quietly slipping up to him to ask what it all meant, when dinner was announced.

At the dinner-table I found myself on the left of our hostess, the baronet op-

posite me. A— was placed some distance down on the other side, so that I could keep an eye on him, which I soon began to think I must do. I had now an opportunity of noting more particularly Mrs. M—'s personal appearance. Her age I should judge to have been somewhere about eight-and-twenty or thirty, considerably under her husband's. Her figure was faultless; neck and arms of that nameless tint one has so often seen imperfectly described in novels as "creamy-white;" a corona of hair of that deep auburn-red which so sets off a fair woman; and a face of singular beauty, of which you forgot everything but the eyes the moment you looked into them. Such eyes they were! Their particular size, shape, this or that color, would never occur to one; it was their strange, almost weird, effect when turned on you, that one felt. It was as though they divined what you were thinking of, and could answer your thoughts. Yet it was not a satisfactory or a restful face. I can recall certain half-disagreeable sensations I experienced as her eyes occasionally rested on mine while we talked, and once or twice a flash as of something almost malevolent seemed to pass out of them.

One incident I recollect. We were discussing pictures, and Mrs. M—, pointing to some fine family portraits hung round the dining-room, said, "My husband and I are distant cousins, Major P—, so that you see we are mutually represented here; and yonder is a lady of bygone days, supposed to have been very wicked, and to be like me." I looked up, and sure enough there gazed down on me from the canvas a woman's face strikingly like the speaker's—so like, that except for the quaint costume, the portrait might have been taken for her own. It was a finer specimen than usual of the formal yet fascinating style in which our great-grandmothers have been depicted for us—a stately attitude, regular but immobile features, and exuberant charms sumptuously if somewhat scantily draped. The lady's figure, as it chanced, was turned toward our end of the table; she held a fan in her hand; the lips had a disdainful, almost derisive, smile; and the eyes, which in such pictures usually appear to be contem-

plating the spectator, and to follow him about, seemed directed full on our hostess. "There is certainly a likeness," I said, "but the lady on the wall is entitled, I feel sure, to an entire monopoly of the wickedness." Mrs. M— laughed, and winged a glance at me, and the smile and the eyes were those of the portrait.

Another circumstance I remember discovering in looking round the table, which, had I been superstitious, might not have added to my comfort. We were sitting thirteen. Mrs. M—, I rather think, must have noticed me counting the numbers, for she made some remark, as if in reply to my thought—"So sorry we were disappointed of one of our party at the last moment."

Meanwhile A— was again attracting my attention by his extraordinary behavior. His partner, a pretty-looking lively girl, was evidently doing her best to make herself agreeable, and he was answering her in an intermittent fashion; but I could see he was eating very little, and crumbling his bread in a nervous, preoccupied manner, while every now and then his eyes wandered to Mrs. M—, with a curious fixed stare that was positively ill-mannered and altogether unaccountable. Instinctively I turned to the same quarter to see what could be the object of this persistent scrutiny, but in vain. There, indeed, was a beautiful woman, dressed to perfection, and with those wonderful eyes; but what right had he to gape at her like that? I began to wonder if she or any other of the guests would observe A—'s rudeness. I tried to catch his eye, but without success. In a little while I lapsed into comparative silence, and set myself to watch A—'s movements more narrowly, as well as I could, across the table. After a time it seemed to me that the direction of A—'s gaze must be at Mrs. M—'s head, or a little above it; but there was nothing I could see to account for this. To be sure, she wore, fastened into the thick top coil of her hair, a jewelled ornament of some kind that seemed to sparkle at times with intense brilliancy; but still, why this repeated and offensive contemplation at her own table of a married woman, on whom, so far as I knew, neither A— nor I had

ever set eyes before? Could these two have been known to each other in some bygone love-affair, or was the man gone out of his wits, or had he taken too much drink?

How this memorable dinner struggled on to a conclusion, I hardly remember. The more fidgety I got, the more irresistibly was I drawn to watch A—. His face wore a pale scared aspect quite foreign to him, for he was ordinarily a cheery, common-sense fellow, not easily disturbed. At length it seemed that our hostess became aware of the intent observation she was being subjected to; and before the ladies rose from the dinner-table, her handsome features had grown very white, there was a visible trembling movement in her hands, and her eyes took an uneasy expression not previously there.

As soon as we men were left alone, and almost before we could reseate ourselves, A—turned to our host, and in an odd muffled voice announced that he felt unwell, and begged permission to take his departure. Mr. M— glanced at me with a puzzled air—"He was so very sorry. Could he do anything? And, of course, the carriage was entirely at Mr. A—'s service." By this time it was evident something was really amiss with A—; so I made some sort of excuse that I feared he had had a hard day's march and got soaked, sent our sincere apologies to Mrs. M—, and rejecting the kind offer of the carriage, we found ourselves out again in the moonlight. The moon was well up; and as we passed the old ruinous chapel, you could see, through a little pointed window in the gable, the wall beyond half lit up, and dappled over with long shadows from the thorn-trees alongside. We walked for a little while in silence, I deliberating what to say, whether to be stern or sympathetic, but decidedly inclining to the former. Indeed, whether he were well or ill, the extraordinary gestures and demeanor of A— that evening were unbecoming in the extreme, and taking place as they did in the presence of his senior officer, could not be passed over.

"Mr. A—," at length I began, in an official tone, "I must ask what is the meaning—" He had been hurrying on with his face averted from me; but now, as I spoke, he suddenly stopped,

turned round, and grasping my arm, broke in with—"So help me God, major, the devil stood behind her!" "The devil stood behind her!" I said, in utter amazement; "what on earth do you mean?" "I mean what I say; the devil was standing behind her all the time." His voice fell almost to a whisper, and he looked back toward the house, which was still in sight. I could have no doubt who he meant by *her*; but I was so taken aback, that what to go on saying to the man, I knew not. It was obvious he was under some strange mental delusion. We walked on. Presently he spoke again, as if to himself, "Behind her by the mantelpiece,"—"behind her chair,"—"that fearful thing's face,"—"those fiendish eyes, my God!"

As I said before, I am not superstitious, but it was neither quite comfortable nor canny hearing these queer exclamations under the peculiar circumstances; in a moonlight walk; dark, umbrageous thickets on one side of us; on the other, black, cavernous cliffs, and the melancholy murmuring sea.

As far as my memory serves, we were still a little way from the lodge-gate, when A— stopped again an instant, and said, "Listen! What's that?" I could hear nothing; but in a few seconds came the distant clatter of a galloping horse along the drive. "Something has happened to her," whispered A—, laying a chill hand on mine. "Anything the matter?" I shouted to the groom who passed us on the horse. The man called out something which we were unable to catch, and galloped on. We could see him pull up at the gate, and a woman come out to open it; but by the time we reached her, horse and rider were out of sight. She was standing staring down the road after them, and I asked her if anything was wrong. "Jesu save us, sur!" she exclaimed, crossing herself, "the man says meelady is dead—she has taken her life!" "Dead! taken her life!" was my ejaculation. "Why, we've only just left the house." Here was indeed a climax to my bewilderment! But what an announcement! I was utterly unable to realize it—it seemed too monstrous. My first impulse was to run back at once to the Hall and see if we could be of any

use; but on second thoughts, it seemed better not. Then, as we hurried out of the park through the tall massive gateway, I heard my companion mutter, evidently still possessed with his hallucination, "Did she see It too!"

About half-way to Moynetown we met our car coming out to fetch us, and mounted it. "I seen M—'s man ridin' by jist now like smoke," was the remark of our whilom taciturn jarvie; "there's somethin' up, I belave. They tells quare tales of that house, an' the ould chapel, an' the lights seen about it o' nights, an' the strange noises people hears thereabout. Och, thin, shure an' there's bad luck in that house, sur!" I was too stupefied to stop the fellow's gabble till his words were out, and they have often recurred to my mind since. When we got back to our inn, the ill news was already in the air. I sent for the landlord, inquired for the principal medical man in the town, and despatched an urgent message to him intimating what we had heard, and begging him to go out to the Hall immediately. Word was brought back that the doctor had already been sent for, and gone. This done, I felt I hardly dared ask further questions of any one just then. Yet the whole thing seemed like a horrid dream, hardly credible. We two sat up late into the night in the little inn parlor, I absorbed in the occurrence of this eventful evening, and in painful anticipation of hearing more; A— speaking not a word, but glowering into the fire.

Next morning we were to make an early start. Before the fall-in bugle sounded, the little bustling landlady had communicated to us all sorts of rumors concerning the terrible event that had taken place the night before. Clearly the tragic story was all over the town by this time; but the only coherent upshot of the matter we could extract was, that the poor lady down at the Hall had gone up to her bedroom immediately after dinner, and then and there taken poison—that they found her stretched on the floor quite dead, the face turned to one side, as if averted from something, and with an awfully fearsome look upon it.

It may be imagined I was anything but sorry when I and my men mounted the steep hill overlooking Moynetown, on the road to our next billets, with our

backs turned upon the scene of this ghastly and mysterious business.

I never heard of the M— family again. nor did I ever revisit Moynettown. I believe there was an inquest, and a verdict of temporary insanity. A few months afterward I chanced to see something in a local newspaper about Innishderry Hall being to let; and "that dreadful affair down in County —" was talked of for a while in Dublin in a certain circle of society. As for A—, he too passed out of my observation very

soon after, as he applied for leave, and got an exchange. He never told me more than what I have told the reader, and never again spoke to me on the subject. I suppose some would maintain that A— was gifted with what in Scotland is called "second sight." Be that as it may, the mystery of how or why "the devil stood behind" that singularly beautiful and fascinating woman—an acquaintance of an evening only—will, I suspect, never be cleared up.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

LADIES IN ICELAND.*

NOTHING shows more forcibly the power of associations than the attraction of Iceland for romantic travellers. The very name is suggestive of inhospitable landscapes; of long winters and short fitful summers; of sterility that is seldom relieved save by the sublimity of savage desolation. It may be dear to the geologist and the student of physical science as the land of frost and fire, where the forces of nature that were embodied in the myths of the Scandinavian mythology have played their wildest freaks and assumed the most fantastic forms. But with the ordinary tourist in quest of amusement and the picturesque, a little lava-bed or boiling-spring goes a long way. The more so when habitations lie widely apart, in monotonous wastes that may be sampled in an hour or two, and when interminable distances must be crossed in the saddle on half-broken ponies and hard commons. Nor are the steamers which establish summer communications with Denmark or Scotland inviting to the sybarite, though they may be more commodious than the half-decked galleys of the Vikings, who often carried their ladies with them on their cruises. But Iceland is the land of legends and traditions, which oftentimes take the shape of authentic history. The pictures of the life of eight hundred years ago stand out with matchless vividness and realism in the pages of the chronicles and the songs of the Scalds; and we find domestic details reproduced

as minutely as in any diary of the farming operations of to-day. The very landmarks of the evidently truthful sagas, in spite of volcanic convulsions, still remain; the lines of the barren scenery are silent witnesses to the wild tales of fire-raising and slaughter—of rapes and elopements, and hot pursuits. There are no flourishing plantations to change the contours; cultivation has scarcely extended its area beyond the natural meadows by the streams and the arable "infield;" only the Runes are gone that may once have been engraved on the friable lava and crumbling basalt. And so on lovers of the saga, like the lady who writes "By Fell and Fjord," Iceland, notwithstanding its slight and sparse civilization, will exercise still an irresistible fascination, offering, even on a first acquaintance, not a few of the familiar features of a friend.

Miss Oswald is an enthusiast; and, as we need hardly say, her delightful book is all the better for that. Enthusiasm harmonizes necessarily with romance, and it was romance that sent her on her first Northern pilgrimage, and induced her on two subsequent occasions to repeat the visit. She had been at considerable pains to study the language, that she might read the Icelandic lore in the original; and her linguistic attainments served her more practically in her easy intercourse with the friendly natives. She is an enthusiast; and when the Leith steamer, after a stormy voyage, sighted Iceland far to the eastward of its destined haven, the delay was by no means a disappointment. For the promontory that frowned in

* By Fell and Fjord; or, Scenes and Studies in Iceland. By E. J. Oswald. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1882.

front of them was classic ground—no other than Ingolfshöfði, or Ingolf's Head, the first headland sighted by the earliest Norwegian settler, who, having been similarly tossed by waves and tempest, seems to have been driven on a precisely identical course. And as they coasted the rugged shore toward Reykjavik in clearing weather, toward evening they looked up in brilliant sunshine to the almost untrodden wastes of the Vatna Jökull; while beneath, on the low lands at the mouth of the Mar-karfljót River, were the scenes of the famous Saga of Burnt Njal, made familiar to English folk by Sir George Dasent. But if Miss Oswald had been merely of a studious turn of mind, only caring for poetry and the literature of the sagas, she might most likely have slackened in her adventurous quests. Exposure to drenching rain in a low-lying cloud-land, fording rivers that rise and fall with the rains, and, flowing from the snow-fields and glaciers in the mountains, break over the saddle-bows of the undersized ponies, would have come like a chilling *douche* on a sentimentalist's raptures. But she keeps her sentimentalism for the sunshine, or for the evening, when, in some snug farm-house or in the shelter of a church, she has "shifted," and made herself tolerably comfortable. When hard work had to be faced, she gave herself over to the business of the moment. She followed wherever the guides would lead, or could pioneer, if needful, a way for herself. Nay, on one occasion, when, thrown upon her own resources, she even undertook the charge of the drove of spare ponies, herding the stragglers through the thickening darkness to their headquarters. In fact, she appears to have a most happily balanced nature; and, to use a familiar expression, we may say that she is good all round. It was well for her that she has a strong constitution, for sometimes she rode for a dozen of hours or more on a stretch and an early cup of coffee, without otherwise breaking her fast, except perhaps by nibbling a biscuit; though she assures us that the pure air is so invigorating, that exposure to all weathers and the protracted exercise may be beneficial to even a debilitated frame. And it was well for her, too, that she was a skilful

fly-fisher, since she often had to rely on the produce of the sport for the staple of a satisfactory supper or breakfast. But the result of her sundry qualifications is an exceedingly delightful book, as fresh in its style as it is varied in its matter. Everything is made so exceedingly real to us—and that is the secret of a fascinating narrative of travel—that we feel as if we had formed one of the party, and were merely refreshing our pleasant recollections. The descriptions are as simple and easy as they are natural, and do the clever author infinite credit, considering the tame sterility of great part of the country. We seem to know the people, their manners, and habitations, as if, like her, we had spent successive summers among them; for Miss Oswald never goes into extremes, and neither blinks their failings nor idealizes their virtues. We are taken in due course to the show-places; and there is always something original in her manner of regarding them, if she cannot say much that is absolutely new. While even if we should be stumbling over boulders or floundering through bogs, with the middle distance shrouded in mists and the back-ground blotted out in darkness, we are generally kept moving in that halo of romance which has been cast over the breadth of the land by its sagas.

Yet she keeps romance in its proper place; and at least as interesting in its way is her account of the present condition of the country and the vicissitudes of its much-enduring inhabitants. They had known freedom and the most popular forms of self-government when the middle classes and lower orders all over Europe were groaning under the tyranny of the feudal system. The snug homesteads on their barren shores, except for occasional neighborly feuds, were safe from rapine, when their longships swelled the fleets of the Vikings who were ravaging the European coasts. But they were doomed to have their turn of retributive suffering in modern times, when the Danes had become their masters. The Danes found a thriving agricultural population, with a flourishing foreign trade; and they seem to have done their best to destroy commerce and agriculture by a most oppressive system of monopolies and taxation. They sold

concessions of the Icelandic trade to certain middlemen, forbidding under heavy penalties bargains even among neighbors. We are told that fish which might have fetched forty dollars in open market, had to be handed over to the foreign concessionaries at less than a fifth of the money. No wonder that the fishings were neglected, that farms were deserted, and that the population declined. But when things had become almost intolerable they began to mend; and the widespread devastation caused by volcanic convulsions compelled the Danes to relax their grinding laws. Latterly restrictions have been gradually removed; and the popularity of the present king is a proof that his Icelandic subjects are prospering and contented. At the same time, apart from the difficulty of shaking off the evil habits generated by centuries of dependence and hopeless discouragement, they will always have to contend with the inclemency of their climate. Communications with the outer world are cut off through the weary months of the winter. The working hours in winter are short, which is, however, of the less consequence, that there is nothing to be done out of doors. Above all, it is difficult to provide sufficient winter food for the sheep and ponies, which are the wealth of the farmers. There is grazing enough in the meadows and on the wastes through the summer; but formerly numbers of the ponies were slaughtered in the autumn, when nothing was saved but the hides. Now happily, thanks to the enterprise of some spirited Scotch and Danish dealers, the surplus stock is exported in the fine season, and fetch remunerative prices at Leith and Copenhagen.

But if the winters, with their long nights, have material disadvantages, they have not been altogether without their compensations. It is to those long hours that would otherwise have hung so heavily, that Miss Oswald, no doubt, rightly ascribes the excellence of the early Icelandic literature. Iceland was settled by the well-to-do Northern warriors who came from a land of song and legend. The Norse settler was a solitary man, or at least he lived in his lonely homestead, with no society but that of his household and dependants.

“He had time to meditate on the deeds of the national heroes and of his own ancestors—time to turn some of his intense energy into the form of poems and histories, and to repeat them to others, who learned them by heart from his lips. His son, very likely, went to Norway; half a warrior, half a poet, he lived awhile in the king’s Court, had his strong imagination yet further excited by change and wanderings, and returned to Iceland—which then, as now, had for her sons an irresistible attraction—able to tell a better story and chant a finer poem than before. And so the light was kindled, and spread from homestead to homestead, and a class of men rose up, the poets or skalds, who could repeat the sagas, word for word, for hours together.” Nor had these poetic warriors to draw solely on their reminiscences or on the old Scandinavian sources for inspiration. On the contrary, as we have said, the most spirited of the sagas, which have been immortalized by the intensity of their dramatic realism, were the reproduction of personal experiences or the events of family history. The acts of the drama, with their bloody scenes, might have passed within arrow-flight of the author’s windows; while the flames of the farm he had since rebuilt had thrown their ruddy glare on the waters of his own fjord. There was little difficulty in reviving impressions which left their indelible mark on the memory. And we may remember that the warlike Icelandic settler had a double character. At home he was a peaceful cattle-owner and cultivator of the soil, fairly observant of the national laws, and a kindly neighbor, except under provocation. Abroad he was one of those remorseless sea-rovers who were bracketed with famines and fire in the litanies of the suffering coast-Christians. Professional robber as he was, many a wild deed might haunt him in the seclusion of his family circle and the gloom of the Northern winter. He was still probably half a heathen at heart, though he had been held over the baptismal font and had vowed devotion to the White Christ. And superstition, which is the child of crime and gloom, was nursed in those long black Northern winters, when the winds, as they howled dismally without, mingled with the sad

moaning of the surf. So fancy peopled the shadows with spectres, who mixed themselves up disagreeably in mortal affairs, and often, like the vampires, kept their human shapes. And so some of the best of the Icelandic sagas have a pretty touch of the horrible, which has never been rivalled by modern literary artists, simply because to these is lacking the magic of belief. The terrible story of the vampire Glam, vanquished in one of the most memorable exploits of Grettir the Strong—though the hero paid the penalty of victory in being ever after afraid in the dark—ought to be too well known to be worth quoting. But there is an episode in the *Holmverja*, or *Iceland Defence Saga*, condensed with much spirit by Miss Oswald, which is so dramatically characteristic, that we must notice it briefly. Those Northern heroes, as is well known, had an embarrassing habit of vowing difficult and desperate vows when warmed in the banquetting-hall with ale and wassail. And so a certain Hord rose from his seat as he was carousing at the Yule feast, and setting his foot by the sacred pillar of the high seat, swore that before the following Yule he should have "broken up the burial-mound of Soti the Viking." Heated as the guests were, a chill of awe seems to have fallen on them; and the earl who was Hord's entertainer remarked, "A mighty vow, and not easy to keep; for Soti was a great troll while living, and is one-half more so since his death." But Hord's followers stood manfully by their leader, and they made their way at last to the mound, though the difficulties of finding it appear to have been aggravated by enchantment. They dig for five days, when at length they arrive at the sepulchral chamber and force its massive doors. And Hord, uniting discretion to foolhardy courage, bids his people stand back till the evil odors had dispersed, though two of them who are reckless enough to disobey are asphyxiated. Then he is lowered with lights by ropes into the darkness, to meet an earthquake which extinguishes the lights. Nothing daunted, he calls for more candles, when he sees Soti sitting in his war-ship, among his treasures, and "fearful to behold." Hord begins gathering the gold, when the vampire-viking grapples

him. Again Hord shouts for light; and whenever the gleam of the light fell upon the being of darkness, he loses power and slides downward. And Hord emerges a conqueror with the gold and splendid arms, to find that some of his band, unsustained by the excitement of the struggle, but hearing the sounds of it from above, had gone mad with horror. And indeed there is a palpable and physical horror about those half-embodied spectres of heroes, that even now makes the reader shudder delightfully. Naturally, as many of the conditions of existence that may have begot such fancies are just as they used to be, superstitions still linger. Ghosts are common: so lately as the end of the last century we have an exceedingly well-authenticated vampire-story; and whether people rest peacefully after death or no, depends very much on the manner of their end, and consequently on circumstances beyond their control. In certain churches on certain festivals, a midnight mass is celebrated among the corpses in the churchyards, when they have to listen to a discourse by a defunct clergyman. The trolls and elves would seem to have disappeared; but corpse-lights, portending a violent death, still flicker over the scene of the coming calamity.

Sagas and superstitions—which, however, after all, as we have said, give its chief charm to the book—have led us far astray over the fells; and we must return to Reykjavik, where Miss Oswald is preparing for her start, that we may learn something of the manner of travel. As yet there have been hardly enough of tourists in Iceland to create a demand for professional guides. The best guides seem to be found among young probationers for the ministry, who are glad to turn an honest penny. They have the advantage of being well educated, intelligent, and companionable; they ought to know English enough to act as interpreters; they have probably personal friends along the routes by which the tourists are to travel; nor are they above turning their hands to anything in the way of driving the ponies and loading them. Sometimes when they accompany travellers so adventurous as Miss Oswald and her friends, they may be as ignorant as their charges

of the country they are traversing, which may be specially awkward when rivers are to be crossed. But in Iceland, in the absence of roads and bridges, men and beasts have developed their natural instincts; the most treacherous bogs are generally passed in safety; and, unless with half-drunken men in flooded streams, accidents would appear to be rare. But even before the guides in importance are the ponies, without which all locomotion would be impossible. They are to be seen all over the country where a subsistence is to be picked up; they even run loose in unkempt groups in the very streets of the capital. One of Miss Oswald's first expeditions from Reykjavik was to inspect a herd of them gathered for exportation by the steamer which had landed her:

"A splendid sunset lighted the Faxafjord and surrounding hills, and the brown stony waste over which we cantered, chasing and driving the ponies, who, with their tumbling bog-manes and wild heads, neighing, kicking, and scouring here and there, were wonderfully picturesque. Then by our watches rather than the sky, we realized for the first time in the north that it was past midnight, broad 'daylight,' but hushed and still; the little islets in the neighboring sea were covered with ducks, asleep on their nests; nothing stirred though all was bright. The red clouds of the sunset still lingered in the north-west, and close by was the clear pale-yellow light of dawn, marking the place where the sun would soon rise again over the mountains. And when he rose, although there had been no intervening darkness, in some subtle way the freshness of a new day succeeded to the weariness of the night."

These ponies, though "rum uns to look at, are good uns to go," and wonderful weight-carriers. Their best pace is a swift, gliding amble; but even those that trot "are generally smoother than ours, and keep their easy speed up over wonderfully rough ground." Of course you give them their heads and leave them to pick out their own footing, so that anything like what we call "riding" may be dispensed with. As a rule, the Iceland pony has to shift for his living, and is kept in winter on very short commons indeed. But these are exceptional animals, carefully tended by their owners, which show their admirable points, combining substance with blood, and which command such high prices as from £18 to £25. They appear sometimes to attain a wonderful age;

and Miss Oswald enjoyed a ride on the favorite of a wealthy farmer, which had seen five-and-twenty summers, though the rider would never have suspected that. It says much for their hardihood and sagacity that they last at all, considering their exposure and the numerous risks they run. Take, for example, the account of one of the rivers that must be forded—the famous Markarfljot, which runs a short and turbulent course down to the Fjord of the Burnt Njal Saga:

"Volcanoes and glacier-floods have caused it to make a track about three miles across, down which it runs in many changing channels. It is very capricious; sometimes it may be waded, and sometimes it is a serious and even impassable barrier between the south and the east country. . . . Beside the ordinary causes of *spates*, these glacier-rivers have another peculiar to themselves called the *Jökull hlaup*, or glacier-leap. . . . When it accumulates beyond a certain point it overflows, or, it may be, rushes through a glacier-arch deep in the bed of the river, causing a furious short inundation. In a short broad glacier-stream of two to six miles long, the traveller may be surprised by this glacier-leap in mid-stream, converting in a moment a fordable river into a furious cataract, hurling down ice-fragments and boulders."

And when Miss Oswald had to pass the Markarfljot, though the neighboring farmer pronounced it safe, "it seemed as if we had miles to ride before reaching the other side of that network of white, wavy currents." And the passage of the seven branches occupied three-quarters of an hour; while the farmer told stories and quoted poetry in mid-stream, and Miss Oswald "glanced anxiously at the men shouting to the swimming, struggling herd of ponies in front, and the whirling white water that eddied round the neck of my little steed." As for the appearance of a party of mounted tourists with their cavalcade, we may extract a passage which says something at the same time of the characteristics of Icelandic scenery:

"The glory of Iceland is its coloring. With considerable experience of the finest scenery in Europe, I could not but feel that even Switzerland, unless perhaps above the constant snow-line, is not so clear and glittering; Italy, with a stronger light, has not its peculiar purity; and Scotland, after it, seems toned down with a damp sponge. The forms of Icelandic scenery are, however, more curious than beautiful, though they had for me a weird

fascination. There is often great width of contour; the hills are in long hummocked masses, with perhaps a volcanic cone suddenly breaking the outline; there is a sort of disconnected uncombined effect about the landscape, easy to perceive but difficult to describe. Trees would not suit it; and its wistful melancholy grandeur is partly, no doubt, owing to the absence everywhere of inclosures, square fields, roads—all lines, indeed, save those curves which nature never draws amiss. The road, when there is one, is generally a mere product of the hoofs of a hundred generations of ponies, sometimes worn into a deep ditch or hollow way, sometimes branching into a dozen little tracks, just large enough for their small feet; and it needs some practice to choose the best line. It is merry riding in the pure light air: the loose ponies rattle on before; constantly one or another strays off after some fancy of its own, and has to be chased back by the drivers, who, dashing up and down, cracking their whips and shouting, adjuring the ponies by name to keep the path or beware of the dogs, make the cavalcade lively; and the way must be bad indeed to reduce it to a walking pace, which always causes the loose ponies to stray more. We usually rode at a steady trot, but with many little halts, now to adjust a box, now to mend a rope, or perhaps to bait our little steeds on some choice bit of grass."

As for night-quarters, in order to be independent, a tent is indispensable as part of the travelling equipments; and the necessity of carrying it, with the night wrappings and cooking utensils—to say nothing of certain *munitions de bouche*, in the matter of which Miss Oswald was meritoriously frugal—explains the necessity for reserves of baggage-ponies. The tent is indispensable, because it must often be impossible to time the halt so as to pass the night under a roof of any kind. But when it rained and blew, no unfrequent occurrence, "biggit walls" were decidedly preferable to the flimsy folds of the waterproof canvas. The Icelanders are essentially hospitable, though indeed, in former days, they were seldom troubled by strangers. And it was often embarrassing to escape their well-meant attentions when the stuffy chamber that was prepared for the guests, with its hermetically sealed windows and overpowering odors, appeared singularly uninviting. Here was what Miss Oswald reluctantly turned away from, in a homestead that was otherwise excessively comfortable, when the people were specially friendly and the supper unusually varied:

"It was dusk when we insisted on seeing

our room, now ready, and stumbled along the dark passage into a dismal den with a tiny shut window. Two troughs, black with a grimy old age, contained white *duvets* brimming over their dusky edges. If the eyes were amazed, the nose was horrified; and the prospect of a large small population being left behind, although many of the nine children had been just turned out, was certain. Meanwhile, in trotted, with an air of being in his own room, a large sheep."

There was nothing for it but to remount after supper and ride onward in the starlight in search of better quarters, at the risk of hurting their kind entertainer's feelings. But it must be remembered that wood is scarce and precious, so that, even adding an "eke" to a dwelling that serves its inmates, is a very serious consideration. Some of the parsonages, on the other hand, like that at Reykivolt, with its wainscoted rooms, are exceedingly comfortable residences; for the endowment often takes the shape of an ample glebe; when the priest is a wealthy farmer as well. But the most characteristic feature of Icelandic travel is the practice, when the party is large, of seeking shelter in the churches. *Was* the practice, we ought rather to have said; for it appears that since Miss Oswald last visited the island, the authorities have been compelled to issue an edict closing the church to the laity on week-days. The cause of the prohibition, we are sorry to say, was the indecent misbehavior of certain English excursionists; and very inconvenient it is likely to prove to their more respectably conducted countrymen. At first, as Miss Oswald tells us, she was conscious of a strange feeling in riding up to a church-door in the darkness, and proceeding to "off saddle"—as they say in South Africa—in the kirkyard. But use is everything, and the feeling soon wore away; although there must always be an unpleasant contrast between a "mirk" kirkyard and the genial warmth of a well-lighted hotel. Still, on one occasion, and after repeated previous experiences, when Miss Oswald happened to be the sole night-tenant of a chapel, she found the solitude trying to her nerves; and we cannot wonder at it. She tells her story so well that we are tempted to quote from it.

"Now we had slept contentedly in churches before, but till last night we had been together, and our guides in the gallery, and it never

struck me that it was an *evie* thing to do till to-day, when the Scotchman had remarked that nothing would induce *him* to sleep alone in that chapel. And now, when the heavy key turned with a resounding clang, it felt lonely indeed. A round-headed white gravestone seemed, by the light of the candles within, to be peering in from the darkness through the little window, reminding one how all the company of dead folk lay between one and the living. Moreover, as I walked up the aisle, heavy footsteps seemed always to follow me. It was only the wind; but never till that night did I know what pranks a gale of wind could play in the way of mysterious noises—howling, stamping, shrieking in the rafters, and shaking every creaking plank of the little wooden building. I arranged my cork mattress on our boxes, so as to get my head into the comparative shelter of the pulpit floor, and slowly shook out the plaids so as to postpone the bad moment of having to extinguish the candle, which flared in the chilly draught. At last I lay down to try if my couch was firm, and flapped the end of my plaid accidentally into the candle, which went out, and I had quite forgotten where I had put the matches. But with the darkness, and after a short sleep, came a new sensation—an indescribable sense of utter loneliness, combined with a suspicion of some presence beyond the roaring blast and creaking timbers. Of old, the vampires—the wicked corpses, with some hideous half-animation—were said here to ‘walk the roofs.’ Was not the stamping overhead just such a noise? The cairn of Glaumr—a vampire of fearful fame—was not so many miles away over the desert waste to the north—he of whom the proverb goes, if any one looks scared or frightened, ‘he has seen Glaumr’s eyes.’ . . . And there are surely footsteps approaching. I can see nothing for the pulpit. *It* is coming round though, and soon *its* eyes will meet mine. I make a movement, and there is a sudden startling clang. Curiously enough, that culminating crash seemed to restore me to myself. I guessed with truth that I had knocked over the brass candlestick—went comfortably to sleep; and I spent the following night alone in this church, with no sensations of nervousness.”

Among the sights they say in their pilgrimages through the scenes of the sagas, one of the most picturesque was that of the Laxdale Saga, of which Morris’s “Lovers of Gudrun” “is a versified expansion :”

“The evening was splendid, and most impressive was that lonely sea rolling in heavy breakers on the lonely shore. A dark purple mountain rose on one side, and it was shrouded above in a cloud blazing with those celestial colors that one can only remember dimly and never describe.”

Striking, too, in its way, but in a very different district, is the valley of Reyk-

holt, sacred to the memory of Snorri Sturlason, the great historian, and in these days the residence of a dean and church dignitary, though it is only accessible by “desperate bogs.” But once arrived there, the secluded valley lies like a pastoral oasis in the desert, with its waterfalls tumbling from the hills in showers of silvery spray. And there is one of those ancient works of practical utility which seem to have gone out of fashion in modern times, in the shape of a bath of massive stone-work, supposed to have been built six hundred years ago. The quiet Reykholt valley has its veritable history in place of a legend, as befits the place of residence of a matter-of-fact historian. For it was there that the immortal Sturlason was murdered “by the men of his own house—cut off in his strong maturity, before his day’s work was ended !” The deed was prompted and directed by his son-in-law, and it was fearfully avenged. The infamous Earl Gisur saw his own house burned to the ground, and his wife and sons were burned within it, while “he himself had a narrow escape. The old miscreant hid himself in a cask of whey, and though the burners prodded it with their lances, he managed to ward off serious wounds, and was not discovered, and lived not only to avenge his family, but to retire respectably to a monastery to end his days.” Such was life in Iceland in the olden time; though generally, when a fair balance had been struck in the blood-feuds, the survivors were ready to shake hands and condone the past, free to open a new debtor and creditor account when any incident gave fresh provocation.

We need say little of the Geysirs and of the famous Thingvellir valleys, which, being within easy reach of the capital, are the familiar lions of the country. The gorge of the irritable little Strokr rose as usual when his windpipe was tickled with armfuls of sods; and again and again he leaped toward the clouds, scattering showers of mud and pebbles about him, with the parboiled turf which had awakened his ire. But the grander Geysir sulked for long, although sullen rumblings like those of thunder under the thin lava-crust showed that the subterranean forces were active. At last,

however, there came the wished-for explosion, preceded, by way of warning, by a spurt and sound like a cannon-shot :

"With a booming roar, not a mere central jet, but the whole of the water to the very edge of the crater, rose majestically in a great massive dome higher and higher, till it was lost in steam in the sky. The highest was said to be about a hundred feet; but what with the noise and the steaming, the wind swaying the column to leeward, and the torrents of hot water that were pouring down, one did not know where next, I was thankful to be unscientific, and to confine myself to looking and running out of the way."

Then we have a charming description of the memories of the verdant valley of Thingvellir, shut in between its parallel precipices of lava, where the names have changed as little as the localities, since wise statesmen and warlike heroes inaugurated the constitutional assemblies there.

A word on the fishing, and we must have done with our too brief notice of a book which in moderate compass is most variously and delightfully exhaustive. For the fishing, as we have remarked already, may be of importance to those who appreciate supper as well as sport. The fishing goes with the land, and leave must be obtained from the proprietor or tenant. Some streams in the immediate neighborhood of Reykjavik are preserved; but for the most part it

is very much the reverse, and the salmon are trapped in boxes or hounded into hand-nets in a most unsportsman-like fashion. One ideal river Miss Oswald describes, though she is selfish enough to keep the name a secret, where the salmon are seen "lingering in shoals near the mouth," and where "the scenery spoils one for other landscapes, as the sport for other fishing, and the recollection for other memories." The salmon of Iceland are comparatively small; but the char and trout, both in loch and river, run very heavy. They are bright in color—rose-pink and deep yellow; and the flavor of the sea-trout especially is delicious. Miss Oswald, who went almost everywhere, taking things just as they came, must often, of course, have enjoyed the very best of the sport; though she tells us that the atmospheric conditions, with the temperature of the water, are apt to baffle the expectations which have been raised by experiences elsewhere. And she concludes with a word of warning, which those who are voluptuously inclined will do well to lay to heart. "There are very few places where tolerable lodgings can be found near rivers, so that the sportsman should be prepared to rough it in a tent, and say farewell to luxuries even more emphatically than in Norway."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A TURNING POINT IN THE HISTORY OF CO-OPERATION.

BY EDITH SIMCOX.

NOTWITHSTANDING the immense development of certain forms of co-operative trading, it may be doubted whether the last five and thirty years have witnessed any general increase of interest in or familiarity with co-operative ideas. Most people have heard of the Rochdale pioneers, and a few remember the account of Leclaire and other French workmen's associations in Mill's "Principles of Political Economy;" but the ideas suggested by these names are vague and for practical purposes the word "co-operative" has three separate and distinct associations. To the West-end householder it suggests those convenient institutions for the supply of cheap groceries called after the civil and military

branches of the public service. To social and political economists it suggests an ideal method of production, dwelt on in imagination as promising the long desired reconciliation of capital and labor: while to the working classes of Lancashire and Yorkshire it represents something intermediate, but more considerable than the others—a combination of material interests and ideal aspirations which we have to recognize as a vast and beneficent fact, even while its existence remains something of a mystery to the speculative mind.

It is not a little curious that while most disinterested friends of the working man have set their hearts on his becoming his own employer and a partici-

pator in the profits of his own labor, the working man himself has preferred as a rule to consume himself into the possession of a small capital, which he is content to invest securely at moderate interest. The practical energy and enthusiasm at the service of the movement has been expended in inducing men and women who have set up shopkeeping for themselves, first to deal regularly at the co-operative store and to resist the temptation of casual "bargains;" and secondly, not to discount their economies in the form of low charges, but to pay for everything at its ordinary retail price, and so save up the profits of the co-operative shopkeeping for future investment by the shareholders and members. It is because the London stores simply lower prices instead of handing back to the purchaser a bonus on sales, that the men of Rochdale and their emulators say these stores are not "really co-operative;" and as these men represent the main force of the co-operative movement, it would be pedantic to object that there is no etymological warrant for this restriction of the word. As they have created the thing—the only phase of co-operation which is as yet a real force—they have a right to interpret the word by the light of their own triumphant practice.

The idea of co-operative distribution has thus developed into a kind of thrift made easy, with this circumstance added, that most of the stores were started by more or less zealous social reformers, so that the propriety of allotting part of the annual dividend for purposes of common interest is usually admitted, and a special kind of public spirit fostered by the habit of handling large funds with a sense of collective ownership and responsibility. This Rochdale type of co-operation, as it may fairly be called, was developed by gradual and tentative processes. The original twenty-eight pioneers were for the most part Chartists or Socialists, and we may trace the record of the wide visions with which they started in a summary of the "Objects and Rules" of the society published in 1854, ten years after its formation, containing the following clause: "That, as soon as practicable, this society shall proceed to arrange the powers of production, distribution, edu-

cation, and self-government, or, in other words, to establish a self-supporting home colony of united interests." In this same year the society opened its first cotton mill; four years before it had started a corn mill; in 1853 a wholesale trading department was opened; in 1856 branch stores began to be opened (at the rate of two or three yearly) in new quarters of the town, and two and one-half per cent was steadily voted off net profits for educational purposes. The measure of success that was merited came, slowly perhaps, but in due course, and, to sum up the credit side of the account, the *Co-operative News* reports the sales of distributive societies on the "Rochdale plan" in England, Scotland, and Wales as amounting in 1881 to a total of £14,330,460, and the net profits to £1,715,369,

Proputty, proputty sticks, and proputty, proputty graws;

but the "powers of production, distribution, education, and self-government" are not yet quite finally arranged.

The pioneers aimed so high, and have actually achieved so much, that there can be no disrespect or ingratitude in noting how far and in what directions the pressure of circumstances and human frailty have led them to modify their original programme. The means of attaining a good end soon became exalted into an end in itself; the duty of a good co-operator was to be "loyal to the store," *i.e.* to deal with it to the full extent of his requirements; and the *reductio ad absurdum* of this theory of the virtues of consumption was reached in 1868, when it was for a short time actually proposed to pay interest to shareholders in proportion, not to their investments, but to their purchases. Of course, this vagary was short-lived, but we "fall on the leaning side," and so it may help to explain the intense pre-occupation with the problems of consumption and thrift which made these excellent men blind and deaf to the true principles of co-operative production. Down to 1860 the Rochdale Co-operative Manufacturing Society adhered to its original programme of dividing profits among the members, giving an equal percentage to capital subscribed

and labor performed. But the share list being open to the whole town, and not restricted to the workers, as the stores are to customers, many became shareholders who had less than no sympathy with the co-operative idea, and in 1862 the supporters of a mere joint-stock method outvoted the real co-operators, and the principle of bonus or bounty to labor was finally rejected. Most of the mills now successfully worked in Oldham under working-class management have followed the Rochdale precedent, and are only joint-stock companies, with a large number of small shareholders. By their help many of the operatives have raised themselves to the position of *rentiers*, or *bourgeois*, as they would be called in France, where such transformation has always been commoner than with us; but the result in both countries seems rather to be, to increase the numbers of the middle, than to improve the condition of the operative class.

The history of corn mills on the Rochdale pattern is less disappointing. The demand for flour in a large co-operative society is something fixed and calculable; it has been estimated that 1000 families can't, 2000 may, and 3000 certainly will support a corn mill; while as a matter of principle there seems little difference between a society grinding its own corn, or its own coffee. The corn mill does not employ much more labor in proportion than the store itself, and its produce is likely to be bought impartially by all the members; it seems, therefore, not unreasonable that the society as a whole should appropriate the profits of the machinery it sets to work, though we cannot take such an extension of the store business as an equivalent for the original proposal of the pioneers "to commence the manufacture of such articles as the society may determine upon, for the employment of such members as may be without employment, or who may be suffering in consequence of repeated reductions to their wages."

This phase of so-called co-operative production is well worthy of attention. Over twenty corn mills, beside bread and biscuit works, and the manufacture of sweets, soap, shoes, and a few other articles, are now being carried on more or less under the direction and for the

benefit of the members of co-operative stores. Advocates are even to be found who maintain this to be the true and highest type of co-operation. Dr. Watts, in his evidence before the committee of the House of Commons, stated that many retail stores now employ workmen for manufacturing purposes, and that this course is likely to be extended. He explained that in the case of manufacture by the retail store, the profits go directly to increase the members' dividend *on purchases*, while in the case, also of frequent occurrence, where the manufacture is carried on by federated societies (*i.e.* by a company the shares of which are held by societies) the profits are first divided among the various stores according to the capital they have provided, and then pass to the members of each store as dividend on purchases. In other words, the profits gained by the judicious employment of the labor of Leicester shoemakers are divided among the largest consumers of grocery in Manchester, or elsewhere, as the rewards of thrift; and the Leicester shoemaker is expected to emancipate himself, if at all, by a corresponding process, which will make him, not his own employer, but (what has always passed for more profitable) the employer of somebody else.

It is easy for outsiders to see the unideal character of this arrangement, and there have always been, within the co-operative camp, a faithful few who have maintained that co-operative societies, in their character of employers, are wanting to their own principles unless they take their employers into partnership, by allotting a share of profits to labor. But well-meaning persons do not desert their principles without temptation. It is said, and no doubt honestly believed, that co-operative principles are as much endangered by competition among makers as by competition among sellers. It is a sound idea that the consumer ought to know his own wants, and be prepared to order and pay (cash) for what he wants. It is a fair calculation that the manufacturer who has an assured market for his goods can afford advantages to his customer like those given by the stores to their members and customers, and a store that is at once member and customer of a manufacturing society has,

on co-operative principles, an undoubted right both to a share in its profits and to a bonus on purchases. But if co-operators are to banish selfishness and selfish competition from the realms of commerce, they must stop short here. There are only two parties to the transactions of a store that buys and sells, the shareholders and the consumers: the store exists for the benefit of the latter, who will cease to patronize it if they cease to benefit. Distributive societies on the Rochdale plan therefore content themselves with paying a moderate interest to capital and divide the mass of their shopkeeping profits among the frequenters of the shop; and societies of the civil service type have to adjust their prices so as to leave but a moderate margin of profit to the shareholders, under penalty of being deserted by their customers, who are bent upon being served as near as may be at cost price. There is thus far nothing that the fiercest socialist could call *exploitation*—of man by man or class by class—in the co-operative invention of bonus on purchases. The labor employed in distribution bears so small a proportion to the profits realized, that it seems scarcely worth while, or even possible, to allot the infinitesimal percentage which might represent the value of the salesman's zeal.

The case is very different when the stores enter as capitalists on the work of production—when they undertake to manufacture the goods they distribute. The reason is obvious. The profitability of co-operative distribution comes from its abridging and simplifying a process which had grown unnecessarily long and indirect; the co-operators honestly earn all that they save by dealing at the store: they collect their own debts, do their own advertising, provide their own capital, and run their own trade risks; they have, therefore, no one to contest their claim to the wages of distribution. If it were possible to abridge the processes of production to anything like the same extent, no doubt the economical result might be equally gratifying; but no economy is effected, or even attempted, by the mere substitution of a mass of shareholders for the one or more private capitalists who stand between the laborer and the purchaser of the fruits of labor; in fact, the private capitalist

is the simpler, and so far the more economical, instrument of the two, for he undertakes himself the work of supervision, which the society must delegate to a paid agent. The co-operative store commits no legal or moral wrong in becoming a joint-stock company for certain specified purposes; it only ceases at that point to deserve any more of the sympathy and admiration which it commands as long as it aims at making commercial transactions subservient to the social welfare of those engaged in them.

Still it must be confessed that these pseudo-co-operative societies for production come nearer to rivalling the success of the associations for distribution than the majority of manufacturing firms that are really and truly co-operative. The fact is noteworthy, and the advocates of co-operative production would be wise to take a hint from it. Where co-operative associations of skilled workmen have failed to establish a successful business, the failure has come, nine times out of ten, not from their inability to do the work proposed, but from their failure to secure a sufficient supply of orders to keep skilled hands regularly employed in sufficient numbers to be profitable. The large capitalist spends part of his money in inducing people to deal with him; a group of associated workmen have no money to spare for this purpose and would not know how to use it if they had; the best mechanic is very likely the worst salesman, and in these days of competition the best work cannot be trusted to sell itself. The co-operative stores are sometimes reproached for not being better customers to the few independent productive societies in existence; but it is clearly unfair to expect the officers of a society established for one purpose to endanger that in the interests of another in which they are less immediately concerned. If private firms can supply all that the stores want, better, or cheaper, or more conveniently than any co-operative society, the society has no right to complain. Only let us remember how much enthusiasm and missionary zeal has been spent in providing the original body of customers who have made the success of every successful store. If productive co-operation is to succeed, the co-operators must learn, first of all, to provide a

market for their goods ; they must calculate, as the pioneers did about their corn mill, how much custom will enable the society to live, and not launch it until they have secured promises of the necessary minimum of support. If a co-operative society undertakes to manufacture some article in constant request at the stores, it should be able to reckon upon a fair trial. But there may be intelligent and ambitious mechanics in trades appealing to other classes than those represented at the stores. If these mechanics are to succeed by force of skill with little capital behind it, they must either see their way clear to sell in the ordinary way of business, or they must bring together a little band of customers who consent, for the sake of inaugurating a social reform, to buy what they want through an unaccustomed channel. If this is done, the co-operative producer will be able to reward his customer with cheaper goods or a bonus on purchases, because in this case, as in that of the stores, the customer's goodwill represents a money saving, an economy of unproductive expenditure in puffing and touting ; while if the customer is a store, the "arrangement of the powers of production and distribution" will be pretty nearly complete.

Co-operators have no right to denounce the *régime* of competition while they accept as final the scale of prices fixed by competition which is often unscrupulous. When the stores or the wholesale society undertake to employ labor at its market price, and no more, they forget that this market price has been fixed, partly by the competition of laborers for employment, and partly by the competition *inter se* of non-co-operative traders, which lowers wages in order to lower prices : it does not represent the rate of wages which would rule in a "self-supporting home colony of united interests." The co-operative ideal will not be reached until every man is a partner in the factory where he earns as well as in the stores where he spends his wages. The members of stores, as such, cannot expect to monopolize the profits of industry as well as those of wholesale and retail trade. They may very profitably enter into an alliance with co-operative indus-

try for the direct supply of their wants, but as long as they fail to offer to their employees the same advantages as an industrial partnership or co-operative firm, so far from being able to "defy competition," they continue to invite competition in its most dangerous form, namely, from those who have chosen a more excellent way.

There is some reason to hope that these truths will soon receive more attention in co-operative circles than they have done of late. In those parts of the country where co-operation has done most, it has by this time done so much that the time has come when it must either do more still, or confess that it has come to an end of its resources. The North-country stores have proved themselves almost embarrassingly potent engines for the promotion of thrift. A large proportion of the money saved through them has been left with them for reinvestment, and many of the extensions already referred to were really prompted by the need of fresh investments for the rapidly accumulating capital of members and societies. The Wholesale Society, which acts as general warehouseman to co-operative stores, has for some time provided the latter with an outlet for their spare cash. Its funds are provided as follows :—New societies joining the Wholesale are obliged to take up one share of £5 (1s. paid up) for every ten members, the remaining £4 19s. being paid up out of accumulated dividends and the five per cent on capital which the Wholesale pays to its society members. For some years the Wholesale was naturally able to dispose of all the money thus obtained, partly in extending its transactions and partly in establishing productive works for the supply of articles in general request. But as the Wholesale has applied the co-operative principle of enforced thrift to its shareholders, the share capital goes on accumulating, new members join, the society thrives, its credit increases, and the end of the whole story of providence and prosperity is that the Wholesale has more money than it wants, and is paying for what it has at a higher rate of interest than it need. In other words, the co-operative world has already developed within itself some of those elements which in the

lower regions of competitive trade tend to produce a commercial crisis.

The situation is grave, but not yet disastrous. There are two possible methods of dealing with it. It is asked by zealous servants of the Wholesale, whose business it is to declare the best dividend they can, why co-operators of all people should have a divine right to five per cent interest on their money : why should the Wholesale be obliged to accept and pay for at this extravagant rate whatever sums it pleases the societies to save? Why should not the Wholesale be allowed to refund or refuse superfluous investments and leave the co-operators to buy consols or South American bonds at their own discretion like other private citizens? These questions may be asked ; but all leading co-operators are agreed upon the disastrous consequences that would ensue if societies were to hand back to their members the sums which the latter have been, with sufficient difficulty, induced to economize. If such savings were forcibly handed back to their owners, some would be spent at once, some would be unfortunately invested, and the habit of saving would receive a shock the effect of which would last for years.

The other alternative is to find fresh channels for co-operative industry and skill which may prove profitable enough to warrant the continued payment of five per cent to investors, and this plan naturally finds the most favor, though the practical difficulties in the way of its application are not thereby overcome. Up to the present time, local co-operative stores have invested the savings of their members in corn mills, in building societies, in the Wholesale, and, more rarely, in the productive societies which admit their customers to membership. The great wholesale societies invest the savings of their members, partly in productive works (of the pseudo-co-operative kind), partly in legitimate developments of their own business—the Manchester Wholesale has several vessels engaged in the carrying trade—and partly in the banking department of the Wholesale itself. It may be said in passing that the relation between the banking department and the trading department of the Wholesale is one of the burning questions of co-operative politics.

Whether the two branches should be altogether separate and independent ; whether one exists for the convenience of the other, and if so, how far the subordination of the auxiliary may be allowed to endanger its chance of dividends—these are questions which easily lend themselves to debate that rapidly runs off into points of detail of little interest to the general public, and with but little bearing on the main principles involved.

The existence of the controversy proves at all events that the creation of the co-operative bank has not solved the problem the existence of which suggested its creation. The bank has not exactly proved a failure, but it has not succeeded as the stores and the trading part of the Wholesale have succeeded : something more than a supply of shareholders with plenty of money seems necessary to create a banking business. Ordinary banking is one of the most lucrative of industries, as it is one involving the smallest employment of labor ; nothing could be more natural than for persons themselves engaged in other branches of industry to conclude that if they put their money together into a bank, it would take care of itself forever after. They forgot that in this particular instance the advantage of a ready-made market for their wares was wanting. The development of banking is synonymous with the development of credit ; the development of co-operation means a return to cash payments and the division of the banker's profits between debtor and creditor outside his doors. The Wholesale only allows its own members seven days' credit ; little bill discounting is required even by the productive societies ; and, in fact, the convenience of a small current account for cash and wages represents about all that co-operators in general require from their bankers. It need hardly be said that this is not the profitable part of a banker's business. If on the other hand the bank of the Wholesale begins to solicit the custom of the outer world, and offers to lend money to private traders or manufacturers, there are not wanting acute co-operators to point out that this is worse than seething the kid in its mother's milk ; it is providing their own rivals with the means of com-

peting successfully against the co-operative stores and workshops. It is at all events a surrender of the peculiar principles of co-operation, and it is not easy to say why an ordinary bank should inspire any peculiar confidence or enjoy any peculiar security merely because some of its directors are interested in stores. At the same time the managers of the present bank are justified in pointing out that they have no right as bankers, dealing with other people's money, to make advances on the security of co-operative sympathies alone, and provide funds for new co-operative enterprises without ordinary guarantees for repayment of the advance.

Alone among social reformers, co-operators have got beyond the easy first step which anyone may take; visionaries and idealists may be found to people any one Utopian community or institution; the impossibility is to get a whole stateful of visionaries and to make all co-existing and indispensable institutions Utopian together. Co-operators have shown themselves able to reproduce, with certain conscientious modifications, all those economical processes and relations which are indispensable to the fabric of modern civilization. A society conducted throughout upon co-operative principles would demand no intolerable self-abnegation from its members, while it would certainly raise the minimum standard or allowance of well-being. Co-operation does not prevent the skilled, the thrifty, and the fortunate from growing rich, while it will preserve the dull or the unlucky from falling into quite abject misery; but it has not yet got so far as to teach those who are on the way to be rich how to lay out their riches without prejudice to themselves and other members of the community.

In a paper by Mr. James Crabtree, read at the late Co-operative Congress at Oxford, on the possible extension of co-operative banking, the issue is stated very fairly: "We ought not," he says, "to disguise from our minds the fact that we have been and are to-day making capital, or saving money, faster than we have hitherto known how to use it with advantage to the movement. It is a problem that is now troubling all the cleverest financiers and bank managers

in London—How to place money so as to secure more than the bank rate of interest without the risk of losing any of the principal." Co-operators cannot consistently join in the general game of speculation: they hold their funds in trust for the benefit, moral and intellectual as well as material, of the class which has supplied them, and they are bound by their own principles to employ the money usefully which they seek to invest profitably. This obligation is even more obvious than the corresponding duty which the pioneers and their followers have so successfully enforced, of employing providently the money saved by co-operative shopkeeping. If those who conspire together to save their money are especially bound to deal wisely with their savings, much more must those who join together for the earning of money be bound to earn it subject to whatever conditions the common interest may impose. And it may yet be found that the frank acceptance of these conditions will give an impetus to co-operative production equal in the importance of its results to the rewards of collective forbearance accumulated in the past.

The industrial world is divided into producers properly so called, and the dealers in their produce, and both producers and dealers appear beside in the common character of consumers. The kind of co-operation which has achieved a brilliant success ignores the producer, and makes the consumer do his own dealing; the kind of co-operation which has not yet succeeded brilliantly ignores the consumer, and has therefore not enabled the producer to be his own dealer. The co-operative climax is an alliance between producers and consumers in which the desire of each class to minister to the advantage of the other takes the place of the interested and costly intervention of contractors and middlemen. And as an alliance can have no better guaranty of durability than the essential community of interest between the two parties to it, it is, on the whole, rather fortunate that co-operative investors should have been forced by experience to admit their need of just such help as co-operative producers can offer. It is perhaps fortunate too that co-operative capital has held back from co-

operative enterprise until the latter has had time to learn that industry in want of capital cannot have a better security to borrow upon than the security of a ready-made market. Capitalists, who owe their position to co-operation, stultify themselves by lending their savings to prop up industrial enterprises based on credit and competition; and working men who wish to increase their capital by co-operative production as well as saving must make a conscience of preferring those industries for which there is a co-operative demand, in order that the needed capital may come to them on the security of this demand. It remains to be seen whether a sufficient number of channels can be found through this alliance to absorb the savings which will go on accumulating all the faster if they are employed in enabling the working classes to earn a larger margin out of which to save.

There is nothing, to begin with, to prevent the formation of co-operative workshops to do every kind of work required by the stores, and if the stores are unable by themselves to support any such workshop, there is no reason why they should not help, as one customer among many, to supply the quantum of orders which will swell the dividend in which they have a purchaser's interest. This is inverting the process to which co-operators lawfully object of spending co-operative money in support of individualist trade, for individualist custom may harmlessly help co-operative funds to fructify. The difference between this method and the existing corn mills and shoe factory is simply that between co-operative and joint-stock management, or between administration by partners and by agents. The stores are accustomed to have their administrative work done for love as well as for money, but the sympathies even of a co-operator have their limits, and the same men cannot buy, sell, carry, and conduct a dozen different manufactures all with the same personal enthusiasm and zeal; and the manufactures will fall below the co-operative standard of success and efficacy unless their conduct is intrusted to men of the craft who will identify themselves with the cause of production as the original pioneers identified themselves with the cause of distribution in

the interests of thrift. There is a natural difference of qualities and temperament corresponding to the great division between commerce and manufactures which runs through all grades down to the petty shopkeeper and the mechanic. The success and power of trade-unionism, which is fully equal in its way to that of co-operation, is a proof that mechanics are not less organizable as such than in their private capacity as consumers of grocery; but the two movements are led in the main by a different set of men. The moral pointed out by forty years of experience is that *co-operative capital cannot find safe and suitable investment for itself without the help of co-operative labor.*

If this conclusion is borne in mind as a fixed principle, the discussions what to do with the surplus funds of the co-operative societies will become less desultory and unfruitful. To quote from the "Manual of Co-operation" prepared by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Neale, "Co-operative union, carried on upon the Rochdale system, places in the hands of the poorer classes, without any burdensome effort on their part, this indispensable condition of their effective action for mutual help, collective income." And this advantage will be doubled when the collective income is derived from capital itself employed in beneficial works. It would be impracticable to give an exhaustive list of the possible works of this kind. It may be plausibly argued that there should be one co-operative workshop for every trade in every town as a city of refuge for the operatives during trade disputes, and apart from the risks of these disputes such workshops might be formed wherever a trade society, the co-operative store, and the intending workers were each prepared to subscribe a third of the required capital. The Central Board of the Co-operative Union should be prepared to advise the projectors of co-operative workshops as they do the promoters of a new store, and there would be little fear of loss from imprudent loans if the investors agreed never to provide more than a given percentage of the whole working capital, and that only upon a clear showing that the amount of work reasonably to be anticipated would be sufficient to cover working expenses

and interest upon capital. If further general orders were given to the buyers of the Wholesale and the stores to give the preference, other things being equal, to the produce of co-operative workshops or factories, the investors will have done their part toward such co-operative enterprises as originate with the workers themselves.

But there are other enterprises that might very properly originate with the capitalists. When there is and ought to be a distinct demand for any kind of service, it is a foolish inconsistency for co-operators to leave the supply of such services to the wasteful risks of private competition. Notwithstanding the use and abuse of hospitals, it is probable that the working-classes spend a larger proportion of their income on drugs and doctors than any other section of the community. Why is there not a provident dispensary attached to every co-operative store? Such dispensaries would be self-supporting in the fullest sense, paying a dividend on their original capital, as well as benefiting their customers. Medical men of standing would be glad of appointments to such dispensaries, which would combine the advantages without the drawbacks of hospital work; and the saving to the patients in drugs may be estimated when we remember that there is a saving of seventy-five per cent on prescriptions made up at the Civil Service Stores, as compared with ordinary chemists' charges. Then, again, the provision of houses for members has been recognized as an undertaking in which the spare funds of societies may be invested; but the habit of limiting all advantages connected with the use of co-operative funds to the "joined members" of the co-operative body, has restricted action in this direction. If there were a society of practical working builders, prepared to lay out building estates in workmen's dwellings, there is no reason why such a society should not be intrusted with an increasing proportion of the general funds, and extend its operations so as at last, may be, to compete successfully with those suburban curses, the land speculator and jerry builder. It is simply absurd for co-operators to complain of the dearth of investments, while house property continues to rise in value

and nine out of ten working men are villainously housed.

Of course each special enterprise of this kind presupposes energy and enthusiasm that can be specially directed toward its conduct, and a different group of enthusiasts would have to be enlisted in each case. Sanitary reformers would take up the dispensaries as a kind of extra, not demanding their whole time or personal labor. A building society that really built, instead of only employing builders, would have to consist of bricklayers, carpenters, and masons, with a taste for art and architecture, and a passion for good workmanship such as finds little scope for indulgence in these days of high ground-rents and short building leases. These workmen, who are the very salt of the salt of society, have not yet ceased to exist among us, but they are an independent, self-sufficient race, not needing the stimulus of good company to teach them how to spend or save their earnings. Hence, as a class, they are not fascinated by distributive co-operation alone; but once let an alliance be proclaimed between co-operative capital and co-operative labor, and they would take their place as leaders of a great movement in favor of co-operative production.

There is one more point to be considered, or rather reconsidered, from an altered point of view, and that is the great banking difficulty. We have seen that a joint-stock bank, promoted by co-operators, is not co-operative, and runs great risk of not being even successful; but that does not prove that there is no demand for co-operative banking. The people's banks in Germany, Italy, and elsewhere, do a business rivalling even that of the North-country stores in profitableness and extent. They are not mere savings banks: by a simple system of mutual insurance they are enabled to make loans and advances at reasonable interest to customers of a class whose chance of obtaining credit would otherwise be hopeless; instead of existing merely to provide investments, they are essentially co-operative in the sense of bestowing benefits on their members rather as customers than as shareholders. In times of temporary distress, the working classes in this country must live on their savings, if

they have any, and after that they *cannot borrow without getting into debt*; they cannot borrow money at reasonable interest to be repaid gradually upon the security of character and savings. However good their character, their credit is bad, and those whose credit is bad, if compelled to raise money, can only do so upon improvidently extravagant terms. Hence there can be little doubt that a co-operative bank, established for the benefit of the working classes themselves, and used by them instead of by private traders and rich stores, would meet a real want, and not, therefore, have to complain of want of custom and a superfluity of capital.

But perhaps the branch of banking which has the first claim on the attention of co-operators is that most ancient, now most humble branch of the profession symbolized by the three golden balls. The subject deserves a treatise to itself, and we can only spare a word; but there is probably no one direction in which an application of co-operative principles and customs would produce greater results than this. Weekly dealings at the pawn shop may to a certain extent be a sign of recklessness and improvidence of the more culpable kind; but when we remember that the very poor have no other means of raising money to meet their most urgent needs, and when we realize that from 200 to 1000 per cent is frequently charged upon the money advanced on pledges, it will be seen that some of those who have fallen into the pawnbroker's clutches by no fault of their own, can scarcely hope to escape by their own unassisted efforts. There are thousands of families in London who, having once "got behind," having been obliged in some one hard winter, through illness, slack work, or

any other mischance, to pawn their few household gods for food and firing, have redeemed the same in the following summer, instead of laying by for the winter's needs; henceforward the cycle repeats itself for ever, and the pawn shop draws a revenue from the unhappy family in the long run perhaps amounting to many hundredfold the small sum which began their troubles. It is obvious how easily the co-operative pawn shop, with its division of profits as bonus among customers, would enable the respectable poor to retrieve their position, instead of becoming more and more involved; and as every such shop would naturally be an agency for the other branches of co-operative bank work, many of those who came to squander might be induced to "remain to save." Forethought can only be expected from those who have some reasonable prospect of good to look forward to.

The question for the rising generation of co-operators is really this: Will they attempt and accomplish as much as the generation which has now grown gray or gone to rest, or will they be content merely to carry on upon the old lines the work that better men began, in the face of the oft repeated experience, that a movement which has come to the end of its power of growth soon reaches the end of its idle life by the natural processes of decay and disintegration? There is no reason at present to anticipate such a gloomy end to a gallant career; but as religious orders require periodical reform, and religious zeal periodical revival, so it may well be that to develop all the social possibilities of co-operation we require a fresh influx of enthusiasm and a reversion to the broadest ideals of the ancient pioneers.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS ABOUT GARIBALDI.

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

RELATIONS SINCE THE SICILIAN RISING.

A MOST lively picture is before my mind's eye, of Garibaldi's personal appearance as I saw him in spring, 1864, amid charming surroundings—shortly

before his triumphal entry into London—in the house of Mr. Seely, M.P., in the south-western part of the Isle of Wight.

England was then in an indescribable state of excitement. It was a time of anxious desire of reform, not unalloyed

with misgivings as to the result of the battle felt to be in the air. Like some fiery meteor, the "red shirt" of the liberator of the Two Sicilies—of the Vanquished of Aspromonte, who even in defeat had not lost his halo as a Power of the Future—suddenly rose on the overcast political horizon. With hopeful expectation, with hearts more deeply moved than many among the present generation may be able to understand, great masses awaited his arrival.

Had he not, like a Norse viking, dared with his own hand to strike the crown from the head of the Bourbon King, and with two leaky ships, and a thousand volunteers, attacked and overthrown a government which commanded an army of 150,000 men and a war fleet of 98 vessels with 832 guns? If such achievements were possible, need any righteous popular cause despair? These were the days when in England no second Reform Bill had yet been obtained; when, out of a population of some nine to ten million men, at most one million possessed the suffrage—while from across the Atlantic, where in the Union war the principles of human right had been triumphant, a mighty ground-swell was beginning to thunder toward the English shores.

With uneasy glance, a small, ultra-aristocratic circle looked forward to Garibaldi's coming. How could the influence of this great leader whose name was identified with so many revolutions, be diminished among the masses? How could the relations between England and her "illustrious ally," the French Emperor, against whose occupation of Rome the expected "Guest of the English Nation" had risen, be protected from injury? This was the consideration for a body of men filled with deep anxiety, yet conscious of being unable to stem the torrent of popular enthusiasm.

Garibaldi had landed in Southampton. But before he even stepped on English soil, some highly-placed members of the governing classes, in connection with the Italian Embassy, were suspected of wishing to place an embargo upon him; to have him surrounded, with the aid of the initiated, like a victim adorned with garlands; and thus to prevent him from being master of his

own movements. Honors were to be showered upon him, but he was to be kept within a "charmed circle." As a matter of fact, it is well known that before the Ripon touched at Southampton, the vessel was boarded and a hasty war-council held there, and that a pencil-note was obtained from Garibaldi, to this effect:—"Dear friends! I do not wish to receive political demonstrations. Above all, no tumults must be raised! (*Sopra tutto, non eccitare dei tumulti.*)"

Being the guest of the English nation, the unselfish and easily impressed man of the people had yielded to a desire conveyed to him in his native tongue. He spoke English very imperfectly; and many feared that he had been brought to misunderstand the real state of affairs. In London, at any rate, much dissatisfaction arose among the then leaders of the popular movement. Many thought he had been unfairly subjected to social and political strategy, and that even the delay of his entry into London had been occasioned by it.

For justice' sake it must be stated that he had bound himself beforehand to those who brought him over and offered him hospitality, for a stay of nearly a week in the Isle of Wight. A day after his arrival, I received a letter, dated Brooke House, in which he said he would be very happy to see me. "If we are together for a talk"—he wrote—"I will arrange so that we shall have full time for it."

By correspondence I had been in frequent intercourse with him since the Sicilian rising, and received various notable communications from him, either of a confidential nature, or destined for publicity, as well as precious tokens of friendship. Before me are two portraits he sent to us from Caprera, after 1860. They seem to be taken from an oil painting, but are most life-like. In them, he has an open, slightly "daredevil" expression; long hair, one of the locks on the right temple being curiously curled in sailor-fashion; and he wears a round Spanish hat, a little cocked on the right side. I do not remember having seen the same likeness anywhere else. The cards bear his name in his own handwriting, as well as the inscription:—"Al mio amico Carlo Blind," and "Alla Signora Blind."

He at the same time added a representation of his simple dwelling on the stony Goat Island where he lived in Cincinnatus' style.

As a prisoner in the Varignano, he sent a photograph showing him on his couch of pain, where he lay with ankle broken by a bullet from the army of that king upon whom he had conferred the crown of united Italy. His face looks exceedingly wan and sad, as he sits up in bed reading. A letter of thanks, dated Varignano, October 17th, 1862, and written partly in his name by a well-known Italian patriot, Augusto Vecchj, in reply to words of sympathy I had addressed to him after Aspromonte, contains the following:—"We have the Ministers whom you know. We have the King Honest-Man . . . whom you also know. We have a 'magnanimous ally' . . . whom the world knows! I assure you that to be an Italian and to live here, is truly a great misfortune."

Of the expedition for the deliverance of Rome from the French and Papal yoke, which ended so fatally at Aspromonte, he had given me previous information by special confidential messenger. Mazzini, whose intimate and precious friendship I enjoyed from 1858 down to his death, was held by many to have been the instigator of the expedition. Nothing could be further from the truth. Not only had he no part in the preparations; but he was not even aware of the real aim of Garibaldi. To me, Mazzini gave vent to his vexation, after Aspromonte, at what he thought had been an ill-advised move. I defended Garibaldi before him, as well as in public by a German Address, and by numerous writings in the English, German, and American Press. For some time afterward, Mazzini was therefore wont to say, a little nettled but with friendly good humor: "Ah! *your* Garibaldi!" Between the two foremost leaders of Italy a cloud arose ever and anon. I often endeavored helping to disperse it; but the obstacles seemed great indeed.

In 1864, I was glad, for more than one reason, to obtain an early opportunity of seeing Garibaldi face to face in the Isle of Wight, before the turmoil of enthusiasm, which already vaguely rose

up in London, should surround him with its stormy waves, carrying him from one demonstration to the other. Our countrymen in London had resolved, in a mass-meeting, upon presenting to him an address of their own. By unanimous vote, the honoring choice of a speaker of the deputation fell upon me. The desire was expressed that I should see him first privately, as their representative, in the Isle of Wight. "I am very glad"—Mr. Charles Seely, M.P., wrote from Brooke House—"the Germans in London will give a hearty welcome to Garibaldi. It will have a good effect." Garibaldi himself telegraphed: "I accept with deep gratitude and satisfaction the offer of the noble Germans."

In the boat in which I crossed the Solent, there were a number of political men, bent upon the same visit; among them, if I mistake not, several members of parliament. The conversation soon turned upon the question as to whether it was desirable that Mazzini, the Triumvir of the Roman Republic of 1849, which Garibaldi had defended against the assault by the French troops, should come into closer contact with Garibaldi during his sojourn in London! Owing to the Greco affair the name of the steadfast Apostle of Italian Union and Freedom was then the butt of many attacks. An Ultramontane member, Mr. Pope Hennessy, who went over to Paris to see Napoleon III., endeavored, in connection with the reactionary enemies of Lord Palmerston's ministry, to turn the fabrications of the French police to political account. In order to relieve government from all difficulties, Mr. James Stansfeld, Mazzini's most trusty friend, generously resigned. Many a weak-kneed member of the party, however, was shaken by these occurrences.

Knowing, as I did, the important part which Mazzini had had in bringing about the Sicilian rising of 1860, I gave utterance to my astonishment at the remarks made against him during the journey to the Isle of Wight. Repeating what I had stated in our German meeting, I could plainly perceive, on the faces of those spoken to, the signs of that hypercritical doubt which is so often the child of ignorance. Was it

possible that the first preparations for the overthrow of the Bourbon power in Naples had been made by this much-abused leader—preparations into which even Garibaldi had at first not been initiated? This doubt seemed to be the meaning of puzzled looks; and questions to that effect followed.

After all, I could speak with some degree of certainty. Several months before the rising, I had been present at confidential discussions of that subject in Mazzini's humble room. On that occasion I experienced, now and then, a little difficulty in following the conversation, though being fully conversant with Italian. The Sicilian present, whose auburn hair reminded one more of the Normans than of Greeks, Italians, or Saracens who had alternately held sway in his native island, spoke rather broadly in the dialect of his country. On his part, Mazzini, as if to take his own ease, lapsed off and on, in pronunciation at least, into the ways of the Genoese.

Only a small intimate circle of friends was kept informed, by Mazzini, of the doings before the insurrection. Among them was Ledru-Rollin. The latter whose sanguine temperament subjected him to alternate fits of despondency from hope too long deferred, one day lost all faith in the possibility of the movement.

"It is a long time in coming!" he said to me in despairing mood. "Will it ever come?"

But it came, after all; and there was undoubted wisdom displayed in the selection of its chiefs. Three Sicilians officered it; chief among them, Rosolino Pilo, whom I had met when he was here. This exclusive captaincy of Sicilians was a necessity, in the first instance, owing to the autonomist tendencies then prevailing in the isle. Italians from the mainland could not have carried the people with them in the beginning. It was different with Garibaldi, whose cosmopolitan fame and highly sympathetic personality easily attracted men. But of the reasons why he was originally a stranger to the preparations, and of his hesitation for weeks to accept the leadership when offered to him, more is to be said afterward.

II.

MEETING IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

A MOST soothing rural calm lay over the bit of country in the Isle of Wight where Garibaldi stayed—if calm can be said to exist amid the cawing of what seemed to be an interminable number of rooks and ravens fluttering about tree-tops, or otherwise busying themselves in the neighborhood. These dark-winged birds, though once sacred to Odin, or rather because once sacred to him, are at present held in German superstition to be birds of ill-omen. I have always been glad to find that it is still different in England where their cawing goes on merrily, if not very harmoniously, in the vicinity of the dwellings of man. On entering the house I learned that the host and his guest had made an excursion to Portsmouth with Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour to see the dock-yard and the shipping. After some time spent in the company of the wife of Colonel Chambers, the trusty friend of Garibaldi, the famed Italian leader himself entered.

With touching vivacity and almost stormy heartiness, he came toward me, in spite of the lameness of his foot, which entailed caution upon him. He was then in his fifty-seventh year; but a glow of youthful fire and animation was plainly discernible in him. His manners were highly sympathetic; at once dignified, simple, and full of cordiality. His countenance, a moment before furrowed with deep seriousness, lost its sternness all on a sudden, lightening up with a beaming expression, as he held forth his right hand, and in pleasing sonorous voice gave a greeting. He was of middle height, or rather a little below it; of well-set, graceful frame; lithe and active; and apparently strong withal. He came in with a swinging gait, like the old seaman he was—though evidently hampered in his movements. The large drapery of his light-colored mantle, under which the red shirt and silver-gray trousers could be seen, impressed one with the notion of his being rather square-shouldered. A small, black felt hat covered his head. He was leaning on the "stick of Aspromonte."

His broad, massive face and large forehead; his fair long locks, reddish golden, slightly mixed with gray; his blue eyes (somewhat small, but of piercing glance); his whole figure and bearing had nothing of the typical Italian. With his head, at all events, he seemed to have stepped out of Tacitus' "*Germania*"—*cærulei oculi, rutile comæ*. Nor did his gestures—few, and of the simplest kind—remind one in the least of a southern man. Physiognomy, build, measured manner of speaking: all formed the strongest contrast to Mazzini's appearance, who was dark-eyed, dark-haired, slender, of finely-cut features, with comparatively small head, but large forehead; of utmost rapidity of speech, and expressive Italian gestures. At first sight, Garibaldi might have been taken for a German or a Scotchman of the Lowlands. This impression became even stronger, after I had repeatedly met and held prolonged close converse with him.

Italy is full of Tibaldis, Grimaldis, Rinaldis, Rolandis, Umbertis, Robertis, Giobertis, Sismondis, Raimondis, and numberless other names pointing to Teutonic conquest and settlement—even as the name of Lombardy itself. Garibaldi is a purely and historically well-known German name. It means "Spear-bold," or "War-bold," and is, therefore, eminently suitable in the case of the famed Nizzard, the Italian descendant of ancient Teutons. Bavarian dukes of the Agilolfing race bore that name—which once was what we now would call an ordinary pre-name—in the sixth and seventh centuries. Garibald I. resided at Regensburg; his daughter Teutelinda, whose romantic story Gibbon records,* was married to the Lombard King Autharich. Garibald II., duke in Bavaria, warred against Slavs and Avars. To this day, a noble family in Austria bears the name of "von Garibald." A still frequent commoner's name in Germany—Gerbelt—is but a contraction of Garibaldi. Even in England there is a village in Norfolk, Garboldisham, once the home of a German leader of that name. And to none more than to Joseph Garibaldi does the

description of the Longobards, as we find it in Roman authors, apply, who depict them as stern-faced and fiercely valiant, but most good-hearted and wonderfully kindly the moment the battle was over.

After the first warm greetings, Garibaldi asked me at once to come up with him to his bedroom for a quiet, uninterrupted talk. I saw in a moment that he had to make some communication of importance. I offered him my arm; with dragging leg he mounted the staircase, repeatedly stopping. The Destroying Angel of that Monarchy into whose hand he, in 1860, had pressed the sword of power, had truly grazed him closely enough on the heights of Aspromonte, and given him a taste of the edge of his glaive.

There we now sat in the small room for friendly intercourse. It was the time of the Schleswig-Holstein war—a time of great issues for our fatherland. Repeatedly, Garibaldi had expressed to me, before, his sympathy with Germany as a nation. For all that, he could not forget that Venice still lay under Habsburg dominion. Neither at Vienna, nor at Berlin, did freedom flourish very much. The names of the ruling houses of Austria and Prussia had not a liberal sound.

"How, then, if Italians were to make an assault on the side of the Alps and the Adriatic, while the Austrian and Prussian armies were engaged in the North?"

This was the thought, this the hinted proposal of Garibaldi. Of a plan to that effect he gave me an intimation. Was it simply his own idea? Had the Party of Action suggested it? Or had sympathizers in this country with the Danish cause something to do with it?

I do not know; but at all events I had, for years past, defended the Schleswig-Holstein cause. In 1848 we rose in arms in Southern Germany, after the armistice of Malmö had been treacherously imposed upon the Schleswig-Holstein people by the King of Prussia. Narrowly escaping from death by court-martial as a member of a Provisional Government, I had undergone long imprisonment in the casemates of Rastatt until freed by a new successful rising.

* "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," v. 124.

In exile, I had with a number of friends started a propaganda for the same patriotic cause; advocating it in German, English, French, Italian—at last using even the Polish and Magyar languages to some of the Austrian troops engaged in the war. Numerous letters to the *Globe* (then Lord John Russell's organ), to the *Times*, and other journals, thousands of pamphlets sent to all the statesmen, diplomatic representatives, and newspapers of England, had expressed our views. The memoranda privately sent to the English Foreign Office by the leaders of the Schleswig Parliament, Messrs. Hansen and Thomsen-Oldenswort, were transmitted by me to Lord John Russell; first by the intermediary of Mr. Dunlop, M.P., and then directly. These memoranda had to be smuggled out of the Duchies, owing to the severe watchfulness and tyranny of the Danish authorities. Brought by a trusty man to Hamburg, they were conveyed to London under another address; and as the Schleswig leaders could not dare to put their signatures to it, I had to vouch for the authenticity of the documents to Lord John Russell.

In 1863-64, the movement in Germany was so strong in favor of Schleswig-Holstein that the princely governments might have been overwhelmed by a popular storm, had they not yielded to the national current. At Frankfort, a vigilance committee of thirty-six was established, composed of prominent representatives of the people—many of them known in 1848-49. At any moment that committee might have convoked a provisional parliament, as in the year of revolution. My own advice was in this direction, as soon as it appeared that the courts of Berlin and Vienna were wavering in their policy. From London we had organized an extensive agitation among the troops, in the sense of the full independence of Schleswig-Holstein, as desired by its population and parliaments. There would have been personal danger for the commanders of the army had they given the order to turn back from the task for which the nation had made up its mind.

To several of the chief members of the Frankfort committee I had engaged myself beforehand, by private letter, to come to Germany, in order to share the

risk,* as soon as they gave a hint that they had resolved upon a popular rising. Truly, my heart was set on the cause of our oppressed brethren in the North.

And now Garibaldi, of all men, threw out such a proposal!

I did not wait for many details of his idea. "That which Lombardo-Venetia was, or is, for you," I said to him, "Schleswig-Holstein is for us. If the Italians should make an attempt of the kind mentioned now, they would lose all sympathy among the German people. Their act would be looked upon as the act of an enemy, although all liberal parties of our country acknowledge the right of Italy to Venice—but no further. Perdition will come upon those who now attempt an attack in our rear."

I then explained to him that which I had stated formerly, in controversy with Harro Harring, through Mazzini's "*Pensiero ed Azione*:" that the people of the Duchies themselves had for three years (1848-51) carried on the struggle against Denmark; that Schleswig, like Holstein, had of her own free-will sent her representatives to the Constituent Assembly of Germany in 1848-49; and that this was eminently our national cause.

Garibaldi listened attentively. Without further opposition, he gave up the idea of an attack. He even said: "On the day when German democracy, when the German nation, unfurls the banner of independence, I will be one of yours in the Schleswig-Holstein cause, and take part on the side of Germany."

Those only who remember the then state of feeling in this country, can imagine what the result of Garibaldi's projected initiative might have been. The English Cabinet was ready to side with Denmark. So Mr. Gladstone has stated as recently as 1878.† The intention

* "In the public place Germany's fate must now be decided. Some of you, at least, know well that he who gives this counsel has also given the pledge of his personal readiness."—(*Address to the Committee of the Thirty-Six. London Hermann, January 30, 1864.*)

† Defending himself against the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which had said that, among the party of Mr. Gladstone, distaste for national greatness had grown into a permanent sentiment and a matter of principle, Mr. Gladstone replied: "I simply ask at what date it was that

was to fight Germany, in alliance with France. The queen, it is true, was strongly opposed to any support being given to Denmark, even as she had been opposed to any support being given to the Slaveholders' rebellion in America, and as she was afterward opposed to the French view in 1870-71. I have learned, since, that years ago Prince Alfred (the Duke of Edinburgh) one morning received a letter of eight pages from his mother, impressing upon him not to allow himself to be influenced in the Danish sense.

In the same interview with Garibaldi, as well as some days later in London, French, Polish, Mexican, and North American affairs were touched upon. He showed himself deeply interested in the prospects of Poland. Learning that I was in personal relations with Mr. Ćwierczakiewicz, the diplomatic representative of the Secret National Government of Warsaw, he eagerly put many questions. For the American Union he expressed the best wishes. He gave it as his opinion that troubles would yet arise for French dominion in Mexico, even though the Empire of Maximilian were established in every part of the country.

On this subject, Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini, and myself had addressed President Lincoln in a memoir, drawn up by me, showing that the ulterior object of Napoleon's enterprise was the dismemberment of the Union. The memoir pointed out the help which the popular parties of Europe, of France before all, could afford to the American Republic. President Lincoln, to whom the letter was handed by a United States General,

the Liberal Administration of this country adopted the 'permanent sentiment' and the 'matter of principle' which have been their ruin? . . . Not when, in 1863, they invited France to join in an ULTIMATUM TO THE GERMAN POWERS, and to defend Denmark, with us, against the intrigues which Germany was carrying on under the plea of the Duke of Augustenburg's title to the Duchies; and when they were told by Louis Napoleon in reply that that might be a great British interest, but that it had no significance for France." (*Nineteenth Century*, of September 1878.)—Napoleon's refusal is to be accounted for by the previous refusal of the English Government to join him in a projected intervention in Polish affairs, which he was supposed to have intended beginning in Rhenish quarters.

received it favorably. He reserved his final decision for the time of crisis; but before that arrived, the hand of the assassin struck him down. With the special proposals of the memoir, Garibaldi, to whom I communicated them at Brooke House, fully agreed. He said if the moment for action came, he was ready once more to start an expedition against French dominion in Rome.

In France, a number of officers were known to Ledru-Rollin to be as dissatisfied with the Mexican war as many of the private soldiers and the population were. Had this condition of the public mind been properly used, Napoleon might have fallen through a movement from within. How different would have been the course of contemporary history! As it was, Mentana—Garibaldi's next enterprise—was unsuccessfully fought after the Empire of Maximilian had collapsed and the French troops been withdrawn from Mexico.

For the sympathy evinced toward his struggling commonwealth, President Juarez sent me an official letter of thanks after the death of the Archduke Maximilian. I prize it highly as a remembrance of that truly honest and excellent man whose character shone forth splendidly from the crowd of self-seeking adventurers, so common, unfortunately, among the ephemeral Presidents or Dictators of Central and South American Republics.

In the conversation on English statesmen, Garibaldi, before coming to London, seemed to entertain curiously hopeful ideas as to what he might expect in the way of active help in the future. I was sorry I had to express a contrary view, which he afterward had reason, more than enough, to acknowledge as having been but too true. To England as a nation he showed himself sincerely, nay lovingly, attached. The maintenance of the Union he, like Mazzini, held to be as necessary for real freedom, as for the ultimate good of Ireland herself.

His words on Germany to me, as recorded at the time in the journals, were: "Pray, tell your compatriots that I wish to show my sympathy with the great German nation in as open and large a manner as possible. Upon your nation, whose solid qualities are a guar-

ante for the future, the political fate of Europe will finally depend !”

He pressed me to stay over-night. I had, however, to be back in London the same day, and took leave of him ; fully satisfied with the result of the interview.

III.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF 1859-60.

THE inner or secret history of the Italian events of 1859-62 is not yet fully written. Seeing that the part borne by the several leaders is still so much misunderstood, the following facts may help to bring about a correcter appreciation.

Immediately after the conclusion of the peace of Villafranca, Mazzini had projected an attack to be made, through the Papal States, upon the Neapolitan kingdom. The war of 1859 he had strongly disapproved. In an interview I had with him, end of December, 1858, in presence of Aurelio Saffi, one of the ex-triumvirs of the Roman Republic, he proved himself fully informed of Louis Napoleon's intention of drawing the sword against Austria—an intention only afterward declared, to the surprise of Europe, by the famous speech on New Year's Day, 1859. The very details which Mazzini gave to me—namely, that Lombardy only would be aimed at, and that peace would be concluded at once, if Austria yielded after a defeat—turned out to be strangely correct. I found him repeatedly in possession of similar early information ; for instance, in 1866.

Of the coming Franco-Italian war he said, in December, 1858, that “Garibaldi had conditionally accepted Cavour's offer to range the revolutionary elements under the Sardinian banner.” “I myself,” he continued, “have been asked by the Working Men's Union at Genoa whether this policy was to be adopted. I replied at once : ‘No !’” He thought there was reason to fear that a compact dangerous to European security was being formed then between Louis Napoleon and the Czar. Together with Saffi, Campanella, Quadrio, Crispi (subsequently Speaker of the Italian House of Deputies, and Minister), Alberto Mario, Rosolino Pilo, Filippo de Boni, Vitale de Tivoli, C. Venturi, and others, he, on February

28th, 1859, issued a protest against the coming war ; recommending abstention to his party.

After Villafranca, Mazzini changed his tactics. He then sought to enlarge the area of action. His parole was : “*Al Centro, al Centro, mirando al Sud !*” (“To Central Italy—in the direction of the South !”) Very much to the astonishment of several of his friends, he addressed a public letter to the king ; proposing, for the sake of Italy, to make common cause. He himself, he said, would be ready to go back into exile afterward, there to die with the republican principles of his youth intact. When he wrote this, he was staying in seclusion at Florence. On his return to London, he showed to me the official proof of his having entered into relations with Ricasoli.

It has become known since that an offer to “revolutionize the South,” which he declared to be “easy,” was at the same time made secretly by Mazzini to the king. Victor Emmanuel was only to give his tacit approval, and to convey to Garibaldi a message to this effect, either direct, or through Ricasoli or Farini. In case Austria, however, intervened, the king was openly to support the rising in the Two Sicilies. As this offer had no result, Mazzini approached Garibaldi for the purpose of immediate action.

Victor Emmanuel—this is Mazzini's own statement to me—was to be left now wholly out of the affair, lest Cavour, and through him Louis Napoleon, should get wind of the plan. Garibaldi, as General of the Volunteers, was to suddenly give the order for starting toward the Centre and the South. At Naples, and more so even in Sicily, preparations for a rising had in the mean time been made. Garibaldi accepted. But though he promised to keep silence, Garibaldi thought he might as well inform the king, whose own interest was involved in the expedition, and with whom he was on the best personal terms. The king told Cavour. Cavour informed Napoleon. A thundering despatch from the Tuileries was the result. Garibaldi, on the point of issuing the order for the forward march, received a counter-order from the king, and had to give up the expedition. On November 26th, 1859,

he resigned his command. Nothing was done.

The Party of Action were wild with rage. An attempt has been made to charge Garibaldi with faithlessness, or worse, for having broached the matter to the king. The fact is, he acted from a mistaken feeling of confidence; being, no doubt, unaware of the previous secret offer made to Victor Emmanuel by Mazzini himself. However, the upshot of all these moves and counter-moves was, that Mazzini now made independent preparations for a rising in Sicily, into which Garibaldi, in the beginning, was *not* initiated.

Napoleon's decisive protest against the expedition planned in autumn, 1859, was, of course, dictated by due regard for large schemes of his own. He had never intended founding Italian Unity. On the contrary, his idea was merely to procure, at the expense of Austria, a slight aggrandizement to Piedmont which in future was to be a serviceable ally for him, while France was to obtain a territorial increase of her own at the expense of Piedmont. In Tuscany, Jerome Napoleon, who shortly before the war had married Victor Emmanuel's daughter; in the Neapolitan Kingdom, Prince Murat were to be introduced as rulers. The whole country was to be grouped into a Confederation under the honorary presidency of the Pope. The French Emperor was to be practically the Lord Paramount of Italy through his military occupation of the Papal States. In slightly altered form, it was the policy of Napoleon I.

Now, the steadiness with which Napoleon III. worked toward his aim, may be seen from a much-forgotten programme drawn up as early as January, 1852, a few weeks after his state-stroke of December 2d. The programme found its way into a very influential German paper, through its Paris correspondent, who received frequent and early communications from the Elysée. He wrote thus:

If I am correctly informed, and I have every reason to believe so, Louis Napoleon intends, even as at home, so also abroad, to introduce an active policy, instead of the merely negative one, as it was until now. For such a bold and active policy—Louis Napoleon thinks—Lord Palmerston alone would be a ready ally. The President proposes to urge the solution of the

Eastern Question, and in doing so, to be on the side of England. He then will claim England's assistance in Italy, where, in alliance with Piedmont, he means to intervene against Austria. The Republic (France) is to be aggrandized by Savoy and Nice; Sardinia to be indemnified by Parma, Piacenza, Guastalla, Modena, and Lucca. For the carrying out of this plan, as against Austria's opposition, no war will be shrunk from (*soll . . . kein Krieg gescheut werden*), while England will have to take care that the Italian war does not degenerate into a European one.

Here we have the Russian war of 1853-56—the Anglo-French alliance—the Italian war—the alliance of Louis Napoleon with Piedmont—the aggrandizement of France through Savoy and Nice—the increase of territory for Sardinia—the neutrality of England—and the "localization" of the war of 1859, foreshadowed word for word! And all in the order in which it happened. It was in the *Kölnische Zeitung* that this memorable programme was published more than thirty years ago. Only those who think that politics grow of themselves in some mysterious way, independently of the planning of individuals, will be taken by surprise when reading the above.

After 1859, Napoleon continued his endeavor to establish French vassal states in Italy, although Tuscany had escaped from his grasp in the first hurricane of the national movement. At Naples, his emissaries were very active, trying to turn the hatred against Bourbon tyranny into the channels of Bonapartism. Italian patriots had, therefore, good reason to hasten their own preparations in that quarter. Mazzini understood this situation to perfection.

The Bonapartist danger was all the greater because Cavour by no means opposed the scheme of the introduction of Murat at Naples. At present, Cavour is often held to be the real founder of Italian unity: wrongly so. Almost more French than Italian; or, at least, more of a North Italian than of a large-hearted Italian patriot, Cavour did not believe in the possibility of placing the Two Sicilies, under the House of Savoy. Nay, he did not even wish it. In the South—he thought—people are either Bourbonist or Democratic; the middle sort necessary for a useful junction with Piedmont would be wanting. Altogether the South seemed to him a

strange, heterogeneous element. Hence he did not care much whether French agents were busy in that quarter.

Here we come now to the mighty event of 1860—the overthrow of the Bourbon rule. Those who assert, as was done even in a London obituary notice, that “Garibaldi was, to a great extent, a puppet worked from Turin,” do not know the simplest facts of the case.

It was neither Cavour, nor even Garibaldi, but Mazzini, who planned the rising. Garibaldi, at first, was not told of the new enterprise. Rosolino Pilo, however, the leader appointed for the rising, before starting from Genoa for Sicily, approached him by letter, asking him to officer it. Garibaldi refused, believing things were not ripe. From Sicily, Pilo once more sent a pressing message. To the intermediary, Garibaldi doubtfully said: “But France? But Cavour?” Finally, he resolved upon accepting the command-in-chief.

Then, only he disembarked with the Thousand—six weeks after the Sicilian insurrection had been begun. In one of the battles in the island, Pilo fell from a bullet. He was truly the pioneer of the movement. Well do I remember his face and figure as I saw him in Mazzini's dwelling where the preparations were discussed.

Cavour had done nothing but confiscate the arms and money destined for the rising. Unable to prevent Garibaldi from starting for Sicily with scanty means, in two rotten vessels, he hoped that “this fool” (*questo pazzo*) would come to grief in mid-sea—perhaps be captured by a French cruiser. That was also Farini's belief. Even after Sicily had been conquered, the king wrote, or was made to write, an autograph letter to Garibaldi, ordering him not to cross the straits. During the Liberator's still triumphant progress, Cavour cunningly wrote a few lines with an eye to future possibilities. He also set a powerful intrigue on foot for depriving Garibaldi of the Dictatorship and pocketing his successes. This was all that the wily Piedmontese statesman did.

No one knew better than Garibaldi what Cavour's conduct had been. In his blunt way of speaking, he often gave

expression to his contempt. “*Questa c——!*” he once exclaimed. With difficulty he was brought to meet Cavour once more. In London also, he showed his aversion to him very strongly in conversation with me.

Rosolino Pilo had started the movement with the pledge that the question of a Republic should not be raised (*che non fa questione di repubblica*). Garibaldi had accepted with the declaration that the programme should be: “Italy and Victor Emmanuel!” On the testimony of Mazzini I have it, however, that the movement was to be continued up to Rome, and that then a CONSTITUENT NATIONAL ASSEMBLY should be convoked there. *Venice was not to be touched for the nonce, unless the force of circumstances compelled to do so.* A number of men on Garibaldi's staff were reckoned to be won to his plan. Garibaldi himself was said to have consented.

I know that this statement is at variance with others that have been published. I give it as Mazzini distinctly made it to me more than once, before and after the events of 1860. A fact of some importance is, that Garibaldi, toward the end of his government, offered to Aurelio Saffi, Mazzini's best friend and one of Italy's noblest sons, the pro-Dictatorship of Naples. Saffi declined, owing to the state of public opinion.* At all events, this offer seems to be strong evidence of Garibaldi having felt morally bound to Mazzini's version of the original programme. It may be that Cavour, having got wind of it, felt all the more induced to work with might and main for the overthrow of Garibaldi's Dictatorship, on which Napoleon also insisted, who, from fear of England, did not dare to intervene himself.

IV.

REVELATIONS ABOUT ASPROMONTE (1862).

ANOTHER proof of the strange want of public information on the inner causes of important historical events may be found in the remarks of two prominent Liberal papers in London, one of which, after Garibaldi's death,

* See Saffi's letter in the “*Scritti Editi e Inediti di Giuseppe Mazzini*,” vol. xi. Preface, cl.

spoke of the "almost *criminal* campaign of Aspromonte," while the other said that "Mentana did not symbolize a brilliant, nor Aspromonte a *rational* object."

In the order of things, Aspromonte ought to have been named first. It certainly was not Garibaldi's object, though he was brought to a stop there. No doubt, that brave, unselfish man has thrown himself into many apparently hopeless campaigns, which, however, in spite of defeat, mostly produced, in the end, some good result for his aims. But the object of the attempt of 1862 was not an irrational one, albeit it broke down quickly on that hill where Victor Emmanuel had a bullet sent into the leg of his friend, the founder of Italian unity.

Of the approach of that rising, and of the reasons which induced Garibaldi to risk his whole fame and name once more, in so unexpected a manner, with the cry of "Rome or Death!" I was apprised by him through several confidential communications, made partly in writing, partly by word of mouth by trusty persons sent to London. This time it was he who alone had planned the movement. Mazzini was not initiated into it. Hence the organ of the latter, in answer to an allegation of Rattazzi, had to say, as late as June 5th, 1862: "The *Unità Italiana* has not revealed anything of Garibaldi's projects; it *could not* (the italics are those of the journal) reveal anything. Like other papers, ours has simply collected the current rumors, as spread by the papers of the Moderate party, and given them without any guarantee."

I well remember how often the estrangement which had again arisen between the two popular leaders in consequence of the abrupt termination of Garibaldi's Dictatorship in 1860, was the topic of friendly conversation then. For my part, I always thought and said that Garibaldi could not help himself, when suddenly giving up the reins of power; that, owing to the harassing action of the Cavourian party, he had ceased to be master of the situation; and that, therefore, he must not be harshly judged for having left the programme of the rising partly unfulfilled.

Now, the motive which led Garibaldi,

in August, 1862, to strike out for the recovery of Rome, was one that redounds greatly to his honor. Before stating his reasons in detail, I must refer to the rumors which arose in spring of that year, as soon as it became known that he intended again forming battalions of volunteers.

The general belief then was, that he meditated an attack upon Southern Tyrol. The Italian Press was full of such statements. Rattazzi was supposed to have suggested the invasion. On this subject I entered into communication with Garibaldi on March 30th, 1862. There was special reason to do so, as the Italian Party of Action had been deceived by a so-called "General Directorate of the German Movement," which professed to be friendly to the establishment of Bohemia as an independent Slav State, and to the handing over of Trieste and Southern Tyrol to the Italians. I informed Garibaldi of the utterly unrepresentative and even suspicious character of that alleged "Directorate;" sending words of distinct warning against any attempt at touching the soil of the German Confederation, as distinguished from the Venetian possessions then still governed by the House of Habsburg, outside the Bund.* I had invariably held the same language to Italian friends; for instance, in the pamphlet† in which I replied to the "Letter on the Position of Germany toward Italy," which Mazzini had done me the honor of publicly addressing to me in February, 1861.

Trieste united herself, of her own free-will, to the German nation five hundred years ago. The southern part of the Tyrol, in which the German tongue has but gradually gone back, has belonged to the German Empire and the Bund since about three hundred years. Trieste was the only Federal German (now Austrian) port in the Adriatic. The Southern Tyrol, on account of its narrow mountain gorge, is well known to be easily made a dangerous means of attack against Germany, especially when combined with an invasion from the Rhenish side. Hence the continued

* London *Hermann*, April 5th, 1862.

† "Answer to Joseph Mazzini," on "The Position of Germany toward Italy." By Karl Blind. London, March, 1861.

possession of that bit of mountain territory—so old an integral part of the German Empire and Confederation—is apt to save our fatherland, whose central position in Europe lays her open to many simultaneous risks, a good many men in a time of war. The German Tyrolese are fully alive to this state of things. They will not hear of a dismemberment of their land. No statesman can lightly throw such considerations to the wind.

Mazzini himself blamed the cession of French-speaking Savoy for similar reasons.* As to Germany's interest in the Southern Tyrol, it had acquired an additional urgency in consequence of the Piedmontese dynasty having, by alliance and intermarriage, become so closely united to the Court of the Tuileries as to give up to France the very birthplace of Garibaldi, as well as the cradle of the House of Savoy.

Nor could it be forgotten that, though the principle of nationality is in the main the correct one, almost every State of Europe shows exceptions to the rule. Belgium, Hungary, Switzerland are even based on the exception, having within their frontiers a variety of races. In the case of Belgium and Hungary, these races are by no means agreed among themselves, while Switzerland jealously guards her Italian-speaking canton. All this went to show that the Italians would do wisely in restricting their efforts to the annexation of the Venetian territory. Already, in 1859, when Garibaldi warred in the Alpine districts, Germany was on the alert. Had the Peace of Villafranca not been rapidly patched up, the Federal German Army might have stepped in to guard the Southern Tyrol.

Was it advisable, then, to provoke the danger of hostility between two nations inclined to friendship?

Considerations of this kind I urged upon Garibaldi. On May 20th, 1862, one of his chief confidential agents, then in London, wrote to me :

It is quite probable that I shall go back to Italy at once on Friday next. Will you send

* "In a military sense we have, through the cession of Savoy, no longer any frontier, neither on the side of Austria, nor on the side of France. Milan and Turin are at the mercy of the foreigner."—"Letter of Mazzini to Bertani" (1860).

me a few words for Garibaldi to-morrow, Thursday? . . . I say this, in case I should not be able to call upon you during the day ; for I shall have to run about a great deal. Although the enterprise seems to have collapsed for the moment, there is the chance of the unforeseen ; and if such an opportunity presents itself (*en cas échéant*), I want to be in the line of battle on the day that a battle is to take place. I have written to Garibaldi in detail your conversation, giving your arguments, the importance of which, in point of law and fact, I certainly cannot doubt. He would surely like very much that in your letter you would say something on the contingency of an attack made upon a point of territory *not belonging to the German Confederation*, as well as to the chances which you may foresee in regard to a rising at Vienna.

There was no chance of a rising, then, at Vienna. Yet I may say that, in the years between 1860 and 1866, a great many more men of good position, whose real opinions were little suspected by the Austrian Government, had freely entered into relations with German exiles abroad who worked for national freedom and union.

On June 2d, 1862, Garibaldi astonished many by suddenly announcing that he did *not* intend an attack on the Tyrol. In a letter to the President of the Chamber at Turin, he declared the rumors in question to be utterly false, and the alleged conception of such an expedition to be simply a dream. At the same time he darkly hinted at offers that had been made to him by the new Ministry of Rattazzi. He added that Rattazzi had equivocated, or played false (*equivocò fatalmente*), by arresting a number of his volunteers. Thereupon a stormy discussion arose. Revelations were threatened, though not fully made. Mr. Crispi exclaimed : "The Minister (Rattazzi) is one of those men who have the wish to conspire, but who do not possess the boldness, the courage, of the conspirator. He prefers helping on conspiracies up to a certain point, and then to turn them to his own advantage. I declare absolutely that Mr. Rattazzi had promised a million, and arms, for an expedition which was to be made beyond sea (*al di là dei mari*)."

Amid the hilarity of the House, Rattazzi answered that the million lire had been intended to aid the emigrants from Venice, so that they should be enabled to "exercise their industrial capacities abroad !" In his reply, Crispi described

an expedition against the Tyrol as even more dangerous than one against Venice, because the former enterprise "would rouse against us the German Confederation," while one against Rome would convert France into an enemy. Crispi was on this occasion supposed to be the mouthpiece of Garibaldi.

Later on, Garibaldi suddenly appeared in Sicily, as in 1860, and then crossed over to the mainland. By messenger, he made to me the following startling communication :

Being invited to come over from Caprera, he had been closeted with Rattazzi, whose Cabinet was then just constituted, and who wished to speak to him on an important affair. From what Garibaldi gathered on this and on another occasion, a strange scheme had been concocted, in which Eastern affairs were curiously blended with Napoleon's Mexican policy, as well as with a plan for a *future war to be carried on simultaneously on the Rhine and the Mincio*. The details were to this effect. The French Emperor held out a hope to the Italians that he would give them an opportunity, through combined action, for the conquest of those territories which they yet wanted to wrest from Austria. Before embarking upon war in Europe, the Government of Victor Emmanuel was to give a pledge of alliance and friendship by *sending an Italian contingent to Mexico*. After the expected success of the Mexican war, a joint French and Italian attack was to be made upon the German Confederation (in which Austria was then still included), *the Italians sending, also by way of pledge, a contingent of theirs to the French army on the Rhine*, while a French auxiliary force was to act with the Italians at the Mincio. Garibaldi was offered a special part in this plan of the future. He was to operate from the Dalmatian, or Turkish coast in the direction of Hungary, so as to distract Austria there, and thus to facilitate the French attack on the Rhine by preventing Austria from fulfilling, on the western frontier of Germany, the obligations imposed upon her as a member of the German Bund. Arms and a million lire were promised to Garibaldi, if he entered into the scheme.

So far the communication conveyed to me through Garibaldi's confidant, previous to his raising the cry of "Rome or Death!"

Had this plan been acted upon, Russia would have obtained an opportunity for some of her own projects on the Danube. Before the war of 1859, Napoleon had sought to gain over Russia to combined action against Austria. His policy always was—as he expressed it already, when in exile—to beat the members of the former "Holy Alliance" one after the other, by making alter-

nately use of one against the other. In the end, England herself was to be humiliated.

Garibaldi listened to Rattazzi's proposals, but keeping his own counsel. When he became fully alive to the extent of the Bonapartist and Rattazzian plot, he drew the sword, in order to strike right across. In his proclamation of August 24th, he said :

I bow before the Majesty of Victor Emmanuel, King elect of the nation, but I am hostile to a Ministry which has nothing Italian but the name, and which only strives to keep in the good graces of the Emperor Napoleon. . . . The livery of a foreign master shall never be a title of honor and esteem for any minister of ours . . . Let the thought and action of all patriots be exclusively directed to the freeing of Rome. To Rome, then! To Rome! Hail to King Victor Emmanuel at the Capitol.

The key of this manifesto is contained in the above communication. When not a few deserted him, to whom he had formerly been like an idol, I thought it all the more a duty, in the name of German friends, to send him an address of sympathy in October, 1862. He was then a wounded captive, and the daily mark of vituperation. The English working classes steadfastly stood to him. But hideous sanguinary riots and brutal atrocities were enacted for three consecutive weeks in Hyde Park, by a bigoted Irish mob which attacked the English meetings with the cry of "No Garibaldi! The Pope for ever!"

The following were the chief passages of the German Address :

There are defeats which carry with them the germs of future triumphs. In uplifting the hand courageously against a usurpation that gnaws at the heart of your country; in raising the cry of "Rome or Death!" you have given *timely warning to a nation that was in danger of becoming the prey of a vampire policy; and you have foiled, at least for a time, those nefarious despotic projects into which Italy was being drawn*. Yet, in spite of the reverse which has interrupted your work of emancipation, yours has been a great service to the cause of progress. On the day when Italy shall enter into possession of her capital, your name will be inserted on the tablets of history as that of the true victor. . . . Allow me, my dear friend, to offer you also cordial greetings in the name of numerous German friends. . . . The ingratitude of a king will not weigh keenly on your heart in presence of the large popular sympathies. . . . Kings pass away; but nations remain; and to the nations that seek to establish the truly Free State, the future belongs with certainty.

When Garibaldi came to England, I again held it to be a duty, as chairman of the German meeting of April 5th, to say before our countrymen: "Even his defeat at Aspromonte has covered him with imperishable glory. I know that that bold move, though it has not succeeded in freeing the Italian capital from foreign dominion, yet has had most certainly this success, that it struck across a dark despotic plot which then was being spun against Germany. Yes, we Germans, before all, may thank Garibaldi for having averted by his Roman expedition, unsuccessful though it was, a danger which was nearing the Rhine. At least, we may thank him for having *staved off that danger for a while.*

(Deep movement and applause.) It is for us now to show sympathy to Italy. Ay, Venice is an Italian Schleswig-Holstein. When our own frontiers have to be guarded, we shall all stand shoulder to shoulder. But Venice is nothing more than a possession of the House of Habsburg; it does not form part of the territory of the German nation."*

Only four years elapsed when the danger which had been averted by the campaign that failed at Aspromonte again threatened Germany for a moment, through the Luxemburg complication (1868). Two years more passed, and the storm at last broke forth, involving a tremendous catastrophe.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE SALVATION ARMY.

I.

WHAT IS THE SALVATION ARMY?

As the person who has had perhaps the best possible opportunity of knowing all about the Salvation Army, I can most positively state that nobody invented it, that it has been evolved out of no man's brain, produced by no man's scheming, and is never likely to answer any man's own purpose—seeing that it has sprung into existence in a wholly unexpected way, and has already attained proportions and influence that place it utterly beyond the power of any one man to design or control its future.

Some seventeen years ago I came to London almost a stranger to its vast artisan population. I saw that they were without God, and I began in one of the great East End thoroughfares to do what I could as a preacher of the Gospel for their salvation. I had already had sixteen years' experience as a Methodist minister, and had been privileged to see so many thousands of hearts subdued beneath the power of the old-fashioned Gospel, that I was certain it only needed to be brought to bear upon these outlying masses to prove its efficiency for the salvation of the very worst of them. But how to get at them with it, that was the question; and upon that question, be it well understood, we consider we are still at work, for each suc-

cess attained serves but as an incentive to seek for more and as a guide how to attain more.

I have not been disappointed. The old Gospel from the very first produced the old results. In a very few weeks after I took my stand, Bible in hand, among the jeering crowds of the Mile End Road I had around me a valiant company of witnesses for Christ, recruited from among these masses, and the *little one* has steadily grown through all the seventeen years of conflict up to the present Army, with its 320 corps, its 760 officers entirely employed in the work, its 6200 services every week, its audiences of thousands and tens of thousands, generally the largest regularly gathered in any town it enters, and in most cases overtaking the capacity of the largest buildings that can be secured.

During those years we have had to unlearn and learn a great deal, and to all the lessons of our experience the world is more than welcome. As I have already intimated, we do not pretend as yet to have finished our education. War is a wonderful schoolmaster, and he is unworthy of the name of a soldier who does not continually seek to learn from foes, as well as from friends, how most completely and rapidly to conquer. We have trusted in no human

* London *Hermann*, April 9th, 1864.

wisdom or power, but in the living God; and while we set down to His glory everything of success in the past, we encourage ourselves in Him to look for far greater things than these yet to be shown us in the future.

As to our doctrines, however, let me boldly say we have never imagined there was anything new to be learned, and have no expectation of ever learning anything new. "The word of the Lord liveth and endureth forever." We have not a particle of sympathy with those who would seek to tone down, or in any way to adapt the Gospel of Christ to suit the fancy of the nineteenth century.

The old-fashioned Gospel that tells man he is thoroughly bad and under the power of the devil, that drags out the very hidden things of iniquity to the light of the great judgment throne, that denounces sin without mercy, and warns men of eternal wrath to come, unless they repent and believe in the only Saviour; the Gospel whose goodness does not consist in the suppression of all but sweet sounds of love, but in the plain straightforward ceaseless announcement of the whole truth; the Gospel of a crucified Saviour who shed real blood to save men from a real guilt and a real danger of a real hell, and who lives again to give a real pardon to the really penitent, a real deliverance from the guilt and power and pollution and the fact of sin to all who really give up to Him a whole heart and trust Him with a perfect trust—such is the gospel of the Salvation Army.

We believe the three creeds of the Church with all our heart. We believe every word of the Communion Service, and we go about denouncing the wrath of God against sinners just as people must who really believe that all these things are true. We have often been reproached, in fact, because we dwell so much upon what are often called "dark" truths, instead of joining in the popular chorus of excuse for iniquity, and sweetness and love for everybody; but we believe the greatest possible kindness to a man who is doing wrong and going to hell is to tell him so in the plainest and most urgent language that can be used. Once stopped and turned from his evil way, he will soon

find out for himself all the loveliness of the great salvation.

We teach men to expect salvation from the guilt of sin the moment that, turning from it to God, they trust Him to receive and pardon them. We teach the new convert that God is able and willing perfectly to purge his heart from all its evil tendencies and desires the moment the soul, longing for this perfect deliverance from sin, trusts Him for it all. We urge the people not to rest until God has thus cleansed the thoughts of their hearts by the inspiration of His Holy Spirit, so that they may perfectly love Him and worthily magnify His holy name. And we assure them that no matter how severely they may be tempted, how full of frailty and liable to error and to falling away they may be in themselves, God will preserve them blameless, and cause them everywhere to triumph as long as they fully trust and obey Him.

We teach that sin is sin, no matter who commits it, and that there cannot be sin without Divine displeasure, even if it be in His own children. And we teach that there is a real, constant, and perfect deliverance from sin provided by the Lord Jesus Christ, which all men are responsible either for accepting or rejecting.

We teach all saved men and women that they ought to lay down their very lives for the salvation of others: that being followers of Christ means sacrificing all our own interests and enjoyments and possessions—our lives in fact—to save a rebel world, and that whoever does not so bear the Cross has no right to expect the Crown.

Our training of converts is, of course, based on this theory. The moment any man, woman, or child, kneeling at the front row in one of our barracks, professes to have received the remission of sins through faith in Christ, we require them to stand up and tell the audience what the Lord has done for them. This, in itself, is a test of the genuineness of the work; seeing that this first testimony, as well as the public surrender to God, made by coming forward to the front, is witnessed by old companions in sin, members of a man's household, or workmates.

The professed convert's name and

address is registered, and where our plan of organization is perfectly worked he is at once placed under the care of a sergeant, whose duty it is to see that he comes up to all the services he is able to attend, or else to report him to the captain for visitation. The new convert is expected to put an "S" on each collar, or something of the kind, at once, and thus show his colors wherever he goes. It is of course explained to him at the penitent form, if he does not know it beforehand, that we require him to give up the use of intoxicating drink altogether, and he soon finds that we look upon tobacco and finery in dress as little less objectionable.

The converts are expected to take their place forthwith in every open-air meeting and procession, and on or near the platform in every meeting indoors, and to use every possible opportunity of service, in singing, speaking, prayer, door-keeping, selling of *The War Cry*, visiting—in short, *to become soldiers*. To all who so conduct themselves a soldier's pass or certificate is issued, renewable quarterly. Those who for three months conduct themselves in a satisfactory manner are to be passed from the general roll, on which all recruits are entered, on to the roll of efficient.

We have very little trouble in the way of discipline as ordinarily understood, for we compel all our soldiers to live under the blazing light of public service, and we find the barefaced hypocrite to be a very rare creature. No ordinary workingman or woman can maintain before workmates and neighbors for many hours such an open profession of religion as we demand, unless they really possess and enjoy it. On the contrary, one of our greatest difficulties is to find the fallen ones, who almost invariably avoid the very sight of an old comrade, even removing to a new home rather than encounter those who could remind them of their fall.

The wonderful newspaper accounts of persons, generally described as "captains," convicted of crime have all related, except in three cases of drunkenness, to people who were not connected with us at all, and the three cases referred to were those of reclaimed drunkards, who were never officers, but

who, after having for some time shown themselves faithful as privates, relapsed for a time into their former sin.

Of course there are many instances in which the work that seemed to be done proves either to have been unreal or transitory; but the proportion of these to the total of professed converts cannot be large, or the progress of the Army would suffer frequent and severe checks, instead of presenting in all directions such rapid and ceaseless growth. Having to organize mostly by means of uneducated persons, we have a slow and up-hill task in perfecting our local records and arrangements; but there is a constant improvement, and we hope soon to be able to account definitely and fully for every one who once comes beneath our influence.

Our plan of organization, moreover, makes every soldier in some degree an officer, charged with the responsibility of so many of his townfolk, and expected to carry on the war against the streets, street, or part of a street allotted to his care. Around every corps, in like manner, will be mapped a portion of the country, and every village will be placed under the care of a sergeant until a corps be established in it under commissioned officers.

The country is divided into some thirteen divisions, each under the command of a Major, whose duty is not only to direct and inspect the operations of all the corps already established; but to see to the extension of the war to new localities, to the calling out of new officers, and to the removal of either officers or soldiers, who have ceased to be fit for their position.

Each corps is under the command of a Captain, assisted by one or two Lieutenants, who are entirely employed in and supported by the Army, and whose duty is not only to do their best by conducting services outdoors and in, and by visitation of those already enlisted; but ceaselessly to plan and operate for the salvation of the whole population committed to their charge.

These captains and lieutenants are removed from one corps to another every six months or thereabouts, in order to avoid the danger of settlement into old ruts, or of a too strong attachment on the part of either the officer or

soldier to person or place, rather than to God and the war.

The system of government is absolutely military. Those who ridicule our use of military terms would cease to do so if they had any idea how really we are an army. We have thousands if not tens of thousands of soldiers who are ready at a word to leave all and go out to rescue the souls of others, and who glory in submitting to the leadership of the men or women placed over them for the sake of Christ and the world.

Some, of course, who have informed themselves of the facts, condemn this our absolute system of government as unscriptural and dangerous, if not worse than that. But we have tried other plans, and found them wanting. We began with the paternal system, but afterward experimented freely in a system of extreme democracy in government. For years we labored in the constitution of committees, large and small, after the models of the surrounding Churches. But we found in all this no advantage, and endless difficulty and trouble. We have always found the most godly and devoted workers the least disposed for debate or mere talk, and that the great result of consultations, committees, and the like, is obstruction, vainglory, and idleness. We find that real soldiers care little who leads, or how they march, so that there is victory, and that we get along best without the people who must needs discuss and vote about all they do. We have never enjoyed such unbroken peace and harmony everywhere as we have had since it has become thoroughly understood that the corps is under its Captain, the division under its Major, and the whole army under its General, with no hope for any one of successful agitation against superior authority.

The management of affairs has necessarily, with the growth of the Army, come to be divided, and the heads of departments at headquarters and the Majors in their several divisions have each to bear a large share of duties and responsibilities, in order that all the business may be speedily and carefully dealt with. It is also a very great object with us to avoid using our system of government so as to limit spiritual liberty or hamper with awkward restric-

tions any officer in the accomplishment of his great mission. To condemn, for instance, the devoted young man who, in his intense zeal for the good of others, issues a bill against which "people of taste" cry out instead of kindly helping him to do better, would be as ruinous and foolish as to shoot the young and spirited horse that has smashed your carriage against a gate-post.

The property of the Army is held for its exclusive use by the General for the time being, under the terms of a deed enrolled in Chancery on the 7th of August, 1875, and our solicitors, Messrs. Whittington, Son, & Barker, 3, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C., hold in their possession our deeds and a complete schedule of all property thus standing in the General's name.

The finances of the Army—We have always taught all who attended our services the duty and privilege of giving in support of the work, and the majority of our corps are now self-supporting.

Each corps has its treasurer and secretary, to whom, as well as to the Captain, everything connected with the local finances is well known. The officers receive no salary until all other local expenses, such as rent, gas, etc., are met. The books of the corps are examined from time to time by the Major and by officers from headquarters, who have, however, nothing further to do with the local finances. Each division has its fund for divisional extension, administered by a local treasurer and secretary under the direction of the Major.

The general funds of the Army, out of which the expenses of the staff, the salaries and expenses of the Majors, the first cost of opening new stations, the support and travelling expenses of cadets, and all the other multiplied costs of management, are met, is sustained by subscriptions and donations from persons of all religious denominations, amounting last year in all to only some £21,000, and is accounted for under the constant supervision and annual audit of Messrs. Beddow & Sons, chartered accountants, of 2, Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, E. C.

The General has never received a penny out of the funds of the Army toward his support, which has always

been provided for, in the good providence of God, otherwise.

The publications of the Army, including *The War Cry* and *The Little Soldier*, with a joint circulation of some 360,000 *weekly*, are not only a mighty power for the propagation of the Army's teaching, but will in time become a great source of income thereto.

The officers of the Army are drawn from the ranks. Those who prove the most valuable soldiers are recommended by their captains to headquarters, inspected and reported on by the Major, and if then able to answer, to the satisfaction of the General himself, a lengthy series of questions, they are invited to the Training Barracks at Clapton. Here a few weeks of East London work test their qualities and qualifications very severely, and meanwhile they are trained in conducting every branch of the service, carefully drilled, and taught the simplest way of conveying the great truths of the Bible to their people. The training given, however, does not purport to be so much scholastic as spiritual, the great necessity continually pressed upon every one's attention being that of holiness of heart and life. Those who prove to be unfit for an officer's post are unhesitatingly sent back to their place in the ranks. The care exercised in selecting cadets, however, is such that this necessity does not often arise. Very few persons are received as officers who do not give up homes or positions more comfortable from a worldly point of view than the one they come to, so that the Army is pretty well secured against the ravages of self-seeking persons.

After from six weeks to three months' stay the cadet is suddenly despatched as a lieutenant to some captain in the field. Neither captain nor lieutenant has often many shillings in his pocket when he lands in a strange town to commence his work. Constant dependence on God for all his needs is a lesson often learned amid very hard surroundings. But so rapid and complete is the success generally gained nowadays, that the officer's lot is not often one of great privation. Mob violence is becoming more and more unusual, as the Army is better known and understood by the authorities and the masses, and the officers

are able to give their whole strength with little drawback to the service.

Each officer is expected to conduct from 19 to 25 meetings weekly, extending over 30 to 35 hours; to spend 18 hours in visiting from house to house, and to spare no possible effort besides for the good of souls. The utmost amount of salary to be drawn by a single man captain is 21s. weekly, by a woman captain 15s., and by a married captain 27s., with 1s. per week per child, so that the Army is never likely to be troubled with drones.

The work of an ordinary Sunday commences with a prayer-meeting from 7 o'clock till 8. Then follow open-air meetings or marches from 10 to 11, from 2 to 3, and from 5.30 to 6.30, followed by indoor services from 11 to 12. 15, 3 to 4.30, and 6.30 to 10. Upon extraordinary occasions the programme is varied by a march at 6 A.M., a mass meeting in the open air from 10 to 12. 30, or a march after some of the indoor meetings.

The officer's position is, moreover, held simply, so to speak, by the sword, the unsuccessful man after sufficient trial being left without appointment. Moreover, as already pointed out, the officer who has for six months been winning the love of a corps and a town, is then removed, often at a very few days' notice, so that any little beginning of a selfish sentiment is checked, and the spirit of a united and single-eyed devotion maintained. An officer is, in short, expected to be an example of self-sacrifice for the salvation of the world.

What will it grow to? Who can guess? I cannot. Never, I hope, into a sect. We have taken and shall continue to take every precaution against this. Warned by the failure of John Wesley in maintaining his unsectarian position, we are striving to avoid what we think were his mistakes.

1. Instead of refusing to complete our organization, we strive to perfect it more and more, making it, however, step by step, more exacting on all who join, so as to exclude all but real soldiers, leaving to the Churches all who wish mere church life.

2. Instead of insisting upon attendance on any church, even for the Sacrament, we teach our people to spend all their

leisure time with the Army, to visit churches only as corps by invitation, so as to promote general godliness and harmony, and to avoid as the very poison of hell all controverted questions.

By these means we have certainly attained already a most friendly footing in relation to all the Churches in many localities, and we trust, in another year or two, to have not only gained the warm sympathy of all godly men, but to have spread far and wide a spirit of love and hearty co-operation that will do much to lessen the dividing walls of sectarianism.

At any rate, whoever may smile or frown, "The Salvation Army is marching along." We are not only extending the work in this country at the utmost possible speed, but propose, God willing, ere the year closes, to reinforce and expand our operations in France, America, and Australia, and to establish headquarters, at any rate, in New Zealand, India, Sweden, and Holland.

We are just commencing, too, the organization of separate corps for children in each town, with barracks and daily services of their own, which will, we have no doubt, give a very great impetus to the War. We hope that ere the end of the summer the appointment of sergeants to villages near our town corps will have greatly increased our numbers.

But, above all, we trust ever to increase in that entirety of devotion to the Lord Jesus, which, sweeping away, as it must, all consideration for ourselves and our own future, must needs insure to us the greatest favor from Him who is our strength and our all, and the widest, the most unbounded usefulness to a ruined world.

II.

THE LAST REVIVAL.

It is difficult for those who regard this world as a Burning House to be tolerant of the deliberation and composure wherewith the official Fire Brigade usually carry the escape to the threatened quarters, and the dulcet whispers whereby they seek to rouse the slumberers doomed to destruction. It is equally difficult for unbelievers in mundane or post-mundane conflagrations to recognize with becoming gratitude the efforts of a trampling, shouting

crew of volunteers rushing uncalled to the rescue of souls, battering at everybody's door, and screaming warnings and invitations to come forth and be "saved."

The man of the world and the religious man have always been so far apart that what was wisdom to one has been foolishness to the other; but hitherto there has been on the part of "Mr. Worldly Wiseman" a tacit admission that it *is* a City of Destruction in which both he and "Christian" dwell; and that the policy of finding a refuge was only a question of time which his fellow-citizen was injudiciously disposed to hasten before the inevitable death-bed, where conversion would be pressingly expedient. Nowadays, a much more radical difference divides the minds of men, and it is by no means only the worldly man or the sceptic who discards the Burning House theory of human life. The most profoundly pious persons in our time have, as a general rule, passed on to a conception of religion as something altogether different from a contrivance provided for the escape of souls from perdition; and in the higher view that Divine punishments must ever and always be Divine mercies, they have reached a standpoint whence Revivalist alarms and rescues seem scenes of the spiritual nursery, unfitted for the grown-up sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

It is a matter of certainty, however, that while the earlier and cruder idea of religion survives, cutbursts of zeal for "saving souls" in firebrand fashion will periodically take place. The wonder is, not that we should behold just now such a phenomenon as the Salvation Army, as that there should at all times be thousands of people who seriously believe that their neighbors are tumbling hourly into the Pit, and who nevertheless find it possible to enjoy all the little pleasures of life with unabated gusto, and never lift their finger to save their hapless friends from perdition. Revivalism is far more natural, more human, more logical—*given the supposed conditions which it assumes*—than buying and selling, ploughing and reaping, going to dinner parties, and attending sales of art furniture; and it must and ought to reappear for many a day among us,

till it pass into the finer form (even now often ensheathed in its coarse husk) of passionate aspiration after the higher life for ourselves and our fellow-men. That which alone is really mark-worthy about the Salvation Army is, that it embodies the old revival spirit in a form of unusual vigor and coherency, and that it out-Herods all its predecessors in the audacious familiarity of its treatment of sacred things. It has, I think, three principal elements of success, and one element of failure—of failure so disastrous as to threaten to neutralize every possible good which it has done or may do.

1. First among the elements of success is the organization of the "Army," which combines the inspiring military pattern with the rigid discipline and complete autocracy of the great monastic orders. "General" Booth's authority more nearly resembles, I believe, that of a General of the Jesuits or the Franciscans, than that of Sir Garnet Wolseley or Sir Evelyn Wood.

2. The adoption of the Temperance agitation by the Army has not only given it a practical aim and saved it from the mere hysterical excitement of ordinary Revivalists, but has commended it to the good-will, and in some cases to the warm support, of Churchmen who would have been the last to countenance a purely pseudo-spiritual revival. The teachings of the leaders of the Army and their practice are alike removed from mere subjective emotion. Mrs. Booth has repeatedly and indignantly abjured the doctrine that righteousness is no more than "filthy rags;" and it may be said justly of the Army that its Salvation is that of Works quite as much as of Faith. Teetotalism is at this moment the common ethical ground of all the sects, from that of General Booth to that of Cardinal Manning. The enthusiastic advocates of the system may be found everywhere, and eagerly support one another, casting for the moment all theological differences into the shade; a wholesome spectacle to be repeated hereafter through all the range of moral agitations. Those numerous gin-palaces alleged to have been shut up in Bristol through the agency of the Army and before the Blue Ribbon invasion, have afforded just the kind of

fruits which, when the practical British mind beholds, it ceases to cavil at the root. The renunciation of tobacco is another sacrifice demanded of the Army which, like all those asked of men, binds their hearts to the cause or person for whom they are made. As Carlyle remarked that Ramadan did more than any feast for Islamitic zeal, so the consciousness of effort and self-denial in the modern Temperance movement supplies fuel to enthusiasm such as no reward could afford. That it sometimes (and notably in the case of many Salvationists) goes further, and puffs up the Teetotaler with self-satisfaction and arrogance, was perhaps an inevitable consequence of such a practice of ascetic virtue. Every virtue, even the very small one of early rising has a tendency to nourish ostentation, but of all merits that of Teetotalism possesses greatest potency in this direction. Probably, as most people acquire it from a benevolent desire to set a good example to others rather than for their own moral exercise, they naturally feel that the utility of their self-denial would be lost unless everybody should be aware of it. In the less reticent classes, of which the rank and file of the Salvationist Army consists, the self-glorification of reformed drunkards is said to proceed so far that the fulfilment of his pledge seems sufficient *per se* to elevate the convert in his own eyes to the rank of a saint and martyr, and he reduces the whole Ten Commandments to the new one, "Thou shalt drink no alcohol." From the man who renounces beer, nothing further (he appears to think) ought to be expected in the way of virtuous effort; nay, God himself is somewhat in his debt for his splendid self-sacrifice.

It is needless to say that this kind of thing must be detestable in the eyes of the leaders of the movement, whose teaching (so far as I have heard it) is singularly comprehensive and sound on other moral questions. Teetotalism has accomplished wonders of reformation. We must not be surprised if it involve some evils and mistakes. *On a les défauts de ses qualités.*

3. To these two elements of success must be added the remarkable preaching powers of the woman who is, if I mistake

not, the soul of whatever is best in the movement—Mrs. Booth. Her real eloquence, with all its quaint and even grotesque forms of pronunciation and grammar, and amazing fabrication of words (such, for example, as “Jumbleization” occurring in a very solemn argument), is a powerful engine of persuasion; but she possesses more than mere rhetoric, however varied and vivifying. She has an immense store of sound sense and practical experience, combined with a genuinely high ideal of life and duty. After listening to her many times for hours together, I have found myself bringing away more fresh and sound ideas, and less “padding,” than from any series of discourses it has been my fate to hear for many a day.

4. But the despotic Organization, and the Temperance work of the Army, and the eloquence of its leaders—all legitimate elements of success—are none of them its most characteristic feature. The harp and viol may have a share in its music, but the sound of the drum overpowers all the other instruments in a distressing manner to the public ear. That Christianity could ever have been made “rowdy” would have seemed an impossible feat; but the Salvation Army has accomplished it; and the very grave question presses, whether by this deplorable dereliction it is not doing a mischief for which the immediate and ostentatious “conversion” of hundreds of drunkards and sinners would fail to compensate. I suppose no one will dispute that this rowdiness really prevails in the processions, hymns, services, and publications of the Salvation Army. There is no attempt on the part of the leaders to soften the fact that “Aggressive Religion” involves compelling the attention of the unconverted, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. Religion (such is their view) had been long tapping quietly at the door of men’s hearts, and it had not obtained admittance. But even Dr. Watts’s sluggard must not be allowed to turn round for a “little more slumber” when the Salvationists have put their hand on his knocker. Gentle means and excellent good taste on the part of the established clergy have failed. Strong measures must therefore be adopted, and decorum dispensed with

for the moment. Revolutions are not made with rose-water. Where eternal interests are at stake it is ridiculous to stand on punctilios. These principles have obvious application in a practical way. The first thing to be done is to make people attend the services of the Army. There would be no use in ringing bells, for bells have been ringing for ages to little purpose; so drums and fifes must be employed, and played about the streets. *The War Cry* must be read, and therefore made startling and attractive. Accordingly its articles are headed by such titles as “Jumbo and Jesus.” Old psalms and hymns, even of the Moody and Sankey collection, are not stirring enough; so new canticles are composed, such as one heard at the door of a church in Torquay where a detachment of the Army halted as the congregation issued after evening service:

“Elijah was a jolly old man,
And was carried up to heaven in a fiery van.”
The chorus being something in this wise:

“Let us every one be a jolly old man,
And be carried up to heaven in a fiery van.”

The chariot of Elijah turned into the van-omnibus of a school feast, and the most solemn character in the dim twilight of history described as a “jolly old man,” are touches which might seem to reach the climax of that which I have called Religious Rowdiness; but I regret to hear that some of the leaders of the Army have used much worse phrases because applied in higher connection. Speaking of the common reproach to the Army of being “always in a row,” the preacher said, “And what if we are? Is not God always in a row?”

It is painful, perhaps scarcely right, to quote such words, even for reprobation; but only by citing a few of them can a judgment be formed on the question which, as I have said, it deeply concerns us to answer whether the proceedings of the Salvation Army are on the whole to be approved or deplored.

It is but justice in estimating these (to my thinking) frightful expressions, to bear in mind that the temptation to say grotesque things in a sermon intended to attract the multitude, must be, to a quaint and original mind, almost insurmountable. The first odd and uncon-

ventional sentence produces a sensation which it thenceforth becomes the object of the preacher constantly to renew. The receipt for platform discourses in the Salvation Army obviously begins. "Catch your Hearers"—by fair rhetoric and grave argument if you can; but if they will not be caught by these, then by the most extravagant thing you can think of. Persuade, if possible; but startle, if you cannot persuade. Now the evil of this plan is that the palate for jokes, like the palate for pickles, requires every day more piquant condiments. The quaint illustration, the homely use of solemn words, the introduction of slang into theology—all the little "effects" which send a subdued chuckle round a hall—must be heightened and rendered more grotesque if the same result is to be obtained Sunday after Sunday. The preacher feels bound not to fall below the expectations of his audience or disappoint them by tameness and sustained gravity, and so the evil grows. Pulpit vies with pulpit, and procession outsings procession. The older and more regular preachers of the churches who had indulged in a mild way their originality, find their heretofore popular pulpit jokes pale before the pyrotechnics of the Salvationists, and are proportionately shocked and indignant; while the new Revivalist finds himself drawn by degrees probably far beyond the limits which his earlier feelings and calmer judgment would place on his levity.

To such of us as can recall the profoundly solemn spirit which characterized the old Evangelical type of piety, there is something more than painful, even abhorrent, in the irreverence which now confronts us. The awe-inspiring psalm of our youth is changed to a music-hall melody whistled about the streets; and the sublime image of Religion is dressed up as a merry-andrew. Muscular Christianity did much, not always wisely, but on the whole, well, to break up the gloom which had settled on Evangelical piety of the Cowper stamp, and to stop the tendency to twaddle and cant which its baser imitators exhibited. To the school of Arnold and Kingsley has followed that of the Ritualists, who, while instituting a superfluity of corporeal

demonstrations of reverence in worship, have yet, it is to be feared, done somewhat to distract, by "histrionic" services and the multiplicity of genuflections, the aim of worshippers from that inward prostration of spirit which Evangelicalism sought alone. But far beyond all these, at the furthest swing of the pendulum, we now behold parading our streets the Salvation Army, among whom scarcely a vestige of religious awe, or even of decorum in touching things revered by their neighbors, can be traced. The French divine who some years ago disgusted the English readers of his book on Prayer by insisting that God was *débonnaire*, has been left far behind, and the stillness of Heaven itself is broken to our ears by vile talk of "rows," "Hallelujah gallops," and "jolly" prophets ascending in "fiery vans." Nothing is left for awe or solemnity above or below.

Now the question is whether, in thus despoiling religion of reverence, these well-intentioned people are not destroying *the thing itself*—whether religion be anything but heathenism, when it has been despoiled of reverence? May not a man as well aspire to Valhalla as to a Heaven whither he expects to be conveyed in a pleasure-van? And may he not as properly worship Æolus or the god of Tumults as a God "always in a row?" The matter is one deserving gravest consideration.

We possess a score of definitions of religion. It may be, in its germ, as Schleiermacher held, merely a sense of Dependence (*Abhängigkeitsgefühl*); or, as defined by Schenkel, a "sense of Dependence ethically induced;" or, it may be, in its essence, as Mr. Matthew Arnold teaches, "Morality touched by emotion;" or, as the ingenious author of the new treatise on "Natural Religion" maintains, it may be essentially Admiration, "for worship," he says, "is habitual admiration;" albeit to become religion in the complete sense, he adds, that it must not only recognize the Unity in the Nature which is admired, but "make sufficiently prominent that which is highest in it—namely, the moral principle."* For myself, I

* "Natural Religion," p. 95.

would define it in none of these ways, but as the perfectly natural and actual reception of the influence of the Divine and Infinite Spirit, by the spirits of His children; an influence which, in its highest benediction to the faithful soul, becomes Divine Communion. But, whatever definition we may accept for religion, one thing is certain—namely, that the sentiment of reverence must pervade it, or else it is a mere paganism. The “sense of Dependence” must be that of the consciously weak and faulty child looking up to infinite Strength and Goodness above him. The “Emotion” wherewith morality is to be “touched” must be the emotion of adoring homage for the Impersonated Moral Law. The “Admiration” which alone is religious Worship is that which prostrates the soul before the Sun of Righteousness arising before the eye of the mind. The reception of the influence of the Divine Spirit which is Religion, is that which man gives when he bows his head and says, “Thou art to me all that I desire; make me to Thee what Thou desirest, O Thou the most merciful of the merciful.”

All forms of fetishism and polytheism, all the debased forms of Greek, Latin, and Teuton Christianity which have not saturated the souls of men with reverence, are not properly Religions, but mere Sorceries; systems for providing escape from the wrath of the offended invisible Powers. To be a true religion, no slavish adulation of mere power—no scrupulous performance of propitiatory rites—no intellectual and scientific recognition of theological verities—no æsthetic dilettantism in the beauty and sublimity of the Divine in Nature, will by any means suffice. But that which does suffice, and does constitute religion, is the feeling of reverence, beginning in awe and silence as the voice is heard in the desert: “Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;” and rising at last to the climax of adoration as the soul seems to learn the full meaning of the cry which the Seer of Patmos heard: ‘Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.’”

Thus to detract if ever so little from this sentiment of Reverence, and to lead men to think or speak or act with rever-

ence to Divine things with the familiarity which proverbially “breeds contempt,” is to strike at the very root of religion. It is not merely to impair and injure and take the bloom off it, but to kill its very life. There is no such thing as vulgar religion. If it be vulgar, it is not religion; if it be religion, it is above all vulgarity and familiarity.

The loss of reverence in much of our modern life, in the relation of children to parents (Nature’s normal school of the sentiment), in the relation of orders of society, and generally of the inferior to the superior, is an evil which has many causes. Speaking of it with deep regret and deprecation, the late John Stuart Mill said to me that he considered it an inevitable consequence of our very rapid progress, whereby the younger generation does really outstep the older, so that the son knows much more than his father; and for his part he hoped and believed that things would right themselves at a future time. This may be so, and it may be that the influx of democratic feeling—the “I-am-as-good-as-you-and-better” sentiment—which comes to us with every steamer from the Atlantic seaboard, and which may unhappily shortly rise up amongst us like a bad gas out of the Channel Tunnel from Paris—may be driven back by healthier breezes. But, as things are now passing, the part played by the Salvation Army in bringing all holiest things into the general Carnival of equality and jocosity, is by no means trifling or innocuous. City missionaries affirm that in every public-house in London, where heretofore whatever ill-talk went on, the subject of religion was tacitly left aside, the Salvation Army now forms the topic of interminable laughter and jests, amid which the most sacred names and the deepest human feelings and hopes come in for their share of ridicule. Of course, the publicans detest the Salvationists as preachers of Teetotalism, and rejoice when they can make them the butt of the rough wit of their customers; nor are they, perhaps, very anxious to suppress any of the numerous slanders which are current concerning their morals and other matters beside temperance. We must in justice to the Salvationists distrust everything brought against them

from the quarters of their natural enemies. Yet, when all is said, there is no doubt that the mischief done is deplorable when Prayer and Praise are parodied in the streets, and Repentance turned into the standing jest of a gin-palace.

III.

THE METHODS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

IN the "Orders and Regulations for the Salvation Army," published by General Booth, directions are given to "Commanding Officers" of the Army to use all endeavors to get "newspaper attention." "It is to the interest of the service to be in the columns of the newspapers as often as possible; no matter in what way."*

This direction from headquarters has been faithfully obeyed. The Salvation Army has succeeded beyond all precedent in bringing its existence and its work into public notoriety; and one of the main difficulties to be encountered by any one who now tries to write upon the subject, is the fact that almost all that can be said about it has been said already.

I cannot hope to furnish any new information, still less to offer any new advice; but as I have had favorable opportunities of studying the Army and its work, I venture, in accordance with invitation, to state what are the impressions I myself have been led to form as to its methods and their results. The important place which the Army has won for itself in the religious history of our time seems to justify or even to demand from all who are interested in the Church's work, an endeavor to understand as a simple matter of fact, what it is which has, humanly speaking, led to the Army's present "success," and how far its "triumph" is likely to be either beneficial or permanent.

My knowledge is derived from frequent attendance at its meetings of all sorts in various parts of London, from personal intercourse with several of its foremost men, and from a careful study of its publications, both permanent and ephemeral. I propose to put forward as simply as I can, and with no more

comment than is absolutely necessary, the conclusions to which I have been led, respecting—(1.) The causes of the Army's present "success;" and (2.) The inherent danger or weakness of its present system as a permanent power for good.

I crave attention to the fact that I am writing only about its methods of work, and am expressing no opinion upon the much deeper and, in some respects, more important subject of its precise doctrinal teaching.

First, then, as to its present extraordinary "success." To this, it appears to me that at least six distinct causes are contributing.

1. *The "success" itself.*—Nothing succeeds like success. In May, 1877, the Army had 29 corps, 31 "officers, wholly employed," 625 soldiers ready to speak when wanted, and an income of some £4200 per annum. It has now 331 corps, 760 officers wholly employed, and at least 15,000 trained soldiers ready to speak when wanted. It holds more than 6000 services every week, and its income, which is rapidly increasing, is now at the rate of at least £70,000 per annum. These bare facts, when properly handled, are of themselves an enormous engine for successful advance. Nothing better proves the sound judgment of the Army's leaders than the prominence given in the pages of *The War Cry* to the records of each week's victory and advance. It might at first sight seem that a "newspaper," the circulation of which is at present at the rate of more than 300,000 copies a week, would best advance the cause for which it exists by devoting itself to stirring appeals, or to reports of addresses by the General and his colleagues. But its editors have, I believe, shown a truer wisdom, so far as immediate results are concerned, in giving to such appeals only the second place, and putting in the fore-front the weekly chronicle of achievement and triumph. Take as an example, selected at random, *The War Cry* of July 6th. It contains in all twenty-one columns of print; of these it devotes fourteen columns to separate reports of the Army's successes during the previous week at 108 stations in England, eight in Scotland, and one in France. The remaining seven col-

* Page 70.

umns contain two "addresses," four hymns or songs, a letter from the "General," asking for funds, and a long array of Army "advertisements," including a detailed account of a week's sale of *The War Cry* and *The Little Soldier*.

This system aims successfully at two objects. By its record of successful work, it encourages the "soldiers in the field;" and by exciting the interest of outsiders in a movement so widespread and apparently so triumphant, it induces them out of sheer curiosity to go and hear for themselves. "Once get people into the hall," remarked one of the officers, "and leave the rest to God and me."

I say nothing at present as to the real value of this very evident "success." I am now measuring, and not weighing.

2. The second cause I would name as conducing to the Army's success, is its *employment of all its converts from the very first*. Every man, woman, or child accepted as a recruit is supposed to become from that moment a centre of evangelizing work. One who has entered the hall out of sheer curiosity, or perhaps to scoff, is brought, it may be, before long, to kneel with bowed head at the "penitents' form." Half an hour later he is bearing public testimony to the fact of his conversion, and that night or the next day sees him with a great "S" upon his collar selling *The War Cry* in the streets and public houses, among the companions of his former life. With all the obvious dangers which surround such a system, its primary result must evidently be the rapid multiplication of converts.

It is important, however, to notice that this multiplication of converts is not the sole object, perhaps not the chief object, in view. A man is sent to sell *The War Cry*, not only in order that *The War Cry* may be sold, but that the seller's own shyness may be broken through. "It is wonderful what an hour at a street corner will do to make a shy man brave for life."

3. I would specify next the Army's *recognition of the power of personal testimony*, especially when it is borne by those on a level, social and intellectual, with their hearers. I have seen people sit agape for half an hour listening to the same "testimony," repeated almost in

the same words, by man after man, woman after woman, when they would not have listened to it attentively for ten minutes had it been quoted second-hand by an educated teacher. The officers of the Army would, I think, place this agency, hitherto almost unknown in the Church of England, as the foremost of all means for gaining adherents to their work. And here again we must notice the reflex action of his testimony upon the speaker himself, as being perhaps the chief object kept in view by those who put him forward to "commit himself" for his own good. May I add once more, that I am only stating the fact, not advocating the practice?

4. I would ascribe its success, in the fourth place, to the habitual use by the Army of language which Mrs. Booth euphemistically calls "the tongue of the people," but to which others have been apt to apply much harsher epithets. As I must return to this subject in a future paragraph I will only say here that, whether it be harmful or healthy, the style of language used in announcing, conducting, and recording the meetings has indisputably been one chief attraction to the multitudes who frequent them.

5. Akin to this is what—for want of a better term—may be called the *ritualism* of the Army, including under that name the adoption of military titles and uniforms, the use of banners and brass bands, and the purposely obtrusive character of its placards and hand-bills, as to print, color, and the like, apart from the matter which these bills contain. The utility of such agencies for their immediate purpose has of late years been proved beyond dispute by others than the Salvationists, and to me at least it is hard to understand why, if it can be shown to attain the desired result, this *modus operandi* should of itself be so severely censured.

6. The last cause which I wish to specify as contributing to the Army's "triumph," is one which ought, perhaps, to have stood first. I allude to the character, ability and zeal of those who have inaugurated and now control this vast organization.

Whatever be their errors in doctrine or in practice, I can only say that, after

attending a large number of meetings of different kinds in various parts of London, I thank God from my heart that He has raised up to proclaim His message of Salvation the men and women who are now guiding the Army's work, and whose power of appealing to the hearts of their hearers is a gift from the Lord Himself. I am sorry for the Christian teacher, be he cleric or layman, who has listened to such addresses as those given by "General" Booth, Mrs Booth, and by some five or six at least of their "staff officers," and has not asked for help that he may speak his message with the like straightforward ability and earnest zeal.

I have tried to trace the causes which, humanly speaking, have led to the really great position now held by the Salvation Army as a spiritual agency in England. Other causes, no doubt, have contributed to the result, and not least, perhaps, the persecution which the Army underwent at first in many towns—a persecution, I trust, now happily at an end. I pass on now to notice some of the characteristics of the work, which, if uncorrected, must tend, as it seems to me, to impair its usefulness as a permanent agency for God's glory and man's good. Some of them may at present be mere symptoms of possible danger ahead. If so, the more reason they should now be considered and examined, both by the "Army" and by those who wish it well.

1. The point which naturally suggests itself first, though I do not think it is the most important, is the *Autocracy of the General in Command*. Few outsiders, probably, are aware how absolute is his rule. He is the sole trustee for all the buildings and property of the Army; he is empowered to nominate his successor in the trust; and he can by his mere fiat dismiss any officer in the service, or transplant him to another station or to new work. Perhaps the only parallel to be found in history for the position he occupies is that of the "General" of the Jesuits. And the parallel is so curious, in other respects than the name, that I venture to quote from Dr. Littledale's striking description of the Jesuit polity a few sentences which might be applied verbatim to the position of Mr. Booth:

"The Jesuit polity is almost a pure despotism. . . . The general is, indeed, elected by the congregation of the Society, but once appointed it is for life, and with powers lodged in his hands . . . which enormously exceed, as regards enactment and repeal of laws, as to restraint and dispensation, and both in kind and degree, those wielded by the heads of other communities. . . . He alone nominates to every office in the Society. . . . The admission and dismissal of every member depends on his absolute fiat, and by a simple provision of reports to him he holds in his hands the threads of the entire business of the Society in its most minute and distant ramifications."*

Now this may work very well so long as Mr. Booth is alive and able for all his duties, but the experience of history does not lead us to anticipate that it will of necessity work equally well when he is gone.

What Dr. Littledale says of the Jesuits' failure may prove equally true of the Salvation Army—

"Among the causes which have been at work to produce the universal failure of this great company in all its plans and efforts, first stands its lack of powerful intellects. . . . It takes great men to carry out great plans, and of great men the company has been markedly barren from almost the first. Apart from its mighty founder and his early colleague, Francis Xavier, there are absolutely none who stand in the very front rank."†

It is understood, if not yet definitely enacted, that "General" Booth is to be succeeded by his eldest son, already a prominent officer upon his father's staff. If the system of arbitrary generalship is—judging by the experience of history—a dangerous one for the common good, the danger in the case of a religious organization is certainly not diminished by introducing the notion of hereditary rule. Unless it be in some of the smaller and more benighted Eastern Churches, where the Patriarch is necessarily succeeded by his nephew, I doubt whether an analogous system can be found in any religious community in the world. It may possibly be said that the results should be left to God, who will guide and protect His own. But a like plea might of course be put forward for any honest system which could be devised, and the problem is not by any means thus easily disposed of.

* "Encyclopædia Britannica," 1881, vol. xiii. p. 646.

† *Ibid.* p. 651.

2. The next rock ahead which I seem to see in the Army's course is the lack, in its teachers and promoters, of an intelligent basis on which to ground the faith which they proclaim.

The man who is thoroughly in earnest has in the mere strength of his faith a huge power given him. But the multiplication throughout the land of so-called "officers," who are really to be teachers and expounders of the Word of God, and who yet do not even profess to have an intelligent understanding of the Bible as a whole, is—to say the least—a venture of no small magnitude. The parallel repeatedly drawn in this respect between the Army's officers and the Apostles of the Lord, takes for granted a good deal which we have no sort of right to take for granted, and leaves a good many plain facts out of sight. I am carefully avoiding, as I have said, the doctrinal side of the controversy about the Army and its work, but in estimating the effect it has had among the working-classes of our large towns one plain fact stares us in the face. The doctrines upon which the Army's officers lay most stress are the very doctrines which, when presented by uneducated men, in a natural blunt or exaggerated form, have already proved a stumbling-block to so many intelligent and earnest working-men. The Army does not, I believe, even profess to have won any victories against the forces of Secularism, while the *National Reformer* bears abundant testimony to the effect it has produced in the opposite direction, as offering a mark for sneers and gibes perhaps not always undeserved. It is one thing to utilize under the pressure of emergency every agency, be it man or thing, that comes to hand. It is another thing altogether to organize a permanent "Army," which, possessing an income of £70,000 a year, makes no provision whatever for answering the intelligent and reasonable questionings which in these days of universal education have arisen among the very class with which the Army sets itself to deal.

3. Thirdly. No body of Christians, I believe, has ever before striven thus to live their whole life in the full glare of day, with scarcely even a pause for the secret communing of each man

with his God. Prayer, confession, praise, are all public and unreserved. Great as is the power of the plain testimony of personal experience, when it is heard from a man's own lips by the companions of his former life, its indiscriminate use is fraught with the gravest peril. Even the timid girl must stand forward in her turn upon the open platform under the gaze of a godless crowd to tell forth in her loudest tones the inmost secrets of her new-found life with God. "Can they not see how fatal it may be to some natures thus to wear their hearts upon their sleeves? thus to drag the secrets of their spiritual life out of the gracious shadows wherein God leaves them?"* Neither in the books published by the Army, and intended, with the bare unexplained text of the Bible, to form the sole reading of the soldiers;† nor in the training-system of cadets at Clapton and elsewhere; nor in the general advice given at the Army's meetings, have I found any direction but the sparest and slenderest in favor of private prayer. Can anything be less like the example or the teaching of the Lord himself? Can anything be less like the example or the teaching of St. Paul? And yet Mrs. Booth protests against the imputation that the Army's plan is a new one. "People accuse us of new measures. Oh, no! theirs are the new ones; ours are as old as the Apostles! I will contend this with any bishop in the land (cries of 'Hallelujah!')."‡ There is here a distortion, as it seems to me, of the fundamental principle upon which the life of a Christian worker ought to move. Everything is made to act inward from the circumference to the centre, instead of radiating outward from the centre to the circumference. All care is devoted to developing that part of the life which is in touch with the world outside, in the hope that its activity will react upon the inner life of the man's own soul. A strange contrast this to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount: "*Thou, when thou prayest,*

* Canon Farrar's Sermon in Westminster Abbey. *Guardian*, No. 1909, p. 940.

† See "Doctrines and Discipline of the Salvation Army," p. 123.

‡ Official Report of Mrs. Booth's Lecture at Carlisle, Sept. 21, 1880, p. 16.

enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

"And well it is for us our God should feel

Alone our secret throbblings, so our prayer
May readier spring to Heaven, nor spend
its zeal

On cloud-born idols of this lower air."*

4. I come next to the gravest danger of all. I half shrink from dealing with it lest I should seem, by any words I use, to do ought to quench what I indeed believe to be a work of God, or to damp the holy enthusiasm of those who are veritably fighting His battles. I have, I think, seen no single criticism of the Army's work in which its *irreverence* has not been held up to condemnation or rebuke. And not always, as it seems to me, quite fairly. I have heard addresses given at crowded Army meetings, both in east and west, which it would have been easy, by the mere report of a short-hand writer, to represent as irreverent in the extreme. And yet, when spoken in plain old words by an earnest man to a rough audience, whom he had hushed into silence by his manner and his tone, there was no irreverence about them, but a solemn and heart-stirring appeal to his hearers' consciences in a way—perhaps the only way—that they would understand. So again with hymns. There is nothing of itself irreverent in the clash of cymbals or the roll of drums, whether out of doors or in. The wholesale criticism of the Army as "irreverent and even blasphemous in all its methods" (I quote words actually used) is as harmful as it is unjust, and not least because it diverts attention from the very real danger of irreverence which sometimes—and not seldom—does exist.

I will not quote again the particular advertisements or notices of meetings which have of late been commented upon with just severity by almost every speaker or writer on the subject. I will merely say that, as a matter of fact, I have, after bringing it repeatedly before them, heard no defence, or attempted defence, by any one of the Army's officers, of some of the language which is

well characterized by Canon Farrar as "grotesque and irreverent phraseology, calculated quite needlessly to disgust and to repel." I hope and believe that we shall see less and less of this. One can but deplore the indiscretion or mismanagement which permitted such placards to be issued at all.

Nor would I attempt to deny or palliate the irreverence I have myself occasionally seen and heard at Army meetings, both in London and elsewhere. Its frequency has, I think, been exaggerated, but the fact remains. When an excited and illiterate young man or woman is put forward to declare in the loudest tone "what Jesus has done for me and what He will do for you," there must be, here and there at least, the grossest irreverence. The risk, which is a grave one indeed, is inherent in the system pursued. And, again, in the excitement of a great meeting, when the rough audience has caught the enthusiasm of the speakers, and is joining vociferously in doggerel hymns or songs, to the noisy accompaniment of a great brass band, irreverence—gross irreverence in the view of every thoughtful Christian man—is, to say the very least, perilously imminent. I am not now trying to suggest how this danger can be averted—I believe it might at least be minimized—while the Army works upon its present lines. Whether it can be averted or not, it is at present a serious and disquieting fact. I pray that its gravity may be recognized by the leaders of the Army. I am inclined to fear it is not so recognized at present. In some directions, the danger will necessarily increase. The excuse for the present startling notices and placards, which I am not prepared to condemn wholesale, is that something novel was required in order to startle the people accustomed to disregard the usual advertisements of the kind. Now, "whereunto is this to grow?" In a few years at most, people will be as well used to the "Blood and Fire" placards of the Army, as they are now to the old-fashioned notices of church and chapel. Are we, then, to have something more startling, more "unconventional" still? The General has long ago put out directions as to the sort of placards which should be issued. I

*"Christian Year," 24th Sunday after Trinity.

subjoin in a foot-note one of his orders on the subject.* It is not difficult to see how the "inventions" suggested to the enthusiastic mind of some young officer, may lead to the kind of scandal to which so much attention has been called. In this matter, almost before all others, the possibilities for good or evil seem to lie within the reach of the leaders of the Army. I see no reason whatever why *The War Cry* should not retain what are now its attractions, and at the same time exclude the extravagances which even the most tolerant of its well-wishers have had such reason to deplore.

5. The last point to which I shall take exception in my criticism of the Army's method, is its mode of dealing with children. I think I can honestly say that I have met no one outside the ranks of the Army who has defended *The Little Soldier*, as at present edited. Column after column is filled every week with the letters of little children, who proclaim in print with an endless repetition, "I thank God I am saved, and on my happy way to glory," and not unfrequently add that their parents are not saved. Here are two extracts, taken almost at random from one page of this really offensive little newspaper :

"I am still trusting in Jesus. I mean to fight unto the end, and give all my days to Jesus. . . . My father and mother are not saved yet. I hope there will be room in *The Little Soldier* for my letter. . . . My auntie says she would like to write the little soldiers a letter. . . .—May, aged eight years."

"Thank God I am saved and on my way to Heaven. My two brothers, George and Teddy, are saved, and baby May. I am sorry that father and mother are not saved yet, but hope they will soon. Mother is very fond of reading novels to father in bed at night. Please pray for them to get saved, and please pray for me, as I have a naughty temper and vex my mother sometimes. . . .—Ada, aged ten years."

* "Make your bills and posters striking in what you say on them, and the method of the printing, the color of the paper or ink, the way they are stuck up, given away, and the like. They can be carried about on an umbrella, on a man's hat; round his person like a church-bell, with his head out at the top, and his feet at the bottom; on a monster box, pushed by a man or drawn by a donkey, or in ten thousand different forms. Invent for yourselves."—"The Doctrines and Discipline of the Salvation Army," p. 116.

It would have been to me inconceivable, had we not weekly evidence of the fact, that the men and women now at the head of the Army's really great work, should lend themselves to the circulation of such pernicious stuff among the children in our homes. I am tempted to agree with the remark of Mr. Kitto in a recent article upon the subject :

"The one gleam of comfort which came to me from the perusal of these conceited and priggish productions was the letter of 'Unhappy Sarah,' whose misery arose from the fact that her father would not let her go to the Army Meetings to get converted.'"¹²

I should like to add my voice, in all sober earnestness, to the protests already raised upon this subject, and, as a real sympathizer in the general aims and efforts of the Army, to pray that *The Little Soldier* be either edited in a different way or altogether discontinued.

With respect to Sunday-schools there has, I think, been some misunderstanding as to the Army's directions and aims. "General" Booth has been quoted as saying that he condemned all Sunday-schools, and would like to suppress them. I have his authority for saying that this is altogether a misapprehension. His theory, as I understand it, is that the present Sunday-school system has greatly failed in its operation, and ought—so far as the Army is concerned—to be superseded by another, which he is engaged with his colleagues in maturing. But he has no wish whatever to draw children from schools they are now attending, and he believes that it is only where parents, hitherto godless, have joined the Army and taken their children with them, that scholars have been alienated from existing schools. How far he is justified in this belief, I have no means of ascertaining.

I have now specified in order what seem to be the chief agencies, under God, of the Army's successful work, and what the principal dangers in its path. I wish it were possible in a few short sentences to arrive at a clear conclusion as to the net result. To me at least it is not possible. What is the actual value of the so-called "successes" of the Army? Has it really affected any

* "Churchman," July, 1882, p. 275.

tangible and permanent good, beyond attracting crowds to attend its services? Do its meetings, on the other hand, result in definite evil, which can be distinctly specified and traced? It is not difficult to return some answer to these questions, but it is very difficult indeed to generalize from the facts which are available. I shall best fulfil the object of this paper, which has been to dwell rather upon facts than theories, with reference to the methods of the Army, if I put forward a few such specimen statements as I have been able to procure, and let the conclusions follow themselves. Such a document as the following cannot lightly be ignored. It is an apparently unbiassed testimony to plain facts:

"NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, 1881.

"We, the undersigned, while by no means willing to identify ourselves with, or to defend, all the means and measures used by the Salvation Army in the prosecution of their efforts for the restoration of the worst portion of the population to habits of morality, temperance, and religion, nevertheless feel bound to state that we know they have succeeded in this town and neighborhood, not only in gathering together congregations of such as never previously attended religious services, but in effecting a marked and indisputable change in the lives of many of the worst characters. We are therefore strongly of opinion that their services ought not to be left to the mercy of riotous disturbers, but should have the fullest protection."

The document is signed by the Mayor and Sheriff, by four members of Parliament, and by twelve resident magistrates. Such evidence could easily be multiplied from various parts of England. I have myself seen confidential letters from the chief-constables of three large towns, bearing emphatic testimony to the reformation work affected by the Army. One at least of the chief officers of the Detective Force in London bears uncompromising evidence to the practical good done in the worst neighborhoods. The records of some of the Temperance Societies will furnish similar evidence. The most conclusive, indeed, of all replies to those who pooh-pooh the movement as "mere passing excitement," is the fact that the converts are required, from the very first, to renounce not only intoxicating drink, but tobacco also. One clergyman has told me that two whole streets in his

parish, which were once a "very den of thieves," have become quiet and comparatively respectable since the Salvation Army opened fire on them. These are stubborn facts.

On the other hand, it is no imaginary risk that attends the nightly gatherings of these large crowds. One of the most devoted and hard-working clergymen in London writes as follows:

"Few districts have been so little affected as ours—for we have the lowest of the low—but so far as my experience goes the evil done directly and indirectly more than counterbalances the good. Parents complain" of the bond of filial obedience being weakened, and "immorality has resulted from the meetings in which the young mingle and excitement runs high."

It is but fair to remember that the very object at which the Army aims is to collect crowds of the abandoned and the careless. Some of the evils referred to in the letter I have quoted may be merely the ordinary outcome of a series of such gatherings, and might have passed unnoticed had they followed from meetings which did not profess to be of a religious kind. The risk seems to me inseparable from any movement which attracts a multitude of the godless, whether it be for conversion or for amusement. It would be the height of folly on the part of a mother or a mistress to imagine that the holy object which the Army has in view secures its meetings from all such danger. It is right, however, in summarizing facts, to put forward the dark as well as the bright side. I ought to add that I have not myself, at any meeting I have attended, seen the slightest symptom of any such impropriety.

I have in this paper said nothing whatever about the Church's duty at the present juncture. I possess neither the right nor the ability to offer such advice. It will be given, I hope, before very long by those who possess both. Meantime, the manner in which this strange new movement has been met is an encouraging symptom of wider sympathies, and of an increasing readiness to learn.* The assertion so often

*"A well-known clergyman in Surrey writes as follows: "For more than eighteen

trumpeted by the Army's advocates, that the Church is doing nothing for "the masses," and that her agencies are "an acknowledged failure," has for the most part been wisely left unanswered. The provocation to a stinging retort must have been keen in many a parish where the steady, prayerful work, to which devoted men and women have for years been giving their lives, has long borne its increasing fruit. Least of all would it have been desirable to attempt such an answer here. My paper has dealt almost entirely with the external methods of the Army's work. It is a mere compendium of my own observations, and it obviously commits no one but myself. In abstaining carefully from doctrinal questions, I have pre-

cluded myself from reference even to so vital a point as the Army's position with respect to the Sacraments of Christ. That question, about which there seems still to be much uncertainty in the Army's councils, must be dealt with soon, and firmly, if the Church is to extend active sympathy to the Army as a whole. All that I have tried to do is to record and estimate what I have myself seen of the Army. I believe in its high aims. I believe in its great possibilities. I believe in the earnestness and power of the leaders at its head. I pray that God may give them, by His Spirit, a right judgment to direct its progress and to reform its faults.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE BAIRNS A' AT REST.

BY JAMES M. NEILSON.

THERE was din, as ye ne'er heard the like,
 'Mang our bairns the nicht roun' the fire-en' ;
 A' were busy as bees in a bike ;
 A' were blithe as the birds in the glen.
 What wi' castles and kirks built wi' stools,
 What wi' rhyming at spellings a' roun',
 What wi' playing at ball and at bools—*
 But there's peace now, they're a' cuddled doun.

Now, the bairns are asleep, and a calm
 Has fa'n roun' like a soft gloaming shade,
 And a kind Hand unseen sheds a balm
 O'er their wee limbs in weariness laid.
 On their fair chubby faces we see
 Sic an evenly sweetness o' rest,
 That ye'd doubt but they'd borrow'd a wee
 Frae the far-awa' realms o' the blest.

Like wee birds in a nest do they cow'r,
 By ilk other so cozy and kin';
 O, their bed's like a rose-bed in flow'r,
 And our glances o' love on it shine.

months we have been carrying on Salvation Army work, on Church of England lines, with much encouragement. I have at present ten captains under me, each of whom has five to ten men under him. The very lowest stratum is being reached. All our other efforts at Evangelizing have failed to gather in the *lowest* classes. But since we have adopted the present methods the worst characters have been brought within the sound of the Gospel, and most encouraging instances of real conversion to God have been the result. We work

the meetings separately: that is, the women on Mondays, and the men on Thursdays. On special occasions, such as Bank Holidays, the meetings are mixed, nearly the whole day being then devoted to out-door and in-door work. We follow out in the main the Salvation Army methods of dealing with the working-classes, such as processions, testimony meetings, and the penitent form. But we keep the meetings well under control, and check all extravagances."

* Marbles.

O, awa' wi' your glairy gowd crown,
 Frae the cunning cauld fingers o' Art !
 But, hurrah for the bairns that hae grown
 Like a living love-wreath roun' the heart !

Ha, let's wheesht.* As we warm in their praise,
 We micht waken some flaxen-hair'd loon ;
 See, already shot out frae the claes
 Just as lithe a wee limb's in the toon !
 Hap it o'er, hap it o'er. Bonnie bairn,
 Whaur awa' may that wee footie pace ?
 The richt gait o' the world's ill to learn,
 And fair Fortune is fickle to chase.

There are hid 'neath these lashes so long,
 The full cen that are stars o' the day ;
 There lies silent the nursery song,
 On these lips fresh as mornings in May ;
 And there beats in these bosoms a life
 More o' promise than spring-buds are giv'n,
 That must meet the world's favor or strife,
 And shall make them or mar them for heav'n

Will ye guard them, ye angels o' Peace,
 In this haven, in the curtains o' nicht ?
 Will ye guide them when dangers increase,
 Heaving out in their day-ocean fight ?
 For O, whaur, frae the bairnie so wee
 To the bairnie the biggest of a',
 Is the ane we'd first part wi', and see
 To a bed in the mools † taen awa' ?

Good Words.

THE HISTORY OF KISSING.

BY T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.

As an act expressive of endearment, kissing would appear to be the most natural. "'Tis certain," says Steele, "Nature was its author, and that it began with the first courtship." Although, however, the universal symbol of affection throughout the civilized world, yet, in days gone by, it was entirely unknown to many races, such as the aborigines of Australia, the New Zealanders, and the Tahitians. Sir John Lubbock, in his "Prehistoric Times" (1878, p. 440), speaking of the various ways by which the feelings are expressed in different countries, has shown that by the Esquimaux kissing was formerly unknown, and remarks that the Hill tribes of Chittagong do not

say "kiss me," but "smell me." Indeed, the circumstance that certain rude tribes have no knowledge of what may be regarded as one of the very earliest forms of primitive culture, may be considered as a proof of primeval barbarism. The fact, too, is all the more remarkable because from the earliest ages in the world's history—from its very infancy—the act of kissing has been handed down as the natural expression of affection. And so one would have imagined that the slightest intercourse of cultured races with uncivilized communities would, at once, have taught them almost intuitively to embrace so simple an exponent of feeling. Without, however, further discussing this subject, which is rather one for the student of anthropology, there can be

* Whisper.

† The Grave.

no doubt that the custom of kissing is of all acts the most universal, and in the present paper we propose to give a brief survey of the numerous rites and ceremonies with which in the course of history it has been prominently associated.

In the first place, then, as a mode of salutation, we may trace the custom of kissing to a very remote period, numerous instances occurring in the Sacred Writings. Thus we read how men saluted the sun, moon, and stars by kissing the hand, a superstition of which Job says he was never guilty—the same honor having been tendered to Baal. But, apart from such references as these, abundant evidence of the universality of this practice in past and modern times is to be found in the writings of most countries. The Greeks, we know, were in the habit of kissing the lips, hands, knees, or feet, in salutations, according as they considered the person worthy of more or less respect. In Homer we see Priam kissing the hands and embracing the knees of Achilles while he supplicates for the body of Hector. The custom also prevailed in ancient Rome, and Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature" referring to it, remarks how "the great respect paid to the tribunes, consuls, or dictators obliged individuals to live with them in a more distant and respectful manner; and instead of embracing them as they did formerly, they considered themselves as fortunate if allowed to kiss their hands. Under the emperors, kissing hands became an essential duty, even for the great themselves." The Carthaginians, as a mark of love and sign of friendship, were in the habit of kissing their right hands each together, and then would kiss one another. Indeed, under a variety of forms the act of kissing has entered largely in most countries into the ceremonies of salutation; and, at the present day, many of the kissing customs kept up, apart from their social usage, are interesting in so far as they have been handed down by our forefathers from the distant past.

Another important use to which kissing has been applied has been termed "the kiss of ceremony." Thus, in our courts of law and other places, the form of kissing the New Testament, as an

acknowledgment of the juror's faith therein, in support of the sacred nature to him of the vow he has just taken, is an old established usage in this country. Indeed, there is a popular notion that if "kissing the Book" in taking an oath can by any means be avoided, the false witness escapes the risk of incurring the charge of perjury. "It has occasionally been advanced," we are informed, "as a plea of legal non-liability in actions for false swearing, that the accused kissed his or her own right thumb which held the volume, and never touched it with the lips at all."

Then there is in this country the kissing the sovereign's hand at court, in connection with which may be related the following anecdote. In China, it appears, the person admitted to the presence of the celestial emperor prostrates himself nine times, each time beating his head against the ground. This act of ceremony is to be performed to the emperor's place, throne, or chair of state even though he himself should be absent. In the year 1816, when Lord Amherst went as ambassador to China, an imperial banquet was given to him and his suite; but when he was called to pay the usual mark of respect as though the emperor was present, he refused. When Napoleon at St. Helena heard of this, he said that "the English minister had acted wrongly in not ordering him to comply with the customs of the place he was sent to, otherwise they ought not to have sent him at all." He further added that "different nations have different customs. In England you kiss the king's hand at court. Such a thing in France would be looked upon a ridiculous, and the person who did so would be held up to public scorn; but still, the French ambassador who performed such an act in England would not be considered as having degraded himself. In England, some hundred years back, the king was served kneeling; the same ceremony now takes place in Spain. A man who goes into a country must comply with the ceremonies in use there. And it would have been no degradation whatever for Lord Amherst to have submitted to such ceremonies before the Emperor of China as are performed by the first mandarins of that empire."

In Théophile Gautier's "Constantinople of To-Day" there is an account of the ceremony of kissing the Sultan's toe, an honor which is reserved for the vizier, ministers, and certain privileged pachas. This act of homage is performed with the utmost solemnity, and is marked by every sign of respect worthy of so important an occasion.

Referring, in the next place, to the custom of kissing the Pope's toe, Matthew of Westminster thus explains its origin. Formerly it was usual to kiss the hand of his Holiness, but toward the close of the eighth century a certain woman, when making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but committed the terrible outrage of squeezing it. The Pope, seeing the danger to which he was thus exposed, cut off his hand, and by this means escaped the contamination to which he had been rendered liable. Since that time the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand; and lest any one should doubt the accuracy of this account, the historian argues that the hand, which had been cut off five or six hundred years before, still existed at Rome—a standing miracle, since it was preserved in its original state, free from corruption. When the ceremony of kissing the Pope's toe takes place, he wears on the occasion a slipper with a cross. We may note here that kissing the foot is a common Oriental sign of respect, and is said to have been introduced into the West by the later Roman emperors, whose court ceremonies were mixed with so many servile customs.

Among other ceremonious acts in which kissing holds the prominent place may be noticed that of kissing the hand—an act supposed to indicate extreme gratitude; this custom, too, is still kept up among the lower orders, who often show their sense of thankfulness to a benefactor by kissing his hand. Then there is the practice of kissing one's hand as a mark of courtesy, to which we find an allusion in Howell's "Familiar Letters" (1650)—"This letter comes to kisse your hands from fair Florence, a city so beautifull." In a less refined form this custom was termed "kissing the claws," to which Taylor refers:

These men can kisse their claws, with—Jack,
how is't?
And take and shake me kindly by the fist,
And put me off with dilatory cogges.

In former years the practice of saluting ladies with a kiss seems to have been very general, and many amusing anecdotes of this social custom are on record. It was, however, occasionally severely censured as being open to abuse. Thus, for instance, John Bunyan, in his "Grace Abounding," speaking of it, strongly condemns it. "The common salutation of women," he says, "I abhor; it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have made my objections against it; I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they made bawks?—why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favored go?" In spite, however, of the censure poured on this old fashion by even conscientious moralists of the time, there can be no doubt that it found favor in the eyes of most of the ladies of our own and other countries. It has been often remarked, with more or less truth, that there are few of the fair sex who are in their inmost heart indifferent to the admiration paid to them in daily life, and who would regard with disfavor a kiss politely offered to them from some gallant swain whom, it may be, they have captivated by their countless charms. History, we know, is daily repeating itself, and it is difficult to believe that human nature is different nowadays from what it was in years gone by, although the manners of society may have undergone certain changes. It is easy to criticise in unmeasured terms the social usages of our predecessors, but, after all, it must not be forgotten that in the present age the same customs are often as popular as ever; the only difference being that, instead of having public recognition, they find a tacit acceptance. Returning again to some of the famous instances of salutation by kissing, it may be remembered how Cavendish, in his "Biography of Cardinal Wolsey,"

dwells on this custom, when describing his visit at Mons. Crequi's Castle: "I being in a fair great dining chamber," he tells us, "where the table was covered for dinner, and there I attended my lady's coming; and after she came thither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of gentlewomen. And when she with her train came all out, she said to me, 'For as much,' quoth she, 'as ye be an Englishman whose custom it is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without offence, and although it be not so in this realm (France), yet will I be so bold to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' By means whereof I kissed my lady and all the maidens." Chaucer frequently alludes to this old custom, and our readers may recollect how in the "Sompnour's Tale" he notices the zeal with which the holy father performs this act of gallantry. When the mistress of the house enters the room, where he is busily engaged in "groping tenderly" her husband's conscience, we are told how—

He riseth up full curtisly
And her embraceth in his armes narrow,
And kisseth hir sweet, and chirketh as a sparrow
With his lipps.

Shakespeare, again, introduces it, as in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where to kiss the hostess is indirectly spoken of as a common courtesy of the day. In Lupton's "London," too (1632), an established attraction of a country inn, we are told, was a pretty hostess or her daughter to salute the guests, without which, it would appear, there was small chance of its becoming a popular resort for the customers of that period. Again, among some of the old customs, in which kissing held a prominent place, may be mentioned the ceremony of betrothing, where it served as a kind of seal. Thus, in "Twelfth Night" (act v. sc. 1) Shakespeare makes the priest say:

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your
rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact,
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony.

We may also compare the following

passage in "King John" (act ii. sc. 1), where King Philip says:

Young princes, close your hands.

Whereupon the Duke of Austria replies:

And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

A very early instance of this custom occurs in the "Life of St. Leobard," who flourished about the year 580 (written by Gregory of Tours), and who is related to have given to his affianced a ring, a kiss, and a pair of shoes. Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare" (1839, p. 69), quotes a curious anecdote from the "Miracles of the Virgin Mary," compiled in the twelfth century by a French monk. It appears that a young man, falling in love with an image of the Virgin, inadvertently placed on one of its fingers a ring which he had received from his mistress, accompanying the gift with the most tender language and mark of affection. A miracle instantly took place, and the ring remained unmovable. The young man, greatly alarmed for his rash conduct, at once consulted his friends, who advised him by all means to devote himself entirely to the service of the Madonna. Unable, however, to relinquish his love for his former mistress, he married her. But, alas! on the wedding-night, the newly betrothed lady appeared to him, and urged her claim with so many dreadful menaces that he felt himself compelled to abandon his bride, and that very night to retire privately to a hermitage, where he became a monk for the rest of his days.

Not only, too, did the kiss form a part of the old ceremony of affiancing, but it even constituted a portion of the marriage service itself, as appears from a rubric in one of the Salisbury missals. It may be remembered what an excellent use Shakespeare has made of this custom in the "Taming of the Shrew," where he relates how Petruchio (act iii. sc. 2)—

Took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous
smack,
That at the parting all the church did echo.

Again, in "King Richard II." (act v. sc. 1), where the Duke of Northumberland announces to the king that he is to be sent to Pomfret, and his wife to be

banished to France, the king pathetically exclaims :

Doubly divorced ! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkick the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.

Marston, too, in his " Insatiate Countess," says :

The kisse thou gav'st me in the church, here take.

At the present day there is a popular notion in some parts of the country that it is the privilege of the parson who ties the knot to be the first to kiss the bride on the conclusion of the ceremony. Mr. Henderson, in his " Folklore of the Northern Counties " (1879, p. 39), relates how a clergyman, a stranger in the neighborhood, after performing a marriage in a Yorkshire village, was surprised to see the party keep together as if expecting something. " What are you waiting for ? " he asked, at last. " Please, sir," was the bridegroom's answer, " ye've no kissed Molly." Not many years ago, we are told how a fair lady from the county of Durham, who was married in the South of England, so undoubtedly reckoned for the clerical salute, that, after waiting for it in vain, she boldly took the initiative and bestowed a kiss on the much-amazed South-country vicar. The practice, too, was in years past much kept up in Scotland, and is referred to in the following old song, in which the bridegroom, addressing the minister, says :

It's no very decent for you to be kissing,
It does not look weel in the black coat ava,
'Twould have set you far better tae hae gi'en
your blessing,

Than thus by such tricks to be breaking the law.

Dear Wattie, quo' Robin, it's just an old custom,

An' the thing that is common should ne'er be ill ta'en,

For where ye are wrong, if ye had na a wished him,

You should ha' been first. It's yoursel is to blame.

It has been suggested that this custom may be a relic of the *osculum pacis*, or the presentation of the Pax to the newly married pair. Mr. Henderson also informs us that some years ago it was cus-

tomary in Ireland for the clergyman to conclude the marriage ceremony with the words, " kiss your wife," and occasionally " the bridegroom was hard put to to prevent one or other of his companions from intercepting the salute designed for himself."

Again, in years gone by, a kiss was the recognized fee of a lady's partner, and as such is noticed by Shakespeare in " Henry VIII." (act i. sc. 4) :

I were unmannerly to take you out
And not kiss you.

In an old treatise, too, entitled the " Use and Abuse of Dancing and Minstrelsie," we read :

But some reply, what foole will daunce,
If that when daunce is doon,
He may not have at ladies lips
That which in daunce he woone.

The custom is still prevalent among country people in many parts of the kingdom. " When," says Brand (" Pop. Antiq.," ii. 140), " the fiddler thinks his young couple have had music enough, he makes his instrument squeak out the notes which all understand to say, ' Kiss her ! "' In the sixteenth century it appears that English balls were usually opened with a kissing dance entitled " A Brawl," to which Shakespeare refers in " Love's Labor's Lost " (act iii. sc. 1), where Moth asks :

Master, will you win your love with a French brawl ?

The performers, we are told, first united hands in a circle, and then, after the leading couple had placed themselves in the centre of the ring, the gentleman saluted all the ladies in turn, and his fair partner each gentleman ; the figure continuing until every pair had followed the example set them. The Puritans of the Elizabethan age strongly condemned this dance, and Stubbes exclaims, " What clipping, what culling, what kissing and bussing, and monching of one another !" In spite, however, of all opposition, a writer in the " Graphic and Historical Illustrator " (1834, p. 183) remarks that this kissing-dance " ran a career unparalleled in the history of salutation. It spread from land to land ; and everywhere, from the court to the cottage, was enthusiastically wel-

comed." Wraxall, also, relates in his "History of France," how the Duke of Montpensier, only a few days before he expired, was removed from his bed purposely to witness "one of these dances, which was performed in his own palace, by some of the young nobility." In modern days we may compare with this once fashionable dance that popular game known as "Kiss in the Ring," which is kept up with so much enthusiasm among the lower orders. Once more, to quote another scene of merriment in which kissing constitutes the chief attraction, we may mention that Christmas gambol known as "Kissing under the Mistletoe," for, in accordance with an old notion formerly prevalent, the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married in that year. This custom is said to have originated thus: Balder, the Apollo of Scandinavian mythology, was killed by a mistletoe arrow given to the blind Höder, by Loki, the God of Mischief. Balder was nevertheless restored to life, but henceforth the mistletoe was placed under the care of Friga, and was never again to be an instrument of evil till it touched the earth, the empire of Loki. On this account it is always suspended from ceilings, and so, whenever persons of opposite sexes pass under it, they give one another the kiss of peace and love, in the full assurance that this plant is no longer an instrument of mischief.

Lastly, of the many kissing terms employed at different times, there was one formerly in use termed "Kissing the hare's foot," applied to those who came so late that they lost their dinner or supper; the meaning probably being that those who came too late to partake of the hare had no better chance than to kiss the foot, and get nothing to eat. In Browne's "British Pastorals," we read:

'Tis supper-time with all, and we had need
Make haste away, unless we mean to speed

With those that kiss the hare's foot. Rhymes
are bred,
Some say, by going supperless to bed,
And those I love not.

"To kiss the post" meant to be shut out, and occurs in Pasquil's "Night Cap" (1612):

Men of all countries travel through the same
And, if they want money, may kisse the post.

Again, the "Lamourette's kiss," which is a term used for a reconciliation of policy without abatement of rancor, originated in the following circumstance: On July 7th, 1792, the Abbé Lamourette induced the different factions of the Legislative Assembly of France to lay aside their differences; so the deputies of the Royalists, Constitutionalists, Girondists, Jacobins, and Orientalists rushed into each other's arms, and the king was sent for to see "how these Christians loved one another"; but the reconciliation was hollow and unsound. Once more, the pansy, from its habit of coquettishly hanging its head and half hiding its face, has had many quaint names applied to it, such as "Kiss me behind the Garden Gate," "Jump up and kiss me," and "Kiss me ere I rise." Without adding further illustrations to show how numerous and varied are the associations which have in the course of years clustered round the act of kissing, we must not omit to mention the celebrated "kissing-comfits"—sugar-plums which were once extensively used by fashionable persons to make the breath sweet. Falstaff, it may be remembered, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (act. v. sc. 5), alludes to these, for, when embracing Mrs. Ford, he exclaims: "Let it thunder to the tune of green sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes;" and in Massinger's "Very Woman" (act i. sc. 1) they are probably referred to:

Faith, search our pockets, and if you find there
Comfits of ambergrease to help our kisses,
Conclude us faulty.

Belgravia Magazine.

LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The late shock of contending political factions has had its echoes even here. Our English colony is represented by several very enthusiastic supporters of Mr. Gladstone (staunch decriers of the Bulgarian atrocities), as well as by more moderate if more numerous partisans of the late ministry. Since the Liberal party has come to the front, many are the floating rumors launched with more or less appearance of truth in our midst. We are all in a flutter, expectant, *willing*, but not *daring*, to believe in a commission, or in a Minister, or in a fleet, or, in short, in a *Power*, that is to do something more than flatter our vain hopes, and then sink us and Turkey deeper into the mire! Oh, for an honest, straightforward, self-hopeful, masterful man among us — a man ignorant of stratagem, and innocent of embassies, but one who knows the puissant power of integrity, truth, economy, honor, time, and money! Oh, that such a one might hold despotic sway for a few short months, exercising clear judgment with inflexible will! Alas! no sooner does a financier, or strategist, or any paragon of excellence enter Turkey than his powers seem literally to melt or rust away. Sooner or later he becomes infected with the prevailing epidemic of “do nothing.”

The Turks must be admirable diplomatists. Not a European nation can be compared to them; they merely let the dangerous meddler knock his head against stone walls till he loses his wits. Thus they are quit of him, and immediately strengthen their position to be ready for the next assault.

Yet so sanguine is the human mind, we are already building on the graves of dead hopes. Everybody is saying, “Something must be done now, if not this month, then next; if not this year, next year; the debt will be unified, a new loan will be effected, fresh bonds will be issued; we shall get something, a half, two thirds of our due,” and so we invest the *shadowy Power* with more of absolute sovereignty than any crowned head in Europe.

May the shadows thus cast before be the forerunner of happier events for this sunny land and for her much-tried people.

But a truce to politics. At present our motto must be like Tennyson's lily, “I wait.” One is forced to learn patience among the Turks; and Romanists tell us it is “by this virtue we enter Paradise,” so that, according to them, however much we are tried, we are sure to be gainers in the end—a very comforting doctrine for this country.

I am glad you were interested in my last letter. So you want to know how the lower classes live in Turkey?

The lower orders proper live very much like their brethren in Christian countries. Both men and women work. The wife helps her lord and master in the daily toil, washes, cleans, and keeps the house in order; she has neither time nor opportunity for frivolous amusements, consequently she is more respected both by husband and children, and knows not the heart-sickness and weariness of the harem. But even here women do not eat with the men, and never stir outside their domicile unveiled.

There is no middle class among the Turks. There are the rich (or easy) and the poor. These two orders are constantly changing places. The rich man of to-day may be the poor one of to-morrow. You will know him by his shabby greasy coat and unbrushed shoes. He will make no effort to keep up an appearance. You may see him buy some simple fare and eat it in the street on his way to business or home. He has lost his place. He is poor. He is neglected. Meeting him thus you might suppose him a shoemender, or a low-class coffee-house keeper, yet he has only just missed being a pacha, and a few months more will probably reinstate him in the position he has lost.

The men and women of the country are naturally all on a par. There is no genius, no talent, no eminence of virtue among them (or if there be, it is banished as soon as it dares lift its head).

One man is as good as another. A fair address, a smattering of French, and "good luck," are all that are wanted to make a nobody First Minister; but the same fortune grown fickle may hurl him from his post, and he sinks lower than what we understand by the "poorest gentleman."

One fact baffles European would-be reformers. We are always meeting with surprises. There is nothing solid anywhere. There is no public spirit, no landed interest, no trade interest, no personal authority—nothing to grapple with. Everything slips through your fingers. The laws exist, but are not enforced. It is nobody's business to enforce them; property is yours to-day, mine to-morrow, and a week hence it may be Mahmoud's, or Safnet's, or Ahmed's.

The one thing permanent among us is the watchful jealousy of the various nationalities: It is the different consuls that keep order here, not the Turks; and were it not for this protection Europeans could not live in Turkey. The Turks are indifferent tradesmen. Nearly all the shops in Galata, and the whole of those in Pera, are kept by Europeans. The Greeks are the chief traders, though a smart business is done by the Levantines. The most fashionable shops are French, but there are a few first-rate English and American ones.

A large class of Turks hawk their wares in the street. They are for the most part fine stalwart, civil-spoken men. They shoulder enormous baskets containing cheeses, creams, fruits, vegetables and many other comestibles, and furnish more than half the alimentation of the city. The habits of these men are very simple; they live chiefly upon bread and fruit; but they also know the secret of the *pot au feu*, and often I have seen a knot of them after their day's work, grouped under a shed, or on a green spot of earth, mixing the "savory mess:"—you will perhaps be shocked to hear the pot contains vegetables (of onions a large share) stewed in oil! A somewhat strong tasted mutton called Karamani is the favorite food of the Turkish upper classes. Pilaff is also an every-day dish, wherein Europeans also delight. The chief fault of the

Turkish cooking is the enormous quantity of grease and fat consumed, and the excessive sweetness of many of the dishes.

To-day is the 5th of June, a never-to-be-forgotten anniversary! As I look round at the magnificent panorama stretched at my feet, note the dainty swallows skimming past, mark the hundred fishing boats lying becalmed on the placid water, the fleckless blue of the sky, the motionless leaves upon the trees, my thoughts leap to that tremendous visitation ten years past to-day, when Pera was enveloped in a sheet of flame and three parts of its inhabitants ere nightfall were left homeless and moneyless on its smoking ruins.

The fire commenced in a tumble-down wooden house at the Taxim (the southern extremity of Pera), on a hot Sunday at two o'clock in the day. An excessively strong north wind was blowing at the time, and this fact is supposed to account for the magnitude of the disaster. Many, many fires have devastated this city, but that of the 5th June 1870, in all its attendant circumstances and horrible details stands alone.

In four hours three parts of Pera were destroyed. The fire had swept more than a mile in length in one direction and had branched out right and left from the points of its commencement. It had also broken out at isolated spots, and the wind sweeping the destructive element along, the wretched inhabitants of certain quarters found themselves enveloped on all sides by walls of flames. It has been supposed that the explosion of gas (caused by exceeding heat) was the main cause of this strange feature of the fire.

No doubt the disgraceful conduct of the Toulumbadges (firemen), who encouraged the conflagration at first, that they might the more easily plunder the vacated houses, help to spread the evil fast and far.

It was Sunday, the hours of "siesta," and the Perates were so accustomed to the cry of the Toulumbadges, "*Taghen Var*," that they merely raised themselves from their pillows, glanced carelessly outside, and seeing nothing of smoke or flame, threw themselves, half-dressed, in fancied security on their divans. Even thus

were they found by the devouring element and were suffocated as they slept. This is known to be a painful fact, for the unscathed, half-dressed bodies of young and old, women and men, were more numerous than those actually charred by fire. One great cause of the fatal loss of life was the ignorance of the population. Fires there had been, many and terrible, but beyond the occasional sacrifice of a Toulumbadgi, accidents of this character were unknown. In ignorance of the danger they incurred, a mass of people stayed in stone houses, and closing their iron shutters, supposed themselves in security; the walls of their self-made prisons became red-hot, and the victims were literally roasted alive. Others again stayed behind to collect their treasures. Staring them in the face were death and ruin, but they heeded not their danger; the flames caught them as they stood, and they and their much loved riches perished together.

Many people took refuge in large and nearly empty cisterns, and underground cellars of their dwellings, hoping the deadly breath might pass over, and leave them living, but the heat was so intense that the very cisterns grew red-hot. These unfortunates were chiefly women. In one case all the members of an Armenian College perished thus. Their bodies were preserved intact; they also had died from suffocation, and had the appearance of having fallen into a profound sleep.

One most remarkable fact was the great number of Toulumbadges who fell victims to their own cupidity. They were found in groups of ten or more, with gold, jewels, and other valuables grasped in their hands, asphyxiated upon the thresholds of doors, or lying on the floors of gutted dwellings. About six o'clock in the evening despair was at its height. The Toulumbadges had long loyally labored to arrest the scourge. In vain! Pera seemed doomed. Energy was paralysed. The scene was indescribable and heartrending.

At this supreme moment, the late sultan, Abdul Aziz, appeared on horseback at the head of a small suite and a handful of ministers. He rode straight to the foremost flames, and, indicating

with a gesture the place at which he determined the fire should be stayed, he gave an order that the Toulumbadges should lose their heads if they did not master it at the exact spot. Fear triumphed where so many other potent inducements had failed. The almost superhuman efforts made by these half-savage and determined men prevailed. Habitations were hastily demolished, fresh supplies of water were thrown upon the flames, hundreds of new assistants lent their aid, and more than all, the Sultan did not quit his position till he had seen his orders executed and the hand of the Destroyer stopped. Then silent, and seemingly impassible, he rode back to the palace, while the trumpet brazened out its clanging note, the signal that the terrible conflagration was over.

The last place of importance burned was the English Embassy Palace, the handsome garden that surrounded it forming a natural barrier to the fire; The Italian Embassy (a smaller building) was saved by the determined efforts of the sailors of the Italian *stationnaire*. Our English Chaplain's house was burned, and everything he possessed destroyed.

Had the fire passed its actual limit, the last fourth of Pera and the whole of Galata would inevitably have been destroyed—for here the streets grow narrower and more densely inhabited, and uninterrupted lines of houses crowded together run straight down to Galata bridge. The Bosphorus alone could then have arrested the fatal progress of the flames.

Particular cases, as usual in similar accidents, attracted attention by their strangeness and utter contradiction to probabilities.

For instance, the fire first broke out within a few doors of Signor de A—— (a dearly valued friend of my husband). The family were able to pack up and send nearly all their effects to a friend's house a considerable way off. This house was burned early in the afternoon with everything in it; but the wooden tenement of de A—— was left standing through the fiercest of the fire; but when all further danger was over, it suddenly blazed up, and was the last building consumed in that quarter, the

fire having thus made a complete circle.

My husband's family lost everything they possessed—money, papers, jewels, clothes, valuable documents, and every garment that was not in use at the time. Monsieur P——'s cherished musical composition, and every note of his valuable opera were destroyed; sheets of scorched manuscript were picked up on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus and recognized by him as his own.

My husband himself (then a Benedict) had a narrow escape. He had rushed off early in the afternoon to the scene of the outbreak. He was engaged for some time in helping the family of de A—— pack up their valuables, and was then intrusted with the delicate task of conducting a feeble and much respected lady in a *chaise à porteur* to the friend's house mentioned above. F—— getting bewildered at the increasing confusion, at the fears of the lady and the spread of the fire, consigned her to the care of a third person, a friend of both families, and hurried to his own domicile.

He found neither house nor street standing. The whole was a mass of flames. Almost lost among the falling timbers, he was yet unconscious of the danger he ran of suffocation. Huge nails and hot lead showered down on all sides of him. The streets were deserted. Now and then he perceived a figure shouldering a box, and then throwing it away in despair.

Suddenly realizing a sense of his danger, F—— fairly ran through the stifling atmosphere and happily got clear of the fire, not knowing where any of his family might be found.

Such histories could be multiplied ad libitum: every friend had some strange story to relate; some were almost miraculously preserved.

One family of our acquaintance managed to save both their houses (wooden) and furniture, in the very centre of the conflagration. They soaked it through and through with water, the windows were guarded by frames, and buckets of water were continually being poured from the roof down the sides. There were plenty of young men in the family, and water was not wanting, so they managed to keep the foe at bay till

the torrent of heat had passed them by. But within a certain radius every stone house was destroyed. These would not absorb moisture, and once heated glowed like furnaces; it was ignorance of this danger that caused such frightful and unnecessary loss of life. Hundreds took refuge behind their stone walls, and were all buried in one common grave.

F—— and his brothers revisiting what was once their home, found nothing spared. The only object intact was a common wine-bottle, perfectly flattened and twisted out of shape, but without a flaw; it could still hold water, and was long kept by them as a souvenir of that fearful time. This will give you an idea of the intensity of the heat experienced. One more detail, and I will close this account of June 5th, 1870.

While the fire was at its height, a lady (whom I knew well) rushed out of her burning house with her two younger children, and after losing her way in her confusion, found herself in the centre of a dense multitude, all crowded into an Armenian church for safety. The pressure and heat within were terrible, the crowd of women were calling on their saints, and prostrating themselves at the various altars.

Suddenly the loud voice of the Armenian priest was heard above the confusion, exhorting, beseeching the terror-stricken multitude to quit their asylum. The fire had already reached the spot. A few moments more and the whole company would have perished by the same insidious death—suffocation.

Fortunately, the advancing flames becoming visible, and the heat growing unbearable, the herd of half-clothed, half-crazed men and women poured out of the several doors and so escaped in safety. Another minute and the church was enveloped in flames.

We heard, from good authority, that the number of lives lost amounted to about 8000, though the *chiffre* published by the papers at the time was 1500.

My husband that night, making a short round on the smoking ruins, saw men collecting what he thought to be bodies of dogs lying in the streets. Alas! he was soon undeceived—those blackened, shrunk, formless masses were human remains, and all that remained of thousands of his fellow-citizens.

That night saw his own family reunited and in safety, and you may judge that father, mother, and children hardly heeded the fact that they were ruined, for every member had escaped an awful danger, and there was rejoicing and thanksgiving over their reunion.

Notwithstanding the enormous sums sent by England and other countries to the relief of the sufferers, each individual obtained but the scantiest aid. Thousands were utterly destitute. Sir Philip Francis (our late lamented, dearly beloved English consul) gave relief in many cases from his private purse, for of course the need was pressing and immediate. Every non-sufferer gave contributions of clothing, or of cooking utensils. But Constantinople has never recovered that calamity.

From that time to the present, misfortune upon misfortune has followed suit, and the late war put the final seal to the long list of evils.

My pen has run on fast enough, and I must close. Little you thought when the telegraph flashed the news "Terrible fire at Constantinople," that I should one day write this description from the spot where it occurred.

To-day new houses stand on the old sites, the complete destruction paved the way for great and striking improvements; new-comers inhabit the old quarters. One building was lost in that terrible calamity which no one has had the courage to reinstate, and which our city needs sorely—a handsome and commodious theatre.—*Temple Bar.*

THE "LADY MAUD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE light seemed a long while coming, but at last the dawn stood upon the skylight glass. Miss Tuke was the first to notice it. She cried out, "the morning has broken, Mr. Walton," and pointed to the skylight.

I immediately clawed my way along to the steps, and ascended them, followed by Tripshore. I opened the starboard companion-door cautiously, and peered forth. The fog was all gone and the air clear, but the sky very cloudy. The light was but a glimmering gray as yet, but it broadened and sharpened quickly while I stood gazing, and then the whole wild picture of ruin and desolation was clear before me.

The yacht lay with her bows very high in the air, and her stern correspondingly deep, and hence it was that all the seas which struck her rolled their volumes over the quarter-deck, leaving the fore-castle comparatively free; that is to say, the falls of water there were much less frequent than they were aft, and a great deal less weighty and dangerous. A short distance away on the starboard beam trended a low line of dark shore, the full extent of which I could compass

with the eye. It was, indeed, as I immediately perceived, a low, flat island, with a little space of rising land down in the east quarter of it. Between the yacht and the near beach was a tract of white water, that boiled and leaped in pinnacles and spears, as you may see water play on shoals. It was like milk for whiteness, and was raging a long way both ahead and astern of the schooner, whose starboard bulwarks lay over into it, and it constantly washed in a heavy smother of froth over the rail in such a manner, that had the heel of the yacht been less sharp, the whole deck from the forehatch would have been under water. As it was, the flood stood as high as the bulwark rail, and extended as far inboard as the companion in which I stood; and in this lake of water, which was constantly being lashed into fury by the torrents pouring over the weather-side, lay four drowned men, one of whom was Purchase. The foremast was gone about ten feet above the deck, and the wreck of it lay over the side. Every movable article had been swept overboard. The boat we carried amidships was gone, and the boat that hung at the davits had been broken in halves by a blow from a sea.

This is but a cold description. But, my God ! with what agony of soul did I contemplate this dreadful scene of ruin, the drowned bodies, the horrible white water utterly cutting us off from the land, and, above all, the stormy look of the sky, that threatened a gale of wind !

Sir Mordaunt had left the women and crawled up the companion-steps, but being unable to see, owing to Tripshore and me blocking the companion, he asked me if I could perceive land, and what our position was. I was too affected to answer him, and motioned Tripshore to descend a few steps, so as to give the baronet room to see for himself. The moment Sir Mordaunt looked at the deck and the land he uttered a bitter cry and reeled backward, and had I not thrown my arm round his neck he would have fallen to the bottom of the steps. The sight of those drowned men, his wrecked and broken yacht, and the boiling water that cut us off from the shore, nearly drove him crazy.

But while I was supporting him, my eye lighted on the figure of a man standing on the beach, as close to the water as the heavy breakers would permit him. He flourished his hand and shouted to us, but though I could hear his voice very faintly, his words were absolutely indistinguishable.

"Look !" I cried. "If that island is not inhabited, then yonder must be one of our men. For God's sake Sir Mordaunt pluck up your heart and help me to think how to act. Tripshore, come on deck ! There's one of our crew ashore."

To make room for him I got upon deck, and squatted under the companion, to shelter myself from the flying water.

"It's Bill Burton, I believe or Tom Hunter—one or the other," exclaimed Tripshore. "Oh, Lord ! if we could only chuck him the end of a line, he'd be able to drag us ashore."

This, maybe, was the one hint I needed to set my mind struggling. The look of the sky was a clear intimation that there must presently come such a sea as would break up and scatter the schooner, as her boats were already scattered. I sprang to my feet, and, watching my chance, crawled to the weather bulwarks, and crept along on

my hands and knees until I came to the fore-castle, where, as I have said, the water was not flying heavily. This did not bring me closer to the man ashore, but I could stand erect here without great peril of being swept overboard, providing I held on tightly, and so could make him see me.

He saw me the moment I stood up, as I perceived by the manner in which he hallooed and flourished his arms. At the top of my voice I shouted to him, "Can you hear me ?"

The wind blew my voice to him, and he immediately made an affirmative gesture.

"If we can manage to send you the end of a line, look out for it, and make the end fast," I bawled.

He again raised his hand.

By this time Tripshore had joined me, and, looking toward the companion, I perceived Sir Mordaunt and his wife and Norie on the steps, watching us.

"Tripshore," I cried, "we must get a rope's end ashore somehow. How is it to be done ?"

We stood looking about us in a torture of perplexity.

"If we made a line fast to the half of that boat," I said, pointing to the broken boat at the davits, "would the wind drift it ashore, think you ?"

"Ay, sir, it might—it might ! Stop !" he shouted. "I have it ! Where's the dog ?"

"Yes !" I cried, the full significance of his meaning flashing upon me before the words had died on his lips. "If the beast be living he may save our lives !"

I ran my eyes eagerly over the decks, but the sea had torn up every fixture with the exception of the companion and skylights, and there was not a corner where the dog could have lain hid.

"Have you seen your dog ?" I cried to Sir Mordaunt ; but at that moment a heavy sea washed over the after-part of the deck, and some shrieks from the women told me that a quantity of water had filled the companion, driving down Sir Mordaunt and the others.

"If you'll look for the dog in the fo'ksle, I'll seek him in the cabin," exclaimed Tripshore. "Pray the Lord he's not overboard !" And as he said

this he dropped on his knees and crept along under the bulwarks.

The forecastle was open. I threw my legs over, and feeling the ladder with my feet, briskly descended. But the forecastle was half full of water, and it was up to my waist when my head was on a level with the upper deck. It was wonderful that the bulkhead that separated the forecastle from the after-part of the vessel stood the weight: had it given, the cabin would have been drowned at once. I knew that nothing could be alive here. I peered and peered, to see if there was any one in the upper bunks, but nothing was to be seen but the water and some soaked bedclothes hanging over the edges of the upper bunks. Whatever else was there lay at the bottom, under water and out of sight.

This choking and gurgling and dark forecastle so sickened my heart, that I stood holding on to the ladder, and looking with helpless horror like a man malignantly fascinated. But a sudden twitch of the vessel shocked me into my senses again, and I scrambled on deck, so persuaded that our end was at hand, that in the torment of my mind I could have flung myself overboard, so much crueller than death was this anguish of expecting it. I was scarcely on the fore-castle, however, when fresh life was given me by the sight of Tripshore approaching with the dog. He had the animal by the flesh of the neck, and came along like an animal himself, that is to say, on his knees and left hand. The water flew in sheets over him, but he escaped the terrible falls by keeping close under the bulwarks, and presently he was at my side with the dog, eagerly telling me that he had found him behind the arms-rack in the cabin.

I immediately pulled out my knife and cut away some of the thin running gear which lay across the deck: they were sheet and jibhalliards, long and light. I knotted them together until I calculated they made a length of over sixty fathoms. I hitched one end over the dog's neck, taking care that the animal should have plenty of freedom, and yet that the hitch should not slip over his head either. He was streaming with water, and seemed to understand our

peril. I patted and stroked and soothed him as best I could, pointing to the land, and bidding him swim to it, just as I would have talked to a man. The creature looked at me and whined. I patted him again, and then Tripshore helped me to raise him, and we carried him to the submerged side of the hull, walking up to our armpits in water, and there we flung him overboard into the whirl of froth. He sunk in the foam, and I believed that the weight of the wet rope had dragged him down; but presently his head came up a little distance away from the yacht. He turned and tried to regain the vessel. I shouted and pointed to the land, gesticulating furiously in that direction, as did Tripshore, both of us menacing him with our fists to drive him shoreward, and standing with the water nearly up to our throats, as I have said, but happily without danger from the toppling white seas to leeward, in consequence of the yacht's bows being hove high, and her hull sheltering the water just under her there.

For about a minute—to me an eternity—the dog swam round and round, and I was in the greatest terror lest the line, which I had given plenty of scope to, should foul his legs. He rose and sank upon the seas, swimming very well, and the foam blowing like drifts of snow over him. At last a sea lifted him high, with his eyes to the land, and from that moment he began steadily to make for it.

Seeing this, I told Tripshore to shout to the man on the beach to look out for the dog. The animal had a large head, and it was impossible for the man to miss seeing him. As the dog swam, I carefully threw fake after fake of line overboard, giving abundance of slack, that the animal might be as little hampered as possible. The set of the tide—which I knew to be rising by feeling the twitching of the vessel—carried the dog somewhat to the westward; but the strong wind blowing in a contrary direction greatly diminished the influence of the tide upon the brave brute, and with a transport of delight I beheld him slowly and surely approach the land, while the man on the beach encouraged him by smacking his knees and waving his arm.

In about ten minutes after having been thrown overboard, the dog was among the breakers. Had he been a man swimming for his life, this would have been the most desperate part of the undertaking. But I did not fear for the dog. I knew his great muscular power, and that his long, narrow body would not be greatly affected by the recoil of the breakers. And I was right; for presently I saw him flung up on top of a running sea, and as it broke upon the beach the dog sprang out of the foam and ran to the man, and lay down at his feet.

I now told Tripshore to look about him and select the stoutest rope he could find and bend it on to the line, and tell the man to haul it ashore. He guessed my scheme, as, indeed, any sailor would, and fell to work with great energy and smartness. While he cleared away the biggest rope he could come at, I crept along under the bulwarks, and, watching my opportunity, made a dash for the companion and swung myself into it before the sea could strike me.

The water was rising in the cabin fast, and in the lee side of it it lay like a lake. Sir Mordaunt and the others stood at the foot of the steps. I told them that the fore-castle was the safest place now, that very little water was coming over there, that the dog had reached the shore with the line, and that under God's providence I was sure we should be able to save our lives.

"But you must come along to the fore-castle at once," said I. "The tide is rising, and the wind is increasing, and you may feel the vessel stirring with every blow. Sir Mordaunt, I will take your wife and Carey. You will take your niece. Norie will bring Mrs. Stretton."

So saying, I took Lady Brookes' hand and helped her up the steps, calling to Carey to follow. I left them standing in the companion while I crawled up the deck to a belaying pin that was just abreast of the hatch, over which I hitched a rope, so that the end came to the companion. With this we should be able to drag ourselves up under the shelter of the bulwarks. How full of peril this job of getting up those decks to the bulwarks was I hardly know how to express; for it is impossible in words

to put before you the picture of those slippery inclined planks, and the incessant gushing and high leaping of solid bodies of green water over the after portion of the devoted hull, so that the foaming of the seas over the bulwarks as much resembled a river flooding a dam, and tumbling in a sheet of froth into a lower reach, as anything I can liken it to. Yet, owing to the acute inclination of the hull, the bulwarks so overhung the deck that the pouring water left a clear space immediately under them. To reach this clear space was now our business. I grasped Lady Brookes firmly around the waist, and seized the rope, but found I had not the strength to drag our united weight up by one hand. A sharp wrench of the vessel, accompanied by the grinding and cracking sounds of breaking timber, struck through me like a wound in the side. I shouted to Tripshore to come and help me, whereupon he dropped the rope that he was clearing away from the raffle, and crawled aft. I told him to station himself at the belaying pin and haul the women up as I made them fast. Indeed, there was no other way of managing that business. I passed the end of the rope round Lady Brookes' waist, and bidding her have no fear, launched her up the deck as far as my arms could thrust her, and Tripshore hauled her up alongside of him, and so got her under the bulwark.

In this fashion we placed the other women under that shelter, though a sea dashed Carey down and nearly drowned her as Tripshore was dragging her up; and then telling the baronet and Norie to imitate my behavior, I pulled myself up the deck, and with Tripshore's assistance got the women forward, where we were joined by Sir Mordaunt and the doctor.

It was now very evident, from the increasing oscillation of the yacht and the grinding of her bottom upon the reef, that the tide was making fast. There was great weight in the wind, too, and I knew that the seas would grow bigger with the flood. I told my companions to hold fast to the ringbolts and cleats, or whatever else their hands could come at, and squat low out of the way of the rushing and shooting waters, and then fell to work with Tripshore to clear

away the rope I wanted to stretch to the shore.

As well as my eye could measure the distance, the beach was about fifty fathoms away. All between was the broken, white water, in which no boat could have lived an instant, even had we had a boat to launch. Apparently the reef we had struck on was a shelf that would be dry in smooth water at low tide. The yacht had struck it bow on and run up it, then swung broadside round, leaving the forepart of her high.

The instant we had cleared away the rope, we bent the end of it on to the shore line, and signalled to the man to haul in. This he did, and when the end came to his hand I bawled to him to make it securely fast. There were some dwarf trees a short distance up the beach, and he carried the end of the rope to one of them and fastened it. Could I have seen any handspikes lying about, I should have carried our end of the rope to the forecastle capstan and got a strain upon it; but not being able to use the capstan, all of us men tailed on to the rope, and with our united weight tautened it considerably.

"Now, Tripshore," said I, "I shall rig up a sliding bowline-on-the-bite on this rope, but it'll want two hauling lines—one to drag the bowline ashore, and the other to drag it back again. Can you reach the land by that warp?"

He looked at it, and said, "Yes, sir."

"If you don't feel strong enough for the job, don't attempt it. I'll try. But if you have the strength, you'll be the likelier man." "I'll do it," he repeated, and pulled off his coat.

With feverish haste I cleared away another length of thin line and hitched the end round his waist; and in a moment he went over the bows, laid hold of the warp, and travelled along it hand over fist. It wanted a real sailor with a lion's heart in him to adventure such an exploit—a man used to hanging on by his eyelids, and with fingers like fish-hooks. The rope curved into a bight under his weight, and the white seas leaped and snapped at his feet, and sometimes buried him in foam as high as his waist. I watched him without a wink of the eye. Recalling my thoughts at that time, I may realize now the frightful intensity of my stare. I hardly seem-

ed to breathe. Quite mechanically I let the line slip overboard, as, foot by foot, he went along, making the warp jump with his jerks as one hand passed the other. One hundred yards seem but a short span; yet it made a fearfully long journey for that heroic man, and nothing but a brain of iron could have endured the sight of the furious, broken, tumbling water below. I say honestly, such was the condition of my nerves, that I do not doubt, had I been in Tripshore's place, I should have let go, through inability to stand the sight of the giddy, sickening spectacle of whirling, flashing, torrent-like play of foaming waters over which he was passing.

Foot by foot he went along the rope. When near the breakers he paused, and my heart seemed to stop beating. Half his body—nay, the whole, indeed—would be swept by those rushing and shattering acclivities, and this appeared to be in his mind, or perhaps he was taking breath for the dreadful encounter. He began to move again. Nine or ten times did his hands pass and repass each other, and then a tall breaker took him and swept him right along the warp. It passed, and he swung back like a pendulum, and again proceeded. But the recoil of the same sea hove him along the warp again, and again he swung heavily. I prayed aloud to God to give him strength. Thrice was he beaten in that manner, and each time left him swinging nearer the shore. The fourth time he let go, and vanished in the send of a breaker as it swelled in fury up the beach. The man who had been standing watching him darted toward the spot where he had disappeared, and plunged up to his middle in the water. Immediately after the form of Tripshore emerged, and both men ran up the beach.

Sir Mordaunt had watched this noble struggle as well as I, but Norie and the women sat crouched under the bulwarks, resembling bundles of clothes, never once uttering a sound. Indeed, Lady Brookes kept her eyes closed, and her arms hanging inertly down, and her white face made her look dead.

When I saw that Tripshore was safe, I seized a piece of stout rope and knotted it into the bowline that is used at

sea for slinging men. This done, I hitched it with a large eye upon the warp, so that it should slide easily, and attached the end of the line that Tripshore had carried ashore with him to it. I also bent on to it a similar line, the end of which was to be retained on board; and all this being accomplished with the mad headlong haste that a man will make who works for his life, I went to Lady Brookes and took her arm, and speaking of the bowline as a noose, that she might understand me, I told her to make haste and get into it, that Tripshore and the other man might pull her ashore.

She opened her eyes and got up, being, indeed, compelled to rise by the force I was obliged to exert; but when she saw what she was to do, she uttered a terrific shriek, and ran to her husband and clung to him.

I saw a dreadful difficulty here, and something to cruelly heighten the horrors of our position. But the yacht was beginning to bump heavily, and the seas which washed the after-part of her in floods were threatening to sweep the forecastle.

"If her life is to be saved, she *must* do it!" I shouted to Sir Mordaunt. "The vessel is breaking up. If there is any delay we must all perish. For God's sake, for all our sakes, steel your heart to her cries, and help me to get her into that sling."

Made desperate by the peril of delay, I grasped the poor woman as I said this, but though the baronet did his best to assist me, he seemed crushed, broken down, without strength; and never shall I forget his face as I dragged his shrieking wife into the bows of the yacht, nor my own shame and horror of soul at the violence I was forced to exert.

She was as strong as a man. She wrestled with me, she got her hand in my hair, and most assuredly she would have overpowered me, as I was scarce able to keep my footing on the deck, had not Norie come to my help. He grasped her hands from behind, another drag brought her close to the bowline, I slipped it under her arms, and then seizing her by the waist, I lifted her bodily over the bows of the yacht, and left her dangling upon the warp.

I was nearly spent with this dreadful

struggle, but yet found voice enough to shout to the men to haul in steadily and quickly. Indeed, there was no great danger. She had only to hold her mouth closed when she neared the breakers, and keep quiet, and let the men drag her. But it was impossible to give her any directions. Her screams were terrific. Hardly had the bowline been dragged a dozen feet, when she caught hold of the warp, and prevented the men from hauling her. I yelled to her to let go, but my cries were only answered by her piercing shrieks.

"What is to be done?" I exclaimed to Sir Mordaunt, as the yacht thumped heavily on the reef, followed by a loud crash and splintering of wood.

"See—she has let go! Her head has fallen on one side! Oh, great God! has the fright killed her?" he cried.

I roared to the men to drag her along quickly. The warp was slippery with the wet, and the bowline travelled like a cringle upon a greased line. Twice the breakers buried the poor creature, and then they got her ashore and threw off the bowline, which I hastily hauled aboard.

I now called to Miss Tuke, and she got up without a word, her face of a shocking whiteness, her lips so tightly compressed that they were no more than an ashen line, but with a fine gleam of resolution in her eyes.

"Have no fear," I exclaimed. "Keep your mouth shut. The wash of the breakers won't hurt you then."

I passed the bowline under her arms, helped her over the bows, gave the signal to the men, and she was dragged along the warp, mute as a statue. The landing of such heroines as this was no labor. They had her ashore in less than two minutes, and though she had passed through one heavy sea, yet the moment she touched the land she waved her hand to us, and then dropped on her knees beside the prostrate and motionless figure of her aunt.

Her fine example heartened Mrs. Stretton, who was ready for the bowline before I had dragged it aboard. She threw it over her head quickly, got over the bow without help, and was presently safe on the beach.

But when it came to Carey's turn the poor girl shrieked out, and shrunk back in an agony of terror. I had so great

a horror of forcing her, after my dreadful struggle with Lady Brookes, that I cried to Sir Mordaunt, "Let it be your turn, then. It will comfort your wife to have you. I will reason with Carey, and when you are gone she may follow quietly."

He knew as well as I that there was no time to be wasted, and I believe he, too, dreaded the spectacle of Carey's terror and the sound of her cries. I helped him over the bows, and while the men hauled him along, I seized the girl's hand and bade her mark how easy it was, how free from danger; and was thus speaking to her as tenderly and encouragingly as the state of mind I was then in would permit, when a great sea struck the yacht right amidships, and spreading like a gigantic fan, poured in a vast overwhelming deluge clean over the vessel. Nothing could have resisted that tremendous and crushing Niagara of a sea. In an instant I felt myself carried away by a force so astounding that temporarily it killed every instinct of life in me, and I don't remember that I made the least exertion to save myself, no, not by so much as extending my arms. But in the midst of the thunder of the enormous surge I could distinctly hear the rending and crushing of the yacht's hull, and knew by the sounds, as though I had seen the fabric demolished, that the schooner had gone to pieces.

When I rose to the surface of the water I found myself among a quantity of pieces of floating timber, one piece of which I seized. The waves were heights of creaming foam, and I seemed to rise and fall upon a surface of heaving, leaping, and wildly-blown snow. Being run up by a wave, I saw about a stone's throw distant the figure of Norie clasping a short spar, and quite close to me was Carey, clinging to a fragment of one of the yacht's ribs. I waited until the next sea hove me up, and then shouted to her to hold tight, and that I would endeavor to get to her; and seizing a lighter piece of wood than I had first grasped, I pointed my face toward her and struck out with my feet, exerting all my strength. The tide brought her my way, and meanwhile I was able to stem the current by help of the wind and by violently moving my legs. At

last a sea swung the piece of timber to which she clung close to me, on which I grasped her arm, and seeing that the fragment that sustained her would support us both, I let go my piece of wreck and grabbed with my left hand at hers. I cried in her ear, with the hope of keeping her poor heart up, that the land was close, and that there was no fear of her sinking if she kept a good hold. Had I been alone, I cannot flatter myself that I should have exhibited anything like the spirit that was animating me now. I might have held on with a dogged madness for life, but I dare say no more than my animal instincts would have operated. The need of this helpless woman surprisingly stimulated me. She created in me, I will say, a high and honest courage. I took her by the waist, and with a jerk planted her upon the piece of timber, so that the swell of her breast stayed her, and lifted her head well above the water. The whirl of the seas swayed us round and round; sometimes our faces looked towards the land, and sometimes toward the reef where the yacht had gone to pieces, and where the water was boiling with a frightful sound. Whenever we confronted the beach I struck out with my legs. My dread and fearful expectation was that the tide, as it gained in force, would run us out to sea, in which case there would be no hope for us; but after we had been tossing in the water for upward of a quarter of an hour, I saw from the height of a tall sea that we were steadily nearing the beach, upon which stood the people who had been saved, and I then perceived that the wind blowing with violence against the tide tended to drift us landward, while every sea that ran also helped us forward.

I could see nothing of Norie, and supposed he was drowned. The wind, as I had anticipated from the appearance of the sky, had risen into a gale, and the foam flew along the water like sheets of steam; and whenever the combers whirled us with our faces to the blast, we had like to have lost our sight as well as have been suffocated by the fury with which the pitiless spray poured against us. As minute after minute went by, the agony of that struggle grew greater and greater. I do not mean that I found my strength failing me, or that

my poor companion relaxed her death-like embrace of the piece of timber that floated us. It was the wild and dashing tossing of the sea; the hissing and deafening seething and crackling of spume in our ears; the rush of foam over our heads when the crest of a wave broke after we had been hove to its summit; the appalling feeling of bitterness and helplessness inspired by those mad white waters, and the insignificance of the strength we possessed to oppose them—it was these things that made that struggle the great agony it became.

But in consequence of our steady approach to the land, my spirits never utterly sank. Whenever it was in my power to do so, I called to my companion to keep up her courage, that our sufferings would soon be over, until at last we found ourselves among the breakers. I threw myself upon the woman's back, with my hands grasping the timber on either side her arms, so that my weight might keep her body pressed to the spar; and scarcely was I so planted when a roaring sea took us and ran us toward the beach at the rate of an express train. It completely buried us, and I felt myself flying round and round in it like a wheel, frenziedly grasping the timber and feeling the woman's body under me. Oh, the sickening, swooning, deathlike sensation of that rush! the thunder of the water in the ears! the choking, suffocating, bursting feeling in the head and breast! It hurled us upon the beach, and flung us there with such violence that I let go, unable to keep my fists clenched. I was seized by the hair, but in an instant wrenched away and torn back into the coiling arch of the next breaker, which rolled shatteringly over me with a sound as though the earth were splitting in halves; and then I suppose my senses left me, for I had no further memory of struggling in the water.

When I recovered I found myself on my back. My senses were active at once and I had no difficulty in recollecting what had befallen us. I sat upright, and pressing my hands to my eyes, so as to clear my sight, I looked about me.

Some twenty paces away was assembled a small group of persons. These people consisted of Miss Tuke and Mrs.

Stretton, both of whom crouched over the body of Carey, and were chafing her hands, supporting her head, and the like. Near them was Norie, wringing out his coat. I was amazed to see him alive. A little beyond sat Sir Mordaunt, with his face bowed down to his knees and buried in his hands, and his back turned upon a recumbent figure, the head of which was hidden by a man's jacket. The man whom we had noticed on the beach when the dawn broke, and whom I now recognized as one of the crew named Tom Hunter, was down near the breakers, shading his eyes, and intently gazing toward the sea.

This dismal group I took in at a glance, and was beginning to count them, to see how many we were in all, when Tripshore stepped round from behind me.

"I thought you wasn't drowned, sir," said he. "You didn't look like a drowned man. There was no good going on chafing of you. How do you feel yourself, sir?"

"I can't tell you yet, Tripshore," I answered. "Is the poor girl I came ashore with alive?"

"I don't know, sir. I've been looking at the ladies rubbing her. I think they'll pull her through."

"And Lady Brookes?" said I.

"Ah, she's dead, sir. She was dead afore Tom and I could haul her through the breakers."

I asked him to give me his hand, and then struggled on to my feet. My limbs were sound, and I suffered from no other inconvenience than a feeling of faintness and giddiness. No one noticed me until I was close to the group, and then Miss Tuke, seeing me, uttered a cry, started to her feet, and grasped my hand. Sir Mordaunt must have heard her, but he did not raise his head nor shift his posture.

"Thank God you are spared!" cried the girl, speaking wildly, like a delirious person.

"Are these all of us?" I said, motioning with my hand.

"These are all—and my aunt is dead! Oh, Mr. Walton, my aunt is dead!" she exclaimed.

I could make no reply. Mrs. Stretton put out her hand for mine. I gave it to her, and she pressed it. She could not

rise, because Carey's head lay on her lap, but the poor maid was alive, and followed me with her eyes, though she could not move for exhaustion.

I stepped over to Lady Brookes' body, and lifted the jacket. It was not necessary to look twice at her face to know that she was dead. Her features were very calm; death was in every line; her eyes were open, and the expression they gave the face was like a command to keep it covered.

As I replaced the jacket softly, Sir Mordaunt turned his head. His face was dreadfully hollow, his complexion ashen, he was without coat or hat, and the strong wind having dried his hair, was blowing it wildly upon his head. His clothes were streaming wet—as, for that matter, were mine and the others'. He gazed at me for a while like a man struggling with his mind. Then said he, "Walton, my wife is dead. I brought her from home to save her life, and my hope and my love have ended in that!" And he pointed to the body. Why am I spared? I vow to God I would willingly be dead." Thus he went on complaining and mourning until his voice died away, when he burst into tears, and turned his back upon his wife's body, and resumed his former attitude.

Bitter sad this blow was, indeed, to him and to all of us. I looked at the body, with a dreadful remorse in my heart. I felt as if I had killed her by that struggle on the yacht's fore-castle. But it would not do to sit lamenting our misfortunes and bewailing the dead. We were eight living men and women, castaways, and in one, at least, the instinct of life was a passion that seemed to have taken a violence from my salvation from the sea that lay boiling and roaring in front of me. Where had we been shipwrecked? What was this island? What shelter would it offer us? Was help to be obtained? These were the questions which swarmed into my head.

There was a small space of rising ground a short walk from where Sir Mordaunt and the others were, and I made my way to it, that I might be alone and able to reflect, and also because it was an eminence that would furnish me with some view of the island. My movements were very languid, and my bones ached sorely; but I was grate-

ful to find that my limbs were sound, which seemed an incredible thing when I reflected upon the terrible violence with which I had been dashed ashore.

I gained the top of the little hill, for I may as well call it so, though it was no more than a small rise in the land, about sixteen or twenty feet above the level of the island, and stood there leaning against the wind, that was now very nearly a whole gale. I first looked toward the sea. Where the reef was the water was blowing up in clouds of smoke, as though it was really boiling, as it only seemed to be. It was the most terrific picture of commotion I had beheld for many a long year. The great Atlantic seas, reared to a vast height by the fury of the wind, came rolling along with a wild kind of majesty out of the haze of spray which narrowed the horizon to within a league; the crests of them broke into wildernesses of shining froth as they ran; but whenever they smote the reef, that lay in a curve trending on my right to the westward, and coiling round into the north with the conformation of the beach, they were shattered into a perfect world of snow, which again was furiously agitated, and flashed in a magnificent tumultuous play, in pyramids and cones and such shapes, until near the shore, where the shoaling ground forced the giddy tumblers into some regularity of swing, and they swept in dazzling ivory-white volumes upon the beach, filling the air with a most indescribable and soul-subduing roaring noise. A curtain of slate-colored cloud was stretched across the heavens. I shaded my eyes and gazed fixedly at the boiling on the reef, but not a vestige of the yacht was to be seen. It was an awful thing to look upon that raging water, and not be able to see the merest relic of the brave, stout, beautiful fabric that had borne us so many hundreds of miles across the breast of the deep. My heart stopped still when I thought of our preservation, and of my own especially. I had not realized the desperate and breathless and thrilling wonder of it until I stood upon this little hill and looked down at that fearful sea. It made me raise my clasped hands and turn my face up to God. It was a speechless thanksgiving, for I made no prayer beyond what was

in my face that I turned up in adoration and with a heart full of tears.

I now put my back to the wind, to survey the island. How small it was you may guess when I tell you that even from the little vantage-ground I occupied I could view the sea nearly all around it. I believed at first it was the island of Little Magna, and in that faith searched and searched in the south-east for signs of the coast of the greater island of that name, but I could see nothing. I then began to think it was too small for little Magna, nor was it conceivable that we should have been wrecked so far to the south as that island. As I might judge, the island was not above two miles from east to west, and a little more than a mile from north to south. It was a coral island, what is called a "cay" in those parts, almost entirely flat, with a little bay in the south-east, formed by the curvature of a piece of land that resembled in shape the hind leg of a horse when lifted. Here and there were groups of dwarf trees, nothing tropical in their appearance. About a pistol shot from the base of the hill was a mass of stunted vegetation that ran to the right and entirely covered the limb of land. Indeed, this island was no more than a desert, inhospitable rock, scarcely more than a reef, without signs of any living creature upon it. Again and again I tried to penetrate the haze which the gale blew up out of the foaming sea, and which hung like a fog all around the horizon, in the hope of perceiving higher land, but in vain. As far as I could cast my eyes the ocean was a storming blank, and, for the solitude of it, this rock might have been in the middle of the Great Pacific.

What was to be done? Here we were, cast away upon an island, without a boat, without any visible means of escaping; surrounded by reefs, as was easily to be guessed from the appearance of the water, the very sight of which was like a death-warrant, since they were an assurance that no vessels would attempt the navigation of these waters, at least to approach this island near enough to see us. I battled hard with the feeling of consternation that seized me, but I could not subdue it. How were we to support life? How were the women to be shel-

tered? How were we to make our situation known?

I stood staring around me, with a deep despair in my heart; but this wore off after a little, and I then quitted the hill and walked with difficulty against the heavy wind to the beach, where Tripshore and Hunter stood looking at the sea. The crashing of the breakers and the bellowing of the gale made conversation impossible here, so I motioned to the men to accompany me to the group of trees to one of which the yacht's warp still remained attached, and here we found some shelter.

I sat down, feeling very weak and trembling, and then seeing Mrs. Stretton and Miss Tuke looking our way, I invited them by a gesture to this shelter. Mrs. Stretton helped Carey to rise, and I was heartily rejoiced to see the poor girl capable of walking. Miss Tuke put her arms round her uncle's neck, and spoke to him. He looked in our direction, and then at the body of his wife, as though he would not leave it; but on Norie speaking to him, he rose and came to us, helped along by Norie and his niece.

I did not know until afterward that my poor friend had been very nearly drowned when the yacht went to pieces. He was midway along the rope when the vessel broke up, and the warp dropping into the sea, he fell with it, and had to be dragged ashore through the breakers. As I looked at him, and noted his hollow face, and his hair wildly blowing, and his long beard scattering like smoke upon his shirt-front, and his knees feebly yielding to his weight as he slowly advanced, leaning forward to the gale, I thought of him as he stood to receive me at the "Lady Maud's" side in Southampton Water—how full of life and health he was then; how hopefully he looked forward to this summer cruise; how proudly he conducted me over his vessel, and I recalled his tenderness and anxiety for his wife. There *she* lay, cold and senseless as the coral strand upon which the breakers were roaring in thunder. Her time had come, and she was at rest. But her motionless figure, painfully hidden by the rough jacket which Hunter had taken off his back to lay over her, was a most dread-

ful object for us in our distracted and miserable condition to have full in our sight; and when I looked from it to the halting figure of the husband as he came along, I was moved to a degree I have no words to express.

They led him to where I was seated, and he sunk down upon the ground. The others drew near, some of them sat, some stood. I broke the silence by saying:

"There are eight of us living, and we must go to work now and think how we may prolong our lives, and ultimately save ourselves. I have been trying to discover other land near us, but the weather is too thick to see any distance. Tripshore—Tom Hunter—have you any notion what part of the Bahamas this is?"

They both answered no.

"Let the island be what it will," I continued, "we cannot be far from inhabited land. We may take hope from that," said I, addressing the women.

"We ought to look for water, sir," exclaimed Tripshore.

"Yes," cried Norie, eagerly. "I am thirsty to death. The salt water I swallowed has left me intolerably parched."

"Will you help Tripshore to seek for water?" I asked.

"Willingly—but where are we to look for it?" he replied, casting his eyes about.

"Everywhere," said Tripshore, bluntly.

"Try for a natural well, first," said I. "If that can't be found, there's a stretch of sand yonder. Dig into it with your hands, or with anything you can find knocking about, and you may come to fresh water."

"I have read that fresh water may be found sometimes by digging in the sand," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, in a feeble voice.

"Come, sir," said Tripshore to Norie; and the two men marched off.

They had scarcely left us when I caught sight of what looked like a stretch of canvas, resembling an immense mass of seaweed, coiling over with the hepd and fall of the breakers. It washed up the beach, but was swept back again, but I saw it would be stranded presently. It at once occurred to me that if we

could secure that canvas we should be able to rig up a very tolerable shelter; whereupon I called Hunter's attention to it, and told him to come with me and endeavor to drag the sail up the beach out of the breakers. He ran down to the beach before me, being much sounder and more active than I; and watching his chance as the canvas was swept up, and the forepart of it stranded, he plunged as high as his knees into the whirl of recoiling foam, and grasped the sail. By this time I had reached his side. We hauled together, and every breaker helping us, we managed to drag the sail out of the water. It proved to be the schooner's main-gaff-topsail. It had most of its gear attached to it, particularly a length of halliards. We waited while the water drained out of it, and then seizing it afresh we dragged it toward the trees.

Sir Mordaunt had gone back to the body of his wife, and sat crouched alongside of it, exposed to the strong wind. This made me see the necessity of burying the body as soon as possible. But first it was necessary to furnish the women with some kind of shelter. So having got the sail among the trees we fell to work, Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton lending a hand. Hunter had a clasp-knife in his pocket, and with this we cut away the gear, and divided it into lengths to serve as laniards. These laniards we hitched to the bolt-rope by making holes in the canvas, and then selecting a couple of trees for stanchions, we rigged up a kind of tent, the windward side only (as the wind then blew) being protected, for the sail was not big enough to furnish us with four walls as well as a roof.

Rude and imperfect as this contrivance was, however, yet no sooner were the women inside it than they felt the comfort of it. Had we been in dry clothes the wind might have seemed warm enough, but our garments being soaked to the skin gave the gale an edge of chilliness that kept the flesh shuddering. Hence this shelter from the wind was a very great comfort indeed. It took us but a short while to rig up the sail, nor could the wind demolish it, thanks to the trees, which broke the force of the gale, and supplied us with uprights as strong as rocks. When our

work was completed I went to Sir Mordaunt, and by exerting a gentle force obliged him to come with me. I led him into a corner of the tent, and made him sit upon the grass, that was coarse and thick, but stunted like the trees, as if the blowing of spray from the beach had checked its growth without killing it. I then whispered to Miss Tuke that we were going to remove the body of Lady Brookes, and begged her to stand in front of her uncle, under any pretence she could invent, so that he might not see what we were about.

"Are you going to bury her?" she exclaimed, with a look of mingled fright and grief.

"No, not before I consult Norie," I replied. "But we *must* remove the body out of the husband's sight. Pray conceal us, as I suggest, and talk to him. We shall not be long."

So saying, I quitted the tent, and motioning to Hunter, I told him to help me carry the body around the bend of the little hill, where it would be hidden, and where it might lie until we could manage to bury it. Approaching the body, we raised it reverently. The wet clothes made it a great weight, and, besides, she had been a fine, well-made woman, as I have told you. I took the arms, letting the head lie against my breast, and as we raised her I looked at the tent, and saw Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton both standing in front of Sir Mordaunt, and effectually concealing us. But after we had advanced a few paces, a violent gust of wind blew the jacket away and left the face exposed. Hunter had his back upon it, and was spared the sight, but I had it all the way, for I could not re-cover the face without laying the body down, which I would not do, lest Sir Mordaunt should catch sight of us, and follow.

We went round the base of the hill, and put the body down upon some grass at the margin of a stretch of deep and impervious bush, resembling the growths in Australia in respect of density, the greater portion of which was as high as my waist, though here and there it stood above my head. We laid the body down here, I say, and Hunter went back for the jacket, with which we covered the face, placing two stones upon the arms, to prevent the jacket from blowing away; and, this

done, I ascended the bit of a hill, to look for Norie and Tripshore.

I saw them, when I had mounted a few feet, about a quarter of a mile distant, coming our way very quickly, and skirting the shrubbery, that extended, with a very clean, well-defined edge, athwart the island, as far as the horse-limb curve of land, as though human hands had planted it.

I shouted to them, and Tripshore waved his hand, and when they were within hearing distance the man holloed out, "We have found water, sir!"

This was a joyful piece of news. It made my heart flutter, and filled me with as deep a transport as even the intelligence that help was coming could have done.

"They have found water!" I bawled to Hunter, who stood at some distance from me.

He cried back, "Thanks to the Lord for it, sir! We should all have been mad for a drink presently."

I then joined him, and while we stood waiting for the others, I asked him, having had no opportunity to do so before, how he had managed to save his life, and what had become of the other men. His story was very short and simple. When the yacht struck, all of the crew who were below rushed on deck. Pitch-dark as it was, a number of men groped their way to what I have already called the long-boat. They managed to get her over, but how he could not explain, beyond implying that they worked like fiends in their terror, and launched her, he believed, by sheer force of muscle. Nobody thought of anything but saving his life. The belief was that the yacht would clear the reef and founder in the deep water beyond. (Note.—They believed it was a reef because they could not see the least signs of land.) Hunter knew that some men were drowning in the water to leeward of the deck, by the bubbling cries which came out of the darkness that way, but it was impossible to help them. When the boat was over, they could see her plainly enough upon the foam, and the men jumped for her, some missing her, and vanishing alongside. Hunter jumped and reached her, but he could not tell me how many souls were in her: she was about half full, he thought. But scarcely had they

shoved clear of the vessel when a sea took and capsized the boat, and then what followed was just a dream to him. He, being a good swimmer, struck out, not knowing where he was going, for he could see nothing but the white water; but after battling, he knew not how long, he was caught by the breakers and flung ashore, where he lay motionless, and almost lifeless, for a spell. When the dawn came he found himself alone, and the yacht on her beam-ends on the reef, with the sea bursting in clouds over her after-deck. He saw me standing in the companion, and then Tripshore, but he did not believe there were any more people alive until he saw the rest of our party crowd into the bows. It was he, he said, who caught me by the hair when the breakers had flung me along; but he could not keep hold, and the water swept me back again. The next time he caught me by the arm, and held me until the breaker had spent itself, and then dragged me high and dry. Carey, he added, owed her life to Tripshore, who watched for her as he (Hunter) had watched for me, and managed to get her ashore the first time the sea threw her up. Hunter saved Norie in the same way, "and it was wonderful," said he, "how quiet the doctor" (for so Norie was called by the men) "took his bath. I lugged him out, and he was as fresh as a man swimming for to please himself. But Lady Brookes' gell was all but gone, sir. She were black in the face, and not a stir in her when Mr. Tripshore brought her out o' the wash yonder."

Norie and Tripshore now joined us. I at once inquired about the water.

"It's t'other side of the island, past them mangrove bushes," answered Tripshore, coming close to me, and pointing. "It's a made well, not a nat'ral one, an' it's in the sand. A couple o' casks, perhaps three, have been sunk, one atop of the other, and the one atop has been left standing as high as this," says he, holding his hand about two feet above the ground, "to prevent the sand from filling it up."

"Does it look a recent job?" I asked anxiously.

"There's no telling, sir," he replied. "I take it to be the work of one of the wrecking vessels which used to knock about among these islands."

"If that be so, then there are vessels which touch here," I exclaimed, with a swell of hope and elation in my heart. "Is the water good?" *

"It's rain-water," answered Norie; "but good enough. It has quenched my thirst, which was just maddening."

"How did you get at it," I asked.

"I dipped with my shoe," he answered, for he had on a pair of low shoes. Then grasping my arm, he pointed to the grass alongside the bushes, and exclaimed, "What is that? Is that Lady Brookes' body?"

I told him it was, and explained my reason for bringing it to that place. He went to it, and lifted up the jacket, and took a long look at the face, and then coming back, he said, "It will be best to bury her at once, Walton. It shocks me to think of her lying so."

"I was only waiting for you to see her," said I. "But how can we bury her?" and turning to Hunter, I said, "Could you scoop up a grave for that body in the sand, with your hands?"

He answered yes; it would be no trouble, he thought.

Upon this I asked Norie to help him carry the body round to the east side of the hill, where there was a stretch of sand, and where they could inter the corpse without being seen by Sir Mordaunt and the women. Norie answered that he would take care the body was properly buried; and after waiting until they had carried it to the spot I had indicated, I called to Tripshore, whom I required to pilot us to the well, and returned to the little tent.

As I walked, I glanced my eye along the beach, and noticed that several portions of wreckage were already thrown up; and numerous black fragments were to be seen amid the white swirl, vanishing and reappearing amid the roaring folds of the breakers and the further surges. But my thirst was too troublesome to suffer me to examine and secure the articles which the sea had washed ashore.

*I have since ascertained that it was the practice of the small wrecking vessels which resorted to these islands to sink casks in the sand in order to obtain water. These casks were to be found in North Cat Cay, Sandy Cay, and many other islets on and in the neighborhood of the peak Bahama Bank.

I entered the little tent briskly, and said, in as cheerful a voice as I could command, that a well of fresh water had been found, and I asked them to walk with me across the island to drink. Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton, who were seated near Sir Mordaunt, instantly got up, and Carey made an effort to rise. I told Tripshore to support her, and then extended my hand to the baronet, who reared himself with great difficulty and labor.

"Thank Heaven that water has been found," said he, in a voice so unlike his familiar tone, that had I not seen his lips move, I should not have believed it his. "God has not wholly forsaken us."

"Lean upon me," said I. "The distance is not great. We may think it advisable by and by to shift our quarters to the other side of the island. But first let us see what those breakers will give us of the wreck."

Mrs. Stretton and Miss Tuke walked first, followed by Carey, supported by Tripshore. The mastiff followed in our wake. It was hard for Carey to have to walk to the well, but we had no vessel in which to bring water to her. When Sir Mordaunt, leaning on my arm, stepped forth from the trees, he looked and looked, and then stopped, and gripping me tightly, said in a kind of gasp, "Where is Agnes? Where is the body? What have you done with it, Walton?"

"Oh, my dear friend," I answered, wrung to the very soul by the misery in his voice, "in the name of God, believe that what we do, we do for your sake."

He sobbed convulsively, with dry eyes, and then muttering, "God's will be done! God's will be done!" which he repeated several times, he said no more, and we slowly followed the others.

To take his mind away from his grief, and to give him some hope too, I spoke about the well that Norie and Tripshore had discovered; how its existence proved that the island had been visited; and how, therefore, we need not despair of suffering a long captivity in this desolate spot of land. He did not, however, seem to heed me, but walked with his eyes fixed on the ground, and very often he weighed so heavily on my arm that I had some ado to bear up under him.

It still blew a heavy gale of wind, and

the sea was shrouded with the haze of the flying spray. Away to the west of the island, the sea was running in enormous surges, and the roaring of the surf upon the beach on that side of the island was like a continuous roll of thunder, and the wind was full of a fine salt rain. The sky was one great cloud. I cannot express how desolate this shadow made the whole scene of snow-white storming ocean, and this little flat island, with its chilling and stunted herbage, and its groups of dwarf trees here and there, leaning all of them somewhat to the south-east, as though inclined by some strong prevailing wind. One gleam of sunshine, one flash of the glorious tropical luminary, would have cheered our hearts; but it was our fate that the terrible disaster that had overtaken us should be attended with many circumstances of horror. The very heavens scowled upon us, and the air howled with the maledictions of the pitiless gale.

The spot where the well was sunk was within a mile of the tent. The land, as I have said, was nearly entirely flat, and the greater portion of it, beyond the coral sand, covered with grass, which was rank and long only among the bushes and under the trees. Walking was very easy. Here and there the ground was encumbered with knobs or projections of porous rock, as though the soil that covered the island was not everywhere deep enough to conceal its structure. As we advanced, a frigate pelican soared into the air, and struggled a minute or so with the gale, then dropped, and disappeared behind the bushes on the right. This was the only living thing I had yet seen on the island.

Tripshore led us straight to the well, which I found sunk in the sand about a hundred paces above high-water mark. It was constructed just as he had described. First, the sand had been dug out until fresh water was reached; then a cask with the ends knocked out had been sunk in the hole, and another cask placed on this, so as to raise a kind of coamings above the sand, to prevent the well from filling.

I bent my head over, and saw the water within reach of my arm, looking black, and my face reflected in it. We all stood around, and I said, "What shall we use for a dipper?"

Tripshore answered, "Mr. Norie used his shoe, sir."

"None of us wear shoes," said I casting my eyes about, "so we shall have to use a boot." And I was going to remove one of mine, when Mrs. Stretton whipped off hers and handed it to me. We were too thirsty for ceremony, so I took the boot, filled it with water, and gave it to Miss Tuke, saying that it was not the first time in history that a woman's shoe had served for a drinking-cup. She passed it to Carey, who drank greedily. I filled the boot again and again, until we had all appeased our thirst. It was the salt water that had parched us, and Sir Mordaunt and Carey drank as if they could not quench their thirst.

Our situation came home to me with dreadful force while I stood watching them drink. Even had we all been men, the contrast of our lot now, greedily swallowing rain-water from a boot, standing—with white faces and wet clothes, some of us half dressed and with uncovered heads—round that sunk cask, miserable shipwrecked people, imprisoned by a raging sea, with no prospect of relief before us that the most hopeful mind could imagine; I say, even had we all been men, the contrast of our lot now with what it was aboard the "Lady Maud," that luxurious floating home, with its hundred elegances and comforts, would have made a bitter thought. But that contrast was tenfold heightened by the presence of the women, and especially by Miss Tuke. If I was not in love with her, I will not say I was far off from loving her; and so soft was my heart for her, that I could not look at her sweet face without a degree of tenderness and grief that almost shames me to recall when I remember how much sympathy I had for her in comparison with what I had for the others, whose distress and sufferings were surely as great. Both she and Mrs. Stretton were fully dressed, having had time to clothe themselves while waiting for daylight in the "Lady Maud's" cabin. Carey was the worst off, having lost her hat and shawl in the water, and her dress being torn by the sea, as a squall splits a sail.

It worried me so much to see my poor friend without a coat that I pulled off mine and begged him to wear it. He

tried to get it on, but he was so much taller than I, and his shoulders proportionately broad, that it would not fit him. I wondered that he should have left the yacht, half dressed, in that way, but I afterward remembered that he had thrown off his coat before being hauled ashore.

All having drank, I held the boot full of water to the dog, who lapped it furiously, and when the noble animal had had enough, I dried the boot somewhat by swinging it to and fro. But it was no better than a piece of brown paper; so I sat down and pulled off my own boots, gave one of them to Mrs. Stretton to slip on, and thrusting the other into my pocket, offered Sir Mordaunt my arm, saying that the grass was as soft as a carpet, and that my socks would dry the quicker for being uncovered.

These are but trivial things to relate, but it is such things as these which make up the story of shipwreck. I never hear now of a yachting party sailing away on an ocean cruise, but that I wonder if they imagine what shipwreck means, what being cast away, stripped of every luxury they have been used to, forced to confront the naked heavens without a shelter to protect them from the roasting sun or the blinding rain or the furious gale, signify? Death is not the worst part of the horrors of such an experience. You hear of protracted anguish ending in madness; you hear of starvation terminating in cannibalism; you hear of hardships and physical suffering converting the comeliest man into such an object of horror, that those whom God sends to succor him at last recoil with affright from the monstrous and unnatural appearance. To be shipwrecked is a terrible thing indeed; how terrible, no man can tell save he who has suffered it.

On our return we met Hunter going to the well for a drink. He asked me the road. I pointed to the well, and told him he would have to make a cup of his hands or use his boot.

"Where is Norie?" Sir Mordaunt asked me; and I thought he seemed to notice for the first time that Norie and Hunter had not accompanied us to the well. I made some answer, I forget what. He looked at me eagerly, and

with great trouble in his eyes, but asked no more questions.

On our arrival at the tent Mrs. Stretton gave me back my boot ; but I was not afraid of bare feet, so I sat down and pulled off my socks and rolled up my trousers, saying with a laugh that I should not be afraid of spoiling my boots now. We found Norie in the tent, sitting, and leaning his hand on his arm. He looked as if all the hope had been crushed out of him. He was like a prisoner in a cell, haggard and shocked, and full of amazement and fear. He glanced from one to the other of us as we entered, and cried, "Don't let any one of you be alone if you can help it ! You cannot guess what solitude is here ! I have had about five minutes of it, and feel as if another five minutes would drive me out of my mind. The wind howls horribly through these trees ! And, my God ! did ever any sea roar like yonder waves ?"

"Pray don't afflict us with reflections of that kind, Norie," I exclaimed warmly. "Give Sir Mordaunt your place there, and come you along to the beach with Tripshore and me, and lend us a hand to collect the things which have been washed ashore."

He jumped up : but as he did so Sir Mordaunt gave a little cry. I looked at him, and saw that his eyes were fixed upon the jacket that had covered the face of his wife. Norie had brought it away, and had been lying on it.

"Where is her body ?" asked the baronet, addressing Norie.

It was idle to keep the matter from him, so, meeting the doctor's glance, I dropped my head.

"We have buried her," said Norie.

"It was my wish," said I, seizing Sir Mordaunt's hand.

Oh, but without a prayer—without one last look !" he cried in a quivering voice.

"Don't say without a prayer," exclaimed Norie. "The seaman who helped me will tell you differently."

Sir Mordaunt took his hand from mine to cover his face, on which Mrs. Stretton and Miss Tuke went to him and began to comfort him, talking as gentle and pitying women can to a man in grief. They could do better than I or Norie. I therefore beckoned to the

doctor, and we trudged down to the beach, where Tripshore was bending over some object that had been thrown up by the waves.

"For heaven's sake, Norie," said I, as we went along, "don't indulge in any dismal reflections before the women. Keep up their hearts if you can. Bad as our lot is, it might be worse. This island is *terra firma*, any way. We have found water, and now we must look for something to eat. It is much too soon to cave in, man. You ought to know that."

"Ay," he exclaimed. "But to be alone for even five minutes after burying that poor woman. . . . I thought my hospital work had cured me of all weakness ; but the sweat poured from me when I put the body in the sand, dressed as it was, Walton ! God preserve me ! It seemed frightfully heartless to cover the face that I knew so well with the sand !"

He shuddered violently, and I own I shuddered too. He was fresh from a sad and shocking job indeed, and I was sorry I had spoken to him so warmly in the tent.

"But I *did* offer up a prayer, Walton," he added, with a singular and affecting simplicity of manner. "It was no falsehood I told Sir Mordaunt. I made a little prayer while Hunter filled up the hole we had scooped out."

By this time we were close to Tripshore.

"What have you there ?" I called to him.

He shouted back, for the roar of the surf was deafening, "The carpenter's chest, sir."

This indeed it was. It was fitted with a shelf midway the height inside. All the tools which had been on top of this shelf were gone ; but on dragging up the shelf, which lay jammed in the box like a cork in the neck of a bottle, we found the bottom full of nails of all sorts, some half as long as my arm, together with a saw, a chopper, fashioned to serve as a hammer too, and three sailors' sheath-knives.

"We shall find these things useful," said I, "so let us drag this chest clear of all risk from the breakers."

We laid hold of it and hauled it up the beach, then returned, and in ten

minutes' time collected the following articles :

The tell-tale compass, with a portion of the beam to which it had been screwed ; two wooden cases, presently to be opened ; a small cask, very heavy ; a large kettle, with the lid gone and the spout warped ; three spare sails ; and a mass of the yacht's planks and timbers. We saved all the wood we could find, with the idea of building a hut for the women to lie in that night. We searched the beach, down into the very fork of the tiny bay in the south-east corner, where the water was tolerably smooth, owing to the shelter of the limb of land I have described, and found a quantity of timber, but nothing more to our purpose.

On opening the head of the cask, I found to my joy that it was full of salt beef, and, what was equally gladdening, the two cases contained each of them three dozen of tins of different kinds of preserved meats, which had been shipped for cabin use. This you may be sure we reckoned a noble discovery, for here was food ready cooked for us to eat. Forthwith we laid hold of the cases and carried them up to the tent.

"Here are the materials for two, and perhaps three, meals a day for nine days," I cried, addressing the inmates generally, "allowing each person a tin. Tripshore, go and fetch those sailors' knives. We shall all feel the better for a breakfast."

The man brought the knives, and we opened a couple of the tins, using a piece of deck-plank for a table. I divided the contents of the first tin into eight portions, and I made the same division of the meat in the second tin. Had we had bread or biscuit, or anything of that kind to eat with this preserved food, the portions would have made a fair meal. As it was, each person's share could be despatched in a few bites. But I would not open any more tins at that sitting. I had only to consider how absolutely destitute was this island of all sustenance fit for human beings, and how days and nights might pass without bringing us any help, to understand the preciousness of the food that had been cast up by the sea. Not one of our little company but appreciated my reason for opening no more tins ; but the

dread of giving expression to that reason was too great to suffer any of them to speak of it.

As the piece of plank went around, with the eight portions upon it, each one took his or her share, and Hunter, arriving at that moment from the well, took his ; and there we sat, the eight of us, close packed together under the sail.

Suddenly Miss Tuke said, "You have forgotten the dog, Mr. Walton."

I looked around, and saw the poor fellow lying on the grass, watching us eating with a passionate longing eye. I jumped up and ran down to the cask of beef and cut off a hunch of meat, which I threw to the dog. He wagged his tail, and thanked me in his dumb way, and was presently happy, gnawing upon the piece of junk.

The gale still stormed violently over the island, and the sky resembled a vast sheet of lead, with a kind of brown smoke-like scud driving along under it, and scattering, just as smoke scatters, as it went. We were close to the sea, and had the roar of the surf in our ears. The gloom of the heavens and the bellying and crashing of the sea would have been depressing even had all been well with us. The trees made a shadow, and the sail stretched over us deepened it, and in this shadow we sat, holding our little portions of preserved meat in our fingers, and all of us, acting upon my advice, eating very slowly ; for I remembered a sailor who had been adrift for a week in an open boat telling me that by munching and munching the tiny piece of ship's bread that he was allowed twice a day, by keeping it in his mouth, and then swallowing it slowly, he made it appease his hunger, whereas when he ate it hastily it left him still famine-stricken.

Never did shipwreck create a more dismal group of human beings than we looked as we sat peering at one another in the gloom under the sail. Nor, in my opinion, did life ever establish a sharper contrast in so short a time. You are affected when a poor, hungry, shabby man is pointed out to you as one who so many years ago possessed a fortune and lived in grand style. But here were we, who only a few short hours ago enjoyed all the luxuries of a su-

perbly appointed yacht, flung half-naked upon a desolate island, forced to squat and eat our food like savages, treasuring that poor food and valuing it at a price which the whole of the island made of gold would not have paid for; and already having proved that we had gauged deep all the horror and wretchedness of shipwreck by the exultation which the discovery of a little well of rain-water had inspired in us!

It was distracting to sit still and think upon our misfortunes. I got up from the grass and looked at the sea, to find out if any more wreckage had come ashore; and then addressing Tripshore and Hunter, I said that we were well into the day, and ought to go to work at once, and rig up a better habitation than the one over us, while we had the light. Yonder was plenty of wood, and we had a saw, a hammer, abundance of nails, and sailcloth. But first, on which side of the island should we construct the hut? Here, among the trees and near the beach, where we should see all that came ashore from the wreck? or over there among that clump of trees to the left of the bush, where we should be within three minutes' walk of the well?

Hunter was for crossing the island, Tripshore for stopping where we were. I asked Sir Mordaunt, who said he was for stopping; so that decided us. He wanted to come out and help us, but I swore I would not lift a finger if he quitted the shelter, as he was in no condition to work; and, moreover, I said there were enough of us and to spare.

So we left him with the women, and the four of us, that is, Norie, the seamen, and I, went down to the beach and brought up the fragments of wreck to the trees, where we presently had a great pile of deck-planking, and portions of the skin of the vessel, and other parts of her; for she had gone to pieces, I may say, as a house falls in. She had been ground into fragments by the great sea that had beaten her down upon the jagged, iron-hard reef. We then brought the tool-chest along, and set to work to nail the wreckage to the trees. This took us a long time, for we had but one hammer; but happily some of the deck-planking had been thrown up in middling big pieces—that is, there would be three or four planks nailed to-

gether—and this enabled us to push forward with our job.

It did us good to work. It kept us from pining and brooding over our troubles; and the baronet and the women watched us from the shelter of their tent—for, as I have said, it was open on both sides, and the trees we selected as uprights for our hut were to the right. We had no means of keeping a reckoning of time. I was the only one of the party who had a watch, and it had stopped when I was in the water. We had no sun to guess the hour by; but I supposed it would be about three o'clock by the time we had fairly framed in a group of trees, forming an inclosure that might be nearly twelve feet by twelve feet.

We broke off when we had got so far, and sent Hunter with the kettle to the well, and divided the contents of another tin of meat; but neither Miss Tuke nor Mrs. Stretton would take their portions. They said they were not hungry, that they could not eat, so I laid their shares aside; and the filled kettle—for it was a large vessel—serving us to a good drink all round, we fell to work with renewed energy to roof in our strange structure with the sails. This was not an easy task, for the trees in the middle of the hut were in the way. However, we managed it by cutting the cloths so as to let the trees come into them. One sail was enough to make a roof. It was, indeed, a spare fore-topsail,* and by means of laniards we triced it as taut as a drum. To make the shelter more complete, we passed another sail round the hut outside as far as it would stretch. We then unbent the sail that had served us as a tent, and that by this time was thoroughly dry, and spread it over the floor of the hut as a carpet. And not yet satisfied, I made Tripshore help me cut up the remaining sail, which we nailed to the trees inside in such a manner that one part of the interior was entirely screened. This space I meant for the women to sleep in.

We had scarcely finished, and were looking about us to see what more could be done, when the interior of our little shelter grew bright, and stepping out-

* The "Lady Maud's" sail-locker was in her fore peak.

side, I saw the sun flashing with a watery-reddish brilliance in the west. The great leaden cloud that had heavily overhung us all day was broken up into masses of dark vapor, which were solemnly journeying across the sky, and here and there among them were glimpses of misty blue. The horizon was clear, the gale had broken and was falling, but the ocean was still a wild, tumultuous, leaping, and rushing surface, of a silver and splendid brilliancy of creaming white under the sun, and from the reef to the beach the water resembled hurling volumes of snow.

That beam of reddish sunshine fell upon my heart like a blessing. I stood with clasped hands gazing at it with a rapture I have no words for, and presently turning to call the others, I found them all looking—ay, the very dog stood there looking at the sun. The glorious light sparkled in the eyes of the women, and I saw Ada Tuke gazing with such an expression in her face as a shipwrecked sailor wears when he watches a vessel coming his way.

"Praise God for that encouragement!" I cried, pointing to the sun. "It is meant to give us hope."

"There's another cask come ashore, sir!" shouted Tripshore, and he and I and Hunter dashed down to the beach.

I overhauled the marks upon it, and sung out, "It's either brandy or sherry. Roll it up, boys, to the hut, and we'll test it there."

It was full, and we had a hard job to get it along. Sir Mordaunt said it was sherry; but, valuable as it was, I would have given twenty such casks for one of biscuit.

I felt greatly fatigued after the hard work and harder excitement and emotions of the day, and went to rest myself in the hut. Carey lay dozing on the sail. Sir Mordaunt joined me, leaving the others outside. The sight of the sun and the breaking clouds had heartened my poor friend somewhat. There was a little more life in him, I mean, and his heart seemed a bit eased of that oppression of grief which had been in his face during the day.

He came and sat down alongside of me, and, clasping my hand, looked at me without speaking for some moments.

"Oh, Walton," he presently exclaim-

ed. "This is a bitter and cruel termination of our cruise. My conscience accuses me as the author of all this misery. It was my blind confidence in Purchase that has led to this."

"Nay, don't fret over these matters," said I. "What we have to do is to get away from this island."

"All this privation," he continued, "ay, months of exile and suffering here, I could have borne without a murmur, if my poor wife had been preserved. But to think of her being dead—killed, indeed, by those very efforts I had made to restore her to health—" He broke off, and lifted up his hands with a gesture of speechless grief.

I said all that I could to soothe him, and talked to some purpose, for he calmed down after a little, and when I spoke of our situation he listened attentively. I told him I could not imagine upon what part of the Bahamas we were wrecked. "There can be no doubt whatever," said I, "that Purchase was miles out of his reckoning—I mean without reference to his false estimate of our drift to the westward. Unhappily, I have no knowledge of these seas, but I know that some of the larger islands are populated, and I do not suppose that we can be very far distant from one of the inhabited islands."

"But what means have we of leaving this place?" said he. "We have no boat. I see no chance of deliverance unless a vessel should come near."

"That is certainly our outlook at the present moment," I replied; "but we need not despair. You may read of extraordinary things having been done by people in our position; and some among us, Sir Mordaunt, are not men to sit down and wait for an opportunity to come."

"God knows, Walton, what we should have done without you," said he; and he was proceeding, when I stopped him by saying that before it fell dark I would ascend the little hill and have a look around for land. He said he would go too; he had not seen the island, and would like to view it from that point.

"Let us all go," said I; "for one may have sharper eyes than the rest."

So we left the hut, and I asked Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton to join us. I also called to Norie and the seamen, and

the whole company of us started for the hill, leaving Carey dozing in the hut, and the dog to keep watch beside her.

(Note here, that Mrs. Stretton's boot that we had used as a cup being still wet, she put on my boot for this walk; and I took notice of the very elegant shape of her foot as she leaned against a tree in order to put on the boot.)

I walked in advance with Miss Tuke, and though the road was a short one, we managed to say a great deal. She spoke of her aunt, and asked where she was buried. On my telling her, she exclaimed, "I believe she would not have lived many hours in this island. The grief and terror would have killed her. She could not endure pain or hardship. And perhaps she may prove to be the luckiest of us all," she added, in a tremulous voice.

"Don't talk like that yet," said I. "There are too many chances in our favor to make such fancies reasonable. Besides you are our heroine. We all look up to you when our spirits are low."

She shook her head at this.

"I wish I could see you in comfortable dry clothes," said I. "If we could only manage to make a fire, we would soon dry our clothes."

"Don't think of me more than of yourself and the others," she answered. "Of all of us, poor Mrs. Stretton is most to be pitied. This is her second shipwreck in a very short time, and when I recall what she went through on that half-sunk wreck, I cannot help thinking that we are very well off."

"That's well said."

"She is a most gentle, womanly creature," she continued. "I am sure her sympathy soothed Uncle Mordaunt. Each of them has been similarly bereaved, and what she said to him carried a weight that no words of mine could have taken."

We gained the top of the little hill. The windward sky was clearing fast, and the blue of it was growing pure. No more than a fresh breeze was now blowing, and I reckoned that it would all be gone by sunset. The circumference of the deep lay open to us, saving one small part blocked out by trees in the north-west. We searched the circle narrowly, but, good as my sight was, I at all events could see nothing.

"How far should we be able to see from this height, sir?" inquired Hunter.

"About fourteen or fifteen miles in clear weather," I answered.

"Isn't that land out there?" exclaimed Mrs. Stretton, crossing to my side, and pointing into the west, a little to the right of the track of the sun.

I gazed and gazed. Suddenly Miss Tuke cried, "Yes! there is a little film there—a tiny blue shadow—I see it plainly."

"Right you are, Miss," said Tripshore. "There it is, Mr. Walton!"

I thought I saw it, but when I shut my eyes to clear them, and looked again, it was gone. None of the rest of our party could see the tiny shadow, which made those who saw it wonder, for they said it stood there plain enough. I took for granted that it was land, and asked Tripshore if his memory carried the chart sharply enough to recall what island would have land bearing west from it, visible, say, about twenty miles? He puzzled and reflected, and knit his brows, but the poor fellow could not remember. Indeed, it was not a thing to be guessed. If you look at the Bahama Islands, you will see how crowded the chart is with rocks and cays and reefs and islets, similar to the one on which we had been cast. It was idle to recall Purchase's reckoning, for I knew that we were much farther to the west than that, and much farther to the south too, I was sure. But there was no use speculating upon that shadow which Miss Tuke and the other two saw. If it were land, we should never be able to find out what land it was by guessing. Elsewhere the horizon was quite bare.

"But so much the better," said I, gazing into the east; "for if that water out yonder is clear, surely there will be vessels traversing it, bound to or from Providence Channel or the Florida and North Carolina coasts to the West India Islands. Don't you think so, Tripshore?"

"I do, sir. Anyhow, the chance is good enough to make a lookout a necessity. If we could make a flare, something might come of it when it falls dark."

"But how are we to get a light?" I asked. "Who has any matches?"

The men felt about their pockets, but to no purpose. Sailors seldom carry

lights; the galley-fire is their lucifer-match. We all searched, but none of us had any matches, nor the means of procuring fire.

"Something to make fire may come ashore in the night," said Hunter. "There's no use despairin'."

Still it was terribly vexing to be without fire. There were many reasons why a flare would have been good for us. We could have dried our clothes; we could have cooked the salt beef in the kettle; it would have made a cheerful light, too, something to keep watch by; above all, we should never be able to guess what it would be doing for us--what passing distant vessel it might attract, that would lay-to and wait for the morning, to run down to us, the mere dream of which would have acted like a cordial upon our spirits. The want of fire was the harder to bear because the bush promised excellent fuel, and with our knives we could have gathered enough to last us through the night. Norie spoke of rubbing sticks together. I told him that read very well in books, that no doubt there were savage tribes who got fire in that way, though they must be artists to do it, and have the right kind of wood, too.

"But you might try it, if you will, Norie," said I.

(He did try that same night. He got a couple of pieces of wood, and rubbed until the sweat ran down him like water. But so far from catching fire, the wood was scarcely warm, though he had worked like a horse.)

After lingering awhile on the hill, looking at the sea, and watching the red sunlight wax and wane as the clouds rolled over the setting orb, we went slowly toward the hut.

I was determined to do my best to keep up the spirits of the people, and made some of them smile by suggesting that we should take a drink of the sherry out of the kettle.

"It's too good to dip a boot into," said I. "Besides, I couldn't fancy sherry out of a boot--not even out of Mrs. Stretton's boot, small as it is."

"But you won't dip that great black kettle into the wine?" said Miss Tuke, with a laugh, that made us all seem to forget our troubles for the moment.

"No; but if we could manage to

bale some of it into the kettle," I answered, "we could each of us take a pull at the spout."

Here Hunter walked off to the beach, to look, as I supposed, for any articles that might have come ashore. I told Tripshore to open a couple of tins of meat, while I and Norie worked at the cask of wine with the hatchet; and while we were full of this business, comes back Hunter with a big shell in his hand, and gives it to me with a face of triumph.

"There's a baler for ye, sir--the biggest I could find in this light," says he. "Mr. Tripshore, there's a box away down in the cove" (meaning the little creek at the end of the beach). "Will you come along and help to bring it up?"

"Save all that you can," said I; and away went the two men.

Having got the head of the wine-cask open, I dipped the shell into the sherry, and handed it to Mrs. Stretton. It held near upon a wine-glass. It was better than drinking out of the kettle, and I admired Hunter's readiness. Pretty it was to see the women drinking the wine from the shell, that was deeper than an oyster shell, yet of that shape, thickly ribbed, and each rib defined by a red line. I filled the shell for Carey, and then handed it to the baronet, to help himself and pass it on, while I divided the meat into portions, as before.

It was a wretched meal, not enough for us by I know not how much; and I bitterly deplored the want of a little biscuit to distribute with it, or such fruit as any man might have hoped to find on a tropical island, where there was soil enough to give life to bushes and trees.

I felt desperately low-spirited while dividing the poor repast. I kept on thinking, "What in God's name shall we do if we are not succored before our slender provisions are exhausted?" But the arrival of Tripshore and Hunter with the box took me away from these melancholy thoughts, and I went out to inspect this new acquisition. As I approached it, Tripshore sidled up to me, and whispered in my ear, "There's two dead bodies come ashore, sir. One's the cook, and t'other's poor Jim Wilkinson. Better say nothen about it. Me

and Tom'll steal away presently, and bury 'em."

I nodded, and began to handle the box.

"Why, Carey, is not this yours?" exclaimed Miss Tuke.

The girl looked, and said yes, it was her box.

"It is locked," said I. "Have you the key?"

She fumbled in her pocket, or rather in the hole where the pocket should have been; but, alas! the sea had torn that convenience away.

"You can break it open, sir," said the poor girl, simply. "I know what's in it."

I broke the lock with the chopper, and told her to explore the contents, as for all we knew it might contain something that should prove of great value to us. She came readily, and knelt

down, and began to take the articles out of the box, while we stood around. The hope I had that among the contents there might be a box of matches were soon dashed. The box, though well made, and a good box of its kind, was full of water, and the things lay soaking in it, like clothes in a washtub. Among the contents I remember were an old-fashioned Prayer-book, a work-box completely fitted, some dresses, a hat, some under-linen, a pair of boots, a bundle of letters, which flaked away in Carey's hand when she fished them up, and the sight of which made her cry bitterly. We stretched the wearing apparel upon the grass to dry, and then while the others went to get their mouthful of supper, I cut off another piece of junk for the dog, and got the kettle ready for Hunter to fill it when he had done his meal.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

FREDERICK CHOPIN.

BY E. J. WHATELY.

THE life of Frederick Chopin, one of the most eminent musicians of our own day, presents a picture we have rarely seen equalled for its deep pathos. The sadness felt in gazing on it is often relieved, indeed, as we follow the details of the great composer's earlier years, by bursts of a gayer humor and joyous fancy, bright, fitful, and poetic; but, as a whole, to use a musical simile, it resembled a piece which begins in the major key, and after many modulations and changes, now glad, now mournful, ends at last in a gloomy minor. His career was like a summer day in Alpine regions, whose dawning, though bright and joyous, presages coming storms. As the day advances the horizon blackens, the thunder rolls, and the fair beauty of the landscape is obscured by blinding rain. No sooner does the tempest cease, than brightness flashes out again, but only for a moment, to be again obscured in tears and darkness, till at last a premature night covers all with its sombre curtain. Such a brief summer's day was the life of the subject of this sketch—not only as depicted by one who intimately knew him, but as seen in the familiar letters which speak for them-

selves, and give a view of the vividly contrasting traits of his character—the gay, ready wit, and graceful fancy which gave such a charm to his society in early life, combined with the morbid feelings and overwrought sensitiveness which ended him with so terrible a power of suffering.

Frederick Chopin was born on the 1st of March, 1809, in a village a few miles from Warsaw. Thus Polish by birth, he was, however, French by origin on the father's side. Nicholas Chopin, his father, was a native of Nancy, in Lorraine, who entered early in life the household of a noble Polish lady, whom he accompanied to Warsaw as tutor to her two children. When he took this step he had no intention of permanently expatriating himself; but having been twice prevented by circumstances from returning to France when on the point of doing so, he finally made his home in Poland, and settled in Warsaw, supporting himself by tuition, and latterly by taking pupils into his house. He learned to love his adopted country with all the ardor of one of her own children, eagerly sharing their hopes of independence, and deeply moved by the failure of her

attempts. In 1806 this feeling was cemented by his marriage with a Polish lady, Justine Kryzanowska, and the union was blessed with four children, three daughters and one son, the subject of this sketch. The daughters were all possessed of considerable literary talents; and one, who died in very early youth, seems to have resembled her brother in temperament and genius, though in her it took the form of poetry rather than of music.

Frederick Chopin's own childhood was a remarkable one: from his earliest days his wonderful gift for music and intense sensibility to its voice displayed itself; and while so young that he could not write down musical notes for himself, he would ask his master to note his improvisations for him. Frederick was not quite nine years old when he first played in public, on the occasion of a concert given for the benefit of the poor in Warsaw. His performance excited great astonishment; and we can well imagine the beautiful child, dressed in his picturesque and splendid national costume, attracting all eyes by his appearance, as well as by the rare musical powers already developed. Yet so childlike was he, and so inspired by the gay scene around him, that on being asked by his mother when he returned home, "What did the public like best?" he replied, "Oh, mamma, everybody only looked at my collar!" Love for his country strongly inclined the boy's character even from childhood, and influenced his musical compositions. He was a true Pole in music as in everything else, and loved to take the national airs of his country as the subjects of his improvisations. As he grew up and came before the world as a rising musician, while his marvellous facility of execution excited astonishment everywhere, his peculiar excellencies as a composer at first failed to meet with due appreciation from strangers. Originality was so early stamped on all his productions that his disregard of established rules shocked the strictest musical critics. But his master at the Conservatoire, Elsner, a discerning man, silenced all objections of this kind with the words: "Let him alone, he does not follow the common way, because his talents are uncommon." Under so

judicious a teacher the powers of the young artist had a fair field for development. The peculiar attribute of his music seemed to be the power he possessed of making it the interpreter of his inmost thoughts; and partaking thus of his own mind, there is, as was observed, a strong tinge of nationality in all he wrote. In improvising, as he loved to do, on the wild and graceful national airs of Poland, or in composing melodies of a kindred character, his talents were very early displayed. He had a pianoforte in his bedroom, and often worked far into the night. Sometimes, when the household were asleep, he would spring from his bed, rush to the instrument, and strike a few chords to develop some musical fancy or resolve a harmony, and then, lying down to rest, would again start up and repeat his attempt; the servants could not understand such proceedings, and said "his mind must be affected." But his amiable character and kindness of heart made him loved even by those who could not understand him. At the Conservatoire of Warsaw he was popular with all his fellow-students; his superiority was so evident that it placed him beyond the reach of jealousy.

In 1828 he left his native land and visited Berlin, and the year following, Vienna, Prague, Toplitz, and Dresden. Everywhere his talents insured him success, and the hearty, childlike enjoyment of all he saw and heard, which appears in his letters, is pleasant to see. On one occasion, when he had been travelling for several days in the slow fashion of German *diligences*, he was delighted and surprised on stopping at a small post-house, to discover a grand pianoforte in one of the rooms, and still more surprised to find it in tune—thanks probably to the musical taste of the postmaster's family. He sat down instantly and began to improvise in his peculiarly happy manner—one by one the travellers were attracted by the unwonted sweet sounds, one of them even letting his beloved pipe go out in his ecstasy. The postmaster, his wife, and his two daughters joined the group of listeners. Unmindful of his audience, of the journey, the lapse of time, and everything but the music, Chopin continued to play and his companions

to listen in rapt attention, when they were suddenly roused by a stentorian voice which made the windows rattle, calling out, "The horses are ready, gentlemen!"

The postmaster roared out an anathema against the disturber—the postillion—and the passengers cast angry glances at him. Chopin started from his seat, but was instantly surrounded by his audience, who entreated him to continue.

"But we have been here some time," said Chopin, consulting his watch, "and are due in Posen already."

"Stay and play, noble young artist," cried the postmaster; "I will give you courier's horses if you will only remain a little longer."

"Do be persuaded," began the postmaster's wife, almost threatening the artist with an embrace. What could he do but resume his place at the instrument?

When at last he paused, the servant appeared with wine; the hosts' daughter served the artist first, then the travellers, then the postmaster proposed a cheer for the musician, in which all joined. The women in their gratitude filled the carriage-pockets with the best eatables and wine the house contained; and when at last the artist rose to go, his gigantic host seized him in his arms and bore him to the carriage! Long years afterward Chopin would recall this little incident with pleasure, and declare that the plaudits of the press had never given him more delight than the homage of these simple music-loving Germans. His success in all the cities he visited was brilliant; everywhere he carried the palm. But in the midst of this intoxicating vortex of excitement, which he was capable of heartily enjoying, his heart never wavered from the dear home circle; his letters to his parents and sisters were constant, and full of affectionate playfulness.

He returned to Warsaw, gave many concerts, and continued to be the idol of the public. But all his friends agreed that a wider field should be sought for the development of his talents; Warsaw offered too few advantages of this kind, and a long sojourn in Italy and Paris was recommended. In 1830, with the full consent and approbation of his pa-

rents, he set out on his journey, and left Poland never to return. Could his parents have foreseen what the result of that sojourn at Paris would be, they would have entreated him rather to pass his life in the humblest provincial town than to take this step.

The journey to Italy was ultimately abandoned; after some stay in Vienna and Munich he came to Paris, with the intention of prosecuting his musical studies in that capital. The time he arrived was one of considerable political agitation, especially among the Polish residents at Paris, and Chopin naturally became the centre of the circle. To all who had suffered loss or exile in their country's cause he was ever a true and fast friend, often sharing his lodgings with his needy countrymen, and doing all in his power to alleviate their privations. His sympathies were always warmly enlisted in the struggles for Polish independence, and he mourned over their failure as for a personal sorrow.

Meantime he pursued his musical studies with ardor and perseverance. He presented himself to Kalkbrenner, then regarded as the first pianist in Europe, and modestly asked to become his pupil. Kalkbrenner soon saw that the young artist had nothing more to learn from him; but he thought his own fame as a teacher would be established by a pupil of such rare gifts, and, therefore, accepted him, but on the condition that he should remain with him for three years, to correct, as he said, the many faults of his playing, of which Kalkbrenner could undertake to cure him in that time. Chopin did not suspect the great pianist's true motives, but being much surprised at such a stipulation, he wrote to his father and his old master, Elsner, to ask their opinion. Elsner, who thoroughly understood the powers of his former pupil, saw that such a one-sided training as Kalkbrenner proposed would be absolutely injurious to Chopin's development as a musician, and wrote him a letter full of sensible advice, which decided the young artist to follow the dictates of his own good sense, and give up the plan of learning with Kalkbrenner. To show him, however, that his refusal was made with no want of friendly feeling, he dedicated to him one of his pieces.

His amiable character and modesty seems to have disarmed the jealousy of brother artists, and he was generally esteemed and liked by those whom he met in Paris. With Liszt, the celebrated pianoforte player and composer, he was especially intimate. One evening, at a later period, when several artists were all assembled together, Liszt played one of Chopin's pieces, to which he added some embellishments of his own. When he had finished, Chopin said, "I beg you, my dear friend, when you do me the honor of playing my compositions, to play them as they are written or not at all."

"Play it yourself, then," said Liszt, rising from the piano, rather piqued.

"With pleasure," answered Chopin.

At this moment a moth extinguished the lamp. They were going to relight it, when Chopin cried, "No, put out the lights—the moonlight is enough."

Then he began to improvise, and played for nearly an hour, with such power and feeling that his audience were moved to tears. Liszt, much affected, embraced Chopin, saying, "You are right, my friend; works like yours ought not to be meddled with. You are a true poet."

"Oh, that is nothing," said Chopin gaily. "We have each our own style; that is all the difference between us."

This total absence of petty rivalry seems to have characterized both Chopin and his most intimate friends. His liveliness and ready wit made him a delightful companion. His powers of mimicry were remarkable, and he could imitate the style of any pianist to the life.

Paris thus presented many attractions to the young artist; but his gains were small, he had many distressed friends to need his help, and he felt unwilling to be a burden on his parents, whose means were limited, and who had daughters to provide for. Under these circumstances, he felt discouraged as to his future, and at one time thought of emigrating to America. The plan was one unsuited to him in every way, and his parents advised his remaining at Paris or returning to Warsaw, difficult as the latter step was to one who had remained abroad after his passport had expired. His love of his country and his family

awakened an ardent desire to return. Well it would have been for him if he had! But on the very day he was preparing to depart, he accidentally met his countryman, Prince Valentine Radziville. The prince made him promise that he would meet him that evening at M. Rothschild's. He was asked to play by his hostess, charmed all present with his improvisations, and from that time his position in Paris was changed. He was engaged to give lessons in the first families in the city, his affairs quickly became prosperous, and his position assured. He naturally gave up the idea of returning to Warsaw. He had, however, the following year an opportunity of meeting his beloved parents at Carlsbad. This was the last time he was ever to see them. On this occasion he visited Leipzig, where he made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who, though belonging to a very different musical school, did full justice to Chopin's powers. In a later visit to Germany he met the celebrated Schumann, and their regard and esteem for each other was mutual. This, the most brilliant and prosperous period of Chopin's life, was, however, clouded by two severe disappointments, which to his ardent and affectionate nature were peculiarly painful. Twice he was betrothed, both times to persons who seemed well suited to make him happy, and to whom he was deeply attached; and on each occasion the inconsistency of the object of his affections broke off the marriage. The second of these attachments had been a most specially deep and tender one, and the wound received was severe and lasting. It led to his giving up a plan of settling in his native land near his parents, and probably paved the way for the reception of that evil influence which was the bane of his remaining years of life.

We come now to a period too important to be altogether passed over, and yet too distressing to be dwelt on in detail. The true history of the influence exerted on his after life by the celebrated moralist, "George Sand," is told faithfully and to all appearance most impartially in his Memoir. That one of so highly wrought and excitable a nature should have fallen readily under an influence so powerful and so fascinat-

ing can hardly appear surprising when we see how little support he seems to have derived from the only true safeguard—a firm and high Christian principle. He was brought up in a healthful and pure family atmosphere by excellent and affectionate parents, and his mother is described as a woman of real and earnest piety. But, unhappily, an education conducted by the most honest and devout of Romanists (even if really possessing sincere Christian motives of action) is deprived of that greatest of helps and safeguards—the only *true* safeguard, indeed, in the training of the young—the intimate knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and constant reference to them as a guide to daily life. “Thy word have I hid in my heart that I may not sin against Thee,” is true now as in the Psalmist’s time; and no words of good counsel or books of devotion can ever supply the place of that holy Word of God taught at the mother’s knee, implanted in the young mind while yet fresh and receptive, which has been the means, under God, in countless instances, of keeping the young from yielding to temptation, or recalling them even after they have gone astray. Alas! poor Chopin had no such talisman. His religion was one which can be followed without any inner principle of action whatever. Thus undefended, we can hardly wonder that he was an easy prey to the baleful influence of one who, though richly gifted with intellectual powers, had thrown aside all the restraints of higher principle.

George Sand’s admiration for the genius of Chopin was intense; and when his failing health led a change to a warmer climate to be recommended, she urged his accompanying her and her family to Majorca, where she was going for the health of one of her children. This step seems to have been as hurtful to him physically as the intercourse with such a woman could not fail to be mentally and morally. The discomforts of a sojourn in an uncivilized region counterbalanced the advantages of climate; the influences of the wild and desolate surroundings in the midst of which he lived powerfully affected his always sensitive nervous system. He became a prey to distressing depression and unreal terrors; his music was now, as

ever, the outlet for all his feelings, and the slender, wasted fingers of the suffering artist spoke, as they wandered over his instrument, in the wildest and saddest tones of anguish. His compositions of this period are marked by a strangely weird and fanciful but deeply pathetic character. His hostess and companion was totally unable to enter into his sufferings: she had begun to weary of the society of the poor invalid, and she now treated him with the most palpable and unkind neglect, so that utter loneliness contributed to increase his nervous and over-wrought state. At last he returned to Paris, and seemed better for the change; but the baneful power of his false friend had not passed away. The simple tastes and wholesome interests of early life had left him, as well as the light-hearted spirits of his youth; a craving for luxury, and the more refined gratifications of sense, imbibed in a long residence in the gay capital, had increased upon him. The constant desire for excitement, and his want of common care of his health, told most unfavorably upon body and mind; and the unhappy intimacy he had formed kept him back from the close and loving home-correspondence which had been so long like a pure and healthful spring of life, in the midst of adverse circumstances on the other hand.

He knew how his parents would regard this now paramount influence, and shrank from communication with them; and when his father died, in 1844, his agitation was so great that he could not even bring himself to write a line of sympathy to his sorrowing mother and sisters, but delegated the task to one who could not have been a congenial correspondent to the afflicted widow—the very friend whose power had thus separated him from his home circle and those who had best loved him. Over the rest of this mournful page in the artist’s life we gladly draw a veil. Happily, about two years before his death the evil spell was broken, by the act and deed of her who had been its author; her conduct was such as to open his eyes, and when, later, she attempted to renew the intercourse, he himself refused.

His health continued to decline. In 1849 he paid a visit to England, and

was overwhelmed with kind attentions ; but the hospitality of his friends seems to have oppressed him more than it gratified him. The London fogs aggravated his malady, which was further increased by late hours and excitement. He returned to Paris and sank rapidly. His eldest sister came from Poland with her husband and daughter to nurse him, and he was surrounded with kind and assiduous friends ; but no care could now avail him, and on the 15th of October, 1849, he breathed his last.

We long for some evidence that better hopes than those of earth comforted his death-bed ; but very little of any kind can be gathered. Some religious feelings can be traced in his early life ; but whether, in his closing days, any such survived the deadening influence of years spent in a gay and unthinking circle, and the yet more fatal effect of association with one who might almost be looked on as a kind of apostle of unbelief in revealed religion, we have no means of ascertaining. One hint given in a letter from the very person in question seems to imply that superstitious terrors and gloomy fancies connected with some tenets of the Romish faith hung about the poor sufferer's mind, and increased his depression ; but how far this was true does not appear. He died in outward communion with his own church, and received devoutly the last rites from a priest ; this is all we hear,

except that he listened with solemn delight to the sacred songs with which an accomplished friend soothed his last hours. Was it only the pleasure he felt in the sweet familiar sounds ? or might the language of music, which of all others spoke the most powerfully to his soul, convey, through God's overruling mercy, some thought which might turn the departing spirit to Him who never yet rejected a returning wanderer from His feet ? Who can tell ? None but the Searcher of hearts. To us the scene closes in a gloom as of night.

But this unspeakably mournful history surely carries with it its own lesson. We see one abundantly endowed with powers to charm and attract, to adorn life, and to make it enjoyable to himself and others ; and yet how did all this avail him ? The life which had begun so brightly passed away in darkness and sadness—his quick sensibilities and exalted feelings having proved to himself instruments of torture instead of blessing—separated from the home and family whose sunshine he had once been, disappointed in all his high aspirations. And why ? Because those gifts were used in the world's service alone, and the world had proved, as it always has done and will do, a hard master. Never was there a more eloquent commentary on the words of the preacher—"Now I saw that this also was vanity."—*Good Words*.



AN AMERICAN VIEW OF IRELAND.

BY E. L. GODKIN.

THERE are some things which are better seen at a distance than hard by, and for this reason, if for no other, a few observations on the Irish question as carefully watched from New York may, at all events, have some value in the way of suggestion. I think I have read everything of moment which has appeared on either side of the controversy during the last two years, the latest being Mr. Goldwin Smith's address delivered at Brighton in January, and I see how intensely exciting the controversy is in England as well as in Ireland. But everything which appears on the

English side seems to me to omit all mention of some of the fundamental and most influential facts of the case. One of these, and the most potent, is the English dislike of Ireland and Irishmen. The way in which this has been kept out of sight in all the recent English writing and speaking on the existing Irish crisis is in some ways very creditable. More creditable still is the way in which it has been kept from influencing legislation.

There is nothing in English history finer than the efforts of Englishmen of late years to deal with the Irish question

without regard to their own very strong prejudices, that is, to deal with it intelligently and not sentimentally.

But to say that these efforts have been wholly successful is simply to say that Englishmen are human. The anti-Irish feeling of the great body of Englishmen—a feeling composed of dislike and contempt in about equal parts—has found strong expression in English literature ever since the days of Elizabeth. It is but rarely that an Irishman has during that period figured in either English poetry or fiction except as an odious or ridiculous object. English caricature with both pen and pencil has exhausted all its powers in expressing English scorn for Irish peculiarities. I presume if a collection were made of the Irish engravings of *Punch* during the last forty years, it would form a body of brutal satire such as no community has ever been exposed to. No savages have ever been so mercilessly held up to loathing mockery as the Irish peasants by the one comic paper in Europe which has been most honorably distinguished for its restraint and decorum and good-nature. One of the greatest of recent English novelists apparently did nothing with so much gusto and success as ridicule Irishmen. The English daily and weekly press has been of late years less outspoken, but every now and then there appears an article which gives a startling glimpse of the bitter scorn toward Ireland which the writers manage most of the time to smother. Moreover, no Irishman, however fortunately situated can go much into English society without frequently encountering the Hibernophobia. There are but few Englishmen or Englishwomen sufficiently well-bred or guarded to keep it from cropping out in conversation. In fact, in the mouths of large numbers—shall I say the majority of English men and women?—the word “Irish” has become a depreciatory epithet. It was so one hundred years ago; it is so in a still greater degree to-day. This condition of the English mind is much more important now than it was one hundred years ago, because Englishmen speak and write a great deal more, and the Irish read a great deal more, and are in closer contact with Englishmen both in England and Ireland, and are, owing to

a variety of causes which I shall not attempt to enumerate here, far more sensitive.

A great many, if not most, Englishmen would probably deny the accuracy of this account of their mental condition toward Irishmen, and would do so honestly. It will, for instance, strike them at first sight as contradicted by the success of Irishmen in all walks of life in England. They are often favorites in society. They attain high rank at the Bar, and on the Bench, and in the Civil Service, and in the Army. In fact, I doubt whether it may not be said that they get more than their fair share of such rewards as English society bestows on social and professional talent. This is all true, but it does not conflict with my story. Irishmen succeed in England not as Irishmen but as Englishmen. That is to say, an Irishman who shows the kind of qualities which Englishmen love and honor undergoes an unconscious transformation in their minds. They cease to think of him as an Irishman, they annex him as it were; and the less frequently he reminds them of his origin, either in speech or manner or tone of mind, the better they like him, and the more they will do for him. Of this curious power of assimilation in Englishmen Americans have abundant experience. There is hardly any “nice American” who has not received in England the subtle but intentional compliment of being talked to as if he were an Englishman, and of being informed in this way that he had undergone in his host’s mind a process of appropriation. I remember when in England during the late Civil War being frequently much diverted by the rage of Northerners at having it taken for granted at an English dinner-table that they, being such gentlemanly and agreeable men, shared the sentiments of the company touching the varied fortunes of the war, and the cruelty and vulgarity of the low Yankee generals under whom their sons and brothers were fighting. Nearly every American traveller is still able to tell a story of being taken for an Englishman by an Englishman, as evidently the most seductive flattery which an Englishman thought could be administered.

I am not bringing all this forward to

furnish materials for censure. For my present purpose it is of no consequence whether the prevailing English dislike of Irishmen is justifiable or not. I do not propose, therefore, to extenuate or whitewash the Irish character. But it is worth mention, in connection with it, that from the Revolution to 1860 the English dislike of Americans was almost as strong as the English dislike of Irishmen. The English books of travel in the United States, and the articles of the English press during the early part of the century, displayed unbounded contempt and dislike for the American character and manners, and they had a sensitiveness on the American side which for nearly half a century kept the country constantly on the verge of war with Great Britain, and which lingered down to 1865, and of which traces may be found in that well-known article of Mr. Lowell's on a "Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

That it did not produce disastrous results to both countries was due simply to the width of the Atlantic Ocean. It lingered until the Americans had become strong and rich enough to cease to care for foreign opinion, and England began to overlook their peculiarities in consideration of their enormous success.

What I seek to show here is not that English dislike of Irishmen is ill-founded, but that its existence and unavoidable manifestation are an all but insurmountable obstacle to Ireland's sharing in English national life with the fulness and completeness on which Englishmen insist, we may almost say at the point of the bayonet. I used not to think so. I have probably entertained as much repugnance to the methods by which Irishmen have of late been seeking to dissolve their connection with England as any one can, and have as much respect for Mr. Gladstone's efforts to solve the Irish problem as any of his English supporters. But I confess I have until recently underestimated the strength and permanence of Irish hatred of England which the English hatred of Irishmen has at last produced. It has apparently grown in Ireland with the growth of education and prosperity—an accompaniment of deliverance from oppression which has been witnessed before now in

other countries. In America it is apparently cultivated by the Irish as a sort of religion, and is transmitted to the second generation, which knows Ireland only by hearsay. The influence of the American branch of the race, which is the richest and most energetic, and which is every year brought into closer connection with the old country, is now used with passionate persistence to keep alive this fierce hostility to England and Englishmen. This influence cannot be removed by Coercion Acts, or even by Land Acts. It is an influence which no improvement in the material condition of the Irish at home will counteract. In fact, judging from what I see here, I should say that, the legal relations of the two countries continuing what they have been, and the English notions of English duty toward Ireland continuing as they are, the probabilities are that the hatred of the English connection on the part of the home Irish will gain in strength as the people gain in prosperity and social independence. This is what has happened here. The Irishman in this country and his son and grandson are tormented neither by landlord nor police, and never see an Englishman or the English flag, and yet they hate the English government with a kind of frenzy. So that it is difficult to see why the effort which Englishmen are making so strenuously to get Ireland to share English greatness and happiness is not the "Soismon-frère-ou-je-te-tue" policy with very slight modifications. If you hate and despise Irishmen, and make no secret of it in your literature and conversation, and Irishmen hate you in return, why should you expect that they will come to love you and act cordially with you because you give them their farms, which did not belong to you, in fee simple, and do not ask them to support your Church, which they never entered? Have you ever heard in tale or history of a people cheerfully throwing in their lot with another people who felt toward them as Englishmen feel toward the Irish? There have been numerous cases of fusion after conquest between communities which had previously dwelt apart in hostility, and which differed hardly in language and manners, but I am sure there has been no

such case in which there was not a stock, however small, of mutual respect to base the union on. The union with Scotland bridged over much dislike on both sides, and much contempt on the English side, but it is absurd to compare even Dr. Johnson's feeling toward the Scotchman with the ordinary Englishman's feeling toward what he considers the typical Irishman.

The remedy recently proposed by Mr. Matthew Arnold in his *Irish Essays*, that the English should improve their manners, or, in other words, make their civilization more attractive to Irishmen, is the only one I have ever seen suggested for this particular difficulty, but it has the capital defect of being too slow in its operation. Moreover, Englishmen might very reasonably decline to change their manners for the benefit of the Irish, unless the Irish reciprocated. Neither side should be expected to go the whole distance toward *rapprochement*; and nobody can sincerely say that Irish ways do not need considerable mending as well as those of Englishmen. English civilization has its defects, and serious ones, but they are not more serious than those of Irish civilization. So that I am afraid reconciliation based on a change of manners wrought for purposes of mutual accommodation is something which there is little use in looking forward to. The remedy within reach is the remedy which incompatible individuals find most effective in matrimonial or business life, and that is to have less to do with each other. A little judicious separation often revives mutual esteem which had come near perishing by close intimacy. To this I am satisfied Englishmen will eventually come.

The second fact in the controversy which Englishmen overlook is the intense national feeling of the Irish. This I confess I do not understand. I have never yet come across any one who was able to explain it. Usually such a feeling is the relic of a period of proud and honored, even if weak and obscure, national existence. I know of no other case in which a people who have never been a nation since the dawn of history have been able to feed their imagination with dreams of national glory, and rave with passionate fervor for a national

independence which they really never enjoyed. Anybody who knew nothing of the Irish past, except what he got from the speeches and newspapers of the Irish Nationalists, would suppose that at some comparatively recent period the green flag had floated over fleets and armies, and Irish kings had played a part of some kind in the field of modern European politics. But the fact is, that the Ireland which is talked of at Irish meetings and sung about by Irish poets has never been known. It may be that the materials for it did exist, and that its formation was prevented by the English invasion and English rule; but is there any other case on record in which the patriotic fancy of a whole people was fed for ages by a tale of things which might have been, but never were? It is in all respects a most remarkable phenomenon, and, as I hold, a very important one, the gravity of which has been increased in this country by an agency which I cannot do better than describe in the words of Mr. Philip Bagenal, a recent English traveller, whose little book on *The American Irish* every Englishman who is interested in the Irish problem at this juncture would do well to read. Speaking of the influences which in America have helped to deepen the hatred of the Irish emigrants for the English government, he says:

But deeper than all these reasons for animosity between them lay yet another, which touched to the quick that most vulnerable of all points in the Irishman's character—his national pride. Until he left his own country, he never discovered that in every quarter of the globe, more or less, particularly in America, the Irish race, as a whole, was looked down upon, despised, slighted. Individual Irishmen throughout the whole world have been honored and admired, but the peasant Irish have ever been condemned. Without leaders, without any natural aristocracy, without wealth, the Irish were thrown on the shores of America, and fell at once to the lowest scale of the social ladder. As every year rolls by, the class of educated Irishmen in the United States grows larger and more respected; but the prejudice against the race has and does exist. This terrible debt the Irishmen in America has placed to the account of England. This grudge is the deepest of all; and, when all material grievances have been redressed, this remains. They think what might not Irishmen have been under proper treatment and good government instead of the despised and rejected of nations.

Mr. Goldwin Smith tries, in the Brighton address to which I have already referred, to dissipate these Irish dreams of what Ireland might have been but for English rule by counter-speculation of his own as to the lower depths which she might have reached but for the Conquest. I may as well say, *en passant*, that I think he would have done well, in the interest of peace, to have omitted this bit of recrimination, tempting as it undoubtedly is. It is one of the sallies which help to feed the flame of Irish fury, and from which few Englishmen, when discoursing on Ireland, find it easy to refrain. There is nothing sweeter to the unsuccessful and unhappy than the visions of the life they would have led if the world had dealt fairly with them. It may be said to be the one luxury to which every Irishman, however wretched, is born, and it ought to be the part of strength and pity to let him alone in the enjoyment of it. Moreover, I have always been inclined to believe that nothing has done more to give high coloring to Irishmen's pictures of the past greatness of their country than English incredulity about it. Every time an Englishman denies, as Mr. Goldwin Smith denies, the existence of "Tara's Hall," the native imagination, out of what Americans call "pure cussedness," puts one or two new stories on the building and increases the number of harps in the orchestra which used to delight the "chiefs and ladies bright."

But the origin and justifiability of this feeling of nationality are things to occupy the philosophical historian. The fact of its existence is what concerns the statesman; and if English politicians had taken half as much pains to recognize the fact of its existence as they have taken to expose its absurdity, the relations of England and Ireland would be to-day much better than they are. Something has to be done for the popular imagination in the government of all free peoples, and in the case of the Irish more than for most others, because the imagination, and especially the patriotic imagination, plays a larger part in their lives, and they have fewer generally known and remembered historic glories to support their self-esteem. as a general rule, nobody knows any-

thing about the historic men or things of which an Irishman is proud except the Irishmen themselves. Few but Irishmen ever read Irish history, and the Government does nothing whatever to certify to the correctness of popular traditions about Irish achievements. Whenever Irishmen ask for any such official recognition, you tell them in substance that they ought to be satisfied with and proud of English greatness.

I am aware that this failure of England to make any provisions to satisfy the cravings of Irish national vanity has often been pointed out before, but I have never yet seen any adequate statement of its practical working in the aggravation of Irish discontent with the English connection. Englishmen have on everything connected with Ireland the ear of the world. They control the only literature through which Irishmen can reach other civilized nations, and wherever they go they are in a certain sense preachers of Irish inferiority. One result of this is, that there is no part of the world to-day in which an Irishman, no matter how well affected he may be to the English government, or how English he may be by blood and education, does not find that his calling himself or thinking of himself as an Englishman is treated as a sort of usurpation; that he is regarded as belonging to an inferior class of British subject, like the Maltese, and, though entitled to the protection of the flag, as having no right to be proud of it. This is true, as I have said, not simply of the Catholic Celts but of the Protestant Saxons. In one way or the other the descendants of the English colonists find themselves as Irishmen dissociated from the glories and greatness of the British Empire just as completely as the descendants of the aborigines, and there is absolutely nothing in Irish history or in English institutions to compensate for it.

This would not be possible if Ireland got credit for the extent of her contribution to the greatness of the Empire in capacity of all kinds, both military and civil. I have no statistics on this point which I can cite, but I think it is well established that for a century at least the island has produced British soldiers, lawyers, and administrators of a high

order in numbers greater in proportion to population than England, and as great as Scotland. But, as I have said before, as soon as an Irishman becomes distinguished in a British service, he becomes in English eyes and English literature an Englishman. Any other country in the world, for instance, which had Wellington and Castlereagh, and Canning and Gough, and Henry and John Lawrence, and Nicholson and Roberts and Wolseley, and a score of others conspicuous in military and political life during the last eighty years, born on its soil, to say nothing of Irish lawyers at the English bar, and Irish civil servants in the colonies, would get the credit of them in that balancing of excellences and defects through which the reputation of a people is made. As La Bruyère has said, "Il ne faut pas juger des communautés uniquement par les hommes lâches qui en font la honte, ni seulement par les hommes rares qui en font l'honneur." One of the great misfortunes of the Irish is, however, that they are judged of by the poorest class. They are charged with all the defects of what is worst in the population, while the fame of what is best goes to Englishmen. The Celtic Irish have been losing their natural leaders and their foremost men by exile or massacre ever since Elizabeth's day. The enforced emigration after William's victory, so graphically described by Macaulay, made a clean sweep of what was left of the purely Irish gentry, and during the whole of the eighteenth century there was a steady stream of the more energetic and enterprising portion of the peasantry as military recruits to France. It is literally out of the vices and defects and weaknesses of the unhappy remnant of Catholics that the typical Irishman of English literature has been made. The Irish were entitled to whatever fame has since been achieved by men of Irish birth, no matter of what race, but in practice this has been denied them. Irish distinction goes almost invariably all over the British world to English account, while Irish shortcomings and failures are charged remorselessly to Irish account. A process which in England would construct the English character and capacity out of the small farmers and farm-laborers and small

shopkeepers would be very lowering to English pride, and yet it would in many respects be less unfair than that to which Irishmen have been subjected.

During the brief period of Irish national independence there was a certain efflorescence of political and parliamentary talent to which Irishmen, in spite of the many faults of the Irish Parliament and the many vices of the dominant class which elected it, look back with a certain pride. But even fair-minded and liberal Englishmen like Mr. Goldwin Smith find it hard to believe or acknowledge that anything good ever grew on Irish soil as Irish. Just listen to this account of the Irish Parliamentary leaders of that period in Mr. Goldwin Smith's Brighton address :

The Castle in its worst hour could not be more ready to give bribes than the patriot leaders of the Parliament, with few exceptions, were to take them. Patriotism with most of these men was simply an instrument for squeezing patronage out of the government. They had among them, it is true, a large measure of that eloquence of which the condition—besides a lively imagination and a copious flow of words—is freedom from the restraint of good sense, veracity, and self-respect. Grattan was the best of them, and Grattan talked a great deal of brilliant nonsense. Their debates were orgies of declamation, stimulated by the wine which they drank in oceans, breaking out into the most outrageous personalities, and often ending in duels. Everybody got drunk, everybody was in debt; even the highest functionary of the law was a duellist. It is easy to sympathize with the wistful look which the aspiring youth of Ireland casts at the empty Parliament House on College Green; but it would not be easy to sympathize with any desire to people those halls again with the ranting and canting place-hunters of the Irish Parliament before the Union.

There is no doubt a great deal of truth in this description; but ought it to have been penned as an argument against the capacity of Irish for self-government by an English historian, who must have had the English politicians of the same period very distinctly in his mind, and ought therefore to have acknowledged that the vices of the Irish politicians of 1780 were the vices of their time rather than of their country, low as the moral tone of Irish society in the eighteenth century undoubtedly was? Read along with this Trevelyan's description, in that terrible third chapter of his biography of Fox, of the English

legislators from whom the Irish Parliament wrung the acknowledgment of Irish independence. I cannot reproduce the whole of it, but copious quotation from it is but an act of justice to the Irish Parliament men of whom Mr. Goldwin Smith so scornfully disposes.

The Ministers who guided the State, whom the King delighted to honor, who had charge of public decency and order, who named the fathers of the Church . . . were conspicuous for impudent vice, for daily dissipation, for pranks that would have been regarded as childish and unbecoming by the cornets of a crack cavalry regiment in the worst days of military license. . . . The paymaster of the forces was Rigby, a man of whom it may literally be said that the only merit he possessed or cared to claim was that he drank fairly. . . . When the Duke of Grafton was at the Treasury, the seals were held by Lord Weymouth, a son of the Earl of Granville's daughter. With more than his father's capacity for liquor, he had inherited a fair portion of his abilities. . . . It would have been well for Lord Weymouth if his nights had been consumed exclusively in drinking, for he was an ardent and unlucky gambler, and by the age of one-and-thirty he had played away his fortune, his credit, and his honor.

This worthy was "on the point of levanting for France," when, in order to relieve him, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; but he was too bad even for the Irish, who showed so much turbulence at the prospect of his arrival that the nomination was rescinded and he was made Secretary of State for the northern department, a post in which Mr. Trevelyan says "he boozed till late and dozed into the afternoon, and his public exertions were confined to occasional speeches." His successor was the notorious and infamous Lord Sandwich.

Gambling in all its forms was then rather a profession than a pastime to the leaders of the London world. Trite and sordid details of the racing stable and the bill discounters' back parlor perpetually filled their thoughts and exercised their pens to the exclusion of worthier and more varied themes. . . . When Charles Fox first took rank among grown men, the head of the law in England and the head of the Church in Ireland were notorious as two among the hardest livers in the respective countries; and such pre-eminence then was not lightly earned. . . . A squire past five-and-fifty who still rode to hounds or walked after partridges was the envy of the country side for his health, unless he had been its scorn for his sobriety; and a Cabinet Minister of the same age who could anticipate with confidence that at a critical juncture he would be able to write

a confidential dispatch with his own hand, must have observed a very different *regimen* from most of his contemporaries. . . . Wine did more than work or worry to expedite that flow of promotion to which the modern Vice-Presidents and Junior Lords look back with wistful regrets. A statesman of the Georgian era was sailing on a sea of claret, from one official honor to another, at a period of life when a political apprentice in the reign of Victoria is not yet out of his indentures. No one can study the public or personal history of the eighteenth century without being impressed by the immense space which drinking occupies in the mental horizon of the young, and the consequences of drinking in that of the old. . . . Private vices were reflected in the conduct of public affairs; and the English people suffered, and suffers still, because at a great crisis in our history a large proportion among our rulers and councillors had been too dissolute and prodigal to be able to afford a conscience. . . . Everybody who had influence in Parliament or at Court used it for the express and avowed purpose of making or repairing his fortune. Walpole's father charged the Exchequer for the maintenance of his sons, according to their several claims on him, as calmly and systematically as a country gentleman settles an estate upon one child and rent charges on another.

As to the Irish eloquence of the day, we have but few means of comparing it with the English eloquence of the same period; but, as far as extant reports enable us to judge, "the rant and cant" of the place-hunters on one side of the channel were fully equal to the "rant and cant" of those on the other side. Fox, who is the best of the Englishmen, talked "much brilliant nonsense" as well as Grattan, and it is to be observed that the only English speeches of that day which are still read for political doctrine and discipline are those of an Irishman born and educated in Ireland. Seeing that Englishmen have managed to outgrow the license which Trevelyan describes, no political speculator has the right to assume that a similar process of regeneration would not have taken place in Ireland if her Parliament had survived. It may be that things would have grown worse instead of better in an independent Ireland, but it is hardly open to an English politician, in view of the extent to which the British Parliament shared in the corruption and disorder of which Mr. Goldwin Smith accuses the Irish politicians, to treat this possibility as an established fact and use it as a reproach, directed against the Irish Home Rulers of the present day.

I am not an admirer of the Irish Parliament even in 1782, but I think, when we consider what the English Parliament of that period was, and remember that the Irish Parliament had only an idle, dissolute, and bigoted caste behind it, and not, as the English Parliament had, a grave, industrious, enterprising, and on the whole God-fearing middle class, it must be admitted that it cuts in comparison a very respectable figure. Recrimination of this sort, however, is sorry work for both countries. Neither can look into the parliamentary history of the eighteenth century without shame, and the question which should feel most shame at the retrospect is one I should not pass upon if it were not that Mr. Goldwin Smith's little sketch of Irish political manners is an illustration of the depreciatory way of looking at everything Irish which often seems to have become a habit of the English mind, even among enlightened Liberals, and is one powerful cause of the growing repulsion to the English connection which one now sees among large numbers of Irishmen, whose sense of its value has hitherto been very strong.

The notion that this connection in its present form ought to be entirely satisfactory to the Irish because they are fairly or more than fairly represented, as far as numbers go, in the British Parliament, plays a large part in English answers to Irish maledictions, but is based on a delusion. To make representation by a minority complete political satisfaction, the legislature should either be homogeneous, or should not be divided by a difference of tradition, of feeling, and of manner. In other words, the members should be largely moved by common impulses and aims, if not by a common faith and origin. A minority of whose interests a majority knows but little, and whose social ideals it despises, is of but small use to its constituents. Representation does not mean simply the privilege of sending representatives to a certain room to be present while a majority separated from them by numerous and deeply drawn lines of distinction both social and political is announcing its will. The only thing, in fact, to make such a situation tolerable to a minority would be a con-

stitutional prohibition of all legislation not general in its character, and not intended to operate equally on the whole kingdom. Partial legislation, imposed by a legislative majority on districts which it does not represent, is of course as purely arbitrary as if it were enacted by imperial ukase.

The protest of the minority of the Irish peers against the Union presented this point strongly when it said that "the government of Ireland must hereafter reside in the preponderating majority of the British members of the United Parliament," and "it must leave the liberty of the Irish nation at the disposal of such British majority, who will make the law for the internal regulation of Ireland which shall not in any sort affect themselves, and impose taxes upon that kingdom the pressure of which they will not feel." And how much like successful prophecy this now reads: "It appears to us that the exercise of such powers must necessarily produce universal discontent, and may possibly tend to alienate the affections of Ireland from Great Britain." Another set of the Irish peers protested against the proposed Irish representation in the English House of Commons as "delusive; amounting, indeed, to an acknowledgment of the necessity of representation, but in no sort supplying it, inasmuch as the thirty-two peers and one hundred commoners will be merged in the vast disproportion of British members who will in fact be the legislators of Ireland."

There was one very simple way of meeting this objection to the Union. It consisted in leaving purely Irish concerns to be dealt with by the Irish members, as Scotch concerns are, and always have been, dealt with by the Scotch members, subject, of course, to the ratification of the majority. This would have saved the Irish national pride, and have left a parliamentary stage on which Irish politicians could still distinguish themselves in the eyes of their own countrymen, and preserve for them the rank of statesman in the eyes of foreigners instead of mere agitators. It would have left enough appearance of national independence to satisfy the Irish imagination without in any way weakening the close connection

with England which the Union was intended to establish. But it will be said, and is said—I see it in the English newspapers every week—Irish affairs cannot be left to the Irish members because they cannot agree on anything. The Scotchmen agree, or at all events produce a respectable majority, on every Scotch question; while the Irishmen cannot reach any conclusion whatever, and the English and Scotch are therefore forced to do their business for them. My first answer to this is, that we cannot be sure of it, because the experiment has never been fairly tried. My second is that, even if true now, it would not have become true if the responsibility of Irish legislation had been imposed upon Irishmen from the beginning, and will not remain true long if the practice of making the Irishmen do their own legislation be now resorted to. In all legislative assemblies, it is the consciousness of being held accountable by constituencies for the work to be done which keeps down the play of individual passion and caprice and jealousy. If it were not for this, there never would be agreement enough to make an effective majority in any parliament in the world. Englishmen have, however, so managed matters as to free Irish members from this accountability. As the Irishmen are never allowed to frame any legislation, and as their opinion about Irish legislation has never been deferred to, when Irish affairs are in Irish eyes neglected or mismanaged in the House of Commons, they are always able to go back to their constituents with a light heart, and cover up their own shortcomings by denouncing England. If they were responsible for Irish legislation, on the other hand, and no Irish legislation were forthcoming, they would have to bear the blame of it before the voters. They would not dare to say that the reason that this or that question had not been disposed of was that they had not been able to get a majority on it among themselves. Constituents would soon tire of representatives who could settle nothing, and send up others whose opinions of the topics of the day would be ascertained at the hustings. In this way something like public opinion would be created in Ireland, and, as Chief Baron Wolfe said,

“made racy of the soil.” The people would have been made to think on subjects, and would have learned what was reasonable and practicable in politics. They would have got into a way of settling their grievances at the polls instead of settling them with blunderbusses from behind hedges. Does any one suppose for a moment that under such a system the land question could have remained unsolved for forty years after the Devon Commission had pointed out the existence of every evil which Mr. Gladstone is now trying to remedy? In that interval the Irish have thoroughly learned the terrible lesson that the way to work the House of Commons into activity about Irish grievances is not to send good men to sit in it, but to commit a good many outrages at home. Nearly every relief they have achieved during the last hundred years has come to them through this process—Catholic emancipation, the abolition of the tithes, the disestablishment of the Church, the Land Act of 1870, and now the Land Act of 1881. With these facts staring us in the face, one can hardly read without amazement Mr. Goldwin Smith’s observation that “no Irishman who listens to his reason and not to his resentment can doubt that the same hands which have given Disestablishment and the Land Act are ready to give any feasible and rational measure of Home Rule.” On the contrary, I do not see how rational Irishmen can doubt that Irish arguments and appeals produce, for practical purposes, no effect on the English mind until they are enforced by that dreadful form of social war known in English legislation as “Irish crime and outrage.”

Under the system on which the parliamentary union has been carried out, no Irish member has been any more responsible for Irish legislation than for the legislation of the State of New York. The constituencies, knowing this, have long ceased to expect a member to be a legislator or have any of the qualities of a legislator. Ever since Catholic emancipation, all they have asked of him is to annoy and harass the Government of the day and denounce English rule; or, in other words, to play the part of a bushwhacker on the floor of the House, while his constituents supplement his exer-

tions in this line by murder and intimidation, which he is expected to palliate and shield from penal enactment. There was an old popular song in O'Connell's time which contained in a few words the Irish peasant's idea of the functions of an Irish parliament-man :

Long life to our Kerry game-cock !
His spurs were always nimble ;
The Tory hacks he'll shock,
And make old Bruen tremble.

"Old Bruen" was Colonel Bruen, an Irish Tory member, and what was expected of the Irish popular members, like O'Connell, was to play the part of a game-cock and peck and scratch the ministers of the day, and crow defiance at them. This is exactly what is expected of him still. The Irish popular parliamentary leader is still a game-cock, and his business is to "shock" the Englishmen as Messrs. Healy and Biggar do it, and not by any means to frame measures for the redress of Irish grievances or for the quieting of Irish life. I venture to assert that the notion that an Irish member is or can be a legislator, if it ever existed, does not now linger among the people even as a tradition. It has perished completely. They think of their members as agitators and revilers. They judge them as agitators and revilers. They expect nothing from them in the way of constructiveness. They do not value moderation in them, because moderation in a reviler is a defect, and is likely to interfere with his work. The man who exasperates the majority in the House most effectively is their true leader. In fact, short of an absolute despotism, nothing better calculated to prevent the growth of a political sense in Ireland could have been devised than the parliamentary government of the island since the Union.

It has had also one unfortunate result that absolute government would not have produced, in that it has brought parliamentary forms into contempt among the Irish people. It has prepared them to witness, not only without shame, but with exultation, the scenes of disorder prepared by the Irish obstructionists last winter. About the Irish members who took part in these scenes I know nothing personally—I

have never seen one of them to my knowledge. They may be as black as they are painted by the English press, for anything I can say to the contrary. But even if they are, I must recall Mr. Grattan's prediction in his protest against the Union as to the effect on Irish public men of the merging of the Irish Parliament in that of Great Britain. "The removing of parliament," he said, "tends to remove with it from the kingdom those men of large property and influence, of talents and respectability, whose presence is at all times necessary to tranquillity, and may at some juncture be alone capable of preserving it, and their absence will leave room for political agitators and men of talents without principle or property to disturb and irritate the public mind." Once Irishmen were deprived of the duties and responsibilities of legislation for their own country, the appearance on the scene of the kind of politicians which the Home Rulers are represented to be by the London press was only a question of time. They are the crop for which the soil has been long in preparation. And let me add, that those who know anything of the state of mind into which Englishmen sometimes work themselves with regard to offenders against their peace and dignity will question whether the Parnellites are as bad as they are made out to be, and will be disposed to accord them a large part of the pardon which is undoubtedly due to any body of poor men who brave English society in the advocacy of a very unpopular cause and in behalf of a very unpopular race. Such a position is not likely to promote sweetness of temper or good manners.

The mistake made about Irish legislation has been aggravated by another mistake about Irish administration. In the manner of executing laws there has been just as little regard of Irish sensitiveness as in the manner of making them. Irishmen have, it is true, been freely admitted to the service of the Government, and have earned some notoriety as persistent and successful place-hunters. But no conspicuous place which would in any way affect the Irish imagination has been given them as Irishmen. The Irish Secretaryship seems to be a position which on grounds

of expediency as well as sentiment ought to have been as carefully reserved for an Irishman as the Lord Advocate's for a Scotchman. It is of the last importance that the Cabinet officers specially charged with the Irish administration should not only understand Irishmen intellectually, but in a certain sense share their feelings. I have never been able to see why, if it is proper to take pains to have English Radicalism represented in a Liberal Cabinet, it is not also proper to take pains to have Irish nationalism represented in it, not simply by an Englishman who wishes well to the Irish people, but by one of themselves; and this not only because an Irishman would represent them better than an Englishman or a Scotchman, but because it is desirable that the Irish should feel that their claim to be represented was recognized. Nor do I see why the confidence of the Birmingham electors should be considered a better reason for putting Mr. Chamberlain in the Cabinet than the confidence of the Irish people for putting Mr. Parnell or Mr. Saxton in it. This doubtless sounds very startling to an English reader, but only because of the long habit of thinking of the Irish as a community incapable of managing their own affairs, and by whose complaints it is "weakness" to be moved. To any one on whom this habit has never laid hold, in short, it would appear vastly better politics to have given Mr. Parnell the Irish Secretaryship last winter than to have put him in jail. In fact, on any sound view of the relations of the two countries under a common government, Mr. Parnell, or some one who had won the confidence of the Irish people, should be considered to be entitled thereby to a place in the Cabinet if he was willing to take it.

Far from this, however, I believe the Irish Secretaryship has never been given to an Irishman who cared to be considered a representative of the country, for Mr. Chichester Fortescue, though born in Ireland, could not be considered such a representative. It is one of the places as a rule reserved for Englishmen, the reason being that the English members in the House of Commons would not be satisfied with anybody but an Englishman. Sometimes it falls into the hands of an Englishman like Mr. James Low-

ther, who is as unlike an Irishman as an Englishman can well be. I know nothing of Mr. Lowther personally, but I know the English type to which he belongs, and know therefore, with perfect confidence, what he thinks about Ireland and Irishmen. In fact, when he was Irish Secretary, he made little concealment of his views, and at this distance it seems as if a greater indignity could hardly have been inflicted on a people blessed or cursed with any national pride than the appointment of an Englishman such as he to administer their affairs.

"Oh, but this was a Tory appointment," I shall probably be told. "The Liberals would never have made such an appointment as that." Well, they did, in my opinion, make one just as mad in a critical period in appointing Mr. Forster. He belongs to an entirely different type of Englishman from Mr. Lowther, but it is a type just as unfit to manage Ireland. That the aim of giving him the place was a very high one I do not doubt. Mr. Gladstone, I am sure, was persuaded that, in selecting Mr. Forster, he had made the best possible disposition of the office, as far as the interests of the Irish people were concerned. That Mr. Gladstone should think so is, however, another striking illustration of the width of the gulf which separates the English way of looking at Irish needs from the Irish one, and, I will add, from that of most foreign observers. I have never lighted in the English press on any better reason for putting Ireland in Mr. Forster's special charge than that, while a young man, in the famine of 1847, he was the distributing agent in Ireland of an English Quaker charity. This showed, doubtless, that he pitied the Irish, and thought they had been badly treated; but how it came to be considered a qualification for administering the local government in Ireland in very trying times it is very difficult to understand. In mental remoteness from the Irish he is hardly surpassed by Mr. Lowther. There can scarcely be a kind of man more trying to the Irish temper, in the character of a master, than a good Englishman with a high sense of duty, who believes himself charged with a mission for Irish salvation. That Mr. Forster belongs

to this—which I may venture to call the pedagogic type of Englishman—few will deny; and I should think worse than I do of the Irish for not liking it if I did not know that it is hated by every people in the world who fall into English hands as wards or dependants, and that the mere thought of having this kind of Englishman set over him, and charged with the duty of improving him, would set an American wild. I believe Englishmen are to-day the only persons in the civilized world who cannot understand the bitter hatred with which Mr. Forster's efforts to pacify the country during the past winter seem to have filled the Irish. Read at this distance, the speech he made at Tullamore, I think it was, which the London press admired so much two months ago, as a piece of stern and courageous yet affectionate remonstrance, was, nevertheless, also a piece of most exasperating political rhetoric. It was throughout the language of a master—a pious and benevolent master, it is true, but still a master, and a foreign master to boot—who looked down on his audience from a great height of moral superiority, and was determined not to stop chastising them until he saw signs of improvement. Any Irishman who listened to his lecture without a touch of both shame and indignation is, you may rely upon it, poor material for free citizenship under a free government, particularly if you remember that the orator was really armed with despotic power and could have put any man in his audience into jail at a word.

That Mr. Forster's philanthropic labors in 1847 did not give him the knowledge of Ireland which the place called for, even if his birth and antecedents were no disqualification, has been fully demonstrated by the history of the Coercion Bill, which was largely his conception and handiwork. Compare his account in the House of Commons of what he expected to accomplish by it with his admission the other day in the same place touching its failure, and you will see that he must have been all along very ignorant of the conditions of Irish society, and of the workings of the Irish mind; and that his trips to Dublin and occasional sojourns in that city did little more to enlighten him than continued

residence in Bradford would have done. In fact, his notion that the outrages were the work of "village ruffians," who could be easily caught, was distinctly the notion of an ill-informed foreign traveller, unacquainted both with the history of the Land Question and with that of Irish crime. There was something, too, rather ludicrous in the way in which his Irish administration closed. His dictatorship, which was complete and unrestrained, except as to the penalty it could inflict, proved, like all previous dictatorships of the same kind, a complete failure. Why it failed, any Irishman who is in the least familiar with the story of Irish troubles knows; but Mr. Forster did not know. He maintained that the reason was that he had not more power. This is what dictators have always said when the dictatorship was taken away from them. I believe there is not on record an example of their relinquishing it voluntarily, and confessing that it had done no good. But who would have thought that a Yorkshire Quaker, manufacturer and philanthropist, would have furnished no exception to the rule, and that he too would stoutly urge, after things had gone from bad to worse under his despotism, that if he were armed with a little more despotism they would improve?

The truth is—and it is the truth as to the new Repression Bill as well as of the old Coercion Bill—that these measures for pacifying Ireland must fail as long as they are English measures which are sent across the Channel as the devices of Englishmen and Scotchmen, who in the opinion of the Irish hate and despise the Irish. This fact arouses whatever there is of national feeling—diseased national feeling if you will—on the side of the lawbreakers. It makes Irishmen who dislike crime as much as anybody not sorry to see the criminals baffle English modes of dealing with Irish discontent, and punish English indifference to Irish opinion. Worse still, it gives all testimony against the criminal that air of treason to the Irish cause which, and not fear simply, keeps a good many witnesses from coming forward. A change for the better I fear we shall not see until the English people get rid of the feeling of responsibility for Ireland which now oppresses

them as well as exasperates the Irish. If the accepted English theory be sound, that Ireland is fairly represented in the British Parliament, this feeling ought not to exist. The object of fair representation is to give the Irish the control of their own affairs. If it does not give them control of their own affairs, but still burdens England with the care of them, it is a mockery, for it certainly gives them nothing else. It has never been supposed or acknowledged that the Irish were wanted in the House of Commons to help to govern England. Under the parliamentary system a country is entitled to as good government as it can itself devise and carry on, and to none better. Ireland is no exception to this rule. She is not entitled under the British Constitution to any better laws than Irishmen can frame and execute. More than this, better government than Irishmen themselves can devise and carry on, England cannot give them under parliamentary institutions. To give it, you would have to resort to pure despotism, as in a Crown colony; and a Crown colony so near home you will not suffer. The government of Ireland during the last eighty years has been about the worst in Europe. It has furnished but imperfect security for either life or liberty, and has not prevented great enduring wretchedness on the part of the people. In fact, taking it for all in all, I do not think any candid Englishman will say that the Irish themselves, when let alone, could have furnished a worse one, no matter how low his estimate of Irish political capacity may be. It has had one feature too which, though it has redeemed the government of Ireland, and still redeems it, in the eyes of many Englishmen, really constitutes in the eyes of impartial foreign observers a special and distinct badness which the government of the Irish by the Irish would not have had, in that it has maintained by force of arms a kind of property which was hostile to the best interests of the State, and for which there has existed no parallel in modern times except slavery. This the Irish left to themselves, would long ago have reformed altogether. They would not have permitted the soil of the island to be devoted to the maintenance of an idle and essentially foreign aristocracy, to the detriment of every other social

interest. No such state of things could, in truth, be kept up in any country in our day except, as in Ireland, by the aid of foreign troops.

The best thing for Englishmen to do now on the Irish question is, I make bold to repeat, to get rid of the feeling that they are responsible for either the temporal or the eternal welfare of Irishmen, to give up allowing their imagination to dwell on the dreadful things which would happen in Ireland if the Parnells and Heals and O'Donnells were allowed to have their own way without highly respectable Englishmen to restrain them. They must try to think about wicked and turbulent Irishmen as they think of wicked and turbulent Americans—as people to be read about and laughed over, but not as people to lie awake about and make rules for. If the Irish love murder, the only radical cure is to let them murder each other till they get tired of it. If they like intimidation, let them intimidate. For all I can see, more murder and intimidation they are not likely to have under Irish rule than they have had under English rule. We may be very sure that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the social instinct is not dead in Ireland; and, if the responsibility of preserving order is imposed upon Irishmen, they will somehow manage to preserve it, and very probably by the use of methods of much greater severity than Englishmen dare to venture on. They have certainly much less tenderness to individual rights than Englishmen, and are really much less shocked by the exercise of arbitrary power, if only it be lodged in what they consider the right hands. It is worthy of note that during all the struggles of Liberalism against Absolutism in all parts of the world during the past fifty years, Irish sympathies have been with the Conservatives and Reactionaries, both in Church and State. In Europe they have been the friends of the Kaiser and the Pope, in America of the slaveholder; and one does not need to be a bold man to predict that, whenever we see self-government in Ireland, we shall see the law, whatever it be, enforced with an indifference to personal freedom and convenience which will surprise those Englishmen who are now most shocked and alarmed by Irish license.—*Nineteenth Century.*

DEATH AND LIFE.

BY A. P. STANLEY.

IN MEMORIAM JULY 18, 1881.

O DEATH ! how sweet the thought
That this world's strife is ended ;
That all we feared and all we sought
In one deep sleep are blended.

No more the anguish of to-day
To wait the darker morrow ;
No more stern call to do or say,
To brood o'er sin and sorrow.

O Death ! how dear the hope
That through the thickest shade,
Beyond the steep and sunless slope,
Our treasured store is laid.

The loved, the mourned, the honored dead
That lonely path have trod,
And that same path we too must tread,
To be with them and God.

O Life ! thou too art sweet ;
Thou breath'st the fragrant breath
Of those whom even the hope to meet
Can cheer the gate of death.

Life is the scene their presence lighted ;
Its every hour and place
Is with dear thought of them united,
Irradiate with their grace.

There lie the duties small and great
Which we from them inherit ;
There spring the aims that lead us straight
To their celestial spirit.

All glorious things, or seen or heard,
For love or justice done,
The helpful deeds, the ennobling word,
By this poor life are won.

O Life and Death ! like Day and Night,
Your guardian task combine ;
Pillar of darkness and of light,
Lead through Earth's storm till bright
Heaven's dawn shall shine !

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.*

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

No wisdom, nor counsel, nor understanding, against the Eternal! says the Wise Man. Against the natural and appointed course of things there is no contending. Ten years ago I remarked on the gloomy prospect for letters in this country, inasmuch as while the aristocratic class, according to a famous dictum of Lord Beaconsfield, was totally indifferent to letters, the friends of physical science on the other hand, a growing and popular body, were in active revolt against them. To deprive letters of the too great place they had hitherto filled in men's estimation, and to substitute other studies for them, was now the object, I observed, of a sort of crusade with the friends of physical science—a busy host important in itself, important because of the gifted leaders who march at its head, important from its strong and increasing hold upon public favor.

I could not help, I then went on to say, I could not help being moved with a desire to plead with the friends of physical science on behalf of letters, and in deprecation of the slight which they put upon them. But from giving effect to this desire I was at that time drawn off by more pressing matters. Ten years have passed, and the prospects of any pleader for letters have certainly not mended. If the friends of physical science were in the morning sunshine of popular favor even then, they stand now in its meridian radiance. Sir Josiah Mason founds a college at Birmingham to exclude "mere literary instruction and education;" and at its opening a brilliant and charming debater, Professor Huxley, is brought down to pronounce their funeral oration. Mr. Bright, in his zeal for the United States, exhorts young people to drink deep of "Hia-watha;" and the *Times*, which takes the gloomiest view possible of the future of letters, and thinks that a hundred years hence there will only be a few eccentrics reading letters and almost every

one will be studying the natural sciences—the *Times*, instead of counselling Mr. Bright's young people rather to drink deep of Homer, is for giving them, above all, "the works of Darwin and Lyell and Bell and Huxley," and for nourishing them upon the voyage of the "Challenger." Stranger still, a brilliant man of letters in France, M. Renan, assigns the same date of a hundred years hence, as the date by which the historical and critical studies, in which his life has been passed and his reputation made, will have fallen into neglect, and deservedly so fallen. It is the regret of his life, M. Renan tells us, that he did not himself originally pursue the natural sciences, in which he might have forestalled Darwin in his discoveries.

What does it avail, in presence of all this, that we find one of your own prophets, Bishop Thirlwall, telling his brother who was sending a son to be educated abroad that he might be out of the way of Latin and Greek: "I do not think that the most perfect knowledge of every language now spoken under the sun could compensate for the want of them? What does it avail, even, that an august lover of science, the great Goethe, should have said: "I wish all success to those who are for preserving to the literature of Greece and Rome its predominant place in education?" Goethe was a wise man, but the irresistible current of things was not then manifest as it is now. *No wisdom, nor counsel, nor understanding against the Eternal!*

But to resign one's self too passively to supposed designs of the Eternal is fatalism. Perhaps they are not really designs of the Eternal at all, but designs—let us for example say—of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Still the design of abasing what is called "mere literary instruction and education," and of exalting what is called "sound, extensive, and practical scientific knowledge," is a very positive design and makes great progress. The Universities are by no means outside its scope. At the recent

* Address delivered as "The Rede Lecture at Cambridge."

congress in Sheffield of elementary teachers—a very able and important body of men whose movements I naturally follow with strong interest—at Sheffield one of the principal speakers proposed that the elementary teachers and the Universities should come together on the common ground of natural science. On the ground of the dead languages, he said, they could not possibly come together; but if the Universities would take natural science for their chosen and chief ground instead, they easily might. Mahomet was to go to the mountain, as there was no chance of the mountain's being able to go to Mahomet.

The Vice-Chancellor has done me the honor to invite me to address you here to-day, although I am not a member of this great University. Your liberally conceived use of Sir Robert Rede's lecture leaves you free in the choice of a person to deliver the lecture founded by him, and on the present occasion the Vice-Chancellor has gone for a lecturer to the sister University. I will venture to say that to an honor of this kind from the University of Cambridge no one on earth can be so sensible as a member of the University of Oxford. The two Universities are unlike anything else in the world, and they are very like one another. Neither of them is inclined to go hastily into raptures over her own living offspring or over her sister's; each of them is peculiarly sensitive to the good opinion of the other. Nevertheless they have their points of dissimilarity. One such point, in particular, cannot fail to arrest notice. Both Universities have told powerfully upon the mind and life of the nation. But the University of Oxford, of which I am a member, and to which I am deeply and affectionately attached, has produced great men, indeed, but has above all been the source or the centre of great movements. We will not now go back to the middle ages; we will keep within the range of what is called modern history. Within this range, we have the great movements of Royalism, Wesleyanism, Tractarianism, Ritualism, all of them having their source or their centre in Oxford. You have nothing of the kind. The movement taking its name from Charles Simeon is far, far

less considerable than the movement taking its name from John Wesley. The movement attempted by the Latitude men in the seventeenth century is next to nothing as a movement; the men are everything. And this is, in truth, your great, your surpassing distinction: not your movements, but your men. From Bacon to Byron, what a splendid roll of great names you can point to! We, at Oxford, can show nothing equal to it. Yours is the University not of great movements, but of great men. Our experience at Oxford disposes us, perhaps, to treat movements, whether our own, or extraneous movements such as the present movement for revolutionizing education, with too much respect. That disposition finds a corrective here. Masses make movements, individualities explode them. On mankind in the mass, a movement, once started, is apt to impose itself by routine; it is through the insight, the independence, the self-confidence of powerful single minds that its yoke is shaken off. In this University of great names, whoever wishes not to be demoralized by a movement comes into the right air for being stimulated to pluck up his courage and to examine what stuff movements are really made of.

Inspired, then, by this tonic air in which I find myself speaking, I am boldly going to ask whether the present movement for ousting letters from their old predominance in education, and for transferring the predominance in education to the natural sciences, whether this brisk and flourishing movement ought to prevail, and whether it is likely that in the end it really will prevail. My own studies have been almost wholly in letters, and my visits to the field of the natural sciences have been very slight and inadequate, although those sciences strongly move my curiosity. A man of letters, it will perhaps be said, is quite incompetent to discuss the comparative merits of letters and natural science as means of education. His incompetence, however, if he attempts the discussion but is really incompetent for it, will be abundantly visible; nobody will be taken in; he will have plenty of sharp observers and critics to save mankind from that danger. But the line I am going to follow is, as you will soon discover,

so extremely simple, that perhaps it may be followed without failure even by one who for a more ambitious line of discussion would be quite incompetent.

Some of you may have met with a phrase of mine which has been the object of a good deal of comment ; an observation to the effect that in our culture, the aim being to know ourselves and the world, we have, as the means to this end, to know the best which has been thought and said in the world. Professor Huxley, in his discourse at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's college, laying hold of this phrase, expanded it by quoting some more words of mine, which are these : " Europe is to be regarded as now being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result ; and whose members have for their common outfit a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special local and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme."

Now on my phrase, thus enlarged, Professor Huxley remarks that I assert literature to contain the materials which suffice for making us know ourselves and the world. But it is not by any means clear, says he, that after having learned all which ancient and modern literatures have to tell us, we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life which constitutes culture. On the contrary, Professor Huxley declares that he finds himself " wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their common outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. An army without weapons of precision and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life."

This shows how needful it is, for those who are to discuss a matter together, to have a common understanding as to the sense of the terms they employ—how needful, and how

difficult. What Professor Huxley says implies just the reproach which is so often brought against the study of *belles lettres*, as they are called : that the study is an elegant one, but slight and ineffectual ; a smattering of Greek and Latin and other ornamental things, of little use for any one whose object is to get at truth. So, too, M. Renan talks of the " superficial humanism " of a school course which treats us as if we were all going to be poets, writers, orators, and he opposes this humanism to positive science, or the critical search after truth. And there is always a tendency in those who are remonstrating against the predominance of letters in education, to understand by letters *belles lettres*, and by *belles lettres* a superficial humanism, the opposite of science or true knowledge.

But when we talk of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, for instance, which is what people have called humanism, we mean a knowledge which is something more than a superficial humanism, mainly decorative. " I call all teaching *scientific*," says Wolf, the critic of Homer, " which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources. For example : a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific when the remains of classical antiquity are correctly studied in the original languages." There can be no doubt that Wolf is perfectly right, that all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources, and that a genuine humanism is scientific.

When I speak of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, therefore, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, I mean more than a knowledge of so much vocabulary, so much grammar, so many portions of authors, in the Greek and Latin languages. I mean knowing the Greeks and Romans, and their life and genius, and what they were and did in the world ; what we get from them, and what is its value. That, at least, is the ideal ; and when we talk of endeavoring to know Greek and Roman antiquity as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, we mean endeavoring so to know them as to satisfy this ideal, however much we may still fall short of it.

The same as to knowing our own and

other modern nations, with the aim of getting to understand ourselves and the world. To know the best that has been thought and said by the modern nations, is to know, says Professor Huxley, "only what modern *literatures* have to tell us; it is the criticism of life contained in modern literature." And yet "the distinctive character of our times," he urges, "lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge." And how, therefore, can a man, devoid of knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, enter hopefully upon a criticism of modern life?

Let us, I say, be agreed about the meaning of the terms we are using. I talk of knowing the best which has been thought and uttered in the world; Professor Huxley says this means knowing *literature*. Literature is a large word; it may mean everything written with letters or printed in a book. Euclid's *Elements* and Newton's *Principia* are thus literature. All knowledge that reaches us through books is literature. But by literature Professor Huxley means *belles lettres*. He means to make me say, that knowing the best which has been thought and said by the modern nations is knowing their *belles lettres* and no more. And this is no sufficient equipment, he argues, for a criticism of modern life. But as I do not mean, by knowing ancient Rome, knowing merely more or less of Latin *belles lettres*, and taking no account of Rome's military and political and legal and administrative work in the world; and as, by knowing ancient Greece, I understand knowing her as the giver of Greek art, and the guide to a free and right use of reason and to scientific method, and the founder of our mathematics and physics and astronomy and biology—I understand knowing her as all this, and not merely knowing certain Greek poems, histories, and speeches—so as to the knowledge of modern nations also. By knowing modern nations, I mean not merely knowing their *belles lettres*, but knowing also what has been done by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin. "Our ancestors learned," says Professor Huxley, "that the earth is the centre of the visible universe, and that man is the cynosure of things ter-

restrial; and more especially was it inculcated that the course of nature had no fixed order, but that it could be, and constantly was, altered." But for us now, says Professor Huxley, "the notions of the beginning and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer creditable. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order, with which nothing interferes." "And yet," he cries, "the purely classical education advocated by the representatives of the humanists in our day gives no inkling of all this!"

In due place and time we will perhaps touch upon the question of classical education, but at present the question is as to what is meant by knowing the best which modern nations have thought and said. It is not knowing their *belles lettres* merely that is meant. To know Italian *belles lettres* is not to know Italy, and to know English *belles lettres* is not to know England. Into knowing Italy and England there comes a great deal more, Galileo and Newton among it. The reproach of being a superficial humanist, a tincture of *belles lettres*, may attach rightly enough to some other disciplines; but to the particular discipline recommended when I proposed knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world, it does not apply. In that best I certainly include what in modern times has been thought and said by the great observers and knowers of nature.

There is, therefore, really no question between Professor Huxley and me as to whether knowing the results of the scientific study of nature is not required as a part of our culture, as well as knowing the products of literature and art. But to follow the processes by which those results are reached ought, say the friends of physical science, to be made the staple of education for the bulk of mankind. And here there does arise a question between those whom Professor Huxley calls with playful sarcasm "the Levites of culture," and those whom the poor humanist is sometimes apt to regard as its Nebuchadnezzars.

The great results of the scientific in-

vestigation of nature we are agreed upon knowing, but how much of our study are we bound to give to the processes by which those results are reached? The results have their visible bearing on human life. But all the processes, too, all the items of fact, by which those results are established, are interesting. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of nature is interesting to all men. It is very interesting to know, that from the albuminous white of the egg the chick in the egg gets the materials for its flesh, bones, blood, and feathers, while from the fatty yolk of the egg it gets the heat and energy which enable it at length to break its shell and begin the world. It is less interesting, perhaps, but still it is interesting, to know that when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water. Moreover, it is quite true that the habit of dealing with facts which is given by the study of nature is, as the friends of physical science praise it for being, an excellent discipline. The appeal is to observation and experiment; not only is it said that the thing is so, but we can be made to see that it is so. Not only does a man tell us that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, as a man may tell us, if he likes, that Charon is in his boat on the Styx, or that Victor Hugo is a truly great poet; but we are made to see that the conversion into carbonic acid and water does really happen. This reality of natural knowledge it is, which makes the friends of physical science contrast it, as a knowledge of things, with the humanist's knowledge, which is, say they, a knowledge of words. And hence Professor Huxley is moved to lay it down that "for the purpose of attaining real culture, an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education." And a certain President of the Section for Mechanical Science in the British Association is, in Scripture phrase, "very bold," and declares that if a man, in his education, "has substituted literature and history for natural science, he has chosen the less useful alternative." Whether we go these lengths or not, we must all admit that in natural science the habit gained of dealing with facts is a most

valuable discipline, and that every one should have some experience of it.

But it is proposed to make the training in natural science the main part of education, for the great majority of mankind at any rate. And here, I confess, I part company with the friends of physical science, with whom up to this point I have been agreeing. In differing from them, however, I wish to proceed with the utmost caution and diffidence. The smallness of my acquaintance with the disciplines of natural science is ever before my mind, and I am fearful of doing them injustice. The ability of the partisans of natural science makes them formidable persons to contradict. The tone of tentative inquiry, which befits a being of dim faculties and bounded knowledge, is the tone I would wish to take and not to depart from. At present it seems to me, that those who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place in the education of the majority of mankind, leave one important thing out of their account—the constitution of human nature. But I put this forward on the strength of some facts not at all recondite, very far from it; facts capable of being stated in the simplest possible fashion, and to which, if I so state them, the man of science will, I am sure, be willing to allow their due weight.

Deny the facts altogether, I think, he hardly can. He can hardly deny, that when we set ourselves to enumerate the powers which go to the building up of human life, and say that they are the power of conduct, the power of intellects and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners—he can hardly deny that this scheme, though drawn in rough and plain lines and not pretending to scientific exactness, does yet give a fairly true account of the matter. Human nature is built up by these powers; we have the need for them all. This is evident enough, and the friends of physical science will admit it. But perhaps they may not have sufficiently observed another thing: namely, that these powers just mentioned are not isolated, but there is in the generality of mankind a perpetual tendency to relate them one to another in divers ways. With one

such way of relating them I am particularly concerned here. Following our instinct for intellect and knowledge, we acquire pieces of knowledge; and presently, in the generality of men, there arises the desire to relate these pieces of knowledge to our sense for conduct, to our sense for beauty, and there is weariness and dissatisfaction if the desire is balked. Now in this desire lies, I think, the strength of that hold which letters have upon us.

All knowledge is, as I said just now, interesting; and even items of knowledge which from the nature of the case cannot well be related, but must stand isolated in our thoughts, have their interest. Even lists of exceptions have their interest. If we are studying Greek accents, it is interesting to know that *país* and *pas*, and some other monosyllables of the same form of declension, do not take the circumflex upon the last syllable of the genitive plural, but vary, in this respect, from the common rule. If we are studying physiology, it is interesting to know that the pulmonary artery carries dark blood and the pulmonary vein carries bright blood, departing in this respect from the common rule for the division of labor between the veins and the arteries. But every one knows how we seek naturally to combine the pieces of our knowledge together, to bring them under general rules, to relate them to principles; and how unsatisfactory and tiresome it would be to go on forever learning lists of exceptions, or accumulating items of fact which must stand isolated.

Well, that same need of relating our knowledge which operates here within the sphere of our knowledge itself, we shall find operating also, outside that sphere. We feel, as we go on learning and knowing, the vast majority of mankind feel the need of relating what we have learned and known to the sense which we have in us for conduct, to the sense which we have in us for beauty.

The prophetess Diotima explained to Socrates that love is, in fact, nothing but the desire in men that good should be forever present to them. This primordial desire it is, I suppose—this desire in men that good should be forever pres-

ent to them—which causes in us the instinct for relating our knowledge to our sense for conduct and to our sense for beauty. At any rate, with men in general the instinct exists. Such is human nature. Such is human nature; and in seeking to gratify the instinct we are following the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

Knowledges which cannot be directly related to the sense for beauty, to the sense for conduct, are instrument-knowledges; they lead on to other knowledges, which can. A man who passes his life in instrument-knowledges is a specialist. They may be invaluable as instruments to something beyond, for those who have the gift thus to employ them; and they may be disciplines in themselves wherein it is useful to every one to have some schooling. But it is inconceivable that the generality of men should pass all their mental life with Greek accents or with formal logic. My friend Professor Sylvester, who holds transcendental doctrines as to the virtue of mathematics, is far away in America; and therefore, if in the Cambridge Senate House one may say such a thing without profaneness, I will hazard the opinion that for the majority of mankind a little of mathematics, also, goes a long way. Of course this is quite consistent with their being of immense importance as an instrument to something else; but it is the few who have the aptitude for thus using them, not the bulk of mankind.

The natural sciences do not stand on the same footing with these instrument-knowledges. Experience shows us that the generality of men will find more interest in learning that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, or in learning the explanation of the phenomenon of dew, or in learning how the circulation of the blood is carried on, than they find in learning that the genitive plural of *país* and *pas* does not take the circumflex on the termination. And one piece of natural knowledge is added to another, and others to that, and at last we come to propositions so interesting as the proposition that "our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." Or we come to proposi-

tions of such reach and importance as those which Professor Huxley brings us, when he says that the notions of our forefathers about the beginning and the end of the world were all wrong, and that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes.

Interesting, indeed, these results of science are, important they are, and we should all be acquainted with them. But what I now wish you to mark is, that we are still, when they are propounded to us and we receive them, we are still in the sphere of intellect and knowledge. And for the generality of men there will be found, I say, to arise, when they have duly taken in the proposition that their ancestor was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," there will be found to arise an invincible desire to relate this proposition to the sense within them for conduct and to the sense for beauty. But this the men of science will not do for us, and will hardly, even, profess to do. They will give us other pieces of knowledge; other facts, about other animals and their ancestors, or about plants, or about stones, or about stars; and they may finally bring us to those "general conceptions of the universe which have been forced upon us," says Professor Huxley, "by physical science." But still it will be knowledge only which they give us; knowledge not put for us into relation with our sense for conduct, our sense for beauty, and touched with emotion by being so put; not thus put for us, and therefore, to the majority of mankind, after a certain while unsatisfying, wearying.

Not to the born naturalist, I admit. But what do we mean by a born naturalist? We mean a man in whom the zeal for observing nature is so strong and eminent that it marks him off from the bulk of mankind. Such a man will pass his life happily in collecting natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and will ask for nothing, or hardly anything, more. I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we have lately lost, Mr. Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them—poetry and religion;

science and the domestic affections, he thought, were enough. To a born naturalist, I can well understand that this should seem so. So absorbing is his occupation with nature, so strong his love for his occupation, that he goes on acquiring natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and has little time or inclination for thinking about getting it related to the desire in man for conduct, the desire in man for beauty. He relates it to them for himself as he goes along, so far as he feels the need; and he draws from the domestic affections all the additional solace necessary. But then Darwins are very rare. Another great and admirable master of natural knowledge, Faraday, was a Sandemanian. That is to say, he related his knowledge to his instinct for conduct and to his instinct for beauty by the aid of that respectable Scottish secretary, Robert Sandeman. And for one man among us with the disposition to do as Darwin did in this respect, there are fifty, probably, with the disposition to do as Faraday.

Professor Huxley holds up to scorn medieval education, with its neglect of the knowledge of nature, its poverty of literary studies, its formal logic devoted to "showing how and why that which the Church said was true must be true." But the great medieval Universities were not brought into being, we may be sure, by the zeal for giving a jejune and contemptible education. Kings have been our nursing fathers, and queens have been our nursing mothers, but not for this. Our Universities came into being because the supposed knowledge delivered by Scripture and the Church so deeply engaged men's hearts, and so simply, easily, and powerfully related itself to the desire for conduct, the desire for beauty—the general desire in men, as Diotima said, that good should be forever present to them. All other knowledge was dominated by this supposed knowledge and was subordinated to it, because of the surpassing strength of the hold which it gained upon men's affections by allying itself profoundly with their sense for conduct and their sense for beauty.

But now, says Professor Huxley, conceptions of the universe fatal to the notions held by our forefathers have

been forced upon us by physical science. Grant to him that they are thus fatal, that they must and will become current everywhere, and that every one will finally perceive them to be fatal to the beliefs of our forefathers. The need of humane letters, as they are truly called, because they serve the paramount desire in men that good should be forever present to them—the need of human letters to establish a relation between the new conceptions and our instinct for beauty, our instinct for conduct, is only the more visible. The middle age could do without human letters, as it could do without the study of nature, because its supposed knowledge was made to engage its emotions so powerfully. Grant that the supposed knowledge disappears, its power of being made to engage the emotions will of course disappear along with it—but the emotions will remain. Now if we find by experience that humane letters have an undeniable power of engaging the emotions, the importance of humane letters in man's training becomes not less, but greater, in proportion to the success of science in extirpating what it calls "medieval thinking."

Have humane letters, have poetry and eloquence, the power here attributed to them of engaging the emotions. and how do they exercise it? and if they have it and exercise it, how do they exercise it in relating the results of natural science to man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? All these questions may be asked. First, have poetry and eloquence the power of calling out the emotions? The appeal is to experience. Experience shows us that for the vast majority of men, for mankind in general, they have the power. Next, how do they exercise it? And this is perhaps a case for applying the Preacher's words: "Though a man labor to seek it out, yet shall he not find it; yea, further, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it." Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, "Patience is a virtue," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions to say with Homer,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θνητὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—*

* *Iliad*, xxiv. 49.

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men?" Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Spinoza, *Felicitas in eo consistit quod homo suum esse conservare potest*—"Man's happiness consists in his being able to preserve his own essence," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, "What is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, forfeit himself?" How does this difference of effect arise? I cannot tell, and I am not much concerned to know; the important thing is that it does arise and that we can profit by it. But how, finally, are poetry and eloquence to exercise the power of relating the results of natural science to man's instinct for conduct, his instinct for beauty? And here again I answer that I do not know how they will exercise it, but that they can and will exercise it I am sure. I do not mean that modern philosophical poets and modern philosophical moralists are to relate for us the results of modern scientific research to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. I mean that we shall find, as a matter of experience, if we know the best that has been thought and uttered in the world, we shall find that the art and poetry and eloquence of men who lived, perhaps, long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge, who had the most erroneous conceptions about many important matters, we shall find that they have in fact not only the power of refreshing and delighting us, they have also the power—such is the strength and worth, in essentials, of their authors' criticism of life—they have a fortifying and elevating and quickening and suggestive power capable of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. Homer's conceptions of the physical universe were, I imagine, grotesque; but really, under the shock of hearing from modern science that "the world is not subordinated to man's use, and that man is not the cynosure of things terrestrial," I could desire no better comfort than Holmer's line which I quoted just now,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θνητὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men."

And the more that men's minds are cleared, the more that the results of science are frankly accepted, the more that poetry and eloquence come to be studied as what they really are—the criticism of life by gifted men, alive and active with extraordinary power at an unusual number of points; so much the more will the value of humane letters, and of art also, which is an utterance having a like kind of power with theirs, be felt and acknowledged, and their place in education be secured.

Let us, all of us, avoid as much as possible any invidious comparison between the merits of humane letters, as means of education, and the merits of the natural sciences. But when some President of a Section for Mechanical Science insists on making the comparison, and tells us that "he who in his training has substituted literature and history for natural science has chosen the less useful alternative," let us say to him that the student of humane letters only, will at least know also the great general conceptions brought in by modern physical science; for science, as Professor Huxley says, forces them upon us all. But the student of the natural sciences only will, by our very hypothesis, know nothing of humane letters; not to mention that in setting himself to be perpetually accumulating natural knowledge, he sets himself to do what only specialists have the gift for doing genially. And so he will be unsatisfied, or at any rate incomplete, and even more incomplete than the student of humane letters.

I once mentioned in a school-report how a young man in a training college, having to paraphrase the passage in *Macbeth* beginning,

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

turned this line into, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" And I remarked what a curious state of things it would be, if every pupil of our primary schools knew that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, and thought at the same time that a good paraphrase for

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

was, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" If one is driven to choose, I think I would rather have a young person ignorant about the converted wax, but aware that "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" is bad, than a young person whose education had left things the other way.

Or to go higher than the pupils of our primary schools. I have in my mind's eye a member of Parliament who goes to travel in America, who relates his travels, and who shows a really masterly knowledge of the geology of the country and of its mining capabilities, but who ends by gravely suggesting that the United States should borrow a prince from our Royal Family and should make him their king, and should create a House of Lords of great landed proprietors after the pattern of ours; and then America, he thinks, would have her future happily secured. Surely, in this case the President of the Section for Mechanical Science would himself hardly say that our member of Parliament, by concentrating himself upon geology and mining and so on, and not attending to literature and history, had "chosen the more useful alternative."

If then there is to be separation and option between humane letters on the one hand, and the natural sciences on the other, the great majority of mankind, all who have not exceptional and overpowering aptitudes for the study of nature, would do well, I cannot but think, to choose to be educated in humane letters rather than in the natural sciences. Letters will call out their being at more points, will make them live more.

And indeed, to say the truth, I cannot really think that humane letters are in danger of being thrust out from their leading place in education, in spite of the array of authorities against them at this moment. So long as human nature is what it is, their attractions will remain irresistible. They will be studied more rationally, but they will not lose their place. What will happen will rather be that there will be crowded into education other matters besides, far too many; there will be, perhaps, a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency; but letters will not in the end

lose their leading place. If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again. We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations. And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favor with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that, while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science, and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will also require humane letters, and so much the more as they have the more and the greater results of science to relate to the need in man for conduct, and to the need in him for beauty.

And so we have turned in favor of the humanities the *No wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel, against the Eternal!* which seemed against them when we started. The "hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears probably arboreal in his habits," carried hidden in his nature, apparently, something destined to develop into a necessity for humane letters. The time warns me to stop; but most probably, if we went on, we might arrive at the further conclusion that our ancestor carried in his nature, also, a necessity for Greek. The attackers of the established course of study think that against Greek, at any rate, they have irresistible arguments. Literature may perhaps be needed in education, they say; but why on earth should it be Greek literature? Why not French or German? nay, "has not an Englishman models in his own literature of every kind of ex-

cellence?" As before, it is not on any weak pleadings of my own that I rely for convincing the gainsayer; it is on the constitution of human nature itself and on the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The instinct for beauty is set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct. If the instinct for beauty is served by Greek literature as it is served by no other literature, we may trust to the instinct of self-preservation in humanity for keeping Greek as part of our culture. We may trust to it for even making this study more prevalent than it is now. As I said of humane letters in general, Greek will come to be studied more rationally than at present; but it will be increasingly studied as men increasingly feel the need in them for beauty, and how powerfully Greek art and Greek literature can serve this need. Women will again study Greek, as Lady Jane Grey did; perhaps in that chain of forts, with which the fair host of the Amazons is engirdling this University, they are studying it already. *Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca*, said Leonardo da Vinci; and he was an Italian. What must an Englishman feel as to his deficiencies in this respect, as the sense for beauty, whereof symmetry is an essential element, awakens and strengthens within him! what will not one day be his respect and desire for Greece and its *symmetria prisca*, when the scales drop from his eyes as he walks the London streets, and he sees such a lesson in meanness as the Strand, for instance, in its true deformity! But here I have entered Mr. Ruskin's province, and I am well content to leave not only our street architecture, but also letters and Greek, under the care of so distinguished a guardian.—*Nineteenth Century*.

A SAN CARLO SUPERSTITION.

SEVERAL years ago I considered in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, under the title of "A Gambling Superstition," a plan by which some fondly imagine that fortune may be forced, and showed how illusory the scheme really is which at first view appears so promising. I

propose now to consider another plan, the fallacy in which cannot be quite so readily seen, though in reality it is as unmistakable, when once the conditions of the problem are duly considered, as in the other.

Let me in the first place briefly run

through the reasoning relating to the simple problem ; because the discussion of the other turns in fact on a comparison between the two.

The simple idea for winning constantly at any such game as *rouge et noir* is as follows : The player stakes the sum which he desires to win, say £1. Either he wins or loses. If he wins he again stakes £1, having already gained one. If, however, he loses, he stakes £2. If this time he wins, he gains a balance of £1, and begins again, staking £1, having already won £1. If, however, he loses the stake of £2, or £3 in all (for £1 was lost at the first trial), he stakes £4. If he wins at this third trial he is £1 to the good, and begins again, staking £1 after having already won £1. If, however, he loses, he stakes £8. It will readily be seen that by going on in this way the player always wins £1, when at last the right color appears. He then, in every case, puts by the £1 gained, and begins again.

It seems then at first as though all the player has to do is to keep on patiently in this way, starting always with some small sum which he desires to win at each trial, doubling the stake after each loss, when he pockets the amount of his first stake and begins again. At each trial the same sum seems certainly to be gained, for he cannot go on losing forever. So that he may keep on adding pound to pound, *ad infinitum*, or until the "bank" tires of the losing game.

The fallacy consists in the assumption that he cannot always lose. It is true that theoretically a time must always come when the right color wins. But the player has to keep on doubling his stake practically, not theoretically ; and the right color may not appear till his pockets are cleared. Theoretically, too, it is certain that be the sum at his command ever so large, and the stake the bank allows ever so great, the player will be ruined at last at this game, if—which is always the case—the sum at the command of the bank is very much larger. It would be so even if the bank allowed itself no advantage in the game, whereas we know that there is a certain seemingly small, but in reality decisive, advantage in favor of the bank at every

trial. Apart from this, however, the longest pocket is bound to win in the long run at the game of speculation which I have described. For though it seems a tolerably sure game, it is in reality purely speculative. At every trial there is an enormous probability in favor of the player winning a certain insignificant sum ; but, *per contra*, there is a certain small probability that he will lose, not a small sum, or even a large sum, but all that he possesses—supposing, that is, that he continues the game with steady courage up to that final doubling which closes his gambling career, and also supposing that the bank allows the doubling to continue far enough ; if the bank does not, then the last sum staked within the bank limit is the amount lost by the player, and though he may not be absolutely ruined, he loses at one fell swoop a sum very much larger than that insignificant amount which is all he can win at each trial.

Although this gambling superstition has misled many, yet after all it is easily shown to be a fallacy. It is too simple to mislead any reasonable person long. And indeed, when it has been tried, we find that the unfortunate victim of the delusion very soon wakes to the fact that his stakes increase dangerously fast. When it comes to the fifth or sixth doubling, he is apt to lose heart, fearing that the luck which has gone against him five times in succession may go against him five times more, which would mean that the stake already multiplied 32 times would be increased, not 32 times, but 32 times 32 times, or 1024 times, which would either mean ruin, or a sudden foreclosure on the bank's part, and the collapse of the system.

For the benefit of those who too readily see through a simple scheme such as this, gamblers have invented other devices for their own or others' destruction, devices in which the fallacy underlying all such plans is so carefully hidden that it cannot very readily be detected.

Here, for instance, is a pretty little martingale recently submitted to me by a correspondent of *Knowledge* :

The gambler first decides on the amount which he is to win at each ven-

ture—if that can be called a venture which according to his scheme is to be regarded as an absolute certainty. Let us say that the sum to be won is £10. He divides this up into any convenient number of parts, say three; and say that the three sums making up £10 are £3, £3, and £4. Then he prepares a card on the annexed plan, where W stands for winnings, L for losses, and M (for martingale) heads the working

W	M	L
	£3	
	3	
	4	

column which guides the gambler in his successive ventures.

The first part of the play is light and fanciful: the player—whom we will call A—stakes any small sums he pleases until he loses, making no account of any winnings which may precede his first loss. This first loss starts his actual operations. Say the first loss amounts to £2: A enters this sum in the third column as a loss, and also in the second under the cross-line. He then stakes the sum of this number, 2, which is now the lowest in column M, and 3, the uppermost—that is, he stakes £5. If he loses, he enters the lost £5 in columns M and L; and next stakes £8, the sum of the top and bottom figures (£3 and £5) in column M. He goes on thus till he wins, when he enters under the head W the amount he has won, and scores out in column M the top and bottom figures, viz., the £3 (at the top), and the last loss (at the bottom). This process is to be continued, the last stake, if it be lost, being always scored at the bottom of column M, as well as in the loss column, the last win being always followed by the scoring out of the top and bottom remaining numbers in column M. When this process has continued until all the numbers in column M are scored out, A will be found to have won £10: and whatever the sum he had set himself to win in the first instance, so long as it lies well within the tolerably wide limits allowed by the bank, A will always win just this sum in each operation.

Let us take a few illustrative cases, for in these matters an abstract description can never be so clear as the account of some actual case.

Consider, then, the accompanying account by A of one of these little operations. The amount which A sets out to win is, as before, £10. He divides this up into three parts—£3, £3, and £4.

W	M	L
	£3	
	3	
	4	
	£2	£2
	5	5
£3	5	5
11	8	8
9	2	2
4		
£32		£22

He starts with a loss of £2, which he sets in columns M and L. He stakes next £5 and loses, setting down £5 in columns M and L. He stakes £8, the sum of the top and bottom numbers in column M, and wins. He therefore sets £8 under W, and scores out £3 and £5, the top and bottom numbers in column M. (The reader should here score out these numbers in pencil.) The top and bottom numbers now remaining are £3 and £2. Therefore A stakes now £5. Say he loses. He therefore sets down £5 both in column M and column L, and stakes £8, the sum of the top and bottom numbers under M. Say he loses again. He therefore puts down £8 under columns M and L, and stakes £11, the sum of the top and bottom numbers under M. Say he wins. He puts down £11 under W, and scores out the £3 left at the top and the £8 left at the bottom of the column under M. (This the reader should do in pencil.) He then stakes £9, the sum of the top and bottom numbers (£4 and £5 respectively) left under M. Say he wins again. He then puts down £9 under W, and scores out the £4 left at the top and the £5 left at the bottom of the column under M. There now remains only one number under M, namely £2, and therefore A stakes £2. Let us suppose that he loses. He puts down

£2 under M and L, and, following the simple rule, stakes £4. Say he wins. He then puts down £4 under W, and scores out £2 and £2, the only two remaining numbers under M. A therefore now closes his little account, finding himself the winner of £8, £11, £9, and £4, or £32 in all, and the loser of £2, £5, £5, £8, and £2, or £22 in all, the balance in his favor being £10, the sum he set forth to win.

It seems obvious that the repetition of such a process as this any convenient number of times at each sitting must result in putting into A's pocket a considerable number of the sums of money dealt with at each trial. In fact it seems at a first view that here is a means of obtaining untold wealth, or at least of ruining any number of gambling banks.

Again, at a first view, this method seems in all respects an immense improvement on the other which I considered under the title of "A Gambling Superstition." For whereas in that method only a small sum could be gained at each trial, while the sum staked increased after each failure in geometrical progression, in this second method (though it is equally a gambling superstition) a large sum may be gained at each trial, and the stakes only increase in arithmetical progression in each series of failures.

The comparison between the two plans comes out best when we take the sum to be won undivided, when also the system is simpler; and, further, the fallacy which underlies this, like every system for gaining money with certainty, is more readily detected.

W	M	L
	£10	
	5	£5
	15	15
	25	25
	20	20
£35 25 15		
£75		£65

Take, then, the sum of £10, and suppose £5 the first loss, after which

take two losses, one gain, one loss, and two gains. The table will be drawn up then as shown—with the balance of £10, according to the fatal success of this system.

On the other hand, take the other and simpler method, where we double the original stake after each failure. Then supposing the losses and gains to follow in the same succession as in the case just considered, note that the first gain closes the cycle. The table has the following simple form (counting three losses to begin with):

W	L
	£10
	20
£80	40
£80	£70

We see then at once the advantage in the simpler plan which counterbalances the chief disadvantage mentioned above. This disadvantage, the rapid increase of the sum staked, is undoubtedly serious; but on the other hand, there is the important advantage that at the first success the sum originally staked is won; whereas, according to the other plan, every failure puts a step between the player and final success. It can readily be shown that this disadvantage in the less simple plan we are now specially considering just balances the disadvantage in the simple plan we considered first.

But now let us more particularly consider the probabilities for and against the player involved in the plan we are dealing with.

Note in the first place that the player works down the column under M from the top and bottom at each success, taking off two figures, and at each failure adding one figure at the bottom. To get then the number of figures scored out we must double the number of successes; to get the number added we take simply the number of failures, and the total number of sums under M is therefore the original number set under M, increased by the number of failures. He will therefore wipe out, as it were, the whole column, so soon as twice the

number of successes either equals or exceeds by one the number of failures (including the first which starts the cycle). Manifestly the former sum will equal the latter, when the last win removes two numbers under M , and will exceed the latter by one when the last win removes only one number under M .

Underlying the belief that this method is a certain way of increasing the gambler's store, there is the assumption that in the long run twice the number of successes will equal the number of failures, together with the number of sums originally placed under M , or with this number increased by unity. And this belief is sound; for according to the doctrine of probabilities, the number of successes—if the chances are originally equal—will in the long run differ from the number of failures by a number which, though it may perchance be great in itself, will certainly be very small compared with the total number of trials. So that twice the number of successes will differ very little relatively from *twice* the number of failures, when both numbers are large; and all that is required for our gambler's success is that twice the number of successes should equal *once* the number of failures, together with a *small* number, viz., the number of sums originally set under M , or this number increased by unity. So that we may say the gambler is practically certain to win in the long run.

In this respect the method we are now considering resembles the gambling superstition before examined. In that case also the gambler is sure to win in the long run, as he requires but a single success to wipe out the losses resulting from any number of failures. He is in that case sure to succeed very much sooner (on the average of a great number of trials) than in the latter.

But we remember that even in that case where success seems so assured, and where success in the long run—*granting the long run*—is absolutely certain, the system steadily followed out means not success but ruin. No matter what the limit which the bank rules may assign to the increase of the stakes, so long as there *is* a limit, and so long as the bank has a practically limitless control of money as compared with the player, he

must eventually lose all that he possesses.

So that we must not too hastily assume that because the method we are considering insures success in the long run, the gambler can win to any extent when the long run is not assured to him. Here lies the fallacy in this, as in all other methods of binding fortune to the gambler's wheel. The player finds that he must win in the long run, and he never stops to inquire what run is actually allowed him. It may be a short run, or a fair run, or even a tolerably long run; but the question for him is, will it be long enough? And note that it is not only the limitation which the bank may assign to the stakes which we have to consider: the gambler's possessions assign a limit, even though the bank may assign none.

Let us see, then, what prospect there is that in this, as in the other case, a run of bad luck may ruin the player—or rather, let us see whether it be the case that in this, as in the other system, patient perseverance in the system may not mean certain ruin—which ruin may indeed arrive at the very beginning of the confident gambler's career.

Instead of all but certainty of success in each single trial which exists in the simpler case, there is in the case we are considering but a high degree of probability. It is very much more likely than not that in a given trial the gambler will clear the stake which he has set himself to win. (whis is why we so often hear strong expressions of faith in these systems—again and again we are told with open-mouthed expressions of wonder that these systems must be infallible, because, says the narrator, I saw it tried over and over again, and always with success.) Granted that it is so; indeed, it would be a poor system which did not give the gambler an excellent chance of winning a small stake, in return for the risk, by no means evanescent that he may lose a very large one.

Observe, now, how the chances for and against are balanced between the two systems. Suppose such a run of ill-luck as in the simpler system would mean absolute defeat, because of the rapid increase (by doubling) of the sum staked by the gambler. Say, for in-

stance, a bank allows no stake to exceed £1000, so that ten doublings of a stake of £1, raising the stake to £1024, would compel the gambler to stop, and leave him with all his accumulated losses, amounting to £1023. Now, take the case of a gambler trying the other system for a gain of £10, divided into three sums, £3, £3, and £4 under column M, and suppose that after winning a number of times he unfortunately starts ten defeats in succession, his first loss having been £3; then his second loss was £6, the third £9, the fourth £12, and so on, the tenth being £30. His total loss up to this point amounts only to £165; and is therefore much less serious than his loss would have been had he begun by staking £1 and doubled that sum nine times, losing ten times in all. Moreover, his next stake, according to the system, is only £33, which is well within the supposed limit of the bank. But on the other hand, to carry on the system, he now has to go on until he has cleared off all the thirteen sums in the column under M. To do this the gambler has to run the risk of several further runs of ill-luck against him, and it is by no means necessary that these should be long runs of luck for the score against him to become very heavy. Be it noticed that at every win he scores off only a small portion of the balance against him, while every run of luck against him adds to that score heavily. And notice, moreover, that while on this system he does not quickly approach the limit which the bank may assign to stakes, he much more quickly encroaches on his own capital—a cir-

cumstance which is quite as seriously opposed to his chance of eventual success as the finality of the bank limit. So far as the carrying out of his system is concerned, it matters little whether he is obliged to stop the play on the system because his pockets are emptied, or because the bank will not allow him further to increase his stake.

Again, observe what an irony underlies the gambler's faith in this system. When he starts with the hope of winning say £10, he is perhaps to some degree doubtful; but he goes on until perhaps he is at such a stage that if he stopped he would be the loser of fifty or sixty pounds. Yet such is his confidence in his system that, although at this stage he is in a very much worse position than at the beginning, the mere circumstance that he is working out a system encourages him to persevere. And so he continues until the time comes—as with due patience and perseverance it inevitably must—when either the bank limit is reached, or his pockets are emptied. In one case he has to begin again with a deficit against him much larger than any gain he has probably made before; in the second he has the pleasant satisfaction of noting, perhaps, that if he had been able to go on a little longer, fortune would (from his point of view) have changed. Though as a matter of fact, whether he had had a few hundreds of pounds more or not only affects his fortunes in putting off a little more the inevitable day when the system fails and he is ruined.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

DISEASE GERMS.

THE composition of the atmosphere has been regarded for years as a subject which chemists have long since decided with an exactness which can scarcely be improved upon. Text-books inform us that the air we breathe is in the main a mixture of the well-known gases oxygen and nitrogen, together with a small but uniform proportion of carbonic acid gas.

Such is, indeed, the composition of pure air; but life is so widely diffused over the globe that, except in high Alpine

regions, the atmosphere everywhere contains impurities of a more or less detrimental character. Our fires and lights pour into the air innumerable particles of solid carbon, and vapors of petroleum, creosote, and sulphurous acid. Our bakers send into it annually some millions of gallons of alcohol from the fermenting process connected with bread-making; dead and decaying animals and vegetables supply their quota of gaseous materials; while the industries which

bring us much of our wealth diffuse throughout the air numerous small particles of starch, wool, cotton, brickdust, arsenic, and other substances. But these impurities, considerable though they may appear, are really of minor importance. The winds and rains, which we vaguely speak of as 'clearing the air,' carry off most of the suspended particles and wash the soluble gases into the soil. There is another class of atmospheric impurities, however, so universal in their diffusion, and of such vast importance in their effects, that a thorough acquaintance with them will be fraught with incalculable benefit to mankind. These we are familiar with as the motes which dance in the sunbeams, the floating matters in the air, now known to consist, in part at least, of Disease Germs.

Nowadays, people are inclined to scoff at the aims of the old philosophers ; but we ought to remember how much modern science owes to these early investigators. The astrologers may be held as mistaken in supposing any connection to exist between the motions of a star and the life of a human being ; yet we are indebted to them for a great deal of our earlier astronomical knowledge. The alchemists who spent their lives in the search for the philosopher's stone, and the mechanicians who devoted years to their quest of perpetual motion, did not spend their lives altogether in vain ; for in many departments of chemistry and mechanics we are now reaping the fruits of their labors. Hence, also, in more recent times the search after the beginnings of life—the dream of spontaneous generation—while fruitless in its direct endeavor, has already conferred upon us blessings great and manifold.

In 1837, Schwann, a Berlin scientist, made the important announcement, that when a decoction of meat is effectually screened from the atmosphere, putrefaction never sets in. Practically, the same principle is the secret of success in the modern trade of preserving meats in tin cans by exclusion of the air. Twenty-two years after Schwann's announcement, a book appeared from the pen of an eminent Frenchman, F. A. Pouchet, giving the results of numerous experiments altogether opposed to Schwann's conclusions. Deeply interested in the discussion, Pasteur, a young French

chemist, determined to take the matter in hand, and commenced a series of experiments which have yielded the most interesting and valuable results. Starting with the air, he found that many of the floating particles are not mere specks of inanimate dust, but organized bodies containing the germs of life. Some of these he introduced into animal and vegetable infusions, which he had previously boiled, to destroy any living organisms which might be present in the liquid, the result being that he soon obtained an abundance of microscopic life, and in a short time the infusions invariably became putrid. On the other hand, when similar infusions were thoroughly protected from the entrance of these atmospheric particles, not the slightest indication of life appeared in the liquid, even after months and years ; but when the smallest drop of any decomposing liquid was added, or ordinary air obtained access to the clear infusions, life began to manifest itself, and soon the water teemed with myriads of microscopic organisms.

In this way Pasteur established the fact, that just as oaks grow from acorns, or thistles from thistle-seed, so these minute living organisms are produced according to the common law of generation, springing from previously existing germs or seeds, but never growing spontaneously, or giving the slightest indication that life ever proceeds from anything which has not itself owed its existence to some previous life. Since then innumerable experiments conducted by our illustrious countryman Professor Tyndall, have fully corroborated Pasteur's researches.

Now, let us glance at several widely separated departments of every-day life, and investigate a few facts which have apparently but little connection with each other.

When milk is long exposed to the air, it becomes sour or putrid ; and if we place a drop of sour milk under the microscope, we shall find a number of small organisms linked together like beads upon a string. These are the cause of the sourness ; for they have decomposed the sugar of the milk into lactic acid, the substance which imparts the sour taste. The organism which produces this change is similar in nature

and appearance to the well-known yeast-plant, which changes sugar into alcohol. Taking, now, a drop of putrid milk, we find it exhibits a different appearance from that which is simply sour; for it swarms with rapidly moving specks, which receives the common name of bacteria. These organisms are very minute, much smaller than those producing sourness, and they are in every case the active agents in producing putrefaction. Expose milk, or meat, or vegetables to the air, and in a short time they will swarm with bacteria. Keep the air from them, and not one of these organisms will be found.

Let us now turn our thoughts for a moment to France. About twenty years ago, a disastrous silkworm disease reduced the produce of cocoons from fifty-two million pounds in 1853 to eight million pounds in 1865, involving a loss of some hundred million francs. Examined under the microscope, the blood of the deceased silkworm was found to contain innumerable animated vibratory corpuscles; the silk-bag was filled with these, instead of with the clear material from which the silk is spun; and these organisms were present in still larger size in the mature moths. Starting with these facts, M. Pasteur attacked the problem, and by securing healthy eggs produced by healthy moths, and by carefully guarding against contagion, restored to France her valuable silk husbandry. But while the practical results he accomplished attest the accuracy of his views and predictions, the observations which led to these results are more immediately interesting. From moths untainted by disease he obtained healthy worms, and on these he conducted his experiments. Taking a diseased worm, and rubbing it up in water, he mixed a little with the food of healthy silkworms: the result being that all the latter became infected, and finally died. A single meal was sufficient to poison them, and the progress of the disease was always attended by a gradual increase in the number of the above animalcular corpuscles found in their blood. During these investigations, M. Pasteur proved that the disease was spread by the worms scratching each other with their claws, and thus introducing the disease germs into the wound. He found, too, that the refuse of diseased

worms contained infectious organisms, and this adhering to the mulberry leaves, spread infection among other worms feeding on these leaves.

The same distinguished chemist had his attention drawn to the losses frequently sustained by the wine-growers and vinegar-makers of France. The wines would often become unaccountably acid or bitter, and millions of money were in this way lost to his countrymen. Setting to work in his usual thorough and scientific fashion, he soon discovered that the wine disease was due to the presence of numerous microscopic organisms on the skin of the grape, which, finding their way into the wine, set up putrefactive changes which entirely altered the character of the liquor. Having ascertained the cause, his next task was to find a remedy; and before long he made the discovery that, by simply heating the juice of the grape to a certain temperature, these putrefactive germs were all destroyed, without in any way damaging the quality of the wine. All three diseases, the wine, the vinegar, and the silk, he traced to their living causes, and eventually discovered remedies for each by determining the conditions which proved fatal to these organisms, or which prevent their development.

Passing now into the surgical ward of an English hospital, let us examine an amputated limb which is not healing well. It has begun to putrefy. Taking a little of the matter, we examine it under the microscope, and find it swarming with minute organisms similar to those which we observed in putrid milk. This wound has been exposed to the air. In the next room is a somewhat similar amputation, except that the wound was dressed in such a way as to prevent any of the so-called dust of the air from coming in contact with it. A spray of dilute carbolic acid was kept playing over it all the time it was being operated upon, and now it is healing beautifully, for no living germs have obtained access to it.

A word or two about an animal disease known as splenic fever will bring us to the well-known zymotic diseases which carry off so many human beings. As early as 1850 it was observed that the blood of animals which had died from splenic fever teemed with microscopic

organisms resembling minute transparent rods ; and it has been placed beyond all doubt that this fever is due to the growth and development of these minute organisms. Placed under favorable conditions, the rods grow till they often become a hundred times their original length. After a time, little dots appear in them, which finally grow to minute egg-shaped bodies, presenting an appearance somewhat like a long row of seeds in a pod. By and by the pod—as we may call it—goes to pieces, and the seeds or spores are let loose. Many experiments have been made with both rods and spores. Guinea-pigs, rabbits, and mice were inoculated with the blood of diseased animals containing the rods, the result being that within twenty or thirty hours they invariably died of splenic fever. By drying the blood which contained only the rods, it was found that it did not retain its infectious properties longer than about a month ; but blood containing the developed spores, dried and reduced to dust, even after being kept four years, proved as deadly as at first.

In 1868, M. Chauveau made some interesting discoveries concerning the infectious matter in cow-pox, sheep-pox, small-pox, hydrophobia, glanders, and syphilis. Taking some of the matter, he found that it consisted of a fluid in which were numerous minute granular particles, some of them so minute as to pass through the finest filters. When diluted with water, the larger particles subsided, the finer granules, however, remaining suspended in the water, and the liquid still retaining its infectious properties ; but by diffusion in distilled water, these minute particles were completely separated, and the liquid then proved harmless. It was thus shown that the infection was communicated by these minute organized particles, and that even a single one of these possesses such inconceivable fecundity that it will produce quite as powerful effects as if a larger quantity of concentrated matter had been introduced into the system. Sufficient evidence has thus been obtained to prove that many diseases are propagated by minute organisms ; and it is now a well-ascertained fact that scarlatina, diphtheria, measles, typhus and typhoid fevers are spread in the same fashion.

Let us then briefly sum up what is at

present known about the Germ Theory of disease. Experiments having shown that no life is known to spring from inanimate matter, we may reasonably conclude that just as wheat does not grow except from seed, so no disease occurs without some disease germ to produce it. Then, again, we may take it for certain that each disease is due to the development of a particular kind of germ. If we plant small-pox germs, we do not reap a crop of scarlatina or measles ; but just as wheat springs from wheat, each disease has its own distinctive germs. Each comes from a parent stock, and has existed somewhere previously. It is true that complications occur, several diseases running their course at one time, or one after the other ; but however uncommon, none of them are new. After a forest is cut down, a new variety of trees may spring up ; but nobody supposes them to have grown spontaneously ; the seeds existed there before, and their growth was due to the occurrence of conditions favorable to their development. So the disease germs which are always floating about may frequently be introduced into our bodies ; but it is only when they meet with suitable conditions that they take root and produce disease. Under ordinary circumstances, these germs, though nearly always present, are comparatively few in number, and in an extremely dry and indurated state. Thus, they may frequently enter our bodies without meeting with the conditions essential to their growth ; for experiments have shown that it is very difficult to moisten them, and till they are moistened they do not begin to develop. In a healthy system they remain inactive. But anything tending to weaken or impair the bodily organs furnishes favorable conditions, and thus epidemics almost always originate and are most fatal in those quarters of our great cities where dirt, squalor, and foul air render sound health almost an impossibility. Thus, too, armies suddenly transferred from the regularity and comparative comfort of barrack-life to the dangers, toil, and exposure of the battlefield and the trenches, are often attacked by epidemics. Having once got a beginning, epidemics rapidly spread. The germs are then sent into the air in great numbers and in a moist state ; and the probabilities of

their entering, and of their establishing themselves even in healthy bodies, are vastly increased. For the same reasons, one disease not unfrequently follows another. The latter is commonly said to have "changed" into the former; but probably the two are entirely distinct, the second being simply due to the weakening of the system.

Another widespread belief is that foul smells give rise to disease. It is not, strictly speaking, the foul gases, but the germs present in them, that produce the diseases. The effluvia, however, are themselves injurious to health, while they are indications of a state of matters much more dangerous; and it is never sufficient to destroy evil odors without searching out and removing the causes that produce them.

Climate and the weather have also much influence on the vitality of these germs. Cold is a preventive against some diseases, heat against others. But we have still much to learn regarding their behavior under varying conditions. Tyndall found that sunlight greatly retarded and sometimes entirely prevented putrefaction; while dirt is always favorable to the growth and development of the germs. Sunshine and cleanliness are undoubtedly the best and cheapest preventives against disease.

The method in which these diseases are spread demonstrates the necessity and value of thorough disinfection. A person suffering from one of these zymotic diseases is affected, say, in the throat; well, every time he spits or coughs, or perhaps with every breath, he discharges from his throat a great number of the organisms whose development has produced the disease. These may pass directly into the body of some one near, and thus set up disease in a second person, and so on; or falling on the ground, or settling upon clothes or carpets, they may dry up like particles of dust, and be shaken off the clothes, perhaps many months after, or be carried by the wind to places at a considerable distance. In either case, still retaining all their virulence, they will give rise to a fresh outbreak of disease whenever they meet with favorable conditions. Thorough fumigation or other method of destroying their vitality, largely or entirely prevents this.

In the case of diseases, such as typhoid, which attack the stomach, disease germs are removed along with the excreta; and if, as is often the case, the drainage of the town flows into a river, and that river is used in some after-portion of its course as the water-supply of any town near its banks, there is great danger of disease being communicated by the water which we drink; for however well it may be purified and filtered, we have no guarantee that it will contain none of these germs, which we have seen are so small that they pass through the finest filters. It is in this way that almost all the great cholera and typhoid epidemics have spread in London and other towns. That such a disgusting system should be permitted to exist is a disgrace to a wealthy and enlightened nation.

How these organisms may be destroyed in cases of disease without injury to the person or animal affected, is the great problem which awaits solution. Wine-making, brewing, silkworm rearing, and surgery, have already shown the immense importance and practical value of a knowledge of this subject. Nowadays, in surgical operations every part of the flesh laid bare is washed with a dilute solution of carbolic acid, which effectually prevents the growth of these germs, and the consequent mortification which used to render amputation so frequently fatal. It is also known that consumption, which is probably a disease set up by some of these organisms, has in a measure been retarded, if not cured, by inhalation of carbolic acid. Oxygen, we know, when in excess, proves a deadly poison to these organisms, and its entire absence is equally fatal; but the difficulty in adopting this remedy is that it might prove equally fatal to the person suffering from the disease. We know enough, however, about Disease Germs to show us in what direction future research may be most profitably engaged; and it is to be hoped that before long we shall obtain either a safe and unfailing remedy, or an efficient preventive against those diseases which, set up perhaps by a microscopic particle, eventually decimate continents, and thus afford us convincing evidence of the vast importance of so-called "little things."—*Chambers's Journal*.

DESERTED.]

BRIGHT sea, far flooding all the pebbled sand,
 Flinging thy foamy pearls from stone to stone ;
 Thy lullaby, low-murmured to the strand,
 Sounds like a lover's tone ;
 And yet I know, elsewhere,
 Some other shore, as fair,
 Thy waves have kissed, and left it dry and lone.

Bright sunshine, gleaming on my cottage wall,
 Tracing the shadow of an ivy-spray,
 How tenderly thy golden touches fall
 On common things to-day !
 Yet, beneath other skies
 Some land benighted lies
 Deserted by thy glory, cold and gray.

Blithe bird, loud warbling underneath the eaves
 An eager love-song passionate and shrill,
 My heart is trembling amid summer leaves
 With sweet responsive thrill ;
 Yet far away, dear guest,
 There is an empty nest
 Which thou hast left forsaken, void and still.

Fair sea, bright sunshine, bird of song divine,
 I, too, may loose the tide, the light, the lay ;
 Others may win the kisses that were mine,
 My night may be their day ;
 Yet though the soul may sigh
 For precious things gone by,
 I shall have had my rapture, come what may !

Good Words.

 LITERARY NOTICES.

ANTS, BEES, AND WASPS : a Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera. By Sir John Lubbock. "International Scientific Series." *New York : D. Appleton & Co.*

Sir John Lubbock's admirable investigations into the habits of ants and bees have been so long familiar to most scientific workers, either from the biological or the psychological side, that it seems almost like an anachronism to be reviewing them at the present day. His papers are already classics in the subject of which they treat ; but he has done well to gather them together from the pages of sundry learned *Transactions*, so as to bring them to a focus in this delightful and popular volume. Ants and bees are full of interest for the unscientific public, and Sir John Lubbock has here collected all that was most valuable both in his own observations

and in those of his numerous predecessors. The result is a work amusing enough to please even that omnivorous person the general reader, and yet solid enough to deserve the highest recognition from men of science.

To summarize the contents of a book which goes over so much ground would be practically impossible within the limits of a short review, and that is the less to be regretted because every one must read it for himself and discover its chief points of interest at first hand. Ants fill the larger part of the volume. A brief account is given, to begin with, of their individual life-history and of their main divisions and classes. Then some attention is bestowed upon the problem of the formation of nests, as well as on such curious phenomena as those presented to us by the American and Australian honey-ants. Next, we pass on to the relations of ants with plants,

which may be either hostile, as in the case of flowers which arm themselves against their incursions by hairs, moats, and sticky secretions, or friendly, as in the case of those trees which entice a body-guard of ants to defend them by means of extra-floral nectaries. Under this head are also included the strange habits of the agricultural and the harvesting ants, as observed by McCook and others. Finally, we get a valuable chapter on the relations of ants with other animals, such as the aphides, which they keep as cows; the blind beetles, which they domesticate for some unknown purpose; and the insects which they actually appear to adopt as the pets of the community. Here, too, come some interesting remarks on slavery among ants, in which Sir John Lubbock attempts to account on evolutionary principles for the degraded condition of such types as *Strongylognathus* and *Anergates*. All this portion of the work, though necessarily somewhat less original than that which follows, is full of valuable *aperçus* and novel facts, especially as regards the length of life attained by ants, their care of the eggs of aphides during the winter, the structure of their formicaries, the fertility of workers, and the evidence of progress among the different species as contrasted with one another. In many cases, the author has been enabled to make fresh observations which establish new and important results, or refute old errors; while, throughout, his cautious employment of the evolutionary method, and his ingenious suggestions of analogy with the stages of human progress or degradation, give special value to the theoretical parts of his work. It is not too much to say that the labor bestowed upon the *Origin of Civilisation* has evidently proved an admirable preparation for the elucidation of ant life, as attempted in this volume.

It is on the later and more psychological portion of his book, however, that Sir John Lubbock has expended the greatest pains. True, the results are here scarcely so definite and certain as elsewhere; but then the subject matter was more difficult to investigate, and the chance of arriving at any result at all was far more doubtful. With singular ingenuity and patience, however, Sir John Lubbock set his ants their examination papers, and generally succeeded in obtaining some sort of answer, if only a vague and uncertain one. The great value of his work in this direction consists in the soundness and originality of his method. He has been almost the first worker who has applied experiment instead of mere observation to animal psychology—certainly the first who has applied it

on anything like so extended a scale. The care with which he watched his ants and bees reminds us often of the care with which Mr. Darwin watched the movements of plants or the habits of earth-worms. Even where the final result is somewhat inconclusive the experiments have a lateral value of their own in some other application; but many of them have also distinctly proved the particular facts they were meant to test as to the perceptive or intellectual powers of the insects. Those on the recognition of friends by ants, and on the color-sense of bees, seem to us the most conclusive; those on the power of intercommunication appear rather to suggest than to prove the existence of some formicarian device remotely analogous to human language. As to the sensitiveness of ants to color, may it not be that the violet rays really give pain to the insects in some distinctly physical way, rather than that they merely cause a feeling of æsthetic dislike? Certainly, the frightened manner in which the ants sometimes run away from violet light (as in Sir John Lubbock's Royal Institution experiments) suggests the notion of absolute bodily discomfort; and, if this be so, then the insects may perhaps be quite devoid of a real color-sense in the strict signification; they may be affected rather as we are by an intolerable heat or an electric shock. In every case it should be added that Sir John Lubbock himself estimates the proved results of his experiments in the most modest manner; he never jumps at conclusions or claims to have established a single point more than the observations warrant; on the contrary, he states the facts with every possible reservation, and with due recognition of all alternative explanations. This is especially noticeable in the interesting chapters on the ethics of ants and on their general intelligence. At first sight, one might be half inclined to doubt whether the numerous tabular statements of observations both in the body of the work and in the Appendix, were quite desirable in a popular treatise like this; they tend, perhaps, to deter the casual reader. But, on second thoughts, we are inclined to think that Sir John Lubbock has done wisely to include them. Many of the statements about the ants must seem to the unscientific so marvellous, or almost incredible, that it is well to let them see by what patient and ceaseless care the observations on which such assertions are based have been carried out by men of science. Had the book contained only the first four papers, it would have been a most interesting statement of ascertained facts; by containing the last six also, it is made into a very valuable lesson in method as well.—GRANT ALLEN, in the *Academy*.

MEMOIR OF DANIEL MACMILLAN. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. New York : *Macmillan & Co.*

It is a notable fact that those who have been most directly instrumental in the dissemination of literature have not often themselves been favored with the immortalizing influence of letters. However unattractive the life of the bookseller may be, or unworthy of the biographer's pen, a remarkable exception is found in the case of Daniel Macmillan. And the exception is made, not simply because he was the founder and head of a celebrated publishing-house, nor because his success was the achievement of a self-made man; for indeed the reading public is a little weary already of the stories of self-made men. "It needs," says Mr. Hughes, "some quality of a finer and higher kind than usual in the man himself, or something peculiar in his surroundings, or dramatic in his life, to make the world he has left desirous of hearing more of him than that he lies safely in such a cemetery or churchyard, and has left so many thousand pounds behind him. In the present instance, however, the fact stands, that after a quarter of a century, those who knew Daniel Macmillan best are not contented with what they know, and do desire something more. Now this desire cannot be accounted for by his surroundings, which were just like those of thousands of other Scotchmen of the same class; nor of anything dramatic in his life, which was singularly free from incident. So we must fall back on the qualities of the man himself to account for it. Whoever glances at these pages cannot fail, I think, to admit that there was something in this man's personal qualities and character, apart from his great business ability, which takes him out of the ordinary category—a touch, in fact, of the rare quality which we call heroism."

He was born in the year 1813, of peasant parents, in the island of Arran, off that wild coast of Scotland which has become so attractive in the pages of William Black. His father died when he was only ten years of age, and his education was such as could be obtained in a small provincial town before the age of twelve. Though the youngest of ten children, he was soon forced to face the stern realities of life, and sought employment in accordance with a taste for reading which had been early developed. He was apprenticed to a bookseller, and immediately began to display that interest in his work and energy of character which soon brought him into the eager atmosphere of London, and distinguished him through life. He loved his profession, and determined to win from it some-

thing differing widely from the ordinary success of mercantile life, and that he accomplished this no one who reads this memoir will deny. "No man," says Mr. Hughes, "who ever sold books for a livelihood was more conscious of a vocation; more impressed with the dignity of his craft, and of its value to humanity; more anxious that it should suffer no shame or diminution through him. And his ideal did not abide in talk, a fair image to be brought out and worshipped when the shop was not full of customers. He strove faithfully to realize it amid difficulties which would have daunted any but a strong and brave man. The chief of these was lifelong illness of the most trying kind. The disease of which he died a quarter of a century later struck him before he was twenty, and he was never a really sound man from that day."

At the age of twenty he was engaged by a prominent bookseller of Cambridge, and here he made many acquaintances among the rising young men of the university, who would often consult "the Scotch shopman as to their purchases, or talk over books with him." He was himself a great reader and his literary judgment was surprisingly well cultivated, as is shown by many excellent passages of critical comment in his journals upon the authors he happened to be reading. He was able to appreciate and admire Landor, and was quite ahead of his contemporaries in accepting Wordsworth. "I have cast Byron away with indignant contempt," he says. "The life by Moore filled me with much deeper disgust than Hunt's book. Poor Byron! He never seems to have loved any one. There is a most hateful sense of hollowness running through these letters. To me the never-ceasing witticisms, the everlasting titling and smirking, is most loathsome. What sympathy could Shelley's sincere and holy nature have with Byron?" But the most interesting portion of the memoir will doubtless be the chapters devoted to his relations with the Hare Brothers, to whom he owed very much for their generous assistance in his business, at a time when poverty seemed likely to defeat forever his plans. His descriptions of visitors at the home of Julius Hare are charming, and will add a new beauty to the "Guesses at Truth" for those who are already acquainted with these two noble brothers.

IN MEMORIAM: RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By Alexander Ireland. *Simpkin & Marshall.*

No Englishman has a better claim than Mr. Ireland to write a memoir of Emerson. He made Emerson's acquaintance as long ago as

1833, when "the lonely, wayfaring man," as Carlyle called him, visited Edinburgh in the course of his first visit to Europe. It was, too, mainly at Mr. Ireland's instance that Emerson returned to England in 1847 and delivered lectures in various parts of England; and when Emerson was quitting this country in 1873 his last resting-place in England was Mr. Ireland's house in Cheshire.

The volume consists of four parts: a memoir (reprinted with many additions from the *Manchester Examiner and Times*), recollections, letters of Emerson, and miscellanies relating to him. Among the letters many are interesting, especially those addressed to Carlyle, in which there is a notable passage regarding the Civil War. The letter is dated 1864:

"I have in these last years lamented that you had not made the visit to America, which in earlier years you projected or favored. It would have made it impossible that your name should be cited for one moment on the side of the enemies of mankind. Ten days' residence in this country would have made you the organ of the sanity of England and Europe to us and to them, and have shown you the necessities and aspirations which struggle up in our free States, which, as yet, have no organ to others and are ill or unsteadily articulated here. In our to-day's division of Republican and Democrat it is certain that the American nationality lies in the Republican party (mixed and multiform though that party be), and I hold it not less certain that, viewing all the nationalities of the world, the battle of Humanity is at this hour in America. A few days here would show you the disgusting composition of the other party which within the Union resists the national action. Take from it the wild Irish element, imported in the last twenty-five years into this country, and led by Romish priests, who sympathize of course with despotism, and you would bereave it of all its numerical strength. A man intelligent and virtuous is not to be found on that side. Ah! how gladly I would enlist you with your thunderbolt on our part! How gladly enlist the wise, thoughtful, efficient pens and voices of England! We want England and Europe to hold our people staunch to their best tendency. Are English of this day incapable of a great sentiment? Can they not leave cavilling at petty failures and bad manners, and at the dunce part (always the largest part in human affairs), and leap to the suggestions and finger-pointing of the gods which, above the understanding, feed the hopes and guide the wills of men? This war has been conducted over the heads of all the actors in it, and the foolish terrors,—'What shall we do with the negro?' 'the entire black population is com-

ing North to be fed,' etc., have strangely ended in the fact that the black refuses to leave his climate; gets his living and the living of his employer there, as he has always done; is the natural ally and soldier of the Republic in that climate; now takes the place of 200,000 white soldiers; and will be, as the conquest of the country proceeds, its garrison, till Peace without Slavery returns. Slaveholders in London have filled English ears with their wishes and perhaps beliefs; and our people, generals and politicians, have carried the like, at first, to the war, until corrected by irresistible experience. I shall always respect War hereafter. The cost of life, the dreary havoc of comfort and time, are overpaid by the vistas it opens of eternal life, eternal law, reconstructing and uplifting Society—breaks up the old horizon, and we see through the rifts a wider."

By the side of this the following quotation from Mr. Holyoake should be read:

"Englishmen told me with pride that in the dark days of the war, when American audiences were indignant at England, Emerson would put in his lectures some generous passage concerning this country, and raising himself erect, pronounce it in a defiant tone, as though he threw the words at his audience."

An amusing anecdote is told by Mr. Ireland of Emerson:

"Some twenty years ago Emerson addressed a literary society, during Commencement, at Middlebury, Vermont, and when he ended, the President called upon a clergyman to conclude the service with prayer. Then arose a Massachusetts minister, who stepped into the pulpit Mr. Emerson had just left, and uttered a remarkable prayer, of which this was one sentence: 'We beseech Thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk.' After the benediction, Mr. Emerson asked his next neighbor the name of the officiating clergyman, and when falteringly answered, with gentle simplicity remarked: 'He seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man,' and went on his peaceful way."—*Athenæum*.



FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. JOHN MORLEY'S monograph on Rousseau has been translated into Russian.

THE University of Göttingen, in Hanover, has 1033 students, of whom 221 are in the departments of philology and history.

M. RENAN will after his return from the East publish a translation of the Psalms.

THE thirty-sixth annual meeting of German philologists and teachers will take place at Carlsruhe, September 27th to 30th.

WE are very glad to hear that Dr. Aldis Wright is preparing a second edition of the "Cambridge Shakespeare," and we only hope that it will soon make its appearance. It has long been sadly wanted by all Shakespeare students.

IN the early autumn Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. will publish a new work, by the Rev. W. E. Winks, on the "Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers." Besides special chapters devoted to Shovel, Bloomfield, Gifford, and other famous disciples of St. Crispin, brief sketches will be given of about half a century of distinguished members of the craft.

THE spelling reformers are gradually approaching unity. The "partial corrections" of the English Philological Society are being adopted in America, and the English Spelling Reform Association has adopted the American "five rules," which are substantially contained in the "partial corrections."

DR. EUGEN OSWALD has contributed to two recent numbers of the *Magazin für die Literatur des In-und Auslandes* (July 1 and 8) an elaborate paper upon the relations between Goethe and Carlyle. Though the materials are in great part derived from Mr. Froude's biography, Dr. Oswald has the advantage of approaching the subject from the German standpoint. There is probably no one else who could have treated it so thoroughly.

THE question of the authorship of the once-famous book "The Whole Duty of Man" has long been a biographical crux. Mr. Edward Solly has investigated the question in an elaborate article which appears in the August number of the *Bibliographer*, and his opinion is adverse to the claim of Lady Pakington. He describes the edition published in 1658, or one year earlier than that which Lowndes erroneously supposed to be the *editio princeps*.

M. R. DUVAL, of Paris, author of a Syriac grammar in French, is now copying in the British Museum the Massoretical treatises and notes on the Syriac translation of the Bible. They will, no doubt, throw much light on the history of the Hebrew Massorah, which may turn out to be an imitation of the Syriac. It seems that M. Halévy has found on Assyrian tablets traces of a Massorah among the Assyrians.

THE French papers announce that Mlle. Dosne, while arranging for publication the papers of Thiers, has come across a bundle

indorsed simply "Notes," which seem to contain the materials for a projected volume of private memoirs. Here is a sketch of Louis Philippe, another of Jacques Laffitte, a conversation with Talleyrand, and a philippic against the author of the *coup d'état*. Whether Mlle. Dosne will consent to the publication of these fragmentary notes is uncertain.

THE recent death in Paris of the Polish poet and dramatist Ostrovsky is announced. Ostrovsky wrote in Polish and in French, his works being principally historical plays in prose and verse. He also translated Molière's "L'Avare" into Polish verse. By his will he bequeaths 30,000 francs toward founding scholarships for Polish students in the Zurich Polytechnic School.

M. H. WEIL recently brought before the Académie des Inscriptions a parchment fragment, found with many others at Medinet-el-Farés, apparently the remains of a monastic library in the neighborhood. He dates it from the sixth century, and it contains part of the second parabasis of Aristophanes' "Birds," with almost illegible scholia. Let us hope that we may soon hear of more such precious fragments from the same source.

MR. RICHARD HERNE SHEPPERD has in preparation "The Life, Letters, and Uncollected Writings in Prose and Verse of William Makepeace Thackeray," in two handsome volumes, uniform with "The Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens" just published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. A limited number of copies will be printed on large paper, uniform with the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray's works. Subscribers' names will be received by the editor at his private address, 5 Bramerton Street, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.

SCIENCE AND ART.

A RAINFALL RECORDER.—An ingenious apparatus for recording the total duration of rainfall in the course of a day or a still longer time, has been devised by M. Schmeltz, formerly professor at the Lycée de Lille. It consists of a box having a rain funnel in its top, by which the rain can enter and drop upon a band of travelling paper which passes below within the box. This paper is the usual Morse strip treated in a solution of sulphate of iron and dried carefully, then brushed with tannic acid or powdered cyano-ferride of potassium mixed with resin. A roll of it is placed within the box, and it is unwound on to another roller outside the box. The latter is driven by a chain from the hour-hand of a common clock, so that it rotates once in an hour.

In this time, therefore, the paper has been pulled along beneath the rain funnel a length equal to the circumference of the roller. The falling drops dye the paper and indicate where the rain began and left off. Correction is made for the increasing diameter of the winding roller as the paper is wound upon it. The instrument is said to work well, and to indicate fine showers, which are lost upon the ordinary pluvio-meter.

IS THERE WATER ON THE MOON?—In a recent communication, Mr. Helmuth Dueberg, of Berlin, presents a new theory of the moon, and argues the possibility of its being inhabited on the further side. It is well known that the moon always presents the same face to the earth. Because this side of the moon is an airless and waterless desert, we are not justified, Mr. Dueberg thinks, in assuming that the other side is like it. Since the moon does not revolve so as to change the side presented to the earth, and since the attraction of the earth for the moon is very great, the heavier side, if there is any, must be turned this way. Supposing the moon to possess air and water, these lighter and more fluent elements of her composition would of necessity lie on the further side. In the absence of any centrifugal force due to rotation on her own axis, the only centrifugal force acting upon the moon must be that resulting from the moon's motion round the earth. This would tend still more to throw the moon's air and water to the "out"-side with respect to the earth. For a practical illustration of this view, Mr. Dueberg suggests a ball swinging in a circle by means of a cord. The ball, like the moon, will always turn the same side to the centre of revolution; and if it be dipped in any liquid, the liquid will be rapidly accumulated on the opposite or outer side. Hence the possibility of water, air, and life on the moon, around the shores of a central lunar sea, on the side always turned away from us.

SKIN GRAFTING FROM RABBITS.—Dr. Lamallée, of Paris, several months ago performed an operation of skin grafting, employing grafts obtained from two different sources, a human being and a rabbit, those from the latter evincing a superior amount of vitality. The patient, a man thirty-seven years old, had suffered for six years from a varicose ulcer of the left thigh, which resisted every form of treatment. The ulcer was fourteen centimeters long and 8 deep. At the request of the patient, Dr. Lamallée determined upon skin grafting, for which he obtained six grafts from the abdomen of a rabbit, it having been previously shaved, and two from the fore-arm of a man. These having been placed in posi-

tion, a Lister dressing was applied. After the lapse of eight days this was removed, and it was found that those furnished by the rabbit had become adherent, and that new skin was forming rapidly in their immediate neighborhood. On the other hand, the two which had been taken from the man had not adhered. The dressing was continued eight days longer. When it was removed an islet of skin, 10 centimeters long and 7 wide, was seen to have established itself upon the centre of the ulcer. The dressing was again reapplied, and maintained *in situ* for eight days, at the completion of which it was taken off, and it was found that the sore had completely cicatrized. Two months later the patient was again seen, the healing process was progressing favorably, and the newly-formed skin showed no trace of its origin.—*Monthly Review of Medicine*.

THE PERFUME OF METALS.—Recent experiments of M. H. Pellat, communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, tend to show that when two metal surfaces are brought very close together (say within a few tenths of a millimetre) a slight change takes place in the properties of the surfaces. The change requires a few minutes for its completion, and gradually disappears again when the disturbing metal is withdrawn. The phenomenon is detected by measuring the differences of potential between the electric strata covering the surfaces of the two metals in contact. The strongest effect of the kind is produced by lead and iron placed near another metal. Copper, gold, and platinum give a distinct effect, but zinc does not appear to possess the power. It would seem from these experiments as if metals gave off at common temperatures a volatile substance which, when deposited on the surface of objects, modifies their chemical nature; this opinion of M. Pellat is supported in his view by what we know of the smell of metals, a subject investigated by the late Professor Rankine.

MISCELLANY.

VICTOR HUGO'S "TORQUEMADA."—The world owes something to Napoleon III. This magnificent play, like so much of M. Hugo's best work, was mainly written during his exile at Guernsey. He and Mr. Swinburne are, therefore, quite right in blessing the late Emperor of the French. The vigor of M. Hugo's imagination, the brilliance of his fancy, the fertility of his invention, and the music of his verse have what may be called the Guernsey-glow. In comparing him with other great dramatists, it should be remembered that while they for the most part make use of sto-

ries already existing, M. Hugo generally invents his. It is, however, somewhat the fashion in England to deem invention one of the least of a poet's gifts, partly, perhaps, because Shakespeare borrowed all his plots. Yet the faculty of inventing a story which has a *motif* at once striking and new, as in the case of *Le Roi s'Amuse*, is as rare, perhaps, as the imagination with which Hugo has vitalized that wonderful play. That in the drama of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, the *motif* of which was religious and national, invention of story should have no place is in the nature of things, but that it should hold so small a place in romantic drama is curious, and shows, perhaps, that Dugald Stewart was right when he compared the human mind, in the matter of invention, to a barrel organ with wheels for grinding only a certain number of tunes. With his well-known love for the terrible in art, Victor Hugo could hardly fail to be strongly attracted by the dreadful story of the Spanish Inquisition, that great impeachment of the Romish Church which history will never forget; for a conspiracy against the progress of the human mind so sinister and so cruel as that which overshadowed Spain is not to be found in any other chapter of European history. Fanaticism, cupidity, and, (it is but too evident) mere love of cruelty joined hands for the working of horrors such as not even Asiatic records could surpass. No wonder, therefore, that the question has been again and again asked, How much of the infamy of the Spanish Inquisition is due to the instinct for persecution inherent in propagandist creeds, how much to the Spanish temper (half Western and half Oriental), how much to the characters of Ferdinand and Isabella, and how much to the character of him who is looked upon as the Inquisition incarnate—Torquemada?—*Athenæum*.

WHAT IS A STRAWBERRY?—No one, we suppose, in these days of popular lectures and elementary handbooks, needs to be told that what we call the fruit of the strawberry is not the fruit, but the receptacle or cushion on which the fruit is placed, the fruit being in reality the hard little brown nuts which, if we condescend to notice them at all, we usually call *seeds*. But while the fruit remains—to ordinary ideas—unfruitlike, the receptacle becomes fleshy and juicy and red, and acquires the flavor which induced old Isaac Walton to say that God could, without doubt, have made a better berry, but equally, without doubt, God never did. Now, how comes it, asks Mr. Allen, that the strawberry has developed the habit of producing this succulent and conspicuous cushion? It was not so from the beginning: this was not the "primitive form."

The primeval strawberry fruits were crowded together on a green, dry, inedible receptacle. Whence the change? "Why does the strawberry develop this large mass of apparently useless matter?" The answer follows unhesitatingly. For a plant with indigestible fruits, like these little nuts, it was a clear gain in the struggle for life to be eaten by birds, and consequently to have something to tempt birds to eat. Some of the ancestral strawberries chanced to have a receptacle a trifle more juicy than their chaffy brethren, and by virtue of this piece of luck gave birth to more than the usual number of seedlings, all reproducing and some further developing the parental characteristic. The most developed were throughout the most fortunate, till the present state of affairs was reached; while the strawberry plants which had not chanced so to develop were utterly beaten in the race of life, to the extent of becoming altogether extinct. By a like process the berries (if we may so call them—for botanists will reprovingly tell us they are no such thing) became red, the color serving as an advertising medium to let the fowls of the air know where the now luscious morsels were to be found. Now we are far from saying that this is an impossible account of the growth of strawberries—we will not even say that it is very improbable. But Mr. Grant Allen gives it simply as fact, as categorically as he would tell us that Columbus discovered the New World. Is it a certain matter of fact? Are there no difficulties in the way of accepting his piece of history?—*Month*.

A DOG MISER.—Instances of canine economy are by no means rare; but the account of a dog miser is, so far as our records extend, unique. Dandie, the animal referred to, was a Newfoundland dog, belonging to a gentleman in Edinburgh. It frequently had money given to it, because, besides other interesting signs of sagacity, it would go to the baker's and buy its own bread. But Dandie received more money than his needs called for, and so he took to hoarding it. This his master discovered in consequence of the dog appearing one day with a breakfast roll when it was known that no one had given it any money. Suspicion aroused, search was made in the room where the dog slept. Dandie appeared quite unconcerned until his bed was approached, when he seized the servant by her gown and tried to drag her away, and became so violent that his master had to hold him. Sevenpence-half-penny was found hidden in the bed. Dandie did not forego his saving propensities even after this; but he exhibited a great dislike afterward for the servant who had discovered his hoard, and in future was careful to select a different place

of concealment. Stories of dogs who carry money to shops in order to obtain food are quite numerous ; but the following incident, which was communicated to the Bristol *Mercury*, is, if authentic, probably unparalleled even in canine records. A Bristol dog was allowed by a certain butcher to receive his meat on trust, the butcher scoring each pennyworth supplied on a board with a piece of chalk. One day our canine friend, observing the man make two marks with the chalk instead of one, seized another piece of meat, and, despite all the efforts of the butcher to detain him, ran off home with both pieces in his mouth.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE CONTENTED MAN.—The unassuming cabbage growing up to maturity amid the alternate showers and sunshine of spring, may be regarded as the prototype of the contented man. He would only be too glad if, like Joshua, he could make the sun and moon stand still ; for, unmindful alike of the future and the past, he considers the present as his elysium. Change is hateful ; it disturbs his placid repose, and casts a misty shadow of futurity into his sluggish mind. Through his roseate glasses he looks out upon the world and pronounces all things good ; the thorns and the thistles are hidden from his view, and there remain but the flowers to rejoice his eyes and to gladden his nostrils. The works of sculptors, painters, and authors bear the marks of the individuality of their originators ; and we all of us have a not unnatural tendency to liken the lot and dispositions of others to our own. The task must be an especially delightful one to the contented man, in the still but muddy waters of whose mind float only the well-fed gold and silver fish of fanciful prosperity. Thus it is evident that he can scarcely be endowed with a highly reflective nature, nor indeed with an unselfish one.

The misery in the world is sufficiently apparent for the blindest to see it, and sufficiently deep and widespread to make the least unsympathetic of mortals sorrowful, and to appeal to their feelings to alleviate it as far as possible. The man who is thoroughly contented must also be thoroughly selfish ; and thus it is hardly matter for regret that there should be so little real contentment in the world. This so-called virtue is too frequently but a synonym for sloth, indifference to the feelings of others, and mental feebleness. It is not the stuff of which heroes are composed. No contented man has ever yet made, or ever will make, his mark in the world. He stolidly sits on the rung of life's ladder on which the accident of birth has placed him, and gazes above and below him with equal indif-

ference. Why should he stir hand or foot ? he asks himself. He has got all that he wants ; though, should a chance wind bear any good thing in his way, he accepts it, provided that no trouble be essential to the act of acquisition. The "toilers and moilers" are, in his opinion but silly fools in pursuit of some will-o'-the-wisp of fortune, which will vanish, to leave them in the darkest slough of despond. He sees others go past him hand-over-hand up the ladder ; but it is without a pang. And when some less fortunate strugglers around him are engulfed in the dark waters of ruin, and pray to him for a helping hand, he moves not an inch. Why should he ? Is he not himself, contented ?

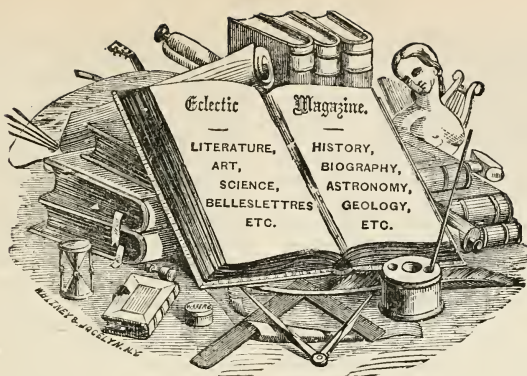
"Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;" but the contented man has nothing to do with hope—unless, indeed, it be that his condition may remain unchanged to the end of the chapter. Its bright star does not shine for him, and he is happy without it. He is a phosphorescent individual, emitting sufficient light for himself, though it may be darkness for others. Egotism is his salient characteristic ; not an obtrusive egotism, for that would be much too energetic to accord with his disposition, but an egotism which is nevertheless none the less real. On the whole, he may be considered a comparatively harmless individual ; and while doing no injury to others, he does them but little good. To be hurtful, requires a certain amount of the *potential* ; and this the contented man does not possess. After the fashion of the chicken in the egg, he is provided with his own papulum, and cares nothing about the outside world. Gallio is his model ; and to drift with the tide, is his motto. But the time may come when the contented man finds all is not sunshine and balmy breezes ; and when he does suddenly discover an incentive to action, it is to be feared that the capacity for undertaking it may have long disappeared. In the contest for the "survival of the fittest," the contented man will, like the sleepy old mammoth, become extinct.

PRIDE OF YOUTH.

EVEN as a child, of sorrow that we give
The dead, but little in his heart can find,
Since without need of thought to his clear mind
Their turn is to die and his to live :
Even so the winged New Love smiles to receive
Along his eddying plumes the auroral wind,
Nor, forward glorying, casts one look behind
Where night-wrack shrouds the Old Love fugitive.

There is a change in every hour's recall,
And the last crowslip in the fields we see
On the same day with the first corn-poppy.
Alas for hourly change ! Alas for all
The loves that from his hand proud Youth lets fall,
Even as the beads of a told rosary !

—DANTE G. ROSSETTI.



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WHO WAS PRIMITIVE MAN?

BY PROFESSOR GRANT ALLEN.

WHEN Sir Charles Lyell's *Antiquity of Man* and Mr. Darwin's two great works first set all the world thinking about the origin of our race, there was a general tendency among scientific men and the public generally to take it for granted that the earliest known men, those whose remains we find in the river-drift, were necessarily "missing links" between the human species and its supposed anthropoid progenitors. People naturally imagined that these very ancient men must have been hairy, low-browed, semi-brutal savages, half-way in development between the gorilla and the Australian or the Bushman. striking word-pictures painted the palæolithic hunter for us as an evolving ape; and we all acquiesced in the pictures as truthful and accurate. With the progress of discovery, however, another phase of the question has come uppermost, and anthropologists have

now for some time inclined with marked distinctness to the exactly opposite view. As we examined more and more closely the relics of the cave-men, for example, it became clear that their works of art were those not merely of real human beings, but of human beings considerably in advance of many existing savages. Professor Boyd Dawkins, who knows more about the cave-men than any one else in Britain at least, unhesitatingly states his opinion that they were in all important respects the equals of the modern Eskimo, whom he indeed regards as their probable lineal representatives. Any one who has closely examined the remains recovered from the French caves, cannot fail largely to fall in with this view, so far at least as regards the high level of palæolithic art. In fact, it is daily becoming clear that the antiquity of man is something even deeper and more far-reaching in its im-

plications than Lyell himself at first imagined. For while on the one hand geologists are inclining more and more to the opinion that palæolithic man was as old as or older than the last glacial period, anthropologists on the other hand are inclining more and more to the opinion that this preglacial and interglacial man was really quite as human and quite as capable of civilization as any race now living, except perhaps a few of the most cultivated European stocks. Instead of being the "missing link," our cave-man turns out to be a mere average savage, living a rude and unintelligent life, to be sure, but quite capable, so far as regards his faculties, of becoming as civilized as the Sandwich Islanders have become within our own memory.

It is, of course, obvious that these facts may be easily turned by opponents of Darwinism into powerful arguments against the theory of man's evolution from a lower form. "Here we accept all your facts," says the defender of the fixity of species; "we allow that man has inhabited the earth for as long a period as you choose, say 200,000 years; and when we go down to the very beginning of that period, what do we meet with? A missing link? An evolving ape? No; nothing of the sort; a man exactly the same as the man of the present day. However far back we push our researches in the past we find either no man at all, or else the same man that we now know. Your theory of evolution is disproved by the very facts which you were wont to allege in its favor. We used at first to argue against your facts, because we did not see in what direction they really pointed: nowadays we allow them all, and we find in them the very best bulwark of our own belief."

This argument or something very like it has lately been employed with great effect by Dr. Mitchell, of Edinburgh, in his able and interesting work, *The Past in the Present*. The Scotch archaeologist there shows good grounds for supposing that the cave-men and the river-drift men were really, in faculties and potentialities, the equals of most existing savages, if not even of our own average English population. He gives excellent reasons for the belief that while

we have advanced very greatly in social organization and in material comfort since that early date, we may have advanced very little, if at all, in brain-power or in potentiality of thought. There are still isolated communities in out-of-the-way parts of Scotland which use hand-made pottery of the rudest primeval type, and spin with stone whorls of the prehistoric pattern; while their works of imitative art are ruder and more unlike the originals they depict than anything ever attempted by the earliest known men. Yet these people, as Dr. Mitchell rightly observes, are fully the equals in intelligence and moral feeling of their contemporaries in the great manufacturing centres. Hence we must not confound mere material backwardness with lowness of type or intellectual deficiency. It is probable, nay, almost certain, that the ordinary cave-man was superior in ingenuity and mental power to nine out of ten among our modern savages, and quite equal to the fair run of our own laboring classes.

Nevertheless, I believe it is allowable for us frankly to admit all these facts, and yet remain evolutionists just as hearty as before. No doubt our general tendency was at first in the opposite direction, and many evolutionists will be staggered by the conclusions of Professor Dawkins and Dr. Mitchell, while others will endeavor, under the influence of false prepossessions, to dispute their facts. But modifiability of opinion is the true test of devotion to truth, and honest thinkers can hardly fail to modify their opinions on this question in accordance with the latest discoveries. After frankly and fairly facing all the difficulties of the situation I believe we may come at last to the following conclusions, which, for clearness' sake, I will number separately: 1. The cave-men were not only true men, but men of a comparatively high type. 2. But the river-drift men, who preceded them, were men of a lower social organization, and probably of a lower physical organization as well. 3. The earliest human remains which we possess, though on the whole decidedly human, are yet in some respects of a type more brute-like than that of any existing savages. 4. They specially recall the most striking

traits of the larger anthropoid apes. 5. There is no reason to suppose that these remains are those of the earliest men who inhabited the earth. 6. There is good reason for believing that before the evolution of man in his present specific type, a manlike animal, belonging to the same genus, but less highly differentiated, lived in Europe. 7. From this manlike animal the existing human species is descended. 8. Analogy would lead us to suppose that the line of descent which culminates in man first diverged from the line of descent which culminates in the gorilla and the chimpanzee, about the later Eocene or early Miocene period.

In order to give such proof of these propositions as the fragmentary evidence yet admits, it will be necessary first to clear the ground of one or two common misapprehensions. And before all, let us get rid of that strangely unscientific and unphilosophical expression, the Stone Age.

Most people who have not specially studied prehistoric archæology, and many of those who have studied it, believe that the period of human life on the earth may be divided into three principal epochs, the Iron Age, the Bronze Age, and the Stone Age; and that the last-named epoch may be once more subdivided into the Palæolithic and the Neolithic Ages. All the great archæologists know, of course, that such a division would be utterly misleading: yet in their written works they have often used language which has led the world generally to fall almost without exception into the error. The division in question can only be paralleled by a division of all human history into three periods, the Age of Steam, the Age of Printing, and the Age of Unprinted Books; the latter being subdivided into the Medieval and the Egyptian Ages. The real facts may much better be represented thus.

There are two great geological epochs in which we find remains of man. The first is that of the palæolithic or old chipped flint weapons. The second is the modern or recent period, including the three so-called Neolithic, Bronze, and Iron Ages. The first or palæolithic epoch is separated from the second or recent epoch by a vast and unknown

lapse of time. We may place its date at somewhere about 200,000 years back. The remains of human origin belonging to it, all occur under the conditions which we ordinarily describe as geological; they are found either in the drift deposits of our river-valleys, or beneath the concreted floors of caves. They consist chiefly of rude stone weapons, in unpolished flint, chipped off by side-blows. What events caused the break in continuity between palæolithic and recent man in Europe we do not exactly know; but many of the best authorities believe that it was brought about by the coming on of the last glacial epoch (that is to say, the final cold spell of the recurrent pleistocene cycles). If these authorities are right, then at a period earlier than 200,000 years since, Europe was peopled by palæolithic men; and about 80,000 years ago these men were very gradually driven southward by the spread of the polar ice over the whole of the northern temperate zone. Be this as it may, however, we know at any rate that they belonged to a far earlier state of things, when the whole geographical condition of Europe differed in many respects from that which prevails at the present day.

On the other hand, recent man in Europe dates back, probably, only some twenty thousand years or so. His remains, whether of the Neolithic, the Bronze, or the Iron Age, are found in tumuli still standing on the surface of the ground. Since his reappearance here, no notable changes have taken place in the face of the country. Instead of occurring in deep natural deposits or under the solid floors of primeval caves, his bones and his weapons are found in graves or mounds of recent make. The neolithic men, though they used implements of stone, polished them exquisitely by grinding and smoothing, and were in all respects, save in the use of metals, and a few similar particulars, as advanced as their successors of the Bronze Age. No great gap in time separates them from the bronze and iron men, as a great gap separates all three from the palæolithic cave-men and drift-men. They were probably identical with two modern races, in three successive stages of their culture; whereas the palæolithic race is cut off utterly

from the recent race by a whole unknown interval, presumably representing the time during which northern Europe was glaciated. Accordingly, with recent man we shall have nothing to do here.

Again, I must further premise that the very question which heads this paper—who was Primitive Man?—is in itself a somewhat irrational one. For of course, if we accept the evolutionist theory at all, there never was a *first* man. The early undifferentiated ancestors of men and anthropoid apes slowly developed along different lines toward different specific forms; but there never was a point in the series at which one might definitely put down one's finger and say—"Here the man-like ape became a complete man." All that we can do is to decide that the ancestors of modern man at such and such a given date had progressed just so far in their way toward the existing highest type.

Professor Boyd Dawkins, in his recent work on *Early Man in Britain*, and in his discourse at the last meeting of the British Association, has so clearly summed up the results of all the latest investigations as to palæolithic man that it will only be necessary here briefly to recapitulate the views he has enunciated. He divides the men of the Pleistocene period in Europe and Asia into two successive classes, the earlier or river-drift men, and the later or cave-men. The drift of the Thames, Somme, and other rivers is the earliest geological stratum in which we find unquestionable evidence of the existence of man. The evidence in point consists entirely of chipped flint instruments of the very rudest type, incomparably ruder than anything produced by the very lowest of modern savages. Man at that period was clearly a rough and perhaps almost solitary hunter, using rude triangular stone implements. Moreover, we have evidence of that homogeneous condition which betokens an early stage of evolution, in the fact that implements of precisely the same sort are found all over Europe, Asia, and Africa. The primeval hunter who chased the stag in Africa had brethren who chased the fallow deer in Spain and Italy, and others who chased the various wild beasts among the jungles of India. Over the whole eastern

hemisphere, so far as we can judge, man was then a single homogeneous race, living everywhere the same life, and producing everywhere the same rude and primitive weapons.

The drift-men were succeeded, in northern Europe at least, by another and higher development of humanity, the cave-men. How far they may have differed physically from their predecessors of the Drift period we have no sufficient means of judging; but the analogy of other human varieties would lead us to suspect that they presented some marked signs of advance; for we know that among all existing races there is a pretty constant ratio between social development and physical peculiarities. At any rate, the cave-men were apparently far more advanced in the rudiments of culture than the drift-men, especially toward the end of the cave period, during which they made continuous advances in the arts of life. Their weapons, though still chipped (instead of being ground, like those of the neolithic Europeans and the modern savages), were more varied in shape and better worked than the rude triangular hatchets of the drift. They manufactured in their last stage, excellent barbed harpoons of good designs. They made fish-hooks and needles of bone with some degree of finish. They employed ruddle for personal decoration, and collected fossil shells, which they drilled and strung as necklaces. Moreover, they had a remarkable talent for imitative art, producing spirited sketches on mammoth ivory or reindeer horn of various animals, living or extinct. In fact, they seem to have been in most essential particulars almost as advanced as the modern Eskimo, with whom Professor Dawkins conjecturally identifies them.

But if Professor Dawkins means us to understand that the cave-men were physically developed to the same extent as the Eskimo, it is necessary to accept his conclusion with great caution. It does not follow because the Eskimo are the nearest modern parallels of the cave-men, that the cave-men therefore resembled them closely in appearance. Several of the sketches of cave-men, cut by themselves on horn and bone, certainly show (it seems to me) that they were

covered with hair over the whole body ; and the hunter in the antler from the Duruthy cave has a long pointed beard and a high crest of hair on the poll utterly unlike the Eskimo type. The figures are also those of a slim and long-limbed race. And when Professor Dawkins tells us that the very earliest known man was unquestionably a man and not a "missing link," it becomes a matter of importance to decide exactly what the phrase "a missing link" is held to imply.

Man differs from the anthropoid apes mainly in the immensely larger development of his brain ; for the other peculiarities of his pelvis, his teeth, and the position of his head on the shoulders, are mere small adaptive points, dependent upon his upright attitude and the nature of his food. Even the lowest savage and the oldest known human skull have a brain-capacity far bigger in proportion than that of the highest apes. * Now, this brain could not, of course, have been developed *per saltum* ; it must have been slowly evolved in the course of a long and special intercourse with nature. But between civilized man and his early ancestor, common to him and the anthropoid apes there must at some time have existed every possible intermediate link. Some such links still survive in the Bushman, the Australian black fellow, and the Andaman islander. Other and earlier links probably became extinct at various previous periods, under the pressure of the higher varieties from time to time developed, just as these lowest savages are now in process of becoming extinct before the face of the European colonists. But we would naturally expect the men of the palæolithic period to be still a trifle more brute-like in several small particulars than any existing savages, because they were so much the nearer to the primitive common ancestor, a few of whose distinctive traits they would probably retain in a higher degree than any race now living. In short, while it would be absurd to suppose that palæolithic men were "missing links" in the sense of being exactly half-way houses between apes and Bushmen, it is yet natural to expect that they would be the last or penultimate links in a chain whose other links are many and want-

ing. Do we, as a matter of fact, find any such slight traces of brute-like structure in the earliest human remains which have come down to us ?

In dealing with this question we have to remember in the first place that the number of quite undoubted palæolithic human bones of the earliest period is all but absolutely nil ; and that even the few dubious and suspected bodily remains which we possess, presumably of that age, are for the most part mere broken fragments. Most of our palæolithic bones belong to the latest cave age, and represent a comparatively high race of savages, known as the Cro-Magnon men. Of their earlier predecessors we know but little. We have, however, two remarkable portions of skulls, one of which is almost free from suspicion, while the other, though more doubtful, is still accepted as genuine by good continental anthropologists. Both apparently belong to the earliest age of the cavemen. -The first is the celebrated jaw of La Naulette. This is a massive and prognathous bone, with enormous and projecting canine teeth ; and these canine teeth, as Mr. Darwin notes, point back very clearly, to a nearly anthropoid progenitor.* The second is the much debated Neanderthal skull, which possesses large bosses on the forehead, strikingly suggestive of those which give the gorilla its peculiarly fierce appearance. So good an anatomist as Professor Rolleston assures us that if these frontal sinuses had been found without the skull to which they are attached, he would have been a bold man indeed who would venture to pronounce them human. The thickness of the bones in the rest of the Neanderthal skeleton, to which Professor Schaafhausen calls attention, also approximates to the anthropoid pattern. "No other human skull," says that able anthropologist, "presents so utterly bestial a type as the Neanderthal fragment. If one cuts a female gorilla skull in the same fashion, the resemblance is truly

(1) Since this article was sent to press, Professor Maska, of Neutitschein, has discovered a human jaw-bone, associated with pleistocene mammalian remains, in the Schipka cave (Moravia). This bone, which belongs to a very young child (as inferred from the development of the teeth), "is of very large, indeed, of colossal dimensions."

astonishing, and we may say that the only human feature in this skull is its size." All the skulls of what De Quatrefages and Hamy call the "Canstadt race" show these same low characteristics, and "must have presented a strangely savage aspect." The other supposed relics of the earlier cave-men are either too slight, too much crushed, or too uncertain, to be of much use for purposes of argument. When we add that even the later cave-man was almost certainly hairy, like the modern Ainos, we have before us the picture of what may fairly be considered a sort of missing link, though only the last in a long chain.

Moreover, it is a most deceptive practice to speak of the cave-men as if they were a single set of people, representing a merely temporary type. As a matter of fact, the period covered by the cave remains is enormously long, and the men of one epoch must have differed widely from those of another. M. de Mortillet has actually distinguished three subdivisions of the cave period, marked by a successive improvement in the arts of working stone and bone, to which he gives the names of the Moustier epoch, the Solutré epoch, and the La Madeleine epoch, from the stations which best typify each stage of primitive culture. M. Broca has shown that between the time when the Moustier cave was inhabited by troglodytes, and the time when the La Madeleine cave was similarly inhabited, the valley of the Vézère had undergone a denudation to the depth of twenty-seven metres; while from the date of the La Madeleine cave to our own time the denudation was only four or five metres. In other words, the interval between the two epochs was far greater than the interval between the last of them and our own times.

As to the drift-men, the few bones attributed to them are so singularly and suspiciously like those of neolithic times that it seems very unsafe to build any definite conclusion upon them. Accordingly, when Professor Dawkins tell us that "the river-drift man first comes before us endowed with all human attributes, and without any signs of a closer alliance with the lower animals than is presented by the savages of to-

day," I think we must venture to suspend judgment for the present. Seeing that a later skull, like that of Neanderthal, is strikingly ape-like in one most important particular, is considerably lower in general type than that of the lowest living savage, and (as Professor Huxley has shown) is rather nearer the chimpanzee than the modern European in outline, it seems hazardous to conclude on very dubious evidence that a still earlier race had skulls as well formed as those of the neolithic Iberians. The least doubtful cases are acknowledged to be identical in character with the far later Cro-Magnon remains (belonging to the latest cave age), which in itself is enough to rouse considerable suspicion. So many supposed palæolithic skeletons, like the "fossil man" of Mentone, have turned out on further examination to be neolithic or later, that it is unwise to base conclusions upon them, when those conclusions clearly run counter to the general course of evolution.

With regard to the previous history of the human race, we can only guess at it by the analogy of the other higher mammalia. But late researches have all gone to show that the general progress of mammalian development has been singularly regular. If we apply this analogy, and couple it with the other known and observed facts, we may be able still further to bridge over the gap between man and his anthropoid progenitor. As Professor Huxley remarks, "The first traces of the primordial stock whence man has proceeded need no longer be sought by those who entertain any form of the doctrine of progressive development in the newest tertiaries; they may be looked for in an epoch more distant from the age of the *Elephas primigenius* than that is from us."

The bifurcation of the European placental mammals begins in the Eocene; and it is to the Eocene that we must look for the earliest appearance of the Primates. At that period, there existed lemurs in Europe and America, of a transitional type, showing points of resemblance to the hoofed animals of the same age, the ancestors of our own horses and tapirs. The Eocene was the epoch of the first great placental mammalian population, and we know that in such early epochs

of each main class, when the class is assuming a dominant position, it always possesses an immense plasticity, rapidly dividing and sub-dividing into more and more definitely specialized types. Accordingly, it was probably as early as this period that the ancestors of the higher apes began to differentiate themselves from the ancestors of the modern lemurs. All analogy shows us that these divisions begin a long way down in time, proceed rapidly at first, and grow less rapid as the various creatures become more and more specialized, so losing their original plasticity.

In the Miocene, the specialization of the Primates must have continued very fast; for as early as the mid-Miocene strata we find in continental Europe a large anthropoid ape, identified by good authorities as a close relation of the modern gibbons. Other apes of the same date are similarly identified as nearly allied with other living genera. Hence the question naturally arises—if the bifurcation of the Primates had already proceeded so far in the mid-Miocene period, that even existing genera of higher apes had been fairly well demarcated, must not the ancestors of man have already begun to be generically distinct from the ancestors of the other anthropoids? Is it not consonant with analogy to suppose that the monkey group should have separated from the lemur group in the Eocene; that the anthropoid apes should have separated from the monkeys in the lower Miocene; and that the human genus (as distinct from the fully developed human species) should have separated from the anthropoid apes in the mid-Miocene? There seems to be good reason for this conclusion.

In mid-Miocene strata at Thenay, the Abbé Bourgeois has found certain split flints, some of them bearing traces of fire, which he believes to be of artificial origin; and in this belief he is upheld by M. de Mortillet, Dr. Hamy, MM. de Quatrefages, Worsaae, and Capellini, and other distinguished anthropologists. Specimens may be seen in the Musée de St. Germain, almost as obviously human in their workmanship as any of the St. Acheul type. M. Delaunay has similarly found a rib of an extinct manatee, which seems to have been notched

or cut with a sharp instrument; and M. Ribeiro, of the Portuguese geological survey, has noted wrought flints in the Miocene deposits of the Tagus, which he exhibited in Paris in 1879. On the evidence of these and other facts M. de Mortillet pronounces in favor of what he calls Tertiary man. But as he carefully distinguishes him from Quaternary man, "l'homme de St. Acheul"—the river-drift man of Professor Dawkins—I suppose he means to imply that this species, though belonging to the same genus as ourselves, was yet so far unlike us, so little differentiated, as to be man only in the generic, not in the specific sense.

Professor Boyd Dawkins, on the other hand, argues apparently against the existence of man in any form in Miocene Europe. "There is," he says, "one important consideration which renders it highly improbable that man was then living in any part of the world. No living species of land mammal has been met with in the Miocene fauna. Man, the most highly specialized of all creatures, had no place in a fauna which is conspicuous by the absence of all the mammalia now associated with him." . . . "If we accept the evidence advanced in favor of Miocene man, it is incredible that he alone of all the mammalia living in those times in Europe should not have perished, or have changed into some other form in the long lapse of ages during which many Miocene genera and all the Miocene species have become extinct." But if I understand M. de Mortillet aright, this is just what he means by distinguishing Tertiary from Quaternary man. Professor Dawkins argues as though the animal which split the Abbé Bourgeois' flints must either have been man or not-man; but the whole analogy of evolution would lead us to suppose that it was really a "tertiary quid" or half-man; as Professor Dawkins himself suggests, a creature, "intermediate between man and something else," a creature which should "bear the same relation to ourselves as the Miocene apes, such as the *Mesopithecus*, bear to those now living, such as the *Semnopithecus*."

But Professor Dawkins, who seems strangely unwilling to admit the existence of such an intermediate link, en-

deavors to account for the split flints of the mid-Miocene by curiously round-about ways. "Is it possible," he asks, "for the flints in question, which are very different from the palæolithic implements of the caves and river deposits, to have been chipped or the bone to have been notched without the intervention of man? If we cannot assert the impossibility, we cannot say that these marks prove that man was living in this remote age in the earth's history. If they be artificial, then I would suggest that they were made by one of the higher apes then living in France rather than by man. As the evidence stands at present, we have no satisfactory proof either of the existence of man in the Miocene or of any creature nearer akin to him than the anthropomorphous apes. These views agree with those of Professor Gaudry, who suggests that the chipped flints and the cut rib may have been the work of the *Dryopithecus*, or the great anthropoid ape, then living in France. I am, however, not aware that any of the present apes are in the habit of making stone implements or cutting bones, although they use stones for cracking nuts." And in a foot-note, Professor Dawkins further observes—"Even if the existing apes do not now make stone implements or cut bones, it does not follow that the extinct apes were equally ignorant, because some extinct animals are known to have been more highly organized than any living members of their class." Does not this reasoning exactly remind one of that which was current when M. Boucher de Perthes first called attention to the Abbeville flints?

Now, I confess I am at a loss to comprehend why Professor Dawkins should be so anxious to escape the natural inference that these flints were split by an ancestor of man. If he were a determined opponent of evolutionism it would be easy enough to understand his attitude; but as he is a consistent and bold evolutionist one can hardly guess why he should go so far out of his way to get rid of a simple conclusion. He argues most strenuously that man was fully developed in the Pleistocene Age. He cannot imagine that man reached this full development by a sudden leap or miraculous interposition. And, there-

fore, he might naturally conclude that an early and less differentiated ancestor of man was living in the Miocene Age, and developing upward through the Pliocene times, till he reached that highly specialized specific form which he had demonstrably attained in the later Pleistocene period. Implements such as we should naturally expect *à priori* to be produced by such an intermediate form are actually forthcoming in the Miocene. The traces of use and marks of fire upon them seem irresistible proofs—the edges are chipped and worn exactly like those of undoubted flake-knives—while the regular repetition of their shapes is most noticeable. Yet, for some unknown reason, rather than accept the plain conclusion of M. de Mortillet, Professor Dawkins prefers to believe that they were produced by apes, and to leave man without any traceable ancestry whatsoever. Surely he does not believe that man was so suddenly evolved, at a single bound, from a creature no nearer akin to him "than the anthropomorphous apes." Yet this is certainly the conclusion which most readers would draw from his facts and arguments.

It is clear that the difficulty in all these cases depends upon the too great definiteness of our words, with their hard-and-fast lines of demarcation, when applied to the gradual and changeable forms of evolving species. The very question as to the existence and character of "primitive" man thus becomes one of mere artificial and arbitrary distinctions. We try to draw a line somewhere, and wherever we draw it we must necessarily cause confusion. Let us try, then, to set forth the probable course of evolution in the line which finally culminates in civilized man, from the Eocene Age upward, using so far as possible such language as will the least involve us in classificatory distinctions.

In the very first part of the Eocene Age man's ancestors were very plastic and unspecialized placental mammals of the early "generalized" type. They were still so little removed from the original form, so little adapted for special habits and habitats that they at the same time closely resembled the progenitors of the horses and the hedgehogs. But

before the middle of the Eocene period this homogeneous group had begun to split up into main branches. And by the later Eocene times the particular branch to which man's ancestors belonged had reached, even in Europe, the stage of lemuroid creatures—four-handed and relatively small-brained animals, still retaining many traces of their connection with the ancestral horse-like and insectivore-like forms. These lemuroids were forestine and, perhaps, nocturnal fruit-eaters. They lived among trees, which their hands were especially adapted for climbing.

In the lower Miocene times the lemuroids again must have split up into two main branches, that of the monkeys and of the lemurs. We find no trace of the monkeys in the remains of this age; but as they were highly developed in the succeeding mid-Miocene period, they must have begun to be distinctly separated at least as early as this point of time. To the monkey branch, of course, the progenitors of man belonged.

By the epoch of the mid-Miocene deposits the monkey tribe had once more presumably subdivided itself into two or three minor groups, one of which was that of the anthropoid apes, while another was that of the supposed man-like animal who manufactured the earliest known split flints. The anthropoid apes remained true to the old semi-arboreal habits of the race, and retained their four hands. The man-like animal apparently took to the low-lying and open plains, perhaps hid in caves, and, though probably still in part frugivorous, eked out his livelihood by hunting. We may not unjustifiably picture him to ourselves as a tall and hairy creature, more or less erect, but with a slouching gait, black-faced and whiskered, with prominent prognathous muzzle and large pointed canine teeth, those of each jaw fitting into an interspace in the opposite row. These teeth, as Mr. Darwin suggests, were used in the combats of the males. His forehead was no doubt low, and retreating, with bony bosses underlying the shaggy eyebrows, which gave him a fierce expression, something like that of the gorilla. But already, in all likelihood, he had learned to walk habitually erect, and had begun to develop a human pelvis, as well as to carry his

head more straight upon his shoulders. That some such an animal must then have existed seems to me an inevitable corollary from the general principles of evolution, and a natural inference from the analogy of other living genera. Moreover, we actually find rude works of art which occupy a position just midway between the undressed stone nut-cracker of the ape and the chipped weapons of palæolithic times. This creature, then, if he existed at all, was the real primitive man, and to apply that term to the cave-men or the drift-men is almost as absurd as to apply it to the civilized neolithic herdsmen.

The supposed Miocene ancestor of humanity must have been acquainted with the use of fire, and have been sufficiently intelligent to split rude flakes of flint. But his brain was no doubt about half-way between that of the anthropoid apes and that of the Neanderthal skull. Such an intermediate stage must have been passed through at some time or other, and the mid-Miocene is just about the time when one would naturally expect it to have existed. The fact that no bones of this man-like creature have yet been found militates very little against the argument, for in all cases the mammalian remains, which we actually possess from any particular stratum, are a mere tithe of the species which we know must have been living during the period when it was deposited. And after all, the works of man (or of a man-like animal) are just as good evidence of his existence as his bones would be; for, as Sir John Lubbock rightly observes, the question is whether men then existed, not whether they had bones or not.

During the Pliocene period, the scent does not lie so well, and we seem to lose sight for awhile of man's ancestry. Such gaps are common in the geological history, and need surprise no one, considering the necessarily fragmentary nature of the record, based as it is upon a few stray bones or bits of flint which may happen to escape destruction and be afterward brought to light. Some cut bones, however, have actually been detected in Tuscan Pliocenes, and may possibly bear investigation. Professor Dawkins, it is true, objects that the presence of a piece of rude pottery

together with the bones casts much doubt upon their authenticity. But Professor Capellini, their discoverer, now writes that Mr. Dawkins is mistaken in this particular, and that the pottery belongs to quite a different stratum from the bones. Other marked remains have been discovered in Pliocene strata elsewhere; and worked flints have been detected in the gravels of St. Prèst which, however, are of doubtfully Pliocene age. Nevertheless, the ancestors of man must have gone on acquiring all the distinctive human features during this period, and especially gaining increased volume of brain. If we could find entire skeletons of our Miocene and Pliocene progenitors, analogy leads us to suppose that naturalists would arrange them as at least two, if not more, separate species of the genus *Homo*. Whether we should call them men or not is a mere matter of nomenclature; but that such links in the chain of evolution must then have existed seems to me indisputable.

In the Pleistocene period, we come at last upon undoubted traces of the existing specific man. The early Pleistocene strata show us no very certain evidence; but in the mid-Pleistocene we find the earliest indubitable flint flake, split by chipping, and very different in type from the workmanship of the supposed mid-Miocene man-like creature. In the later Pleistocene we get the well-known drift implements. Without fully accepting Professor Dawkins's argument that the drift-men were human beings of quite a modern type, one may at least admit that the remains prove them to have been really men of the actual species now living—men not much farther removed from us than the Andamanese or the Digger Indians. Accordingly, we cannot suppose that they had been developed straightway from a totally inferior quadrumanous form and reached their Pleistocene mental eminence by a leap. "The implements of the drift," says Professor Dawkins, "though they imply that their possessors were savages like the native Australians, show a considerable advance on the simple flake left behind as the only trace of man of the mid-Pleistocene Age." They also show a still greater advance upon the very rude chips of the unknown mid-Miocene

ancestor. Hence the progressive improvement is exactly what we should expect it to be, and we are justified, I think, in concluding that by the beginning of the Pleistocene Age, the evolving anthropoid had reached a point in his development where he might fairly be considered as a man and a brother. At the beginning of that age, he was probably what naturalists would recognize as specifically identical with existing man, but of a very low variety. By the mid-Pleistocene, he had become an ordinary savage of an exaggerated sort: and by the age of the drift, he had reached the stage of making himself moderately shapely stone implements. The river-drift man, however, as Professor Dawkins believes, has no modern direct representative—or, to put it more correctly, the whole race, even in its lowest varieties, has now quite outstripped him, certainly in culture, and probably in physique as well.

At last, we reach the age of the cave-men. By that period, man had become to a certain extent cultured. He had learned how to make finished implements of stone and bone, and to draw and carve with spirit and with a rude imitative accuracy. It is possible enough that the cave-man was the direct ancestor of the Eskimo, and that that race has kept its early culture with but few later additions and improvements.* Nevertheless, it does not at all follow that in physical appearance the earlier cave-men were the equals of the Eskimo, or indeed that the Eskimo are any more nearly related to them than ourselves. They may have been darker-skinned and less highly human-looking: they probably had lower foreheads, with high bosses, like the Neanderthal skull, and big canine teeth like the Naulette jaw. Even if the Eskimo are lineally descended from the later cave-men with little

* I am not, however, inclined to attach much importance to the evidence of Eskimo art; or rather, that art seems to me to point in the opposite direction. After carefully comparing numerous specimens, I am convinced that the art of the cave-men is of quite a different type from that of the Eskimo, and far higher in kind. Both, it is true, represent animals; but there the likeness stops. The Eskimo represent them with wooden stiffness; the cave-men represent them with surprising spirit and life-like accuracy.

change of habit or increase of culture, the mere lapse of time, aided by disuse of parts, may have done much to modify and mollify these brute-like traits. "The fact that ancient races," says Mr. Darwin, "in this and several other cases [he is speaking of the inter-condyloid foramen, observed in so large a proportion of early skeletons] more frequently present structures which resemble those of the lower animals than do the modern races, is interesting. One chief cause seems to be that ancient races stand somewhat nearer than modern races in the long line of descent to their remote animal-like progenitors." We must not be led away by identifications of race in too absolute a sense. We ourselves are, of course, the lineal descendants either of the cave-men or of their contemporaries in some geologically unexplored region; yet it does not follow on that account that our late Pleistocene ancestors were white-skinned people with regular Aryan features. Granting that the Eskimo are nearer representatives of the cave-men than any other existing race (which is by no means certain), it may yet be true that the earlier cave-men themselves were black-skinned hairy savages, with skulls and brains of the low and brutal Neanderthal pattern. The physical indications certainly go to show that they were most like the Australian savages.

With the cave-men our inquiry ceases. The next inhabitants of Europe were the comparatively modern and civilized neolithic Euskarians—a race whom we may literally describe as historical. I trust, however, that I have succeeded in pointing out the main fallacy which, as it seems to me, underlies so much of our current reasoning on "primitive man." This fallacy lies in the tacit as-

sumption that man is a single modern species, not a tertiary genus with only one species surviving. The more we examine the structure of man and of the anthropoid apes, the more does it become clear that the differences between them are merely those of a genus or family, rather than distinctive of a separate order, or even a separate sub-order. But I suppose nobody would claim that they were merely specific; in other words, it is pretty generally acknowledged that the divergence between man and the anthropoids is greater than can be accounted for by the immediate descent of the living form from a common ancestor in the last preceding geological age. Mr. Darwin even ranks man as a separate family or sub-family. Therefore, according to all analogy, there must have been a man-like animal, or a series of man-like animals, in later, if not in earlier tertiary times; and this animal or these animals would in a systematic classification be grouped as species of the same genus with man. In the Abbé Bourgeois' mid-Miocene split flints we seem to have evidence of such an early human species; and I can conceive no reason why evolutionists should hesitate to accept the natural conclusion. To speak of palæolithic man himself—a hunter, a fisherman, a manufacturer of polished bone needles and beautiful barbed harpoons, a carver of ivory, a designer of better sketches than many among ourselves can draw—as "primitive," is clearly absurd. A long line of previous evolution must have led up to him by slow degrees. And the earliest trace of that line, in its distinctively human generic modification, we seem to get in the very simple flint implements and notched bones of Thenay and Pouvancé.—*Fortnightly Review*.

RACHEL.

IT is already rather more than twenty-four years since all that was mortal of Rachel was laid to rest in the Jewish cemetery at Père la Chaise. The streets through which the funeral procession passed were thronged; and around her grave on that bleak, dark, showery January day (January 11th, 1858) were gathered all the Parisian men and women

of distinction in her own art. There, too, might be seen all the leaders in literature and the fine arts, whom Paris held most in honor, come to pay the last sad homage to one whose genius had often thrilled their hearts and stirred their imaginations as no other actress of her time had done. How many blanks in that brilliant array can even now be

counted! Of these, Rachel's great teacher, Samson, to whom she owed so much, Monrose, the elder Dumas, Villemain, Scribe, Sainte Beuve, Alfred de Vigny, Mérimée, Jules Janin, Halévy, Théophile Gautier, Baron Taylor, Emile de Girardin, are but a few of the most conspicuous. As one reads the record, the old, old question starts up, "Where are they all, the old familiar faces?" Fading fast away, like the fame of her whom they had met to mourn, into that dim twilight of memory, which for most of them will soon deepen into unbroken night.

"*Pauvre femme! Ah, la pauvre femme!*" were the words that broke again and again from the old but ever-young Déjazet, as she tried in vain to make her way through the dense crowd in the cemetery to throw a huge bouquet of violets into the grave. They are words which were often used in Rachel's life by those who knew its sad story. They are the words that rise naturally to our lips, as we lay down the volume just published by M. Georges d'Heylli, "*Rachel d'après sa Correspondance*," in which it has been told in fuller detail and with a kindlier spirit, than in any of the numerous biographies by which it has been preceded. What a strange sad story it is! The years of childhood and girlhood spent in poverty, in squalor, and privation, passing suddenly into a blaze of European fame—the homage of the leaders of society and of thought laid at the feet of one whom they looked upon as "a thing inspired"—wealth pouring in profusion into her lap—the passionate aspiration of the young spirit after excellence in her art, and the triumphs there, which were more to her than either wealth or the plaudits of the theatre. Then the melancholy reverse of the picture! A life, wherein that which makes the main charm and glory of womanhood is sought for in vain—the practice of her noble art, continued not from delight in its exercise, or with purpose to raise and to instruct, degenerating into a mere mechanical pursuit, swiftly avenged by the decline of that power which had once enabled her to move men's hearts to their inmost fibres, and by the break-up of her constitution, taxed, as it was, beyond endurance in efforts to make as much

money as possible in the shortest possible time. Then disease—acute bodily suffering—anguish in the retrospect of a mistaken life, and in forebodings of the eclipse of a fame which was the very breath of her nostrils, yet which she knew too well she had not labored honorably to maintain—death drawing nearer and nearer, with none of the consolations either in looking backward or forward that rob it of its bitterness, and relentlessly closing its icy hand upon her heart, while that heart still yearned after the scene of her former glories, and felt some stirrings of the old power which had won them. A sad life indeed, and anything but noble. It is not, however, without instruction, either for artist or critic; for it brings strongly home the too often forgotten truth, that to rise to the level of great art, and to keep there, the inner life and the habits of the artist must be worthy, pure, and noble.

Let us try, with the help of M. d'Heylli's volume, and some others which bear upon the subject, to present some of its leading features.

In an *auberge* called the *Soleil d'Or*, in the small village of Mumpf, near Aarau in Switzerland, Elizabeth Félix, the Rachel of the French stage, first saw the light on the 28th of February, 1820. Thither her mother had come a few days before, unaccompanied by her husband, Jacob Félix, a Jewish travelling peddler, with whom she had for some time been moving about in Germany and Switzerland. The kindness of some of the Israelites of the village helped her over her time of trouble; and a few days afterward she left the place, taking with her the baby who, she little dreamed, was to bring back Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire to the French stage. Years passed in wandering up and down with her parents, who plied their vocation of peddlers with indifferent success—were not favorable either to the education or to the health of their gifted child, or of their other children—for they had several—and probably laid the seeds of that delicacy of chest which ultimately proved fatal to Rachel. This is all the more probable, if we remember that at Lyons, where her parents went to reside in 1830, and subsequently in Paris, to

which they removed in 1832, her elder sister Sophie (afterward known on the stage as Sarah Félix), and herself used to eke out the scanty means of the household by selling oranges and by singing at the *cafés*, upon the chance of earning a few sous from the visitors. It was while plying this vocation that they attracted the notice of M. Choron, a musician, who devoted himself to the training of pupils for the musical profession. Rachel's voice was a contralto, but Choron soon found that the organ was of too thin a quality to give hopes of turning it to any good account. But in the course of her training the young girl had shown qualities as a declaimer, which induced him to recommend her to the notice of M. St. Aulaire, of the Comédie Française, who, although an indifferent actor himself, was esteemed as an admirable instructor in declamation and the technical business of the stage.

Under M. St. Aulaire the young Rachel made rapid progress. She had a quick and retentive memory, and was soon grounded in all the old tragedies and comedies of repute. Her master was in the habit of exercising his pupils upon the stage of an obscure *bourgeois* theatre, called the "Théâtre Molière," in the Rue St. Martin, where performances were given upon Sundays. It was here, as M. Samson mentions in his delightful Memoirs,* that he first saw the young girl, whose subsequent success was in a great measure due to his instructions.

"She had been," he writes, "for some time making attempts in tragedy at the theatre of M. St. Aulaire, who, although a Sociétaire of the Comédie Française, only occupied a modest place there. He made his pupils perform, and gave them tickets, which they undertook to dispose of for money. This was the way he made his income. The performances in which Rachel took part were the most lucrative. She was frequently brought before the inhabitants of this part of Paris, and she was applauded and made much of by this homely public, and her renown had even spread beyond the narrow sphere where she paved the way for more serious successes. Some of my pupils, struck by her abilities, spoke of her to me, and inspired me with the desire to judge of her for myself. I went to hear her one day that she played in the *Don Sanche* of Corneille. She astonished me, I admit, in the character of Isabella, Queen of

Castille: I was struck by the tragic feeling which she showed. The sacred fire burned in this young and feeble breast. She was then very little; and yet, having a queen to represent, she dwarfed by her grand manner the actors who surrounded her. These were tall young men unaccustomed to the stage, and her ease of deportment threw their awkwardness into stronger relief. Although forced by her lowness of stature to raise her head to speak to them, the young artist seemed to address them as from above. Still there were here and there, if I may use the phrase, *lacune* of intelligence; the character was not perfectly understood—of this there could be no doubt—but all through one felt the presence of the tragic accent: the special gift was manifest at every point, and one already saw by anticipation the great theatrical future of this wonderful child. Between the pieces I went upon the stage to congratulate her. By this time she had donned a man's dress for Andrieux's comedy, *Le Manteau*, which was to follow. As I arrived, she was playing at some kind of game in which it was necessary to hop on one foot, and it was in this attitude that I surprised the ex-Queen of Spain. She listened to my compliments with one leg in the air, thanked me very gracefully, and resumed her game."

A talent of so much promise was sure to attract the attention of those whose business it was to find recruits for the great national theatre. M. Vedel, the treasurer, and subsequently the director of the Comédie Française, saw her play *Andromaque* at the same little theatre, and was so deeply impressed by a distinction of manner which triumphed over every disadvantage of an undeveloped figure and shabby costume, as well as by the correctness and purity of her elocution, that he procured for her an admission into the Conservatoire. She was then only fifteen years and a half old, but when she appeared before the Areopagus of that great school—Cherubini, d'Henneville, Michelot, Samson, and Provost—she excited their warmest admiration, producing upon them, says M. Samson, "the same happy impression which she had been in the habit of producing upon less competent hearers." Samson recorded on the books of the school his opinion of her in the words: *Physique grêle, mais une admirable organisation théâtrale.*" From some cause not well ascertained, the young girl remained at the Conservatoire for only four months, and was soon afterward engaged upon liberal terms at the Gymnase. Here she made her *début* in a new drama called *La Vendéenne*, on the 4th of April, 1837. The piece failed,

* Mémoires de Samson de la Comédie Française. Paris, 1882.

and the young actress shared its fate. A fresh attempt at the same theatre as Suzette in the *Mariage de Raison*, was equally unsuccessful; but here she was contrasted to disadvantage with Leontine Fay, whose personal charms and flexible grace of style were already identified with the part. Rachel's appearances at the Gymnase showed that a theatre devoted to drama of everyday life was not suited to the severe and impassioned tone, and the large style in which her genius found its natural vent. Accordingly, her manager, whose faith in her remained unshaken, recommended her to resume her studies for the higher drama with a view to appearing upon the stage of the Théâtre Français. Then it was, says M. Samson ("Mémoires," p. 306), "that I again saw her, and in my own house, to which she had come once before to bid me good-by"—no doubt, on her hasty withdrawal from the Conservatoire. "I had preserved," continues M. Samson, "a recollection of her full of regrets, and was very glad to see her again. I became her professor, and eight months afterward she made her *début* at the Théâtre Français, in the part of Camille in *Les Horaces*."

M. Samson was the means of securing her an engagement at this theatre so early as February, 1838, but she did not actually appear till the 12th of June. In his journal he records (February 6th, 1838) that as she was "ignorant in the extreme, owing to the poverty of her parents," he told her father to put her into the hands of Madame Brouzet, the teacher of his own children, for tuition in language and history. That lady offered to undertake her instruction for twenty francs a month, and M. Samson continued as before to give his own lessons gratis. Of the value of these some estimate may be formed from the fact that, among the great number of distinguished pupils whom he guided to a successful career, were such artists as Mesdames Plessy, Allan, Favart, Madeleine and Augustine Brohan, Rose Chéri, Judith, and Jouassain. Samson was not the man to allow his pupil to venture on the stage of the great theatre of the Rue Richelieu, until he was assured that she would prove herself worthy of its traditions, and an honor to her instructor.

Besides, she had not only to bear the always heavy ordeal of the candidate before an exacting audience for the honors won and worn by the favorites of the past, but also to win back their attention to the tragedies of Racine and Corneille, which had been thrown for some time into the shade by Victor Hugo and the other writers of the Romantic School. The art of interpreting the great works of the classical drama had for some years fallen into disuse, and they were voted slow by those who had never seen their beauties developed by the histrionic genius, to which, more than any other, dramatic work of the highest order must always be in a great measure indebted for success. Let us hear what M. Samson says on this point :

"Talma, dying in 1826, seemed to have carried classic tragedy away with him. Old gentlemen mourned at this; but their regrets were not shared by the new generation, whose wish was that ruin should overwhelm what they regarded as having had its day. At the moment when the crash of political storms was making itself heard, a literary revolution was carried out. What had been called 'the battles of Hernani' set all minds on fire, and the stage had also its 1830. Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire were only played at long intervals, and to empty houses; and these isolated representations only serve to show more clearly the public indifference for works of this class, which, after two centuries of triumph and glory, saw themselves relegated for the future to the silence and the dust of libraries. But in 1838, twelve years after the death of our great tragedian, an unexpected event occurred: a reaction, which surprised even those by whom it was desired, brought back to the great classic works a crowd that could not be accommodated within the theatre of the Rue Richelieu, which only yesterday had been so unpeopled. The young and great artist to whom this miracle was due was Rachel."

The time fixed for Rachel's *début* was by no means favorable, even if a tragedy of the old school had been as attractive as at that epoch it certainly was not. It was high summer. Consequently, writes M. Samson—

"She had to show herself for the first time amid the solitude habitual on such occasions. The only people there were a sprinkled few in the orchestra-stalls, regular subscribers, and those who had free admissions, either as a rule or for the occasion. Besides the spectators of this class, there were of course the never-failing loungers of the *foyer* and the side-scenes. This by no means numerous assemblage is composed of actors who are not

playing, and of certain friends of the establishment, who, having nothing to do in the evening, drop in to enjoy behind the curtain the pleasure of a chat and of the *far niente*."

The languid interest with which the audience had entered the theatre hung upon them for a time. But, according to M. Samson, it was soon dispelled :

"In the first three acts the part of Camille contains nothing remarkable, except one scene between her and Julie. The young *tragédienne* was listened to with interest. People noticed the appropriate emphasis of her elocution, the clearness of her articulation, and, in her action as in her speaking, a noble simplicity to which they had long been unaccustomed. In the fourth act her success was brilliant; and at the end of the celebrated curse, she was covered with applause loud enough to have come from an audience of 2000 spectators. She repeated the part several times, and always with increasing success. The receipts, however, did not increase."

At first, indeed, they were most miserable; on the first night 753 francs, and on subsequent repetitions of the play, 373, 303, and 595 francs respectively. The last sum was reached on the 18th of August, even although attention had by this time been called to the exceptional qualities of the young actress by her appearance in four other important parts of the classical drama. The enthusiasm, however, says M. Samson, "made up for want of numbers."

"Her second part," he continues, "was Emilie in *Cinna*.* I remember well the amazement of the audience. As I write I see before me all their eyes bent upon the young girl, all their ears strained, the better to enjoy this utterance which seemed so novel, and of which the originality consisted in its being at once natural and grandiose. Her third part was Hermione, then Eriphile, then Aménäide in *Tancrède*. Always the same success, but success without rebound, since all the leaders of Parisian society were still at the watering-places, and the few journalists who were left in Paris, appalled by the word 'tragedy,' could not screw up courage to cross the threshold of the Théâtre Français. At length came the month of October, the number of spectators increased, and my young pupil continued her representations to splendid houses. Oh those glorious evenings! Never shall I forget them, any more than the mornings consecrated to the stage education of my marvellous scholar. I numbered them among the most delightful hours of my life. What quickness of perception! What nice accuracy

in feeling and tone! Bear in mind that this child knew nothing; that I had to explain to her the character of the personage she had to represent, and in a manner to go through a little course of history with her before our lesson of declamation; but when once she understood me, she entered thoroughly into the spirit of the part. Nothing was vague, nothing left to chance. We noted every point together. From the very first her elocution was of the highest order, and worthy to serve as a model. For Mademoiselle Mars, who—being, as she was, the daughter of Monvel, an actor renowned for truth and perfect intonation as a speaker—was an excellent judge, came, after hearing Rachel, to compliment me in the warmest terms, adding these words: 'This is how tragedy ought to be spoken; this was the way my father treated it.'"

Rachel's greatest success with the public in these early performances was in Aménäide, which she performed for the first time on the 8th of August. The house had been filled by free admissions of people to whom her very name was unknown. They soon felt that in her they saw no ordinary novice. She was greatly applauded throughout the piece, and was recalled at its close, when a bouquet and wreath were flung to her—these were days in which such recalls and floral tributes had a real significance; but still the receipts showed no symptoms of improvement. On this night they only reached 625 francs. Upon this, the lady who was entitled, by her position in the theatre, to claim the parts in which Rachel had made her trial performances, importuned the director to bring them to a close. But M. Vedel was firm. He believed that his novice possessed the sacred fire which must ere long attract the worship of the Parisian public, and the representations were continued. As the shortening days of autumn brought people back to Paris, they heard of the new star that had begun to shine in the theatrical firmament. The leading critics resumed their labors. Chief among them, Jules Janin, the theatrical critic of the *Journal des Débats*, was persuaded to see her (4th September) in Hermione, the character of which the best judges had spoken as her masterpiece. He entered the theatre expecting to see only the merely respectable promise, of which he had already seen too much; he left it convinced that the French stage possessed in this young girl a genius worthy of its best days. His enthusiasm

* This was played on the 16th of June, four nights after Rachel's first appearance. She repeated the part on the 11th of July, but not again till the 27th of September.

was expressed in his next weekly *feuilleton* in the *Débats* with so much fervor, that public attention was arrested. Encouraged by this criticism, those who had seen the *débutante* were emboldened to give voice to the admiration which they had felt, but had hitherto feared to express. The effect was seen in a great increase of the receipts the next night. Another article by Jules Janin a fortnight later (24th September, 1838), written in still more enthusiastic terms, effectually roused the Parisian public. The theatre became thronged to an extent hitherto unknown. People spent hours in waiting for the opening of the doors. Hundreds were turned away disappointed. The new idol became the one great topic of conversation in all societies.

From this moment the receipts of the house ran up to a figure calculated to make every member of the Comédie Française happy. £25 a night was the average return of Rachel's first eighteen performances. For the next eighteen it was within a fraction of £200 a night—a sum of which nothing would now be thought, but which was then regarded as a magnificent return. In fact, M. Vedel, the director of the theatre, himself described it as "colossal;" and he proved his sincerity by raising Rachel's salary, at the end of October, from 4000 to 20,000 francs. Her father, ever thinking less of his daughter's art as art than as a valuable commodity for sale, two months afterward demanded that it should be raised to 40,000, or exactly ten times the modest £160 a year which in June, when they were living *au sixième* in the Rue Traversaire St. Honoré, had been regarded by the family as wealth. The demand was resisted, but only for a time. The theatre found it could not get on without Rachel, and she could therefore dictate her own terms—an advantage which neither she nor those around her were likely to forego. The 40,000 francs demand soon rose to 60,000, and had to be conceded.* But

while papa and mamma Félix were thinking only of making up for the privations of the past by raising the family income to the highest figure, Rachel herself was straining every nerve to gratify and to maintain the admiration she had excited, adding several new parts to her *répertoire*, and augmenting her reputation by them all. Among these was Roxane in Racine's *Bajazet*, a character which it wanted no small courage in a girl so young, and, of necessity, so inexperienced in the passions by which it is inspired, even to think of undertaking. But courage was never a quality in which Rachel was deficient; and with the precepts of M. Samson to enlighten her, she yielded to M. Vedel's request, and allowed herself to be announced for the part on the 29th of November. The house was crammed with an audience prepared to admire. But when Rachel came to grapple with the part upon the stage, she lost her nerve, her declamation showed none of its wonted fire, her gestures none of their wonted appropriate and spontaneous grace, and the sullen silence which reigned through the house on the fall of the curtain was only too significant of a hopeless failure. Anxious to mitigate the censure of Rachel's stanchest friend in the press, M. Vedel visited Jules Janin the next day. They were discussing the disaster of the previous night, when Rachel herself was announced. "She was greatly agitated and embarrassed," writes M. Vedel, who told the story years afterward. "She hung down her head, said nothing, and looked for all the world like a culprit before her judge." Janin received her most kindly, and tried to cheer her, but told her plainly—for he was a man true to his responsibilities as a critic—that notwithstanding all the interest and affection he felt for her, he could not speak favorably of her performance. "Poor Rachel wept scalding tears, like a scolded child. We did our best to comfort her, Janin sparing no pains in this direction, but insisting nevertheless that she

* This was the sum stipulated for by Rachel in 1840, when she attained majority, and was free to act for herself. The exorbitance of her demands then and subsequently made her very unpopular with her associates of the theatre; for although the receipts upon the nights she acted were very great, they fell off

so much on the nights she did not act, that the balance for general distribution was kept very low indeed. So completely, in fact, did the public reserve itself for Rachel, that the general interests of the establishment suffered rather than profited by her success.

should not repeat the part." On this point he and M. Vedel were by no means at one, for Vedel was satisfied that Rachel would quickly retrieve her failure. Accordingly, as he drove her home he told her that, despite M. Janin, the play should be repeated the next night but one; and she promised to be ready. This her father tried to prevent; but M. Vedel's resolution was not to be shaken. After a stormy scene, in which papa Félix found his threat that his daughter should not play fell upon deaf ears, M. Vedel wrote to Rachel, urging her in the kindest terms not to listen to her father, or to put her future in peril by violating the terms of her engagement. This brought the following reply:

"Ne suis-je a vos ordres? Quand on aime les gens, on fait tout pour leurs plaire. Tout à vous.*—RACHEL."

The next morning Jules Janin's article appeared. It was remorseless:

"What," it said, "were people about in making her play Roxane? How could this child divine a passion of the senses, not of the soul? . . . This delicate girl, this puny over-tasked frame, this undeveloped bosom, this troubled tone—could these suffice to represent the stalwart lioness whom we call Roxane? Mdlle. Rachel appeared, and in an instant the house felt she was unequal to the task: this was not the Roxane of the poet, it was a young girl astray in the seraglio."

No pleasant reading this for the director, still less for the young actress. Putting the best face on matters which he could, M. Vedel went to her dressing-room before the play began. He found her ready, and looking superb in her sultana costume. "Well, child," he exclaimed, "how do you feel?" "Oh, well," she answered, smiling; "I have done what I wished to do, but it has cost me no small trouble. I had a terrible struggle to face; but I believe things will go better to-night." "You are not afraid, then?" "No." "I like this confidence: it augurs well. You have read Janin's article?" "Yes: he pays me out finely. I am furious, but so much the better. It has strung me up. Anger is sometimes a useful stimulant."

However this may be, Rachel's performance that night completely effaced the impression of her former failure. It even threw all her previous successes into shade. The audience were in raptures. She was recalled at the end of the play with frantic applause, and an avalanche of bouquets descended upon her in such profusion that they had to be removed by the servants of the theatre. After the play M. Vedel repaired to her dressing-room, when, making her way through the crowd of voluble admirers that filled it, she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Thanks! thanks! I felt sure that you were right." From this point Rachel's position as the foremost actress of her class was secured; and as she gained in physical strength and in experience, her hold upon her audiences became greater and greater—for in these early days she prosecuted her studies with enthusiasm, and her heart was filled with high aspirations after an exalted ideal.

M. Samson's description of her person and style in her early and best days, between 1840 and 1845, will recall her vividly to those who had then the good fortune to see her:

"Rachel," he says, "was over the middle height; her forehead was arched, her eyes deeply set, and, without being large, very expressive; her nose straight, with, however, a slight curve in it. Her mouth, furnished with small teeth, white and well set, had an expression at once sarcastic and haughty. Her throat was perfect in its lines, and her head, small and with a low forehead, was set gracefully upon it. She was very thin; but she dressed with an art so subtle as to make of this thinness almost a beauty. Her walk and gestures were easy, all her movements supple—her whole person, in short, full of distinction. She had, to use a common expression, the hands and feet of a duchess.* Her voice,

*This description may be compared with that given by Mrs. Fanny Kemble in her "Records of Later Days," vol. ii. p. 99, where she speaks, writing in June 1841, of Rachel as "of a very good height, too thin for beauty, but not for dignity or grace. . . . Her face is very expressive and dramatically fine, though not absolutely beautiful. It is a long oval, with a head of classical and very graceful contour, the forehead rather narrow, and not very high; the eyes small, dark, deep set, and terribly powerful; the brow straight, noble, and fine in form." As we write, we have before us a medallion profile, life-size, of Rachel, and a cast of her hand, closed upon a dagger

* Rachel's grammar, as it appears in her letters, like her spelling, was often very shaky.

which was a contralto, was limited in its compass; but thanks to the extreme accuracy of her ear, she made use of it with exquisite skill, and drew from it the finest and most delicate inflections. When she began to speak, her tones were a little hoarse, but this soon went off.

"When she first appeared at the Comédie Française, her figure had not reached the development which it subsequently acquired: there was in her small features, in her close-set eyes, a sort of confusion, if I may be allowed the expression, and people said she was ugly. Later on they said she was beautiful. In point of fact, she was neither the one nor the other, but both, according to the hour, the day, the expression which dominated her face.

"Ah," he continues, 'how to give an idea of this admirable talent to those who have not heard her? I, who taught her for so many years the secret of the art, am forced to avow how impotent are my attempts to make her known. . . . The talent of the actor descends to the grave with him, and the recollections which he has left with his admirers—recollections always imperfect—fade away by degrees from the memory, and perish at last with the generation that loved and applauded him.'"

We find an account of her, in what was the most interesting period of her history, in a letter written in May 1839 by Alfred de Musset to a female friend, which appeared in the volume of his posthumous works published in 1867. It is one of those vivid sketches which only a poet could have written, and which places the young artist before us in lines never to be forgotten. The "noble *enfant*," as De Musset calls her, had played *Amenaide* in *Tancrède* that evening superbly; and in the great scene of the fifth act she had seemed to De Musset to surpass herself. She told him that she had herself been so much overcome by emotion, her tears falling thick and fast, that she had been afraid she would have broken down. Emotion so strong, all great actors have said, is generally fatal to true artistic effect.* But Rachel was then young

—both gifts of the great actress in 1841. To beauty, in so far as that consists of finely balanced symmetry of outline, Rachel could lay no claim; but her features had pre-eminently that "best part of beauty," due to play of expression, which, as Bacon has said, "no art can express." Her hand was small and beautifully formed, and even in the cast shows how intense was the nervous force which she threw into her action.

* Thus Talma writes: "Acting is a complete paradox; we must possess the power of strong feeling, or we could never command

in her vocation, and had not learned the self-control of the practised artist. she was on her way home from the theatre, with a train of young friends of both sexes, when the poet met her under one of the arcades of the Palais Royal. "Come home and sup with us," she said; and home to her father's homely apartment in the Passage Véro Dodat the party went. They had scarcely sat down when Rachel discovered that she had left her rings and bracelets at the theatre. The maid-servant—the household had but one—was despatched to fetch them. Mamma Rachel was famishing—others of the guests were conscious of a void that cried aloud to be filled. But, alas! there was no servant to get the supper ready or to serve it up. Rachel solved the difficulty.

"She rises," writes De Musset, "goes off to change her dress, and repairs to the kitchen. In quarter of an hour, she returns in a dressing-gown and night-cap, a handkerchief over her ears, pretty as an angel, holding in her hand a plate, on which are three beefsteaks, cooked by her own hand. She sets down the dish in the middle of the table, saying, 'Fall to!' Then she returns to the kitchen, and comes back holding in one hand a soup-tureen full of smoking *bouillon*, and in the other a *casserole* with spinach. Behold the supper! No plates nor spoons, the maid having carried off the keys. Rachel opens the buffet, finds a salad-bowl filled with salad, seizes the wooden spoon, unearths a dish and sets herself to eat alone.

"But," says mamma, 'there are pewter plates in the kitchen.'

"Off goes Rachel in search of them, brings

and carry with us the sympathy of a mixed audience in a crowded theatre; but we must, at the same time, control our sensations on the stage, for their indulgence would enfeeble execution." So again, M. Samson says ("Mémoires," p. 39): "An actor who should regard his own emotions in any other light than as materials to be made use of, or make the passions of his part his own, would run the risk of a *fiasco*. Emotion stammers and sobs. It makes the voice broken and unsteady. Indulged, it would cease to be articulate. The natural effect of passion is to deprive us of self-control. The head goes; and why should you suppose that one should do a thing well rather than ill when one has ceased to know what one is doing at all?" The truth seems to be, that to be great, an actor or actress must, in studying a part, feel all the emotions proper to it, be shaken by passion, weep tears over it, live through its agonies, be transported by its joys, and do this so completely that on the stage the right tone of feeling shall pervade the impersonation, but be all the while held in check by the controlling power of art.

them, and distributes them to the guests. On which the following dialogue begins, in which you have my assurance that I have not changed one word :

"*Mamma.* My dear, the beefsteaks are overdone.

"*Rachel.* Quite true; they are as hard as wood. In the days that I did our housework I was a better cook than that. Well, it is one talent the less. What would you have? I have lost in one way, gained in another. Sarah, you don't eat.

"*Sarah.* No; I can't eat off a pewter plate.

"*Rachel.* Oh! and so it is since I bought a dozen plated dishes out of my savings that you are too fine to soil your fingers with pewter! If I grow richer, you will soon be wanting one servant behind your chair and another before it. (*Pointing with her fork.*) I will never banish these old plates from our house. They have served us too long. Isn't it so, mamma?

"*Mamma (with her mouth full).* What a child it is!

"*Rachel (turning to me).* Just fancy! when I played at the Théâtre Molière, I had only two pairs of stockings, and every morning—

"Here Sister Sarah began jabbering in German, to prevent her sister from going on.

"*Rachel.* No German here! There is nothing to be ashamed of. At that time I had but two pairs of stockings, and, to play at night, I had to wash a pair of them every morning. That pair was hanging up on a cord in my room while I was wearing the others.

"*I.* And you did the housework?

"*Rachel.* I rose every day at six; and by eight all the beds were made. I then went to market to buy the dinner.

"*I.* And did you take toll upon the purchases? (*Faisiez-vous danser l'anse du panier?*)

"*Rachel.* No; I was a very honest cook; wasn't I, mamma?

"*Mamma (going on eating).* Oh, that's true.

"*Rachel.* Once only I played the thief for a month. When I bought for four sous, I counted five, and when I paid ten sous, I charged twelve. At the end of a month I found myself at the head of three francs.

"*I. (severely).* And what did you do with these three francs mademoiselle?

"*Mamma (seeing that Rachel was silent).*

Monsieur, she bought Molière's works with them.

"*I.* Indeed!

"*Rachel.* Indeed yes! I already had a Corneille and a Racine; a Molière I sorely wanted. I bought it with my three francs, and then I confessed my crimes."

This kind of talk bored the majority of the guests, and three fourths of them got up and left. De Musset continues :

"The servant returns, bringing the rings and bracelets. They were laid upon the table. The two bracelets are magnificent—worth at least four or five thousand francs. They are accompanied by a crown in gold, and of great value. The whole lie higgledy-piggledy on the table with the salad, the spinach, and the

pewter plates. Meanwhile, struck with the idea of the housemaid's work, of the kitchen, of the beds to make, and the toils of the needy life, I fix my eyes upon Rachel's hands, rather fearing to find them ugly or injured. They are delicately small, white, dimpled, and tapering off into fine points—a true princess's hands.

"Sarah, who does not eat, continues to grumble in German. . . .

"*Rachel (replying to the German growls).* You worry me. I want to talk about my young days."

Supper ended, Rachel brews a bowl of punch for her guests, amuses herself by setting fire to it; has the candles—much to the horror of the Argus-eyed mamma, who obviously had her doubts as to what De Musset might do in the dark—put under the table, so as to heighten the effect of the blue flames; and when they are put back, and the punch distributed, takes the little poignard from De Musset's cane, and uses it for a toothpick.

"Here," says the poet, "the common talk and childish pranks come to an end. A single word is enough to change the whole character of the scene, and to bring into this picture poetry and the artistic instinct.

"*I.* How you read the letter to-night! You were greatly moved.

"*Rachel.* Yes. It seemed as if something within me were going to break. But that is nothing. I don't like the piece [Voltaire's *Tancrède*] much. It is false.

"*I.* You prefer the plays of Corneille and Racine?

"*Rachel.* I love Corneille dearly, and yet he is sometimes trivial; sometimes stilted. There is not the ring of truth in these passages.

"*I.* Oh, gently, mademoiselle!

"*Rachel.* Let us see. When in *Horace*, for example, Sabine says, *Ou peut changer d'amant, mais non changer d'époux*; I don't like that. It is coarse.

"*I.* You will admit, at any rate, it is true.

"*Rachel.* Yes; but is it worthy of Corneille? Talk to me of Racine! Him I adore. Everything he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble!

"*I.* *Apropos* of Racine, do you remember receiving some time ago an anonymous letter, which contained a suggestion about the last scene of *Mithridate*?

"*Rachel.* Perfectly; I followed the advice given to me, and ever since I have been greatly applauded in this scene. Do you know who it was wrote to me?

"*I.* I do; it is the woman in all Paris with the largest mind, and the smallest foot. What part are you studying just now?

"*Rachel.* This summer we are going to play *Marie Stuart* and then *Polyeucte*, and perhaps—

"*I.* Well?

"*Rachel. (striking the table emphatically).* Well, I want to play *Phèdre*. They tell me I am too young, too thin, and a thousand other

absurdities. But I answer, it is the finest part in Racine; I believe I can play it.

"Sarah. Perhaps, dear, you are mistaken.

"Rachel. That's my affair. If people say that I am too young, and that the part does not suit me, *parbleu!* they said heaps of things about my playing Roxane; and what did they all come to? If they say that I am too thin, I maintain this is sheer nonsense. A woman who is possessed by a shameful love, but who dies rather than abandon herself to it; a woman parched up with the fire of passion and the waste of tears,* such a woman cannot have a chest like Madame Paradol. It would be contrary to all nature. I have read the part ten times within the last eight days. How I shall play it I do not know, but I tell you that I feel it. Let the papers say what they please, they shall not change my mind on the subject. They are at their wits' end to find things to annoy me, when they might help and encourage me; but I shall act, if it comes to that, for three people. (*Turning toward me*). Yes! I have read certain articles that speak out frankly and conscientiously, and I know nothing better, more useful; but there are people who use a pen to lie, to destroy. They are worse than thieves or assassins. They kill the mind by pin-pricks. Oh, I feel as though I could poison them!

"Mamma. My dear, you do nothing but talk; you are tiring yourself. This morning you were up by six; I can't imagine what you are made of. You have been chatter-chattering all the day, and played to-night, besides; you will make yourself ill.

"Rachel (*with vivacity*). No! I tell you—no! All this gives me life. (*Then turning to me*). Would you like me to fetch the book? We shall read the play together.

"I. Would I like it? You could not please me more.

"Sarah. But, dear, it is half-past eleven.

"Rachel. Very well; what prevents you from going to bed?"

Thereupon off goes Sarah to bed. Rachel rises and leaves the room. Presently she returns with the volume of Racine in her hand; her look and bearing have in them something not to be described—something solemn and devout, like that of an officiating priestess on her way to the altar, bearing the sacred vessels. She seats herself near De Musset, and snuffs the candle. Mamma, with a smile on her face, drops off into a doze.

"Rachel (*opening the volume with marked respect and bending over it*). How I love this man! When I put my nose into this book, I would like to stay there two days without drinking or eating.

"Rachel and I began to read the *Phèdre*, with the book placed on the table between us.

All the guests go away. Rachel, with a slight nod, salutes them one by one as they leave, and goes on reading. At first she recites in a kind of monotone, as if it were a litany. By degrees she kindles. We exchange our remarks, our ideas, on each passage. At length she comes to the declaration.* She stretches out her right arm upon the table; with her forehead resting upon her left hand, which is supported on her elbow, she gives full vent to her emotion. Nevertheless, she only speaks in a suppressed voice. All at once her eyes sparkle—the genius of Racine illuminates her face; she grows pale, then red. Never did I behold anything so beautiful, so interesting; never, on the stage, has she produced such an effect upon me.

"The fatigue, a little hoarseness, the punch, the lateness of the hour, an animation almost feverish on her small girlish cheeks, encircled by the night-cap, a strange unwonted charm diffused over her whole being, those brilliant eyes that read my soul, a childlike smile, which finds the means of insinuating itself through all that passes; add to this, the table in disorder, the candle with its flickering flame, the mother dozing beside us—all this composes at once a picture worthy of Rembrandt, a chapter of romance worthy of 'Wilhelm Meister,' and a souvenir of the artist's life which shall never fade out of my memory.

"This went on till half-past twelve, when her father returns from the opera, where he had been to see Mdle. Judith make her first appearance in *La Juive*. No sooner is he seated, than he addresses to his daughter two or three words of the most churlish kind, ordering her to cease reading. Rachel closes the volume, saying, 'Disgusting! I shall buy a matchbox, and read in my bed alone.' I looked at her great tears were standing in her eyes.

"It was indeed disgusting, to see such a creature treated thus. I rose and took my leave, filled with admiration, with respect for her, and profound sympathy."

Years were to elapse and the young actress to rise to the height of her fame, before she realized her dream of impersonating *Phèdre*. It was well that it was delayed until her powers were fully matured, and she was able to present it to the world as her masterpiece. Meanwhile the public of Paris were content to see her again and again in the parts in which she had first won their regards, with the addition of a few others—such as *Esther* (Racine), *Laodice* in *Nicomède* (Corneille), *Pauline* in *Polyucte* (Corneille)—from the old classical pieces, which had so recently been thought to have completely lost their

* Rachel was thinking of the line, "*J'ai languï, j'ai séché, dans les feux, dans les larmes.*"

* That is, the fine scene, act ii. sc. 5, in which *Phèdre* makes confession to Hippolytus of her love for him.

hold upon the stage. The favorite of the theatre became also the favorite of the saloons, and the doors of the most exclusive houses, even of the Quartier St. Germain, were thrown open to her. At none was she more welcome than at that of Madame Recamier, where she held her own with distinction amid the brilliant circle which clustered round that fascinating woman. What Rachel was then, Madame Lenormand describes in her Memoirs of Madame Recamier, with an accuracy for which those who met her in society at this period can vouch.

"Whoever," she writes, "has not heard and seen Mdle. Rachel in a *salon* can have only an incomplete idea of her feminine attractions, and of her talent as an actress. Her features, a little too delicate for the stage, gained much by being seen nearer. Her voice was a little hard; but her accent was enchanting, and she modulated it to suit the limits of a *salon* with marvellous instinct. Her deportment was in irreproachable taste; and the ease and promptitude with which this young girl, without education or knowledge of good society, seized its manner and tone, was certainly the perfection of art. Deferential with dignity, modest, natural, and easy, she talked interestingly of her art and her studies. Her success in society was immense."

What wonder! In the poetical world in which her imagination was then and had for years been working, she had lived in the society in which the simplicity, courtesy, and absence of self-assertion which go to produce distinction of manner are best learned.

The echo of Rachel's fame, confirmed as it was by the great cities of France, in the course of successful but most exhausting tours in 1840, greatly excited public curiosity on this side of the Channel; and when she appeared at her Majesty's Theatre in May 1841, she was received with a warmth for which she was not prepared. In a letter quoted in M. d'Heylli's volume (17th May 1841), she writes:

"Here I am in London—my success most brilliant—for everybody says they never witnessed anything to equal it. I made my first appearance as Hermione in *Andromaque*, and I assure you that, when I went upon the stage, my feet shook under me, and I believe I should have dropped down with fright, had not a tremendous volley of applause come to sustain me, and to rouse me to fuller consciousness of all it behooved me to do to merit this reception, which was mere kindness, and nothing but kindness, since they had not

yet heard me. The bravos and plaudits accompanied me to the close of my part, and then I was recalled. Hats and handkerchiefs waved from the boxes, and a number of bouquets fell at my feet. A magnificent engagement has just been offered me for next season."

A few days further on (31st May), she writes to the same friend: "The English journalists say quantities of fine things about me, and all unsolicited (*sans cartes de visite*). On Wednesday I am engaged to the Queen (Dowager) at Marlborough House. All the Court will be there! I am so frightened!" All was not sunshine, however. A bad attack of illness interrupted her performances, and she was surrounded exclusively by strangers. Her sister Sarah came over from Paris. "Ah," Rachel writes (15th June), "how glad I am I made her come to London! I was so sad far away from all those I love, and without the power even of speaking of them! I assure you this contributed greatly to my eight days' illness."

In the same letter she speaks of her triumphant success in Marie Stuart, which was certainly not one of her best parts. "Ten bouquets and two chaplets fell at my feet with thunders of applause. The receipts mounted to 30,000 francs (£1200) and a few guineas. . . . 13,000 (£520) were sent to me next morning. I am content."

In England Rachel was received in the best society with no less cordiality than she had been in Paris. She still bore an unblemished reputation as a woman, without which in those days her admission into good society would have been impossible.* The houses of the leading nobility were opened to her. The Dowager-Queen Adelaide paid her marked attention. She performed at Windsor Castle, and was presented by the Duchess of Kent to the Queen, from whom she received a handsome bracelet, with the inscription, "*Victoria Reine à Mademoiselle Rachel*." The parts in which she appeared were not of a kind to endear her to our English tastes, for they had in them little of the

* Our fine ladies had not as yet been so completely educated out of the simplest rules of propriety as not to be startled by the announcement of an actress admitted to their drawing-rooms as "*Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt et son fils*."

womanly tenderness and charm which Shakespeare has led us to look for in our dramatic heroines, and for which neither her voice nor powers of expression were well suited. But these were of a kind that penetrated even when they pained; for not in our time had been seen such thrilling delineations of the passions enumerated by Mrs. Fanny Kemble as "the haunt and main region" of Rachel's genius—"scorn, hatred, revenge, vitriolic irony, concentrated rage, seething jealousy, and a fierce love, which seems in its excess allied to all the evil which sometimes springs from that bitter-sweet root."

The English critics complained of this want of the more attractive feminine qualities in Rachel's performances. It was a want which no actress, no young one at least, would be willing to own; and in the hope of disproving the charge, Rachel, in the following year, essayed the character of Chimène in Corneille's *Cid*, and of Ariane in the same author's tragedy of that name. But these impersonations only confirmed the judgments of those of her critics, in Paris as well as in London, who denied to her the power of touching "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." Still, within her own peculiar province she stood alone; and when she returned to England in 1842, she established that supremacy even more firmly by an obvious improvement not merely in physical power, but also in the resources of her art. Not the least in Rachel's estimation of the trophies which she carried away from this visit, was a letter from the Duke of Wellington, assuring her of his great anxiety to be present at her benefit, for which he had secured a box, which he will not fail to occupy "*si il lui devient possible*"—the French, it will be observed, is rather of the "Frenche atte Bowe" kind—"de s'absenter ce jour là de l'assemblée du Parlement dont il est membre. Il regrettera beaucoup *si il se trouve impossible ainsi d'avoir la satisfaction de la voir et l'entendre encore une fois avant son départ de Londres.*"

The enthusiasm of Paris and London was, if possible, surpassed by that of the principal cities of France and Belgium. Some of Rachel's letters from Rouen, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, quot-

ed in M. d'Heylli's volume, give a vivid picture of the heavy cost to the strength and to the emotions of the young artist at which her successes in the provinces were purchased, at the time when she ought to have been seeking repose. Thus, on the 11th June 1840, she writes from Rouen to a friend: "True, I have success, but not one friend. Here I never stir out: I write all day long; 'tis my only distraction. It seems to me death were preferable to this life, which I drag along as a convict drags his chain." Everywhere the fatigue had to be encountered of receiving all sorts of admirers, who quite forgot to consider whether their compliments compensated for the inroads they made upon the artist's hours of study and repose. "I am interrupted every minute," she writes from Bordeaux (4th August 1841) to Jules Janin, "by people who constantly ply me with the same phrases, and this without ever altering a syllable." The odes and sonnets from young poets which rained upon her, provoked more of her mirth than of her sympathy. "To-day," she writes a few days later, "I received another set of verses from a young *avocat*; they are warm in the South, and declarations abound. These amuse me, when they are written; but, *par bouche*, my tragic air comes in to my assistance, and I make short work of them." In the midst of all these distractions, Rachel reads and studies, and dreams of the new part of Judith, on which Madame de Girardin is at work for her.* But the strain was too heavy, and on the 19th of August 1841, we find her writing from Bordeaux: "Sooth to say, I know not if I can live long in this way. I am exhausted, sad, and were I to write longer, I should weep hot tears." Rachel was still under age, and at the disposal of her parents. They seem to have taken no account of her fatigue. The receipts she brought in were superb. What more could the gifted daughter desire?

Deeply and fatally as Rachel became

* It was produced in April 1843, but played only nine times. Even if it had been a stronger play than it was, it had no chance in competition with the *Phèdre*, in which Rachel had recently appeared, and about which all Paris was in ecstasy.

infected in after-years with the same greed of gain, it is obvious from her letters that in these early years it had not deadened in her the instincts of the artist. When playing in Marseilles in June 1843, she read her audience a lesson which our English audiences would be all the better of having occasionally read to them. Writing to Madame de Girardin, she says :

"Let me tell you of a little stroke of audacity, which fills me with alarm when I recall it in cold blood. In the middle of one of the most stirring scenes of *Bajazet*, some one took it into his head to throw me a wreath, to which I paid no heed, desiring to keep in the part (*réster en situation*), while the audience shouted, 'The wreath ! the wreath !' Atalide, thinking more of the audience than of her part, picked up the wreath, and presented it to me. Indignant at a barbarous interruption of this kind, truly worthy of an opera audience, I seized the unlucky wreath with indignation, and flinging it on one side, went on with Roxane. Fortune loves the bold. Never was there a stronger proof of this axiom ; for this movement of unstudied impulse was hailed with three salvoes of applause."

So again, when writing to her young brother, Raphael Félix, from Lyons (7th July 1843), her words of excellent advice show that her heart still burned with the enthusiastic reverence for her art, from which she drew her inspiration, and by which Alfred de Musset had been so deeply fascinated.

"Now, my dear brother," she writes, "tell me something of your pursuits, your plans for the future, for it is time you were up and doing. You will soon be a man, and you ought to know, '*Que, l'habit ne fait pas le moine.*' If, as I foresee, your inclinations carry you toward the stage, try at least to look upon the actor's vocation as an art ; treat it as a matter of conscience, not as something merely to make a position for you—as one does with a girl, who is married off when she leaves the convent, in order that she may have the right to dance at a ball six times instead of three—but rather out of love, out of passion for those works which feed the mind, and which guide the heart. . . .

"It is possible for a woman to attain an honorable position, where she is esteemed and respected, without very possibly having that polish which the world rightly calls education. Why? you will ask me. It is because a woman does not lose her charm, but the reverse, by maintaining a great reserve in her language and demeanor. A woman answers questions, she does not ask them ; she never initiates a discussion, she listens. Her natural coquettishness makes her long for information ; she retains what she learns, and without having a solid foundation, she thus acquires that su-

perficial culture which may upon occasion pass for real culture. But a man ! what a difference ! All that the woman cannot know, the man should have at his finger-ends, he has occasion for it every day of his life ; it is a resource with which he augments his pleasures, diminishes his pains, gives variety to his enjoyments, and which, moreover, makes him be regarded as '*un homme d'esprit.*' Think of this, and if the early days seem to you somewhat hard, then reflect that you have a sister who will feel pride and pleasure in your success, and who will cherish you with all her soul. I venture to hope that this letter will not have appeared to you too long to read, but on the contrary that you will often find time to reread it—and if not often, why, then, at least every now and then."

It is in this and other letters to her family that Rachel as a woman shows at her best. There is abundance of good sense, of sprightliness, and of *esprit* in her other letters—but in these she lets us see that she has a heart. Love of kindred is no uncommon phenomenon even in the most selfish, and it certainly does not deserve a place among the higher virtues. But where a life is in all other ways tainted with selfishness, we hail this as a saving grace, and are fain to think that under happier conditions it might have blossomed into qualities of a more generous strain. Her father's name rarely appears in Rachel's letters ; but both to and of her mother she always speaks with the filial devotion of her race.* She was warmly attached, not only to her brother, but also to her four sisters, all of whom had their way to success upon the stage paved by her ;† but Rebecca, the youngest and most gifted, was her especial favorite. Over her she watched with a mother-like care ; and when the young girl was taken from her by early death in 1854, just as she had begun to

* In a letter to her mother, written 9th June 1857, a few months before her death, Rachel says, very charmingly—"On ne remercie pas une mère des ennuis, des fatigues qu'on lui cause ; on l'aime, et jamais on ne s'acquitte vers elle . . . et voilà !" Both father and mother survived her, the former dying in 1872, the latter in 1873.

† Sarah, the eldest and least capable as an actress, left the stage, and made a fortune by the sale of the *Eau de Fées*, which still keeps its place on many toilet-tables. She died at Paris in 1877. Dinah and Lia Félix still survive ; and the latter, we believe, appeared till quite lately upon the stage of the Comédie Française.

give promise of becoming an ornament to the stage, the blow struck home. Thus when urged, after she was herself fatally touched by the same malady, consumption, to go for her health to Eaux Bonnes in 1856, Rachel wrote, "I should never regain my health there, where I saw my poor darling sister Rebecca die." And within a few hours of her own death, she found comfort in the thought of their reunion. "Ma pauvre Rebecca," she exclaimed, "ma chère sœur, je vais te revoir! Que je suis heureuse!"

From the glimpses which have been furnished to us of the home in which Rachel was reared, there could have been in it little to refine or elevate the moral nature. There is a charming passage in Rabelais, where, borrowing from Lucian, he makes Cupid tell his mother Venus, that those who were wedded to the Muses were so absorbed in their noble pursuit, that he unbandaged his eyes, and laid down his quiver, and, in very reverence for their high and pure natures, sought not to infect them with the sweet poison of his shafts. The apologue sprang from a juster and nobler appreciation of the qualities of the true artist, than the modern belief that to indulge the sensuous appetites and passions is a characteristic and a necessity of the artistic temperament. In the early days of her triumphs, Rachel's heart seems to have been kept pure amid many temptations by "the holy forms of young imagination;" and had they continued to be cherished there, her career would have gone on brightening to the close. But it proved not to be of the kind which the Cupid of the fable spares. To her infinite loss, she gave the jewel of her honor to a man who, when she found him worthless, and discarded him, took the incredibly base revenge of making her weakness known to the world by publishing her letters to himself. Straightway society turned its back upon the erring sister whom it had believed to be spotless; and she, made reckless apparently by what had happened, was at no pains to retrieve her damaged reputation. Her "tragic air" no longer kept suitors at bay, and she became twice a mother of sons: first in 1844, and again in 1848—Count Walewski claiming, and

being accorded, the honors of paternity in the first case; while in the second, the boy received, and now bears, only his mother's name. Rachel, the great *tragédienne*, still reigned supreme on the stage of the Comédie Française, but she was no more seen in the *salons*, where to be admitted was an honor; and good men there, who had admired her genius and the charm of her manner in her early days, spoke of her with a sigh as "*pauvre Rachel!*"

No cloud had as yet overshadowed her personal character when, on the 24th January 1843, she made her first appearance as Phèdre. The character, like Juliet on our stage, has always been regarded in France as the touchstone of an actress's tragic powers. Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Dumesnil, Clairon, Raucourt, Georges, Duchesnois, all regarded it as trying their skill to the uttermost; and Clairon, who alone of them all was able not only to act but to write well, says of herself in it: "I am forced to admit that, even when I spoke and acted my best, I always fell far short both of the author and of my own ideal." How true was young Rachel's conception of the part is apparent from De Musset's description. But in having M. Samson's guidance in this, as in her other most important characters, she was peculiarly fortunate, for he had heard Talma read it at the Conservatoire.

"I see him," he writes ("Mémoires," p. 79), "I hear him still. Destitute of all the means of illusion, without theatrical costume, a chair between his legs, and an eye-glass in his hand, he was as tragic as upon the stage, and made us thrill as he spoke to us the verses of *Andromaque* or of *Phèdre*. In the declaration of Phèdre to Hippolytus, I hear the rising passion of his tones, as he delivered the words, '*Mais fidèle, mais fier, et même un peu farouche.*' The way also in which he said, '*Cette noble pudeur colorait son visage.*' made the line stand vividly out, and gave it a grace not to be expressed. 'No straining for effect! Let not a trace of anything of the kind be seen!' he said to a Phèdre of his class who did not appear to comprehend him. 'Bear in mind that Phèdre, who has been consumed for a long period by her passion, has passed three days without food and three nights without sleep. Does not *Ænone* say to her—

"Les ombres par trois fois ont obscurci les cieux,
Depuis que le sommeil est entré dans vos yeux,
Et le jour a trois fois chassé la nuit obscure,
Depuis que votre corps languit sans nourriture?"

"Phèdre's life is the fever that burns her up

and the dream that haunts her: she is not on the earth, she is in the clouds,' and the voice of the great professor grew muffled, like his look, as he made the wife of Theseus speak."

To an artist of Rachel's intelligence, a record such as this, enforced by voice and action as M. Samson would enforce it, must have been of priceless value. Those who saw her play *Phèdre* in her best days—for it lost much of its weird charm in the latter part of her career—will remember the same shrinking look and the same muffled voice throughout the avowal of her love for Hippolytus, which so impressed her master in Talma's reading. But, indeed, the whole performance, from her entrance upon the scene up to her death at the close, was a thing never to be forgotten. There was something appallingly true and terribly beautiful in this woman wasting away by inches in the consuming fires of a passion which she abhorred, but which Venus herself was fanning in her veins with pitiless persistency. It was real as life itself, but it was reality steeped in the hues of poetry. The outlines of the conception were broad and large; but every word, every look, every movement, had a specific value. Not all at once, however, did this fine impersonation reach this pitch of excellence. Rachel, on the night she played it first, lost her nerve, as she had done on her *début* as Roxane. Her performance was without inspiration, and the audience saw in her only the skilful artist, who had calculated her effects with care, but who left their hearts and sympathies untouched. Nevertheless the ideal was clear in her mind. Nor did she rest until she had found the true means of expressing it. Each time she played the part she grew nearer its embodiment, till in about two years it became, what many like ourselves must remember it, all that Racine himself could have desired.* To this hour it stands out in solitary splendor; for the attempts of Ristori and of Sarah Bernhardt in the part are unworthy to be named in the same breath. They only served to mark how wide is the difference between the

merely picturesque and practised actress, and her in whom the intuitions of genius are disciplined and fortified by the resources of art. The same contrast was no less apparent between the Adrienne Lecouvreur of these ladies and the Adrienne Lecouvreur of Rachel. In 1849, when it was produced, Rachel's power had visibly declined; yet her treatment of this striking but painful character furnished a standard, by which to measure the capabilities of those who ventured to enter into competition with her, that told severely against them.

Of the plays written for Rachel—fifteen in all—*Adrienne Lecouvreur* alone has kept the stage. The others, either from being poor in themselves, or affording little scope for her peculiar qualities, lived for but a few nights. To this the *Lady Tartufe* of Madame de Girardin is scarcely an exception. The Madame de Blossac of Rachel alone saved this unpleasant play: and yet it was not until the fifth act that it afforded any scope for the display of her best powers. It was performed for thirty-five nights; but the fact that it had no vitality beyond what Rachel gave it, was made apparent when it was revived in 1857 at the Comédie Française, with Madame Plessy in the part. For although that most attractive actress brought to the performance all the charms of a beautiful person and a most refined talent, the play was performed to empty benches, and for only six times. Two graceful little pieces—Armand Barthet's *Le Moineau de Lesbie* and the *Horace et Lydie* of Ponsard—which Rachel made peculiarly her own by exquisite grace of manner and subtle beauty of utterance, still survive in the recollections of Parisian playgoers. But they are well content to forget her Thisbe in Victor Hugo's *Angelo*, her Messalina and Lisiska in Maquet and J. Lacroix's detestable *Valeria*, and other parts wholly unworthy of her powers, which she made the mistake of accepting.

Rachel had the idea that she could play comedy, and even hankered, it seems, after the parts known on the stage as *soubrettes*. The opinion was not shared by M. Samson or her best critics; and although she played Mo-

* In 1845 she writes to M. Samson: "I have been giving a deal of study to *Phèdre*; I will call to-morrow to ask you what my profound researches have come to."

lière's Celimène in England and elsewhere, they prevented her from periling her reputation by doing so in Paris. She was not by any means the only eminent tragic actress who has failed in comedy. Mrs. Siddons's Rosalind was at once commonplace and lachrymose; and Miss O'Neill's Lady Teazle so lacked breeding, that although she was then in the height of her reputation, she was not allowed to repeat it. The woman as she is in herself, pure and good, humorous and refined, or the reverse, as it may be, speaks out in comedy. If she be wanting in essential ladyhood, the flaw is sure to make itself felt. It was felt in Rachel's performances, where the incidents and passions of the scene came near ordinary life, and seemed to bring to the surface the hard and *tant soit peu* Bohemian elements of her nature. The free play of movement, the flexibility, the agile grace, the playfulness veiling depth of feeling, which make the charm of comedy, were not within her command. She measured her own strength perfectly when, writing to M. Legouvé to explain why she would not act his Medea, she said:

"I see the part is full of rapid and violent movements; I have to rush to my children, I have to lift them up, to carry them off the stage, to contend for them with the people. This external vivacity is not my style. Whatever may be expressed by physiognomy, by attitude, by sober and measured gesture—that I can command; but where broad and energetic pantomime begins, there my executive talent stops."

Rachel, as an artist, stood at her best between the years 1843 and 1847. From that time she sensibly fell off, and the reason of her doing so is obvious. She had set her mind more upon the improvement of her fortune than of her skill as the interpreter of the great dramatists of her country. Her physical strength, never great, was lavishly expended on engagements in all quarters where money was to be picked up, and where she went on reiterating the same parts until they lost all freshness for herself, and, as a consequence, that charm of spontaneousness and truth which they had once possessed. It was in vain that wise friends like Samson and Jules Janin warned her against the ruin she was causing to her talent and

to her health. The simple, self-centred life which they urged her to cultivate, of the true artist, to whom the consciousness of clearer perceptions and of finer execution, developed by earnest study, brings "riches fineless," was abandoned for the excitement of lucrative engagements constantly renewed, and of new circles of admirers serving up the incense of adulation in stimulating profusion. To this there could be but one end, and that a sad one. The strain upon the emotions of a great tragic actress, under the most favorable conditions, is enough to tax the soundest constitution. She must "spurn delights, and live laborious days" to maintain her hold upon an inexorable public, before whom she must always seem at her best. As Rachel herself says in writing to Madame de Girardin (2d May 1851), "*On ne mange pas tous-jours quand on veut, lors qu'on a l'honneur d'être la première tragédienne de sa majesté le peuple français.*" Long seasons of rest for both body and spirit could alone have enabled her to be true to her own genius. These Rachel would not take until too late. Thus we find her in 1849 playing during three months that should have been given to repose in no fewer than thirty-five towns from one end of France to the other, and giving seventy performances in the course of ninety days. "*Quelle route,*" she writes, "*quelle fatigue, mais aussi quelle dot!*" The day was not far off when she was doomed to feel in bitterness of heart how dearly this "dot" was purchased.

The temptation of wealth, which her European fame brought her, was no doubt great. The sums she received in England, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, were enormous, and the adulation everywhere paid to her might have made the steadiest head giddy. At the staid court of Berlin she was received in 1853 with courtly honors. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia approached her, after a private performance at Potsdam, with all the chivalrous gallantry which sate so gracefully upon him; and when she offered to rise as he accosted her, took her by both hands and pressed her to remain seated, saying as he did so, "*Asseyez vous, mademoiselle; les royautés comme la mienne*

passent, la royauté d'art ne passe pas." And when, in the following year, she went to Russia for six months, she not only brought back £12,000 as the solid gains of her visit, but such recollections of courtly homage paid to her, as she describes with admirable vivacity in the following letter from St. Petersburg to her sister Sarah :

"Yesterday evening your humble servant was entertained like a queen—not a sham tragedy queen, with a crown of gilded paste-board, but a real queen, duly stamped at the royal mint. First of all, realize to yourself the fact that here the Boyards all follow me, stare at me as if I were some strange animal, and that I cannot move a step without having them after me. In the street, in the shops, wherever I go, or may be caught a glimpse of, I am marked and pointed at. I no longer belong to myself.

"To sum up all, the other day I was invited to a banquet, given in my honor at the Imperial Palace—a fact, oh daughter of papa and mamma Félix ! It came off yesterday. What a regale ! When I reached the palace, lo, there were gorgeous footmen, all powder and gold lace, just as in Paris, to wait upon and escort me : one takes my pelisse, another goes before and announces me, and I find myself in a saloon gilded from floor to ceiling, with everybody rushing to salute me. It is a grand duke—no less—the Emperor's brother, who advances to offer me his hand to conduct me to the dinner-table—an immense table, raised upon a sort of dais, but not laid out for many—only thirty covers ; but the guests, how select ! The imperial family, the grand dukes, the little dukes, and the archdukes—all the dukes, in short, of all calibres ; and all this tra-la-la of princes and princesses, curious and attentive, devouring me with their eyes, watching my slightest movements, my words, my smiles—in a word, never keeping their eyes off me. Well ! Do not imagine that I was in any way embarrassed. Not the least in the world ! I felt just as usual—at least up to the middle of the repast, which, moreover, was excellent. But everybody seemed to be much more occupied with me than with the viands. At that point the toasts in my honor begin ; and very strange indeed is the spectacle which ensues. The young archdukes, to get a better view of me, quit their seats, mount upon the chairs, and even put their feet upon the table—I was about to say into the plates !—and yet nobody seemed the least surprised, there being obviously some traces of the savage still even in the princes of this country ! And then the shouts, the deafening bravos, and the calls upon me to recite something ! To reply to toasts by a tragic tirade was indeed strange ; but I was equal to the occasion. I rose, and, pushing back my chair, assumed the most tragic air of my *répertoire*, and treated them to *Phèdre's* great scene. Straightway a deathlike silence ; you might have heard the flutter of a fly, if there be such

a thing in this country. They all listened devoutly, bending toward me, and confining themselves to admiring gestures and stifled murmurs. Then, when I had finished, there was a fresh outbreak of shouts of bravos, of clinking glasses, and fresh toasts, carried so far that for the moment I felt bewildered. Soon, however, I too caught the infection, and excited at once by the odor of the wine and of the flowers, and of all this enthusiasm, which had the effect of tickling what little pride I have, I rose again and began to sing, or rather declaimed, the Russian national hymn with no small fervor. On this it was no longer enthusiasm, but utter frenzy ; they crowded round me, they pressed my hands, they showered thanks upon me ; I was the greatest tragedian in the world, and of all time past and future—and so on for a good quarter of an hour.

"But the best things have an end, and the hour came for me to take my leave. I effected this with the same queenly dignity as I had managed my arrival, reconducted even to the grand staircase by the same grand duke, who was very gallant, but maintained at the same time all ceremonious respect. Then appeared the gorgeous footmen in powder, one of them carrying my pelisse. I put it on, and was escorted by them to my carriage, which was surrounded by other footmen carrying torches to illuminate my departure."

Triumphant, however, as in one point of view was Rachel's visit to Russia, it had its heavy drawbacks. She returned to Paris more shaken than ever in health, and the failure in vigor was quickly perceived when she resumed her place upon the stage there. The public, moreover, were out of humor with her for having forsaken them so long—she had been away a year—and they marked their displeasure by leaving her to play to comparatively empty houses. A new piece, *Rosemonde*, in which she sustained the principal part, was coldly received ; and an epigram of the day tells the tale both of her broken health and of the eclipse of her popularity :

"Pourquoi donc nomme-t-on ce drame Rosemonde ?

Je n'y vois plus de rose et n'y vois pas de monde."

The *Czarine*, written for her by Scribe—the last of the characters created, as the phrase is, by Rachel—in the following year, was not more successful. The wrong she had done to her body and to her great natural gifts, was now to be avenged. "Glory," she writes to a friend even in 1854, "is very pleasant, but its value is greatly lowered in my eyes, since I have been

made to pay so dearly for it." Years before she had been warned. In 1847 she had written, "I have had great success, but how? At the expense of my health, of my life! This intoxication with which an admiring public inspires me, passes into my veins and burns them up." But this alone would not have wrought the havoc which by 1855 was visible in her person and in her general powers. Things had come to a serious pass with her, when in that year she wrote to M. Emile de Girardin:

"Houssaye told me it was he who gave you the little Louis XV. watch which you have arranged so daintily by replacing the glass, through which one could see the entrails of the beast, by the enamel in which they have had your humble servant baked. I think, and so does Sarah, the lower part of my face too long. But enamels (*émaux*) or rather *émaux*—for everywhere there are *des maux*—cannot be corrected once they have gone through the fire. In any case I think it is a thing not to be worn except after my death. I am so shaky that perhaps this is not very far off. If Madame de Girardin would write for me the part of some consumptive historical personage, if such there be—for I delight in a part with a name to it—I believe I should play it well, and in a way to draw tears, for I should shed them myself. It is all very fine to tell me this is only my nerves; I feel very surely there is a screw loose somewhere. We spoke of the watch; when one turns the key too strongly, something goes *crack*! I often feel something go *crack* within me when I screw myself up to act. The day before yesterday, in Horace, when I was giving Maubant his cue, I felt this *crack*. Yes, my friend, I cracked. This quite *entre nous*, because of my mother and the boys."

Conscious though she was of this perilous state of health, Rachel was still so bent on making one more grand effort to augment her fortune, that she entered upon an engagement to play for six months in the United States. After performing in Paris during the summer all her great classical parts, she gave seven representations in London, and sailed on the 11th of August from Southampton for New York. Her success, however, fell far short of what she had anticipated. Corneille and Racine were not attractive to American audiences; and although she supplemented them with *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Lady Tartuffe*, and *Angelo*, she did not establish any hold upon the public. In the course of forty-two representations, the total receipts were a little over £27,000, of which Rachel's share

was about half; a very handsome return, but most disappointing to Rachel, who had counted on gains even beyond those which Jenny Lind had shortly before been making across the Atlantic. So feeble was the impression she produced, that it is quite certain Rachel would have lost money had the engagement gone on. But her progress was cut short by a bad cold, followed by such an aggravation of her pulmonary weakness, that she was compelled to return to Europe at the end of January 1856. To be back with those she loved—and with whom she felt her stay could not be long—was all her wish. "J'ai porté mon nom aussi loin que j'ai pu," she writes from Havannah (7th January 1856), "et je rapporte mon cœur à ceux qui l'aiment."

Next winter was spent in Egypt with no abatement of the fatal symptoms. She returned to France, feeling that her work in life was done, and that she would be "doomed to go in company with pain" for whatever term of life might be vouchsafed her. In October she left Paris for Cannet, a few miles from Cannes, where the father of M. Victorien Sardou had placed his villa at her disposal. Before quitting Paris she wrote to her friend and fellow-worker, Augustine Brohan: "Patience and resignation have become my motto. I am grateful to you, dear Mlle. Brohan, for the kind interest you express; but let me assure you, God alone can do anything for me! I start almost immediately for the South, and hope its pure and warm air will ease my pains a little." Very touching are the words of a letter to another friend, written at the same time:

"It sometimes seems as though night were settling down suddenly upon me, and I feel a kind of great void in my head, and in my understanding. Everything is extinguished all at once, and your Rachel is left the merest wreck. Ah, poor me! That *me* of which I was so proud, too proud, perhaps. Behold it to-day so enfeebled, that scarce anything of it is left. . . . Adieu, my friend. This letter will perhaps be the last. You who have known Rachel so brilliant, who have seen her in her luxury and her splendor, who have so often applauded her in her triumphs, what difficulty would you not have in recognizing her to-day in the species of fleshless spectre which she has become, and which she carries about with her unceasingly!"

The end, which she clearly foresaw, was not far off. The mild air of the South somewhat lightened her pains, but could not arrest the disease. Many sad thoughts of powers wasted and unworthy aims pursued, must have darkened the solitary hours when she was face to face with those questionings of the spirit that will not be put by. Her art, and all it might have been to her, were among her other thoughts. How much greater glory might she not have achieved, to how much higher account, might she not have turned her gifts, how much more might she not have done to elevate and refine her audiences, had she nourished to the last the high aspirations of her youth? Very full of significance is what she said to her sister Sarah, who attended her death-bed: "Oh, Sarah, I have been thinking of *Polyeucte* all night. If you only knew what new, what magnificent effects I have conceived! In studying, take my word for it, declamation and gesture are of little avail; you have to think, to weep!"

Rachel died upon the 3d of January 1858, conscious to the end. She was fortified in her last moments by the very impressive ceremonial of the Jewish Church, of which she was a staunch adherent, and died in the humble hope of a blessed immortality. As we turn away from the contemplation of a fine career, so sadly and prematurely closed, let us think gently of Rachel's faults and failings, due greatly, it may be, to the unfavorable circumstances of her life, and the absence of that early moral training by which she might have been moulded into a nobler womanhood. *Pauvre Rachel!*

As an artist, the want of that moral element prevented her from rising to the highest level. Had she possessed it, she must have gone on advancing in excellence to the last. But this she did not do. Even in such parts as Phèdre and Hermione she went back instead of forward. Impersonations, that used to be instinct with life became hard and formal. They were still beautiful as studies of histrionic skill, but the soul had gone out of them. A low moral nature—and such assuredly was Rachel's—will always be felt through an artist's work, disguise it how he will, for,

as Sir Thomas Browne says, "The brow often speaks true, eyes have tongues, and the countenance proclaims the heart and inclinations:" and, as we have already said, it shone through the acting of Rachel whenever the part was one in which the individuality of the woman came into play. It was this which made her range so limited. Attired in classical costume, and restricted to a style of action which masked that natural deportment which is ever eloquent of character, her hard and unsympathetic nature was for the time lost to view; and the eye was riveted by motions, graceful, stately, passionate, or eager, and the ear thrilled by the varied cadences or vehement declamation of her beautiful voice. But when her parts approached nearer to common life—when the emotions became more complex and less dignified—the want was quickly felt. If, instead of Corneille and Racine, Rachel had been called upon to illustrate Shakespeare, with all the variety of inflection and subtlety of development which his heroines demand in the performer, she must, we believe, have utterly failed. We in England thought too little of this—and it is a mistake which we have made, not in her case alone—in our admiration of a style which to us was new and only half understood, and we placed her on a pinnacle above our own actresses higher than her deserts. We fell into the same mistake, and less excusably, in the case of Ristori, an artist of powers in every way inferior. The Parisians, wiser than ourselves, found out their mistake in this respect many years ago, so soon as they saw Ristori in Lady Macbeth.* Rachel was too accomplished an artist, and knew the limits of her own powers too well, ever to risk her reputation by subjecting it to such a test. She was essentially a declamatory actress; she depended but little on the emotions of the scene; she cared not at all how she was acted up to. She

* This lady has recently opened the eyes of the English public at Drury Lane to the same fact, by playing this character in English. A trial of the public patience so ill-advised and disastrous has rarely been witnessed. It served, however, to show, even to the uncritical, how much of Madame Ristori's success was due, not to truth or refined art, but to mere technical artifice.

could not listen well ; she did not kindle by conflict with the other characters. Nothing to our mind more clearly indicates the actress of a grade not certainly the highest. The classical French drama demands this power less than our own, but it does demand it in some degree. To excel on our stage, however, it is indispensable that the actress should possess the power of kindling, and, as she kindles, of rising, naturally and continuously, through the gradations of emotion and passion, which our more complex dramatic situations demand, and of sustaining these, so as to retain her hold upon the audience, after the voice has ceased to speak. But to do this, something more than the accomplishment of art is necessary ; and this something is a deep and

sincere sensibility, and a moral nature which answers instinctively to the call of the nobler feelings, that constitute the materials of tragedy, and also of comedy of the highest kind. It is easy to see that Rachel, with her lack of high intellectual culture, and her undisciplined moral nature, could never have met the demands of the Shakespearian drama. Nor, seeing what she was as a woman, how little she possessed of the finer and more tender graces of her sex, can we wonder that she failed, as she did, in parts in which Mars or Duchesnois had succeeded, and erred so frequently in accepting others from which true taste and right womanly feeling would have made her recoil.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

RACE AND LIFE ON ENGLISH SOIL.*

BY BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

THE theme, long since cast in my mind and every day before it, on which, to-night, I would discourse, shall be of the races of men on our English soil ; these races in relation to their mental and physical life and its probable future, in so far as that future may be inferred from the past and present.

If I can handle the theme to your satisfaction I shall be more than content, for at this moment, in the history of the little planet on which we dwell, the question of race is the question of the human history of the planet in respect to its social progression. The races form the frictional surfaces by which, in natural collision, the knowledge and wisdom which make life worth having are struck out. The fire of the soul is lighted by the contact of race with race. If all the earth were inhabited by one people of one race, having the same tastes, the same hopes, the same desires, the same traditions, the same color, the same arts, the same literature, the same tongue, it were, I believe, physiologically impossible that such a race could long exist. It would exhibit, soon, a

craving for one object, and that signifies decay ; for the ordinance of nature is that desire shall always be kept under the dominion of necessity.

No finer example, no grander poem of life was ever set in illustration of this ordinance than the tradition of the Tower that was to scale the skies. A race set itself one task. It craved to know the unknowable. In its self-willed ignorance it said, as a child might say : this blue canopy over our heads with the lights set in it, lights which, many though they be, we might count up if we tried, this blue canopy is the veil, thin perchance as a cloud could we pierce it, which hides from our sight the Heaven of Heavens, and shuts us out of its precincts. Our mountains seem to approach it ; it is not so high that it may not be approached. Let us build a tower whose top shall reach into it !

What labor they who thus presumed threw into their work who shall tell ? What self-sacrifice they underwent, danger, privation, hope deferred, who shall tell ? And the end was that the Heavens remained as serenely blue as ever, as unscathed as ever, as far off as ever ; while the men, made helplessly mad with their own conceit, talked madmen's gibberish so that they understood not

* Inaugural Address delivered before the Cymmrodorion Section of the National Eisteddfod, held at Denbigh on August 21st, 1882. Sir Robert Cunliffe, M.P., in the chair.

what was meant when they spoke to each other, but dispersed like the vision they had created.

It is the same with some men in this day as with the men of Babel. He who craves is mad; he lives to himself; he lives for himself; he learns a manner of thought and sentiment and desire and expression which does not fit in with the general life. Thus he falls out of the ranks, or dies, or becomes an inmate of one of our great modern temples of confusion of tongues, our asylums for the insane, our Babels.

Nature, never altering her ordinations, provides these corrections, or, more strictly speaking, permits no divergence from her own course. Here is man, by virtue of a special ingenuity in construction and communication, master of all created life on earth. But take from him that special power, or let him take it from himself, and he were among the feeblest of animals, the prey of a thousand; so much their prey they might quickly tread the earth free of him and his control. Liberate our Babels; leave their inmates free and alone on the face of the earth, and where in the course of a century were such men of the earth? They would fight for a time the men of their time; they would kill and be killed, and to the untamed brutes would fall a ready feast.

To prevent these catastrophes nature provides races of men, varieties that keep the universal man alive in mental health and mental strength. By the very force with which she endows races to preserve their own individuality she maintains the genus man among the beasts. If the races of men commingle they come back to their original type, or make temporarily, in the commingling, a nation or people as distinct in its elements as the original from which each element was derived.

In London, mixture of the world, we see the commingling of the races in the most systematic form. For the moment, that wonderful city is the centre of the planet in representation of human life. In Wales, in a Welsh district, in a Welsh town we see race in its purer and individual type. In London we see the effect of the commingling. In such a province as this in which we now are we see the effect of the separation. To cas-

ual observation the two pictures appear diverse enough. To faithful analytical observation they are the same, showing the same natural lines, the same harmony of result.

I have for my part learned these racial distinctions and comminglings so carefully that I can distinguish them in the crowded city as distinctly as in the county or province. I will tell you first the way in which I learned this lesson. I will then narrate or distinguish the racial characteristics which lie at the foundation of our modern society.

For fourteen years of my life it was my duty, twice a week, to attend at one, and for a time at two, of those public institutions called medical charities. The seats of my labors were in the eastern and east central portions of the great city, and the scenes of my labors were in the outdoor departments of medical practice. I sat at a table in a small room, and one by one, in line, the sick passed before me to be prescribed for. During the first two or three years my mind was chiefly directed to the details of the physician's skill, and all who came before me were to me the same; they were so many sick coming to be treated for their maladies. In course of time the labor became monotonous to a degree I can hardly explain. The description of ailment was often a mere repetition, told and retold, fifty, nay, a hundred times at one sitting; the sight was that of one or two hundred faces traversing from entrance to exit door; the art was that of prescribing, which from constant habit became almost a stereotyped act. You may imagine the monotony.

By and by a new light began to break on me. I got an insight into what we physicians, from the days of Hippocrates to these days, call temperaments. Those people passing before me were, in by far the greater number of instances, so-called English or British people, but yet they were exceedingly different the one from the other. They were different in look, in the manner in which they bore and described themselves, in the mode in which they explained their diseases. The character of their diseases was modified by their peculiar condition and tendency, and the mental, if not the physical, course of treatment admitted

of being changed to suit variety of taste, disposition, and habit.

I found further, as I began to discriminate, or, if I may use the term, differentiate, that there was a marked difference in them as to the mode in which they accepted and appreciated what was done for them, and as to the amount of faith or confidence which they had for the doer and the doing. On these points they moved in groups perfectly distinct. I noticed, further, special differences in different sets as to their own expectations, hopes, desires, fears. Some were pessimists always, others were optimists, others neutral or passive; but all in groups which, in time, became easily definable. My ear, too, caught in their voices distinctions and peculiarities which soon classified into order, so that by the voice and mode of using it I could usually tell, though I did not look at him, the natural group to which the speaker belonged.

But that which struck me as the strangest thing of all was that the groups into which I was able to divide these people began to be declared to me by the names of the persons who formed each group. At first when this dawned upon me I could not believe it to be more than a fancy, and I began to question myself whether I was not letting a mere hypothesis draw me into the net of false inference. That I might avoid this risk I pursued a systematic plan of inquiry.

I made a list of groups based on the peculiarities of types which I had recognized, and I marked these by a number—group one, two, and three, and so on. Then I requested that all new persons who were shown in to me, each of whom would be quite a stranger, should be announced by name before I saw them. If, then, it were a male or a spinster who was announced, for married women were of course out of court since they bore their husband's name, I placed the name under the group to which I believed it to belong. When I had got a goodly list of names arranged in this way I reckoned up the results, and found that I was correct within five to six per cent.

In this way I got naturally and plainly in my mind certain special characteristics which were detectable and recogniz-

able by name, and, having obtained this clue from my medical observations in the first instance, I began to follow it up and to trace it out in all with whom I might come into contact in business, in pleasure, in travel, in practice, in times of solemnest moment and danger and death.

For over a quarter of a century I have pursued these observations, studying the racial differences, first from their primitive position or stock, and next from the admixtures of these in what may be called specimens of mixed races.

As it will be necessary, for the sake of the inferences and suggestions I shall have to draw in the sequel, to present a clear view of the races of men to which reference will be made, I propose in the first instance, with your kind permission, to submit a picture or outline of each different race in its primitive type, and of some of the more important classes springing from combinations of the original or primitive stock.

THE RACES.

I. The representatives of the first race to which I would direct your attention are persons of fair complexion, with light flaxen or brown hair, not very abundant in quantity, and blue or gray eyes. The head is large, massive, round; the supporting neck short and strong. The features heavy, but not, of necessity, dull. The aspect either very friendly, cheerful, and open, or stolid, determined, cold, or even scowling. The body of heavy build and medium height, rarely very tall. The shoulders broad. The voice clear and resonant; the words comparatively few, usually to the point, and in disease plaintive without being complaining.

In disposition these persons are not much distressed about their future and not peculiarly thrifty, but they are truthful and singularly trustful and confiding. I observed from week to week, and even month to month, that whatever might be the cause of their illness, when they were ill they rarely change their course toward their physician, nor think of change. They do not lavish praise on his skill, but they rest on it satisfied not to seek other assistance. To every one else they have the same tendency. Affectionate in an extreme

degree to those closely allied to them by ties of blood, they show little sympathy with persons outside their own circle. They do not meddle with other people's affairs, nor pry into them. For this same reason they allow no one to meddle or pry into their affairs. They are not specially attached to any particular place, but are ready to travel and settle down anywhere and make a home. That home, once made, is like a sacred grove, into which no intruding foot is welcome without invitation. "The Englishman's house is his castle" is especially their motto.

They enjoy looking at works of art, listen with pleasure to music, and laugh at sallies of wit and humor and sarcasm with a ring of laughter round, full, hearty, and good to hear. They are themselves not deficient in rude wit, humor, sally; yet they fail to excel in the refined arts and occupations. By nature they are workers with the hands at hard, steady, exact, pioneering work. The men are powerful in handicrafts; giants in physical labor. The women as housewives and as laborers in domestic work are orderly, slow, clean, conservative, but not particularly economical. Among the industrial classes many of the women work at handicrafts: at the knitting-frame in the stocking districts, at the loom in the factory, in the field and the garden in agricultural places.

The tone of mind of this class of English people, in relation to subjects of solemnest interest, and during states of life when those subjects assume the solemnest impressions, is singularly characteristic. It is marked by staid and stolid disposition. They are, as a rule, Protestant in their religion, unswerving in the path they have chosen, if they have chosen any, and choosing mostly that form that is simplest and broadest. To them gorgeous ceremonial is a mere sight or wonder, it never touches them; nor are they enthusiasts in matters of religious controversy, except when they are roused to tear down what they dislike; then they may be terrible in their earnestness, sparing nothing, however classical, precious, or beautiful. Their natural tendency is toward what some call "fatalism," or to that form of belief which has been dignified by the name of "necessitarian-

ism." They are a practical family even in these concerns. They cannot interfere with what is to be; if they could, they would not; to obey their call is enough. The results lie in the hands of the higher Power. Thus they resign themselves to die with astounding equanimity, and, when they or those who are nearest to them are out of reasonable hope, they are the first to request that the dying be let alone, tormented by no vain endeavor to prolong a life at the close of its earthly course. Owing to this endurance and freedom from brooding over the future, some of them show great tenacity of life; have many lives.

Connected with this same tone of mind they have ordinarily a singular freedom from sense of danger, a freedom indeed which to keener and more timorous or sensitive constitutions savors of obtuseness. It is not bravado. It is a natural absence of fear, and is accompanied with what may truly be called an absence of sympathy with fear and with all kinds of pain. Hence the members of this family easily become mechanically perfect in moments of danger, and thorough to the end in what they have then to do. This faculty makes them invincible in contest, and sometimes detestable in what their sympathetic rivals call oppression, cruelty, or devastation.

Their blindness to danger and slowness of comprehension lead these people into remarkable freedom from superstition in regard to sudden or startling phenomena. They never see ghosts or apparitions, and only laugh at those who do. There is no great merit to them in this, because it rests on slowness. It requires a quick perception to see a ghost, and a vivid imagination to realize what is meant by an apparition or other supernatural phenomenon. These people of whom I speak are deficient in these faculties; long before they could see it, the apparition has vanished, or when it occurs to them, if it occurs to them that they have seen or heard something, it will be so long afterward that their reasoning powers have had time to come into play and explain the phenomenon on some very commonplace and every-day interpretation. At the same time they do not discard mystery nor cast aside a love for the mysterious.

They rather revel in it without being touched by it, as though it were a sublime joke intended for their amusement. To real sublimities, to the true mysteries of nature, the wonders of the universe, the ideas of illimitable space, of illimitable power, of all that is mechanically overwhelming in nature, they are the most impressionable of the impressioned. Astronomy is to them the science of sciences; mathematics, the key of knowledge.

In friendship these people are singularly characteristic. They make no demonstration of fervor, they never enter into friendship with a motive, they are never wily in their friendships. They are, however, easily led into friendly intercourse, and, being slowly suspicious, are abiding in it, adhering often firmly to friends whom the quicker-witted understand and who are undeserving of confidence. While this frame of mind lasts, they are invaluable in friendship; but if it once be broken, whether the breakage occur from right or wrong, it is not often healed. Strictly these people are as implacable in their dislikes as they are firm in their likings. They rarely forgive, and if they forgive they rarely live long enough to forget. They are never proud, they are never humble, and if they assume to be either it is with so bad a grace the assumption falls to the ground. The policy of this family is individual, silently determinate, aggressive to an extent beyond all comparison. It knows and recognizes nothing so much as individual independence; has no vital sympathies with other families; cares first for its own individual family, secondly for the wider family, of which it is a unit, and after that, practically, for none other. In governing it is unsystematic and too dependent on might as right to be scientific in principles of policy. It cuts all troublesome knots with its heavy sword, whatever contents may thereby be loosened. It enjoys fighting for fighting's sake, and does not object to a contest among the members of its own body.

II. The representatives of a second primitive race to which I would next refer are most distinct. The complexion of these is ruddy or fair, reddish, freckled. The hair is of a reddish or reddish-brown

color and scanty. The eyes light gray or light hazel, or sometimes of amber tint. The head high or pointed, of moderate size; the forehead high but receding. The features lightsome, and the expression keen, vivacious, and exceedingly variable. The voice sharp, clear, and musical. The body lithe, of fine light build and of full height, tall when well-developed; the limbs finely shapen and strong, but not massive. In sentiment the members of this family tend quickly to the emotional. They are easily cast down, easily elated. They are always much concerned about their future, and are ready to put endless questions bearing on what is likely to happen to them. This feeling leads them to be hopeful on one side, desponding on the other, and at different times hopeful and desponding on the self-same subject. They are exceedingly thrifty in their habits, and careful of to-morrow. Naturally polite and courteous in manner, they are more expressive of personal praise, trust, and satisfaction than the members of the race I have just before described, but they are entirely different as to the display of their confidence, for they flit about when they have any very serious difficulty, and even when they have no serious difficulty, from one adviser to another with the readiest facility, not hesitating to come back again if the idea seizes them, and expressing diverse opinions and changes of thought without hesitation. On other subjects they present the same ready criticism, often extremely correct and keen and shrewdly witted. They are indeed endowed in an unusual degree with the perceptive faculty. Never dull, never slow, they see, if anything, too sharply, and thereby are given to anticipate too eagerly, from which circumstance they are apt to prejudge and fall into error. They are quickly sympathetic in respect to suffering, kind to all who suffer, and ready to offer immediate assistance. To persons in their own family circle they are tenderly, truly attached, and often carry their attachment to a romantic degree. They are of an inquiring disposition, and are as glad to discuss other persons' affairs and troubles as their own. They are excessively attached to home and to one place, so much so that if in illness it is necessary to advise them to

change their residence, or to emigrate, the good that might be likely to follow would be quite as likely counterbalanced by the mental worry incident to the change, or the homesickness engendered by it, if the change were made. In their home they like good fellowship, and are, in the truest sense of the word, hospitable, their hospitality altogether overcoming their love of clanship, or being sustained by it, as if it were a part of an hereditary attribute. To them the home is not the closed castle, but the open hostel, to which all who come with a reasonable introduction are welcome. They are admirers of art, and adepts in the artistic world. Not deeply original in their views, they are urgent to be trained in music, drawing, and other similar accomplishments. They are skilful in fine handicrafts and games, and are almost invariably possessed with the desire to dance or enter into sports which call into action the muscular organs. They take well to light work, but avoid it when they can, though they do not shrink from the rough and heavy tasks of labor.

The tone of mind of this class on subjects of solemn moment is firm, poetical, and—I use the term without any vulgar meaning, and in its true sense—æsthetic. Loving the beautiful in nature, their hearts go forth toward it, and, if they have been educated to a system which appeals to this love of poetry and beauty, they adhere to it with all their hearts. Thus in religion they are faithful to creeds which some of their rival races look down upon. If brought up in the ceremonial of the Church of Rome, they take it into themselves as a part of their lives; it is in them. The music of it is in their souls; the solemn rite is to their eyes a perpetual and exquisite vision; the odor of the incense is grateful to their refined sense; and from generation to generation they live on enjoying these, to them beatitudes, untouched by outside zeal or prejudice or change. I was last year on a belt of land in the Highlands of Scotland where, through all the great and, in many respects, salutary storms of the Reformation, this love of an old faith by an old people remained practically unchanged. Massive walls of stone dividing races have fallen to the earth;

great houses and castles have crumbled to the dust; world-renowned abbeys and cathedrals and schools, and shrines and tombs and holy wells and chantries, have been despoiled, until their wrecks only remain for the antiquarian to feast upon. But these living walls still stand unshaken; the living elements of which they are constructed holding on to what they conceive a holy life, in the artistic form of faith on which for centuries, from the time of the sainted Columba, their fathers fastened and fed.

Even when this most sense-inspiring of all the forms of ceremonial has not inspired the people of whom I now speak, they have shown their proclivity for the artistic spirit in other ways: in love of chant and beautiful song, of flowers of speech and flowers of earth, of splendid piles raised with hands, or of still more magnificent and sublime fanes in the grand temples of nature herself, hewn in cathedral form, beneath the mighty trees of the forest; before or within the awful cave scooped out in arch and nave by the encroaching sea; or, on the mountain side where the valley makes the amphitheatre solemn and gorgeous as the everlasting arch under which it is canopied.

In such nature, filled with such nature, has this poetic race poured forth its adoring soul.

With this pleasure in realizing the form and expression of faith, the members of the race of which I now speak combine a hopeful mind, extending in hope beyond their life, together with a belief in the power to do good and to influence the course of human events which is as buoyant as their flexible mirth. No fatalism tinges their expectations, no necessitarianism colors their exertions. They hold themselves responsible for what they do, and actually think that their words and deeds are veritable modellings or remodellings of things that are, the Divine Power not using them as mere blind instruments for carrying out His inscrutable decrees, but giving them the heart and mind and will to do His will according to the knowledge and the wisdom with which they are possessed. They, therefore, rarely sink into resistless apathy, rarely accept the view that what is to be will be, but continue, tenaciously, to the

end, and often hasten their end by the resolution that they will do or die.

Under excitements these people are brave and daring and full of fire ; but their keen perception leads them to see danger or disaster too quickly to permit them to hold on in sustained power, unless they are inspired by example or driven by inevitable necessity. Desperate in emergency, and elated easily by success, they are soon disposed to sympathy even with those whom they have conquered, and forgive as readily as they would be forgiven. Quick and keen in perception, they are easily affected by what is called the supernatural. Always on the alert, they see what others more stolid fail to see, and draw inferences with such quick decision they are often led, like the poet, to give

. . . to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.

The race undoubtedly has believed largely in apparitions, so largely that when the stories or traditions of haunted places are sifted they are, if my inquiries may permit me to speak, always connected with some story or incident of the race. Yet, after all, the belief is not practical ; it is vivid without being permanent ; it fills a leisure moment or arrests a passing one, but it does not seriously interfere with the common-sense and judgment with which the mind of the race is so generously enriched.

In friendship these people are more fervent than the other race of which I have spoken, but less determined. They are warm and steady so long as they entirely trust, but, being quick to detect failures and jealous of affection, they are apt to break off friendships under sudden emotion or dispute. At the same time they are equally willing to forgive, to listen to explanations, to close up grievances, and utterly to forget the past. I have known two men of this race who have had a mortal quarrel, once a year at least, and I have been appealed to more than once as an arbitrator of their respective wrongs. Such arbitration is easy enough : in a short time the combatants themselves forget the precise nature of their wrongs, on which the broken stream of friendship, with a little noise over the stones, returns to its own channel, and flows on

as if it had never been for a moment interrupted. To this race, indeed, the spirit of unforgiveness between friends appears as the most evil of spirits ; but friendships among them are not gained in a day ; perhaps, in the strictest sense of the word, they are never gained unless they are bred ; and when they are not bred, or are checked by breeding, they are never, under any circumstances, made intimate. Hence, abroad, the members of the race are slow to join in hard and fast friendships with those of different blood.

In policy these people are clannish without being aggressive. They mingle badly with all other families except on their own soil. There, welcoming strangers, they receive them in time as their own kin, and join with them in closest ties. The family bond is the centre of their political system, by which, when the family circles are agreed, they become what is called loyal to a system, a person, or even a word. In difficulties of political strife, they are quick to foresee, skilful to unravel, anxious as to consequences, and when they have time for quiet reflection are not willing for contest. Under impulse they may be led to fight even for an idea ; in congress or conclave, with all the reasons and facts and risks before them, they would be sure to lay their swords aside until they had fairly tried to untie the difficult knot and rearrange the contents it secured. I doubt if the massive empty pyramids themselves would ever induce this race, left free and deliberative, to go forth to war.

Unlike the previous family on English soil of which description has been given, this family is naturally proud, and while it never attempts to conceal the fact makes little boast of it, except in moments of irritation or self-defence. Then it declares plainly enough what it probably always feels as near to its heart as any other sentiment, its appreciation of itself, of its race, of its descent, and of the place from whence it came, with which it is wont to connect some tradition, which, whether it be truth or fable, is equally dear.

III. The races of English life to which I have thus far invited your attention are supplemented by another race which is as distinct, and in some

particulars more clearly distinct than the previous two. In my medical education on the subject in hand these people, in fact, were most readily distinguished and were known to me, as peculiar, long before I had read the chapter of race anything like so completely as I was afterward able to read it. In this third race the physical as well as the mental characteristics stand forth in bold outline, while certain peculiarities of a social kind, carrying with them the declaration of caste and special family, separate its members almost to isolation. These people are of dark complexion or swarthy. Their eyes are deep hazel, brown, or even black in color. Their hair is dark brown, passing to black or raven, thick, luxuriant and glossy. The head is large, the forehead prominent but not high, and very often marked by the characteristic which Gall called "the ox-head form." by which he meant great breadth across the lower part of the forehead, with a broad but retreating upper portion, and which he, with much acuteness, described as the head of those who excel in the study of numbers, music, tune, time, and order. The features are usually heavy, yet often lighted with intelligence, and generally with reflection and thought. The aspect is that of caution, watchfulness, and reserve, with courage lying behind. Sometimes there is a smile, but very rarely, and always subdued, never passing into broad grin or loud laughter. The expression is most variable even in faces that in form and general contour are alike. In the expression we see how largely our greatest painters are indebted to them. They have yielded to the canvas, perhaps exclusively, the grandest art. Their male faces have been used to depict that which is purest, holiest, most forgiving, most ennobling, most divine. Their male faces have been made to depict the most degraded, the most sordid, the most cruel, the most treacherous of human nature. The ideal of the devil has never been represented from any other type of face except in low and grotesque caricature. Sometimes the very beauty of the face has been transformed by the painter to show the depths of wickedness even through beauty. Their female faces have been selected to represent every-

thing that is womanly, tender, pitiable, pitying; everything that is tragic, violent, bewitching, terrible.

The bodily configuration of the race is itself peculiar. Its members are rather below than above the middle height; the limbs are large, but not strong like those of the first-named race, nor lithe and wiry like the second; but the skeleton throughout is well formed, and, as the late Dr. Knox was wont to say, "it can always be seen in them more readily than in others." The shoulders and chest are broad.

The voice of these people is resonant, full, and, when not perverted by dialect or habit of speech, musical. In disposition they are both emotional and reflective. They are exceedingly alive to the emotions of fear and grief, but rarely give way to passion, their reasoning faculty and strong sense of self-preservation holding them strangely under control. They are thrifty, often to avarice, and yet from a counteracting love of ostentation they are given to run into even reckless expenditure. They are trustful of those in whom they have learned to trust, but their trust comes from that learning and is always watchfully maintained, so that it shall not be thrown away when it is undeserved. Well balanced in mind, they both perceive and reason correctly. They are not hasty to arrive at conclusions, and when their own interests are unconcerned they are not obstinate in holding to that which their judgment shows them to be doubtful. It cannot be said that they are sympathetic to suffering or urgent in alleviating it, but among their own people they are so exceptionally merciful and just that they never allow any one of them who is loyal to want or be dependent on the stranger for means to live. They are models of domestic life, and bring up their daughters in such chasteness of conduct that even in the vortex of modern Babylon their women rarely go astray, however poor they may be. Their powers of long-suffering are proverbial, so that they can live under conditions, bear oppressions, and endure privations which would not be believed if they had not been certified to by indisputable history. They are ready at any time to wander, and, as Boudin has said, appear to be able to live in every

place—"in Europe, from Norway to Gibraltar; in Africa, from Algiers to the Cape; in Asia, from Cochin to the Caucasus, from Jaffa to Pekin; in America, from Monte Video to Quebec; in Australia, in all habitable parts." They can live at any altitude, from high mountainous districts to the valley of the Jordan, 400 metres below the level of the sea. They are in fact essentially a migratory race, settling and flourishing and progressing wherever they are permitted to establish themselves in peace and liberty.

In their homes they are hospitable even to display, but the home with them is nevertheless sacred; it is not a castle, and it certainly is not a hostel. These people are by nature artists. A sacred tradition has prevented them from becoming artists in marble or stone or metal, and has to some extent interfered with them as painters, but the spirit is there. In music, where they have had liberty to excel, they have excelled beyond all others. They have made the earthly music that is immortal, and have distributed it as if they were the very fountains of sweet sounds. In dramatic representation of the highest kind they have shown the same ability. In physical exercises, in deeds of daring, though they have sometimes fought bravely, they have not been conspicuous, and against all heavy physical human labor they have steadfastly set their face. In light arts with precious metals, jewelry, *per se*, they have condescended through necessity to succeed; but their occupation, signally theirs, has been to let others work and to turn into commercial enterprise and profit the workings of others all the world over, whoever they might be. In philosophy, science, metaphysics, they have shown the most consummate skill, and in all that may be called abstract in thought, as apart from the practical and mechanical, they have taken a first and highest place.

The tone of mind of this race, on subjects of solemn interest, is moulded and moved by the traditions and regulations which have been handed down to it from age to age, and which have been accepted through all prosperity, through all tribulation; for these people either abide firmly by their primitive faith, or,

leaving it, lapse into free thought. They are given to ceremonial, and their sacred ceremonies, from which the Church of Rome has largely copied, are rich in points of artistic beauty, especially in chant and song. I know no services more thrilling than some of their religious festivals; the "Reader," singing, with the voice of an angel, the rich psalm or poem in his ancient native tongue; the burst of the refrain.

I know nothing more exquisitely pictorial and poetical than a wedding ceremony as I have seen it performed by this race; the red tent pitched in the synagogue, the priest or rabbi at one entrance of it receiving the couple about to wed; the recitation, with responses from the people, of one of the holy chapters or hymns; the declarations of the persons most concerned in the rite; the prayer of the rabbi; the bringing forth of the glass of grape juice or wine; the casting of the emptied glass upon the ground, and the treading it to pieces by the foot of the bridegroom; the admonition, thereupon, that in the very midst of life at its brightest the inevitable must not be forgotten; the benediction; and the exit of the married pair from the canopy over them into the communion of their friends and well-wishers. This, taken as a whole, presents a wedding ceremonial, when it is well and richly carried out, that has its equal in no church, not even in the Greek, which, though more ornate, is less solemn. Equally striking in impressiveness, though different in character, is their day of atonement and their strange weird mourning for their dead.

In relation to their ultimate fate, the representatives of this race differ entirely from the other two. They meet it in ominous silence, the doubt of the Sadducee mingling with wonder. The dull listlessness or fatalism of the race I first described is not theirs, for they are keenly endowed with the sense of fear. The highest hope and faith of the race I afterward described is not theirs, for they are not naturally enriched by hope. Hence in rudest health they are, comparatively speaking, inclined to gloom; optimist, never, pessimist, never, but inclining to philosophical meditation, which is most pronounced when, as their wisest man expressed—"O death, how

bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions : unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things : yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat."

Ruled by these modes of thought, this people when in adversity prepare for the worst and get ready for the morrow, realizing better than any other their own proverb—One knows not what a day may bring forth. So in adversity they hold on and live where others would fail and die ; while in success they easily fall, and in wealth come across their greatest danger.

They are not wanting in the sentiment of superstition, but their superstitions differ from those of the ghost sighter and apparition seeker. Theirs are visions, communions with things unheard and unseen by mortal waking senses. The human species is to many of them still endowed with mysterious powers which they at once detest and dread. They do not see wraiths ; they would not open a window to let out a departing spirit ; they would not convey the news of a death to bees in a hive ; but a dream they can dwell upon, and a witch or a wizard they will despise and yet accredit.

In friendship they keep much to themselves, and, while they are strangely apt to attack, and even abuse, others of their own flesh and blood, they are closely allied as a family. In policy they are observant, cold, patient, watchful, ready. They are born with every quality for universal rule except persistent strength, and what the Saxon vulgarly calls "pluck." In desperation they are brave and fight like demons, but they themselves would never fight if they could help it ; certainly never from the love of it. Independent in spirit at the bottom of their nature, they allow none whom they can govern to become their masters, even among themselves—their very priests being to them mere readers, not pastors. But to unmistakable powers, over and above them, they bend like willows in the stream, retaining their elasticity and biding the time for the stream to fall. This is their humility—this also is their unbroken pride, of ages' growth. It was written for them in language they have never

forgotten, "Burden not thyself above thy power while thou livest ; and have no fellowship with one that is mightier and richer than thyself ; for how agree the kettle and the earthen pot together ? If the one be smitten against the other it shall be broken."

IV. The representatives of another race whose peculiarities I followed out with some detail occasionally came before me. They are a small family compared with the others that have been mentioned. In complexion they are swarthy and dark, their eyes are very black, their hair dark, crisp, and glossy. Their head large and well formed ; the forehead broad and high ; the features calm, keen, crafty ; the lower jaw projecting and massive ; the neck thick and strong ; the shoulders broad ; the body often tall, powerful, well formed ; the limbs lithe and built for action. These people are true children of nature, a wandering class, living together, holding together ; possessing an internal policy of their own which they do not care to reveal ; a language of their own ; a faith which seems a negation ; an art which has no development except perhaps in a rude music. Yet when the members of this race emancipate themselves from themselves and mingle with the general community, when, that is to say, they become civilized, they exhibit evidence of very fine powers of mind as well as body. They retain superstitions tenaciously for a long time ; they retain their love of outdoor life, and look upon the horse, to which they are often very cruel, as an equal companion with man. They gain facility for travel, learn languages with great ease, and are essentially diplomatic in all they undertake. They are troubled with few fears, and have little trust in any skill or statement which they cannot themselves perfectly understand and believe. Essentially sceptical, stoical, and reserved, they hold their own in the cultivated phase of existence without offence, and conceal their original belongings with consummate self-possession and ingenuity. Many of them have thus risen to great eminence, and have left behind them works which might never have received commendation had the type of the family from which it came been recognized.

I have now placed forward, as sharply

as I could define them, the four characteristic races on our English soil. You will have recognized them already by their common racial names as the Saxon, the Keltic, the Jewish, and the Gypsy. The two first and the last, the Saxon, the Keltic, and the Gypsy, are now assumed by scholars to be branches of a great Indo-European family which flourished on the Ganges some four thousand years ago, and underwent a great dispersion into India, Persia, Northern Europe, Central Europe, and these British Islands. The third race, the Jewish, is considered to be more distinct, unless the hypothesis that the ten lost tribes commingled with the Hellenic elements of the Indo-European families and moved with them be accepted as true.

For my part, while I admit that the philological discoveries which have recently been made forcibly support the idea of the derivation of the three races from the Indo-European stock, the physiological reading does not bear out the inference, unless it be that the Indo-European peoples originally were made up of several races, speaking one language, as the compound English peoples do at this day. Certainly, from a physiological point of view, there is as wide a distinction between a Kelt and a Saxon as there is between a Jew and a Saxon or a Jew and a Gypsy.

The philological and physiological differences are, then, best blended and brought into harmony with each other by the not improbable supposition that the races were always distinct as races, while temporarily united in country and language by some common political union which ended in dissolution and dispersion. However that may be, we on English soil in this day are made up of the distinctive racial types which have been described, and which are temporarily linked in a common political and social bond.

It is now my wish to pass from description of type to consideration of the life or vitality of the different races, and to the probable futures of that vitality; and again, to the best efforts that should be employed by the truly thoughtful to maintain in healthful harmony the life and usefulness of the representatives of every type. But before I pass to this

topic I must dwell briefly on two other points which will help us to a clearer understanding of our subject.

You will remember that in the earlier part of my discourse I explained that I had learned to detect racial distinctions by peculiarities of names. This is a very interesting and curious study, which opened itself to me in the following way. I observed that those who presented what I would call the Saxon type were known, as a rule to which there were few exceptions, by a surname which had a marked signification. It was a name indicating a trade, such as Smith, Mason, Miller, Carpenter. Or it was a name indicating an office, as Judge, Sheriff, Warder. Or of a town or place, as Barnet, Forest, Fort; or of a color, as Brown, Black, White. Or it was a name representing some substantial thing, like Stone, Mill, Wood, Hill, Steel. Or it was a name in which the three letters *ard* entered, meaning to resemble, or take after, or belong to, or be of the same nature of a thing. Or it was a name which had attached to it as a suffix the word "son." Or it was compounded by putting together two or three of these terms, as, for instance, in the name of the dull Saxon, who is addressing you. "Rick," a store or heap, "ard," belonging to, "son," a son, Rickardson; or Richardson, Richard's son.

I observed, again, that those who represented the Keltic type were known, as a rule, by a surname which indicated a quality, as Jolly, Merry, Gay. Or that there was attached to the name a prefix like "O," O'Connor, O'Gowan, O'Neale, meaning the grandson of Connor, Gowan, Neale. Or the word "Mac," meaning the son of, as MacDougal, MacIntyre; or the word "Ap," meaning also the son of some one, as Ap Rhys, Ap Howell, Ap Roger, Ap Richard, now very naturally corrupted, as Mr. Mark Lower, author of the "*Patronymica Britannica*," tells us, into Price, Powell, Prodger, and Pritchard. Or, as is so common in Wales, the name of the father was put into the genitive case with a Christian name, as David William's, meaning David of William; or Harry Johns or Jones, Harry of John, Jones. Or again, the name is taken from a place or an adjective with the

word *de* before it, as De Ville, De Merveilleux.

Once more I observed that those who represented the Semitic or Jewish type were known distinctly by three classes of surnames. Some, were known by names originally Jewish, such as Jacobs, Levi, Moses, Solomon, Abraham, or by some modification of these names, such as Jacobson, Levison, Moss, Moser, Salmon, Braham. Others were represented by persons bearing Latin names, such as Magnus, Marcus. Some were assumed names, like Lawson, Lawrence, and Marshall. But most were represented by persons bearing the names of animals, such as Lion, Wolf, Buck, Hart, Hare, Hawk, Fox, and the like. These latter names are so characteristic that I never met with anyone bearing them who did not exhibit some unmistakable indication of Semitic descent.

The members of the gypsy race, during their nomadic state, have little regard for names. I lived at one time near to Barnes Common, about seven miles from London, where until about a quarter of a century ago the London gypsy pitched his tent luxuriously and found a suburban home. One day I was called to see a poor gypsy boy who had sustained a fracture of the spine by reason of a blow from the shaft of his donkey cart. I crept into his tent and ministered to his medical wants, and for many weeks afterward visited him daily. I got him sent to a London hospital, where he had every care; but he prayed so piteously to return to the open air and to his tribe, he was soon under my hands again, and remained so until the palsy of the lower half of his body with which he was affected ended in death. This attention of mine made me much liked by this wandering race, and I had an opportunity of studying them which few have possessed. I could never make out that they had, in their wild state, any systematic plan of name. They had no such name as we should call Christian, and it was not clear that they had any surname which passed from father to son through different generations. Sometimes, in imitation of the dominant races about them, they gave a half-name, such as Dick or Jem or Bec, to certain of their members—the boy who was under my care was

called Mat—still I do not think this extended very far, and was perhaps peculiar to the part of the race which lingered near the metropolis. But when the gypsy has gone out of his tribe and has ceased to be a resident in it, he has commonly assumed a name. Roberts is one of these assumed names; Willis is another, very common; Hovel, which is a word they often use for a tent, and variations of this, such as Howell and Hall, are still more common, the last being with them a very favorite surname. Lee is another hardly less common, and you will meet constantly under all these names persons whose faces and forms, when you carefully study them, declare often through many generations the source from which they emerged. They are, as a general fact, people of remarkable ability and character.

From this question of names as identifications of race on English soil I would dwell for a moment on the other incidental point to which I said I must refer. This relates to the question of admixture of the races by intermarriage of one race with another. Of necessity in a mixed community like ours there must be considerable admixture, but it really is not so general as would at first be supposed; and, as the tendency of each race is to revert through the male line to the original type, the races and their names remain singularly distinct all through the country, so that the typical form soon predominates in persons in whom the bloods are admixed. Thus in the admixed families, Saxon-Jewish, Saxon-Keltic, Keltic-Jewish, the dominant type may usually be read, the pigments or coloring substance of the eyes, the hair, the complexion, being as distinct as the mental peculiarities. The purest Saxon-Jewish family type is the blue eye and fair skin with dark hair; or the hazel eye with dark hair and fair skin. The purest Saxon-Keltic family type is the blue eye with ruddy complexion and golden hair. This in the young is the most beautiful of combinations. The Keltic-Jewish family type is very characteristic: the eyes hazel or amber colored; the hair rich brown or auburn; the complexion ruddy but a shade dark; the nose aquiline and exquisitely chiselled; the features of Semitic cast; the tastes strong for music

and for the pursuit of all that is pleasant in nature out of doors. Some time in your Welsh country the combination I here describe must have been very widely cultivated, for in names and faces we meet with it in all directions. Not long since one of our scientists thought he had discovered a race in Wales that was primitively distinctive. He was really looking at the Keltic-Semitic combination or family. The same combination is strongly marked in Cornwall, but it extends along all the Western coasts of our island, and to some extent along the Southern parts. In the Eastern and Midland parts it is scarcely seen at all. In them and in the Northern the Saxon type pure and simple prevails.

VITALITY OF THE RACES.

Turn we now to the subject of the vitality of these races, their power, their endurance, their life. Until this subject is understood, medical science as curative of disease, sanitary science as preventive, are long in the rear of successful action. Until this subject is understood and reduced to scientific exposition, political action, as it is called, must remain as rank a quackery as it now so often is, with men believing that they do what is being done for them by nature without any reference to them, their words, or their works; and, with blood-letting, *i.e.*, the infliction of war and death by the sword as the one grand and only known mode of curing the fevers and fits and struggles and plethoras and melancholies and mad-nesses of nations.

On English soil the Saxon race is yet the most powerful, as it is perhaps the most numerous. It is the most powerful physically, and, charged with the faculty for physical work and physical invention, it adds to its own brute strength the invincible aid of mechanical invention. It is always keeping itself perfect as a vast machine, and conjuring up some new leverage by which to extend its own facilities for work. Its password is motion; its idol, energy. It is as determinate as the steam-engine, which it loves as a new brother, a creation of its own, as true, as strong, as certain, as ruthless to all who come in its way.

In fact, with all its power the vitality of the race is not immortal. Many members of it die early in life, and are they, chiefly, who reduce the natural term of English life, which might under healthy conditions be safely set at one hundred years, to little more than one third of that term. They die early, from many causes. They are much subject to that constitutional form of disease called struma or scrofula, and, as I have elsewhere shown, they suffer exceedingly from pulmonary consumption, consumption of the lungs. They suffer severely from mechanical shocks, overstrains, and accidents incident to their many severe, exhausting, and hazardous avocations. They suffer from confinement in their shops and workplaces, and they suffer with still greater severity from their mode of life, from intemperance, thriftlessness, and domestic trouble.

The Keltic race, less numerous in these islands than the Saxon, presents altogether a better vital capacity if length of life be taken as the test of vitality. In this race the nervous element predominates, and the forms of disease are of the nervous order. There is more of excitability and of disorder indicated by irritability of mind and of body than belongs to the Saxon or to the Jewish family. Thus the members of the Keltic race exhibit more of nervous disease in all its forms, and often wear themselves out in their fervor or devotion to some particular cause, object, person, or idea. They fall more easily than others into diseases marked by nervous excitability, irritability, dyspepsia, and irregularity of the heart. By habit they are much more temperate than the Saxon; but under example and excitement they are given to intemperance, which in them takes, not the heavy sottish form of Saxon inebriation, but the fierce vehemence and destruction which attend indulgence in the fiercest of the alcoholic poisons. To them the devil in solution is, and no mistake, a fiery devil. This leads to violent act, to violent result, to self-destruction, to sudden collapse under commotion, or sudden dissolution. But, constitutionally, the race, though not exempt, is fairly and comparatively free of taints of disease, and

is constructed for the possession of a long and healthy existence under obedience to natural ordinance.

The members of the Jewish race have, up to the present period of history, presented the most remarkable of all the vitalities, and those of them who are united to the other races by ties of blood, though not by any profession or religious indication, are hardly less privileged. In England and Wales we compute that the number of professed Jews does not exceed fifty, some say not over forty, thousand; but in addition to these, if physiological readings be true, and I feel sure they are, there is an enormous Christianized Jewish population which, under exceedingly broad and Protestant principles, accepts the Christian faith with a tendency to Puritanic simplicity and an all but Judaic method, and in which the names, the beliefs, the traditions of the Jewish people, as rendered in their sacred writings, find their repetitions. But I notice now, in regard to vitality, the most truly typical of the Semitic type, those, namely, who profess and call themselves Jews, and it is they, I specially repeat, who show an exceptional tenacity of life, under circumstances which at first sight would seem to cause the utmost resistance to life. I have investigated this matter with the greatest care, and, not to trouble you by repeating in detail what I have already published, I may state in brief terms that during all ages of life, under all conditions of life to which it has been subjected, under persecutions the most painful, under suppression of liberty the most determinate, under residences in confined quarters of towns that were practically prisons, under isolations the most pitiful, under contempts the most cruel, the Jewish family has maintained a vitality and health which is at once a model to the other families of men among which it has been destined, or, I should rather have said, permitted, to exist. The Jews are not free from proclivities to disease of a serious constitutional kind. They are comparatively free from consumption; they are comparatively free from diseases arising from unchastity; they are very free from those zymotic diseases or pestilences, small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, and such like, which carry off

so largely the children of other races; they are very free, that is to say, they have been very free, from the diseases which spring from poverty; and they are very free, that is to say, they have been very free, from the diseases, fatal of fatal, which spring from idleness, ostentation, and luxury. The particular hereditary disease from which they suffer is cancer. According to my experience they are more disposed to that malady than either Saxon or Kelt, but it is not sufficiently widespread to affect the general results of the tenacious life pertaining to them. For the benefits they have received in the way of life and health, the Jewish family has been indebted to wise sanitary laws and regulations bequeathed to them from of old; to thrift and provision for the morrow; to peacefulness of heart; to domestic virtue, and most of all to sobriety. It is hard to tell whether, when set free from every political and religious oppression, left to make their own course in open competition with other peoples, receiving from their fathers the wealth of their past, wealth of wisdom, wealth of simple homeliness, wealth of riches, wealth of vitality, they will retain and bank the same treasures, or take out and squander all. At the present time it is as if the finger of prophecy were pointing to the last-named fate.

The nomad of English soil, the Gypsy, who still lingers in the tent, is not the healthiest nor longest-lived of the races. The seasons in their courses here fight against him, and civilization holds him at arm's length until he becomes civilized. He suffers much from diseases incident to cold and damp, like rheumatism and the affections of the heart and other vital organs which follow in its train; he suffers from neglect, precarious living, privation, and intemperance; but in constitution he is strongly framed, and in the ranks of the civilized has more than the ordinary share of vital capacity and endurance.

Such are the life-tendencies of these differing races of English birth on English soil. Their future! What shall that be?

THE FUTURE OF THE RACES.

We see, at this moment, the Saxon race predominant in power of a purely

physical nature, power like that wielded by the hand of a giant, if not by an intellect, gigantic. We see, at this moment, the Semitic race predominant by wealth and shrewd ability; a wise and discerning people holding the money and giving it forth with judgment and care to the toilers who wield the physical power. We see, at this moment, the Keltic race between the other two, conquered by neither, yet moved by both and moving both. To the Gypsy we may for the moment say farewell. One day perchance he may rejoin the native East Indian tribe from which for awhile he has been broken off, and, having become one of the civilized of the West, may have an important say in the history both of East and West. But, now to him we may bid farewell.

The three races, Saxon, Keltic Semitic, in this day strive together, react on each other, and on the whole beneficially. The Saxon goes to the fringe of some new continent, carrying with him his other self, his lever, his mattock, spade, plough, axe, and other tool or engine. He cuts into the forest, he digs into the earth, he levels the roads, he builds rude houses, warm and comfortable enough for him if he be let alone; he sets up earthworks and forts; he plans docks, builds and mans ships, and does it all often out of what he finds on the spot, taking everything as if it were his own, and fighting the owner if the owner dares to interfere; crushing out all that comes in his way, yet not quarrelsome if he be allowed his own way. When he has made a rough holding, he lets the Kelt join him on terms which he keeps the key of, and the Kelt, with light heart and elastic mind, beautifies the place, and makes it more human; builds the temple, the theatre, the mansion; lays out the garden; introduces the picture, the sculpture; improves and enlightens the literature; lets in the light, the art, the beauty; in fact, furnishes the place and makes it happy. When Saxon and Kelt have in their ways thus installed the community in comfort and position, in glides the Jew with his money bags, and "will you buy, will you buy, will you buy" becomes the ring of the street and the market. So commerce

completes the whole. The Jew does more than this: he brings music also, enterprise, and, until he feels his way, long-sufferance and stability.

In these combinations the three races help each other. Will the partnership survive? The danger underlying the Saxon is physical power. The danger of the Jew is money. Heaps of gold are the Goodwin Sands of the Jewish race. The Kelt is safer on these grounds. The Jew may amass wealth, may hold the capital, may dispense and equalize the capital; he is safe at that so long as he does not show his wealth, too feebly hidden, and does not attempt to dominate or put his hand into the works of the mighty Saxon engine. Let him expose his wealth, display himself on it, try to rule by it, and he is under that iron heel of Saxon power again as sure as ever he was before. This is his danger, and, as events elsewhere have shown, it is ever imminent.

The danger to the Saxon is with himself of himself. Saxon and Saxon in conflict and other races oppressed by Saxon wrongs, waiting till they can be the dictators and masters of the sullen power, and he, making for himself domains and empires beyond his control, sinking under the burden, and not daring to retract or recede until the resistance is overwhelming. The danger of the Keltic race lies in irritability and sudden action without due forethought, under excitement or impulse. This controlled, the Kelt, under fostering influence of knowledge, is equal to hold his own with any rival in race.

The hope of all advanced scholars must be that these conflicts may be avoided. That men may learn to know each other racially as well as individually; that they may understand the natural requirements of each race and let those requirements have legitimate play; that while they do not assume to change the foundations of nature, in which they will most assuredly fail if they try, they learn of her how her courses may be so naturally diverted that they shall progress without injury to any one; that as the philosopher who defied not the lightning, nor attempted to stop it by his skill, gleaned from nature herself how to direct it at will, and by a mere line of wire to bring it harmlessly

to the earth, its destination ; so they, in dealing with vital forces, mental and physical, may let them all have their vent and reach their destinations, directed in their course in such a manner that not a chance of evil shall ensue ; that they shall comprehend that the greatness of the world will be best realized when all races shall join to produce the greatness ; that for this end all races have some peculiar gifts which will add to the whole ; and, that, as in the orchestra each one has a part which, in itself perfectly distinct, combines with the rest to make up the harmonious result, so in the world that is to come, even on this planet, the harmony for which the whole creation yearns can be secured when every social part is brought by its best and wisest, and, according to its own conscience, holiest disposition, into communion and universal concord.

I learn from what I have read and heard that you, who year by year for thirteen centuries past have met together at these historic festivals, meet in reverence and love of the dead from whom you sprang—the dead who continue to live through you, to think, to speak, to act by and through you whom they are.

There be some that look upon such love, such reverence, such recognition of the great past as so much empty holiday ; as adhesion to a language that has passed out of date, and to a custom that is worn out and decayed. I for one venture, with you, to dispute that criticism. If it be such a good thing to retain the dead monuments of the past that an Act of Parliament is being sought to secure that end, how much more precious must it be to maintain and retain those monuments of human history which have never died ; a language which is as

true and living to-day as it was when this festivity first was established ; a custom as living and a social ceremonial as dear to those of to-day as it was to the generations of the same race that have passed to their rest. Is a national poem so worthless that the oldest one of annual repetition should be swept away ? I think not.

But beyond this consideration, which a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries may of all men claim the privilege to support, there is another view which the social scholar ever keeps in mind and holds in heart, I mean the utilization of such gatherings as this as aids to the fulfilment of that day of universal peace and brotherhood of nations, and common-wealth and common-health, which the purest and wisest of all ages have declared possible, and have magnified as the highest development of human effort and human felicity. The day when “there shall no more be an infant of days nor an old man that hath not filled his days.” The day when it shall truly be said—

. . . omnis feret omnia tellus,

all lands shall all things yield.

If, keeping this day in hopeful sight, as sacredly as the perpetuation of your wonderful history, you shall let these festivals, year by year, be foretastes of that happy time ; and, declaring your own liberty to maintain your individual life, shall learn to give equal liberty to all men of all races to maintain theirs ; then this Eisteddfod shall remain, a pillar in history, marking from date to date the course of human progress, until the whole world has accepted for its motto your motto, “God and all Goodness”—“Duw a phob daioni.”—*Fraser's Magazine*.

TO VIRGIL,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTENARY OF VIRGIL'S DEATH. BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

ROMAN VIRGIL, thou that singest
 Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
 Ilion falling, Rome arising,
 wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre ;

II.

Landscape-lover, lord of language
 more than he that sang the Works and Days,
 All the chosen coin of fancy
 flashing out from many a golden phrase ;

III.

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
 tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd ;
 All the charm of all the Muses
 often flowering in a lonely word ;

IV.

Poet of the happy Tityrus
 piping underneath his beechen bowers ;
 Poet of the poet-satyr
 whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers ;

V.

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
 in the blissful years again to be,
 Summers of the snakeless meadow,
 unlaborious earth and oarless sea ;

VI.

Thou that seëst Universal
 Nature moved by Universal Mind ;
 Thou majestic in thy sadness
 at the doubtful doom of human kind ;

VII.

Light among the vanish'd ages ;
 star that gildest yet this phantom shore ;
 Golden branch amid the shadows,
 kings and realms that pass to rise no more ;

VIII.

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
 fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—
 Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
 sound forever of Imperial Rome—

IX.

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
 and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
 I, from out the Northern Island
 sunder'd once from all the human race,

X.

I salute thee, Mantovano,
 I that loved thee since my day began,
 Wielder of the stateliest measure
 ever moulded by the lips of man.

Nineteenth Century.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L.

II.

My visit to the United States had partly, but not wholly, the character of a lecturing tour. That is to say, I lectured in a good many places, mainly in the university and college towns, while I visited a good many other places where I did not lecture. Among these last was the federal capital. I was thus mainly thrown among professors and others more or less given to literary or scientific studies; but, without ever finding myself in the very thick of American political life, I also saw a good deal of political men, and heard a good deal of political matters. I saw something of federal affairs at Washington, something of State affairs at Albany, something of municipal affairs at Philadelphia. It must always be borne in mind that State affairs and municipal affairs come under the head of politics no less than the affairs of the Union, and that political divisions affect every detail of all three. My American friends, who naturally wished to learn something back again from me in exchange for all that I learned from them, were now and then somewhat amazed at finding how little I could tell them about English municipal matters. They seemed to find it hard to understand the nature of a man who did not live in a town. They were naturally all the more amazed when I sometimes sportively told them that I actually held a nominal municipal office, one which I suppose that Sir Charles Dilke or some other reformer will before long take from me. It seemed a hard saying when I told them that I had stayed longer in Philadelphia than I had ever stayed in London, longer than I had, since my boyhood, stayed in any town except Rome and Palermo. I have seen, and somewhat attentively studied, an American municipal election; an English municipal election I have never seen or taken any interest in. I am aware that in English municipal boroughs party politics largely affect the choice of councillors; I do not know how far they affect the votes of the councillors when they are once elected.

In America everything seems to go by political divisions, except when men say openly that it is time for the honest men of both sides to join together against the rogues of both sides. On the other hand, I could learn next to nothing on one of the points on which I most wished to learn something, namely the administration of justice and of everything else in the rural districts. My only opportunity was during a sojourn in a rural part of Virginia, where, as far as I could see, nothing of any public interest went on at all. I was reminded of the ancient inhabitants of Laish, who dwelled careless, quiet, and secure, who had no business with any man, and who had no magistrate to put them to shame in anything.* Yet even here I heard now and then of political differences; only here too, as elsewhere, on most questions of immediate importance, the division did not follow the same lines as the received cleavage into Democrats and Republicans.

I often asked my American friends of both parties what was the difference between them. I told them that I could see none; both sides seemed to me to say exactly the same things. I sometimes got the convenient, but not wholly satisfactory, answer: Yes; but then we mean what we say, while the other party only pretends. Certainly at the present moment the difference between different sections of the Republican party is much clearer to an outsider than the difference between Republicans and Democrats. On intelligible questions like Free Trade and Civil Service Reform, or again, the local Virginian question of paying or not paying one's lawful debts, the division does not follow the regular cleavage of parties. I certainly found it easier to grasp the difference between a stalwart Republican and one who was not stalwart, than to grasp the immediate difference between a Republican and a Democrat. Questions of this kind are plain enough; the distinction between the two great acknowledged parties is just now much less plain.

* Judges, xviii. 7.

But it must not be inferred that it is a distinction without a difference. The two parties seem to say the same things, because just at the present time no question is stirring which at all strongly forces them to say different things. Their differences have been important in the past; they may be important in the future; but just now questions which would bring out their differences are not uppermost. I am not sure that this is a wholesome state of things. If there must be—and there doubtless must be—parties in a state, it is better that they should be divided on some intelligible difference of principle, than that political warfare should sink into a mere question of ins and outs, of Shanavests and Caravats. But, though the distinction between Republicans and Democrats looks from outside very like a distinction between Shanavests and Caravats, it is only accidentally so. The distinction may easily become as real as the distinction between Tory and Radical, Legitimist and Republican. Should any question ever again arise as to the respective powers of the Union and of the States, it is easy to see which side each party would take. It is simply because there is no such burning question at present stirring that the two parties seem to say exactly the same things, and yet to be as strongly divided as ever.

I may speak on this matter as one who has made the nature of federal government an object of special study. It strikes me that, as the doctrine of State Rights was pushed to a mischievous extreme twenty years and more ago, so there is danger now of the opposite doctrine being pushed to a mischievous extreme. The more I look at the American Union, the more convinced I am that so vast a region, taking in lands whose condition differs so widely in everything, can be kept together only by a federal system, leaving large independent powers in the hands of the several States. No single parliament could legislate, no single government could administer, for Maine, Florida, and California. Let these States be left to a great extent independent, and they may remain united on those points on which it is well that they should remain united. To insist on too close an union is the very way to

lead to separation. I know of no immediate reason to fear any attempt at centralization such as might thus lead to separation. But it does seem to be a possible danger; it seems to me that there are tendencies at work which are more likely to lead to that form of error than to its opposite. Nothing can be a plainer matter of history than the fact that whatever powers the Union holds, it holds by the grant of the States. It is equally plain that the grant was irrevocable, except so far as its terms may be modified by a constitutional amendment. And the power of making a constitutional amendment is itself part of the grant of the States, which thus agreed that, in certain cases, a fixed majority of the States should bind the whole. The error of the Secessionists lay in treating an irrevocable grant as if it had been a revocable one. The doctrine of the right of Secession, as a constitutional right, was absurd on the face of it. Secession from the Union was as much rebellion, as much a breach of the law in force at the time, as was the original revolt of the colonies against the King. The only question in either case was whether those special circumstances had arisen which can justify breach of the ordinary law. But it is a pity, in avoiding this error, to run into the opposite one, and to hold, not only that the grant made by the States to the Union was irrevocable, but that the grant was really made the other way. I find that it is the received doctrine in some quarters that the States have no rights but such as the Union allows to them. One of the Boston newspapers was angry because I stated in one of my lectures the plain historical fact that the States, as, in theory at least, independent commonwealths, surrendered certain defined powers to the Union, and kept all other powers in their own hands. The Boston paper was yet more angry because a large part of a Boston audience warmly cheered—warmly that is, for Boston—such dangerous doctrines. I was simply ignorant; those who cheered me were something worse.*

* I must even cleave to the phrase "Sovereign States," though I know it may offend many. A State is sovereign which has any powers which it holds by inherent right, without control on the part of any other power,

Now notions of this kind are not confined to a single newspaper. And they surely may lead to results as dangerous at one end as the doctrine of Secession was at the other. Both alike cut directly at the very nature of a federal system. Connected perhaps with this tendency is one of those changes in ordinary speech which come in imperceptibly, without people in general remarking them, but which always prove a great deal. In England we now universally use the word "Government" where in my boyhood everybody said "Ministry" or "Ministers." Then it was "the Duke of Wellington's *Ministry*" or Lord Grey's; now it is "Lord Beaconsfield's *Government*" or Mr. Gladstone's. This change, if one comes to think about it, certainly means a great deal. So it means a great deal that, where the word "federal" used to be used up to the time of the Civil War or later, the word "national" is now used all but invariably. It used to be "federal capital," "federal army," "federal revenue," and so forth. Now the word "national" is almost always used instead. I have now and then seen the word "federal" used in the old way, but so rarely that I suspect that it was used of set purpose, as a kind of protest, as I might use it myself. Now there is not the slightest objection to the word "national;" for the union of the States undoubtedly forms, for all political purposes, a nation. The point to notice is not the mere use of the word "national," but the displacement of the word "federal" in its favor. This surely marks a tendency to forget the federal character of the national government, or at least to forget that its federal character is its very essence. The difference between a federal government and

one not federal is a difference of original structure which runs through everything. It is a far wider difference than the difference between a kingdom and a republic, which may differ only in the form given to the executive. It is perfectly natural that the word "federal" should be in constant use in a federal state, in far more common use than any word implying kingship need be in a kingdom. There is a constant need to distinguish things which come within the range of the federal power from things which come within the range of the State or cantonal power. And for this purpose the word "federal" is more natural than the word "national." The proper range of the latter word surely lies in matters which have to do with other nations. One would speak of the "national honor," but of the "federal revenue." That "national" should have driven out "federal" within a range when the latter word seems so specially at home, does really look as if the federal character of the national power was, to say the least, less strongly present to men's minds than it was twenty years back.

It is rather odd that this emphatic use of the word "national" should have been accompanied by changes which have made the being of the United States less strictly national, in another sense of the word, than it was before. That great land is still essentially an English land. But it is no small witness to the toughness of fibre in the English folk wherever it settles that it is so. A land must be reckoned as English where a great majority of the people are still of English descent, where the speech is still the speech of England, where valuable contributions are constantly made to English literature, where the law is still essentially the law of England, and where valuable contributions are constantly made to English jurisprudence. A land must be reckoned as English where the English kernel is so strong as to draw to itself every foreign element, where the foreign settler is adopted into the English home of an English people, where he or his children exchange the speech of their elder dwellings for the English speech of the land. Nowhere does the assimilating

without responsibility to any other power. Now every American State has powers of this kind. The thirteen States did not receive their existing powers from the Union; they surrendered to the Union certain powers which were naturally their own, and kept others to themselves. Within this last range the State is sovereign: within the range of the powers surrendered to the Union the Union is sovereign. Of the old States this is historically true in the strictest sense. Of the later States admitted since the Union was formed it is constitutionally true; for they were admitted to all the rights of the old thirteen.

process go on more vigorously than in the United States. Men of various nationalities are easily changed into "good Americans," and the "good American" must be, in every sense that is not strictly geographical or political, a good Englishman. And, as regards a large part of the foreign settlers, no man of real English feeling can give them other than a hearty welcome. The German, and still more the Scandinavian, settlers are simply men of our own race who have lagged behind in the western march, but who have at last made it at a single pull, without tarrying for a thousand years in the isle of Britain. But there are other settlers, other inmates, with whose presence the land, one would think, might be happy to dispense. I must here speak my own mind, at the great risk of offending people on more sides than one. Men better versed in American matters than myself point out to me the fact that the negro vote balances the Irish vote. But one may be allowed to think that a Teutonic land might do better still without any Irish vote, that an Aryan land might do better still without any negro vote. And what I venture to say on the housetops has been whispered in my ear in closets by not a few in America who fully understand the state and the needs of their country. Very many approved when I suggested that the best remedy for whatever was amiss would be if every Irishman should kill a negro and be hanged for it. Those who dissented most commonly on the ground, that if there were no Irish and no negroes, they would not be able to get any domestic servants. The most serious objection came from Rhode Island, where they have no capital punishment, and where they had no wish to keep the Irish at the public expense. Let no one think that I have any ill-feeling toward the Irish people. In their own island I have every sympathy with them. I argued long ago in the pages of this review* on behalf of Home Rule or of any form of Irish independence which did not involve, as some schemes then proposed did involve, the dependence of Great Britain. I should indeed be inconsistent if I were

to refuse to the Irishman what I have sought to win for the Greek, the Bulgarian, and the Dalmatian. Nor is it wonderful or blameworthy if men who have left their old homes to escape from the wrongs of foreign rule should carry with them into their new homes the memory of the wrongs which drove them from the old. I share the natural indignation against those who, either in Ireland or in America, make a good cause to be evil spoken of; but, as long as the Irishman seeks to compass his ends only by honorable means, we have no right to blame him because his ends are different from ours. But all this is perfectly consistent with the manifest fact that the Irish element is, in the English lands on both sides of the Ocean, a mischievous element. The greatest object of all is for the severed branches of the English folk to live in the fullest measure of friendship and unity that is consistent with their severed state. Now the Irish element in America is the greatest of all hindrances in the way of this happy state of things. It is the worst, and perhaps the strongest, of several causes which help to give a bad name to American politics. Political men in all times and places lie under strong temptations to say and do things which they otherwise would not say and do, in order to gain some party advantage. But on no political men of any time or place has this kind of influence been more strongly brought to bear than it is on political men in the United States who wish to gain the Irish vote. The importance of that vote grows and grows; no party, no leading man, can afford to despise it. Parties and men are therefore driven into courses to which otherwise they would have no temptation to take, and those for the most part courses which are unfriendly to Great Britain. Any ill-feeling which other causes may awaken between the two severed branches of the English people is prolonged and strengthened by the presence of the Irish settlers in America. In some minds they may really plant hostile feelings toward Great Britain which would otherwise find no place there. At any rate they plant in many minds a habit of speaking and acting as if such hostile feelings did find a place, a habit which

* August, 1874, "Federalism and Home Rule.

cannot but lead to bad effects in many ways. The mere rumor, the mere thought, of recalling Mr. Lowell from his post in England in subserviency to Irish clamor is a case in point. That such a thing should even have been dreamed of shows the baleful nature of Irish influence in America, and how specially likely it is to stir up strife and ill-feeling between Great Britain and America even at times when, setting Irish matters aside, there is not the faintest ground of quarrel on either side. In a view of poetical justice it is perhaps not unreasonable that English misrule in Ireland should be punished in this particular shape. It may be just that the wrongs which we have done to our neighbors should be paid off at the hands of members of our own family. But the process is certainly unpleasant to our branch of the family, and it is hard to see how it can be any real gain to the other.

But the Irishman is, after all, in a wide sense, one of ourselves. He is Aryan ; he is European ; he is capable of being assimilated by other branches of the European stock. There is nothing to be said against this or that Irishman all by himself. In England, in America, in any other land, nothing hinders him from becoming one with the people of the land, or from playing an useful and honorable part among them. All that is needed to this end is that he should come all by himself. It is only when Irishmen gather in such numbers as to form an Irish community capable of concerted action that any mischief is to be looked for from them. The Irish difficulty is troublesome just now ; it is likely to be troublesome for some time to come ; but it is not likely to last forever. But the negro difficulty must last either till the way has been found out by which the Ethiopian may change his skin, or till either the white man or the black departs out of the land. The United States—and, in their measure, other parts of the American continent and islands—have to grapple with a problem such as no other people ever had to grapple with before. Other communities, from the beginning of political society, have been either avowedly or practically founded on distinctions of

race. There has been, to say the least, some people or nation or tribe which has given its character to the whole body, and by which other elements have been assimilated. In the United States this part has been played, as far as the white population is concerned, by the original English kernel. Round that kernel the foreign elements have grown ; it assimilates them ; they do not assimilate it. But beyond that range lies another range where assimilation ceases to be possible. The eternal laws of nature, the eternal distinction of color forbid the assimilation of the negro. You may give him the rights of citizenship by law ; you cannot make him the real equal, the real fellow, of citizens of European descent. Never before in our world, the world of Rome and of all that Rome has influenced, has such an experiment been tried. And this, though in some ages of the Roman dominion the adoption and assimilation of men of other races was carried to the extremest point that the laws of nature would allow. Long before the seat of Empire was moved to Constantinople, the name Roman had ceased to imply even a presumption of descent from the old patricians and plebeians. A walk through any collection of Roman inscriptions will show how, in the later days of the undivided empire, a man was far oftener succeeded by his freedman than by his son. And besides freedmen, strangers of every race within the empire had been freely admitted to citizenship, and were allowed to bear the names of the proudest Roman *gentes*. The Julius, the Claudius, the Cornelius, of those days was for the most part no Roman by lineal descent, but a Greek, a Gaul, a Spaniard, or an Illyrian. But the Gaul, the Spaniard, the Illyrian, could all be assimilated ; they could all be made into Romans. They learned to speak and act in everything as men no less truly Roman than the descendants of the first settlers on the Palatine. Such men ceased to be Gauls, Spaniards, or Illyrians. The Greek, representative of a richer and more perfect speech, of a higher and older civilization, could become for many purposes a Roman without ceasing to be a Greek. In all these cases no born physical or intellectual difference parted off the

slave from his master, the stranger from the citizen. When the artificial distinction was once taken away, in the next generation at least all real distinction was lost. This cannot be when there is an eternal physical and intellectual difference between master and slave, between citizen and stranger. The Roman Senate was filled with Gauls almost from the first moment of the conquest of Gaul; but for a native Egyptian to find his way there was a rare portent of later times. No edict of Antoninus Caracalla could turn him into a Roman, as the Gauls had been turned long before that edict. The bestowal of citizenship on the negro is one of those cases which show what law can do and what it cannot. The law may declare the negro to be the equal of the white man; it cannot make him his equal. To the old question, Am I not a man and a brother? I venture to answer: No. He may be a man and a brother in some secondary sense; he is not a man and a brother in the same full sense in which every Western Aryan is a man and a brother. He cannot be assimilated; the laws of nature forbid it. And it is surely a dangerous experiment to have in any commonwealth an inferior race, legally equal to the superior, but which nature keeps down below the level to which law has raised it. It is less dangerous in this particular case, because the negro is on the whole a peaceful and easily satisfied creature. He has no very lofty ambition; he is for the most part contented to imitate the ways of the white man as far as he can. A high-spirited people in the same case would be a very dangerous element indeed. No one now pleads for slavery; no one laments the abolition of slavery; but did the abolition of slavery necessarily imply the admission of the emancipated slave to full citizenship? There is, I allow, difficulty and danger in the position of a class enjoying civil but not political rights, placed under the protection of the law, but having no share in making the law or in choosing its makers. But surely there is greater difficulty and danger in the existence of a class of citizens who at the polling-booth are equal to other citizens, but who are not their equals anywhere else. We are told that education has done and is

doing much for the younger members of the once enslaved race. But education cannot wipe out the eternal distinction that has been drawn by the hand of nature. No teaching can turn a black man into a white one. The question which, in days of controversy, the North heard with such wrath from the mouth of the South, "Would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" lies at the root of the matter. Where the closest of human connections is, in any lawful form, looked on as impossible, there is no real brotherhood, no real fellowship. The artificial tie of citizenship is in such cases a mockery. And I cannot help thinking that those in either hemisphere who were most zealous for the emancipation of the negro must, in their heart of hearts, feel a secret shudder at the thought that, though morally impossible, it is constitutionally possible, that two years hence a black man may be chosen to sit in the seat of Washington and Garfield.

We must however not forget that there are great differences among the so-called colored people, some doubtless owing to their different fates since their forced migration, others owing to older differences in their first African homes. Several writers have pointed out that, under the general head of negroes, blacks, colored people, we jumble together men of nations differing widely in speech, in original geographical position, in physical qualities, probably in intellectual qualities too, most certainly in different degrees of blackness. I fancy that the case is very much as if the tables had been turned, as if Africa had enslaved Europeans, and as if Greeks, Frenchmen, and Swedes had been jumbled together under the common name of Whites. And though education cannot undo the work of nature, though it cannot raise the lower race to the level of the upper, it may do much to improve the lower race within its own range. A negro in New England certainly differs a good deal from a negro in Missouri. For the negro in New England comes very likely of a free father and grandfather, and the fact of a negro being free a generation or two back was a pretty sure sign of his belonging to the more energetic class of his fellows. Such an one has lived with

white men, not indeed on equal terms, but on terms which have enabled him to master their language and a good deal of their manners. But the negro in Missouri has very likely been himself a slave, perhaps a plantation slave. To the stranger at least the speech of such negroes is hard to be understood. As far as I heard it, it was not the racy dialect of Uncle Remus; it may have been my fancy, but it certainly struck my ear as the speech, not of foreigners who might find it hard to speak English but who might be eloquent in some other tongue, but of beings to whom the art of speech in any shape was not altogether familiar. No doubt the real fact was that they had, as was not unlikely in their position, lost their own tongue without having fully found ours. If a small vocabulary is enough for the wants of an English laborer, a much smaller vocabulary must have been enough for the wants of a plantation negro. The African languages have, I believe, altogether died out everywhere, and, from all that I could learn, the comic and joyous element of the negro character seems to have died out also. This is an universal rule everywhere. The free-man never has any such light-hearted moments as the Saturnalia of the slave.

Of the true Americans, the "dark Americans" of the hymn, the old inhabitants of the continent, I saw but little. And what little I saw certainly disappointed me. I saw a good many young Indians in the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. To the zeal, energy, and benevolence of all who are concerned in the work there I must bear such witness as I can. And I am told that the children are intelligent and take kindly to the civilized and Christian teaching which is set before them. But, just as in the case of the negroes, I could not keep down my doubts whether mere school-teaching will ever raise the barbarian of any race to the level of Aryan Europe and America. Of the two one is more inclined to hail a man and a brother in the Indian than in the negro. The feeling seems instinctive. While no one willingly owns to the faintest shade of negro descent, every one is proud to claim Pocahontas as a remote grandmother. Such Indians as I saw, the boys and girls, youths and maidens,

of the Carlisle school, were certainly less ugly than the negroes. But then they lacked the grotesque air which often makes the negro's ugliness less repulsive. From my preconceived notions of Indians, I had at least expected to see graceful and statuesque forms, the outlines perhaps of nymphs and athletes. But the Carlisle Indians, clothed and, according to all accounts, in their right minds, seemed to me, both in face and figure, the dullest and heaviest-looking of mankind. Not repulsive, like the negro, from the mere lines of the face, they were repulsive from the utter lack of intellectual expression. Besides the younger folk at Carlisle, I was casually shown at Schenectady, N. Y., a man who, I was told, was the last, not of the Mohicans, but of the Mohawks. He was outwardly civilized, so much so indeed that the justice of the State of New York had more than once sent him to prison. The mind, or at least the press, of America was just then very full of an English lecturer whose name was largely placarded on the walls, and whose photographs, in various attitudes, were to be seen in not a few windows. I was not privileged to obtain more than a passing glimpse of either. But it struck me that between the survival of an old type and the prophet of a new there was a certain outward likeness.

During the time of my visit to America neither the negro nor the Indian was the subject of any vexing question. But the position of another class of barbarians—I must be allowed to use the word in a way analogous to its old Greek use—was under the grave consideration of the federal legislature. While I was in America, President Arthur vetoed the first Chinese bill; since I came to England he has passed the second. Of this latter bill I do not know the terms; the President could hardly have helped vetoing the former one, as its terms were surely inconsistent with that famous amendment which may be summed up in the phrase of "giving everybody everything." Yet I could not keep down a certain feeling of rejoicing over either bill. I saw in them a practical revolt against an impossible theory, a confession of the truth that legislation cannot override

natural laws. A constitutional amendment, or any other piece of law-making, may in theory place all races and colors on a level; it cannot do so in practice. An acute American friend pointed out to me the distinctions between the three races which give rise to the difficulties that beset the United States in this matter. The Indian dies out. The negro is very far from dying out; but, if he cannot be assimilated by the white man, he at least imitates him. But the Chinaman does not die out; he is not assimilated; he does not imitate; he is too fully convinced of the superiority of his own ways to have the least thought of copying ours. The Chinese, in short, in the United States belong to one of those classes of settlers who form no part of the people of the land, who contribute nothing, but who swallow up a great deal. Now, at the risk of saying what I suppose is just now the most unpopular thing in the whole world, I must say that every nation has a right to get rid of strangers who prove a nuisance, whether they are Chinese in America or Jews in Russia, Servia, and Roumania. The parallel may startle some; but it is a real and exact parallel, as far as the objects of the movement in each case are concerned. The only difference, a very important difference certainly, between what has happened in Russia and what has happened in America consists in the means employed in the two cases. What has been done in Russia by mob-violence is at this moment doing in America in a legal way. Now no one can justify or excuse mob-violence in any case, whether aimed at Chinese, Jews, or any other class. But any one who knows the facts will admit that Russian violence against Jews, though in no way to be justified or excused, is in no way to be wondered at; and it is well to remember that, though anti-Chinese action in America is now going on in a perfectly legal way, yet there have been before now anti-Chinese riots in California, as there have been anti-negro riots in New York. One thing I am certain of, namely that, if the press of England, Germany, and other European countries were as largely in Chinese hands as it is in Jewish hands, we should have heard much more than we have heard about anti-Chinese action in

America and much less about anti-Jewish action in Russia. Just now there are no tales of mob-violence against the Chinamen to record, yet it would be easy for a practised Chinese advocate to make out a very telling story about American dealings with Chinamen. "Frightful Religious Persecution in the United States" "Legislation worthy of the darkest times of the Dark Ages," would make very attractive headings for an article or telegram describing the measure which has lately passed Congress. No one has raised the cry of "religious persecution" in America, because there is no powerful body anywhere whose interest it is to raise it. But it would be just as much in place in America as it is in Russia. Neither the Jew nor the Chinaman is attacked on any grounds of theological belief or unbelief, but simply because the people of the country look on his presence as a nuisance. But the Jew has brethren from one end of the world to the other, ready and able to give his real wrongs a false coloring, and to make the mass of mankind believe that he is, not only the victim of unjustifiable outrage, which he undoubtedly is, but the victim of religious persecution in the strict sense, which he certainly is not. The Chinaman has no such advantage. His case therefore has drawn to itself very little notice out of America, and neither in nor out of America has it been, like the Jewish case, judged on an utterly false issue.

The difference between the position of these questions in America and in England illustrates in an instructive way the difference between a scattered and a continuous dominion. The different classes of British subjects are yet more numerous and varied than the different classes of American citizens and of dwellers on American territory without the rights of citizenship. A black Prime Minister, a yellow Lord Chancellor, of Great Britain is in theory no less possible than a black President of the United States. The real likelihood may be about equal on both sides, but the theoretical possibility is forced on the mind in the United States in a way in which it is not in Great Britain. If a British subject of barbarian race seeks to take a share in the affairs of the rul-

ing island, he must cross a wider expanse of sea than that which separates America from Britain, he must learn a strange tongue, he must adapt himself to strange manners, and become in everything another man. To the negro citizen in America everything is at least geographically near. He lives, it may be, within sight of the Capitol and the White House; his kinsman under British rule lives far away indeed from the Palace of Westminster. To the American negro the tongue and the manners of the ruling race are in no way strange; they have been, from his birth upward, his own tongue and his own manners, so far as the distinction planted by the hand of nature has enabled him to attain to them. It follows therefore that questions like those of the Indian, the negro, the Chinaman, while they touch the American at his own hearth, in no way touch us at our hearth, deeply and sometimes grievously as they touch us in our colonies and dependencies. The Irish question alone is common to the two branches of the English people. And it is plain that the Irish question takes two different shapes on the two sides of the Ocean. The United States, happily for them, are not burdened with the hard necessity of providing for the government of a land where it seems impossible to do real justice. On the other hand, the problem of the "Irish vote" and its effects on home politics, though of growing and very unpleasant importance in Great Britain, is certainly not as yet of so great importance as it is in America. The Irish, as an element which can affect and sometimes turn an election, are in England confined to some particular towns and districts: In America they seem to be everywhere. The influence which they obtain in local politics is really amazing. The "bosses," as they are called—a name of which one soon comes to feel the meaning, though it is rather hard to translate into any other phrase—who hold so important and so anomalous a place in the municipal affairs of American cities are largely Irish. On the whole, even setting aside the way in which Irish influence in America bears on us at home, that influence does not seem to be a healthy one. Altogether the position held by the Irish

and the negroes made me feel more and more strongly the danger of that hasty and indiscriminate bestowal of citizenship which has become the practice, and rather the pride, of the United States. The ancient and mediæval commonwealths, aristocratic and democratic alike, erred in the opposite direction. But one is certainly sometimes tempted to doubt whether their error was not the smaller of the two. There is surely something ennobling in that kind of national family feeling, that cleaving to descent from the old stock, which was as strong at Athens and in Uri as it was at Corinth and at Bern. And surely a mean might be found between the exclusiveness of the elder commonwealths and the excessive lavishness of the younger. Surely some such standard as birth in the land might be set up, to be relaxed only in the case of eminent service to the commonwealth. As for the Irish, it is whispered that they somehow contrive to obtain citizenship yet more easily than the easy terms on which the law gives it. It is a characteristic story how the Irish immigrant was asked, before he had landed, what side in politics he meant to take—how his first question was, "Have you a Government here?"—how, being assured that the United States had a Government, he at once answered, "Then set me down again it."

I said before that it is a witness to the life and strength of the true English kernel in the United States that, notwithstanding the lavish admission of men of all kinds to citizenship, that English kernel still remains the kernel round which everything grows and to which everything else assimilates itself. There is that kind of difference between the English in Britain and the English in America which could not fail to be under the different circumstances of the two branches. Each of them is the common forefather of earlier times modified as the several positions of his several descendants could not fail to modify him. In constitutional matters the closeness with which the daughter has, wherever it was possible, reproduced the parent is shown perhaps in the most remarkable way in the prevalence alike in the Union, in the States, and in many

at least of the cities, of the system of two houses in a legislative body. We are so familiar with that system from its repetition in countless later constitutions that we are apt to forget that, when the Federal constitution of the United States was drawn up, that system was by no means the rule, and that its adoption in the United States was a very remarkable instance of cleaving to the institutions of the mother country. Though the United States Senate, the representative of the separate being and the political equality of the States, has some functions quite different from those of the House of Lords, yet it would hardly have come into the heads of constitution-makers who were not familiar with the House of Lords. I may here quote the remark of an acute American friend that the Senate is as superior to the House of Lords as the House of Representatives is inferior to the House of Commons. A neat epigram of this kind is seldom literally true; but this one undoubtedly has some truth in it. It follows almost necessarily from the difference between the British and American constitutions that in the American Congress the Upper House should be, in character and public estimation, really the Upper House. In Great Britain no statesman of the first rank and in the vigor of life has any temptation to exchange the House of Commons for the House of Lords. By so doing he would leave an assembly of greater practical authority for one of much less. But in the United States such a statesman has every temptation to leave the House of Representatives for the Senate as soon as he can. As neither House can directly overthrow a Government in the way that the House of Commons can in England, while the Senate has a share in various acts of the Executive power with which the House of Representatives has nothing to do, the Senate is really the assembly of greater authority. Its members, chosen for six years by the State Legislatures, while the Representatives are chosen by the people for two years, have every advantage as to the tenure of their seats, and it is not wonderful to find that re-election is far more the rule in the Senate than in the House. I had to explain more than once that it was a rare thing in England

for a Member of Parliament to lose his seat, unless he had given some offence to his own party or unless the other party had grown strong enough to bring in a man of its own. In America, it seems, it is not uncommon for a Representative to be dismissed by his constituents of his own party, simply because it is thought that he has sat long enough and because another man would like the place. Here the difference between paid and unpaid members comes in : where members are paid, there will naturally be a larger stock of candidates to choose from. I was present at sittings of both Houses, and there was certainly, a most marked difference in point of order and decorum between the two. The Senate seemed to be truly a Senate ; The House of Representatives struck me as a scene of mere hubbub rather than of real debate. One incident specially struck me as illustrating the constitutional provision which shuts out the Ministers of the President from Congress. One Representative made a fierce attack on the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Navy was not there to defend himself. Generally I should say, the House of Representatives and the Legislative bodies which answer to it in the several States, illustrate Lord Macaulay's saying about the necessity of a Ministry to keep a Parliament in order. One result is the far larger powers which in these assemblies are given to the Speaker. And these are again attended by the danger of turning the Speaker himself into the instrument of a party.

The differences of procedure between our Houses of Parliament and the American assemblies, Federal and State, are very curious and interesting, specially just now when the question of Parliamentary procedure has taken to itself so much attention. But I must hasten on to give my impressions of other matters, rather than attempt to enlarge on a point which I cannot say that I have specially studied. The State legislatures are the features of American political life which are most distinctive of the federal system, and to which there cannot be anything exactly answering among ourselves. It must always be remembered that a State legislature does not answer to a

town council or a court of quarter sessions. It is essentially a parliament, though a parliament with limited functions and which can never be called on to deal with the highest questions of all. Still the range of the State legislatures is positively very wide, and takes in most things which concern the daily affairs of mankind. A large part of their business seems commonly to consist in the passing of private bills, acts of incorporation and the like. Some States seem to have found that constant legislation on such matters was not needed, and have therefore thought good that their legislatures should meet only every other year. In Pennsylvania, therefore, where I had good opportunities of studying some other matters, I had no opportunity of studying the working of a State legislature. When I was there, municipal life was in full vigor in Philadelphia, but State life was dead at Harrisburg. But I came in for a sight of the legislature of New York at the time of the "dead lock" early this year. For week after week the Lower House found it impossible to elect a Speaker. And this was not the result of absolute equality between the two great parties. It was because a very small body of men, who had no chance of carrying a candidate from among themselves, thought fit, in ballot after ballot, to hinder the election of the acknowledged candidate of either side. This illustrates the result of the rule which requires an absolute majority. I pointed out to several friends on the spot that no such dead lock could have happened in the British House of Commons. I know not how far the existence of a regular Ministry and Opposition would hinder the possibility of this particular kind of scandal; but it is hard to conceive the existence of a ministry in our sense in a State constitution. Even in our still dependent colonies the reproduction of our system of ministries going in and out in consequence of a parliamentary vote, may be thought to be somewhat out of place. Still the Governor, named by an external power, has much of the position of a king, and his relations to his ministry and his parliament can in a manner reproduce those of the sovereign in the mother-country. But it is hard

to conceive an elective Governor, above all the Governor of such a state as Rhode Island or Delaware, working through the conventionalities of a responsible ministry. Indeed even in such a state as New York there is still something patriarchal about the office of Governor. While I was in the Capitol at Albany, the friends of a condemned criminal came to plead with the Governor in person for the exercise of his prerogative of mercy. Now the population of the State of New York, swelled by one overgrown city, is greater than that of Ireland; even in its natural state, it would be much greater than that of Scotland. I thought of the days when the King did sit in the gate.

The personal heads of the Union, the State, and the City, the President, the Governor, the Mayor, all come from English tradition. If we study the commonwealths of other ages and countries, we shall see that this great position given to a single man, though by no means without precedent, is by no means the rule. The title of Governor especially is directly handed on from the days before independence. It would hardly have suggested itself to the founders of commonwealths which had not been used to the Governor sent by the King. The powers of the Governor and the duration of his office differ widely in different States, even in neighboring and closely kindred States. The Governor of Massachusetts still keeps up a good deal of dignity, while the Governor of Connecticut is a much smaller person. Yet the Governor of Connecticut holds office for a longer time than his brother of Massachusetts. The Mayor too does not hold exactly the same place in every city. At Brooklyn, when I was there, a great point in the way of reform was held to have been won by greatly enlarging the powers of the Mayor. Men who could well judge held that purity of administration was best attained by vesting large powers in single persons, elective, responsible, acting under the eye of the public. And I was told that, even in the worst cases, better results come from the election of single officers than from the election of larger numbers. The popular election of Judges, which has been introduced into many States,

is one of the things which British opinion would be most united in condemning. We should all agree in wishing that both the Federal courts and the courts of those States which, like Massachusetts, cleave to older modes of appointment may stay as they are. But, from what I could hear both in New York and in other States which have adopted the elective system, the results are better than might have been expected. Each party, it is said, makes it a point of honor to name fairly competent candidates for the judicial office. So again the municipal administration of New York city was for years a by-word, and the name of Alderman was anything but a name of honor. But even in the worst times, the post of Mayor was almost always respectably filled. Even, so I was told, in one case where the previous record of the elected Mayor was notoriously bad, his conduct in office was not to be blamed.

The prevalence of corruption in various shapes in various branches of the administration of the United States is an ugly subject, on which I have no special facts to reveal. The mere fact of corruption cannot be fairly laid to the charge of any particular form of government, though particular forms of government will doubtless cause corruption to take different shapes. It is absurd to infer that a democratic or a federal form of government has a necessary and special tendency to corruption, when it is certain that corruption has been and is just as rife under governments of other kinds. One great source of corruption in America is doubtless owing to the system of "spoils" in the administration of federal patronage. This system at once opens the way for a vast deal of corruption in various shapes and sets the example for a vast deal of corruption in other branches. I was most struck by the way in which, in discussing matters of almost every kind, corruption seemed to be taken for granted as a matter of course. This often came out in discussing local matters, sometimes matters which seemed to have nothing whatever to do with politics. This struck me specially in the State of New York, and sometimes with reference to very small matters indeed. Strictly electoral corruption

seems to take different shapes on the two sides of the Ocean. In America I heard something of bribery of the electors, but certainly very much less than we are used to in England. The danger which, at Philadelphia at least, seemed most to be feared was fraudulent returns. These, I think, are never heard of among us. I never remember to have heard of any Mayor or Sheriff being suspected of wilfully making other than a true return of the votes actually given, by whatever means those votes might have been obtained. With us the returning officer and his agents are held to be at least officially impartial; it is their business to put their party politics in their pockets for the time. I know not how things are done in those Parliamentary boroughs which have no corporations; but in an ordinary county or borough, the Sheriff or Mayor has the advantage of not being appointed with any direct reference to the election; he is appointed for other purposes also, and an election may or may not happen during his term of office. But when election-inspectors are elected as such, that is, when the official person represents the party dominant in the place, it is clear that the temptations to unfairness are greatly increased.

I was greatly interested in the municipal election which I saw at Philadelphia early this year. The municipal administration of that city has, like that of New York, long had a bad name. Corruption, jobbery, the rule of rings and "bosses," and above all, what to us sounds odd, the corrupt administration of the Gas Trust, were loudly complained of. And I certainly am greatly deceived if what I saw and studied was anything but a vigorous and honest effort to bring in a better state of things. Republicans and Democrats brought themselves to forget their party differences, or rather party names, and to work together for the welfare and honor of their common city. The movement was described to me in a way at which I have already hinted, as an union of the honest men of both parties against the rogues of both parties. And such, as far as I could judge, it really was. I did indeed hear it whispered that such fits of virtue were not uncommon.

mon, both in Philadelphia and elsewhere, that they wrought some small measure of reform for a year or two, but that in order to keep the ground that had been gained, a continuous effort was needed which men were not willing to make, and that things fell back into their old corrupt state. And it is certainly plain that the man who gains by maintaining corruption is likely to make great habitual efforts to keep up a corrupt system, while the man who opposes it, who gains nothing by opposing it, but who gives up his time, his quiet, and his ordinary business, for the public good, is tempted at every moment to relax his efforts. This failure of continued energy is just what Demosthenes complains of in the Athenians of his day; and experience does seem to show that here is a weak side of democratic government. To keep up under a popular system an administration at once pure and vigorous does call for constant efforts on the part of each citizen which it needs some self sacrifice to make. The old saying that what is everybody's business is nobody's business becomes true as regards the sounder part of the community. But it follows next that what is everybody's business becomes specially the business of those whose business one would least wish it to be. Yet my Philadelphian friends assured me that they had been steadily at work for ten years, that they had made some way every year, but that this year they had made more way than they had ever made before. The immediate business was to dislodge "bosses" and other corrupt persons from the municipal councils, and to put in their stead men of character and ability, whether Republican or Democratic in politics. And this object, surely one much to be sought for, was, as far as I could see, largely accomplished. I did indeed hear the murmurs of one or two stern Republicans, who could not understand supporting a list which contained any Democratic names. But the other view seemed to be the popular one. I read much of the fugitive election literature, and attended one of the chief ward-meetings. I was greatly struck by the general hearty enthusiasm in what was not a party struggle, but an honest effort for

something above party. The speaking was vigorous, straightforward, often in its way eloquent. It was somewhat more personal than we are used to in England, even at an election. But here again my comparison is perhaps not a fair one. As I before said, I know nothing of English municipal elections, and the Philadelphian reformers had to deal with evils which have no parallel in the broader walks of English political life. Whatever may be our side in politics, we have no reason to suspect our opponents of directly filling their pockets at the public cost.

A municipal election is of more importance in America than it is in England, because of the large powers, amounting to powers of local legislation, which are vested in the cities. This would seem to be the natural tendency of a Federal system. It would indeed be inaccurate to say that the City is to the State what the State is to the Union. For the powers of the city may of course be modified by an act of the State legislature, just as the powers of an English municipal corporation may be modified by an Act of Parliament, while no mere act of Congress, nothing short of a constitutional amendment, can touch the powers of a Sovereign State. But it is natural for a member of an Union, keeping independent powers by right, to allow to the members of its own body a large amount of local independence, held not of right but of grant. An American city is more thoroughly a commonwealth, it has more of the feelings of a commonwealth, than an English city has. As for the use of the name, we must remember that in the United States every corporate town is called a "city," while, in some States at least, what we should call a market-town bears the legal style of "village." In New England the cities are interlopers. They have largely obscured the older constitution of the *towns*. The word *town* in New England does not, as with us, mean a collection of houses, perhaps forming a political community, perhaps not. It means a certain space of the earth's surface, which may or may not contain a town in our sense, but whose inhabitants form a political community in either case. Its assembly is

the town-meeting, the survival, or rather revival, of the old Teutonic assembly on the soil of the third England. This primitive institution best keeps its ancient character in the country districts and among the smaller towns in our sense of the word. Where a "city" has been incorporated, the ancient constitution has lost much of its importance. It has not been abolished. In some cases at least the two constitutions, of town and city, the Teutonic primary assembly and the later system of representative bodies, go on side by side in the same place. Each has its own range of subjects; but it is the tendency of the newer institution to overshadow the older. I deeply regret that I left America without seeing a New England town-meeting with my own eyes. It was a thing which I had specially wished to see, if only in order to compare it with what I had seen in past years in Uri and Appenzell. But when I was first in New England, it was the wrong time of the year, and my second visit was very short. I thus unavoidably lost a very favorable chance of seeing what I conceive that the English parish vestry ought to be but is not. And I am not sure that some of my New England friends did not look a little black at me, because the immediate cause of my failure was an old-standing engagement to a gentleman of New York of Democratic principles.

Of "society," in the technical sense, the sense which gives rise to the odd New York phrases of "society woman" and "society girl," I do not suppose that I saw much. I received a great deal of very kind hospitality, and I made many acquaintances which I hope to keep; but at dinners and other receptions, often got up specially for a stranger, you can judge but imperfectly of the way in which people live among themselves. But I seemed to remark, and I have heard the remark from others, that immediate national politics do not form so constant a subject of discourse in America as they do in England. This, I suppose, has something to do with the same set of causes which have given the word "politics" the special and not altogether pleasant meaning which it bears in America. When I

reached America the immediate mourning for the late President was hardly over; before I came away, the natural reaction had begun; some newspapers had begun to speak against his memory. Yet the general conviction seemed very deep that the loss was a real and heavy one, and that the great work of purifying the Federal administration had undergone a great check. I always heard Garfield's position in the House of Representatives spoken of as something quite exceptional, as an instance of the direct influence of an upright and noble personal character. I heard part of the trial of his murderer, and a strange scene it was. From all that I saw and heard and read on the matter, I was led to the conclusion that, though some other judges on both sides of the Ocean might, simply as being stronger men, have managed the trial better, yet that the judge who tried it was not technically to blame. I gathered that he really had no power to stop Guiteau's interruptions. The constitution provides only that the prisoner shall have the "assistance of counsel." Now English counsel, and American counsel too of the higher class, would have thrown up their briefs when the prisoner insisted on talking himself. But Guiteau's counsel were not of the higher class; and—I speak as a layman with trembling—it may be doubted whether the English usage depends on anything more than an honorable understanding. The truth seems to be that no lawgiver in any time or place ever foresaw the possibility of such a prisoner as Guiteau, and that therefore there was no law ready made which exactly suited his case. Again, though the proceedings in the American courts are, in all essential points—for wigs and gowns are not essential points—so like our own, yet the arrangements for the distribution of judicial action are very different. In England such a case would have been tried before a judge—perhaps more than one judge—of the highest class. And till I reached Washington, I took for granted that the judge to whom so important a duty was intrusted was one of the sages of the Supreme Court. I soon found however that Guiteau was being tried before a magistrate of greatly inferior rank, answering rather to a

recorder or a county court judge among ourselves. The indictment, it may be remarked, did not specify the murder of a president as differing at all from the murder of another man. The slain man was simply "one James Abram Garfield, being in the peace of God and of the United States." From the pleadings of Guiteau's counsel I carried away one of the choicest fallacies that I ever heard. The prisoner must be mad, because he had shot a President of the United States. Sane people might kill an European king, for European kings were not the choice of their people, and were often their oppressors. But no sane man could wish to harm a President of the United States, the choice of the people. The advocate must have underrated the intelligence even of the black member of the jury, who must surely have remembered that the liberator of his race died by the hands of a murderer whom no one looked on as mad. And it would be strange if no one of the twelve could go on to argue that a hereditary king, who comes to his crown by no fault, indeed by no act, of his own, need not offend any one by the mere fact of his accession, while the accession of an elective magistrate must disappoint somebody and commonly offends a powerful party.

To the "spoils system" I have already referred. I suppose it has no advocates in England, and it seems to be condemned by the general right feeling of America, though we may fear that it will be a hard work to get rid of a system in which so many are interested, and in which so many more fancy that they some time may be. I must confess that the love of office, in the shape which it often takes in America, is to me rather hard to understand. I can understand a man taking a great post, say a foreign legation or a seat in the cabinet, even with the certainty that it must be resigned at the end of four years. I do not understand any one wishing for smaller offices, which carry no special dignity or authority, and which must be an interruption to a man's ordinary career, whatever that may be. I can understand a man entering the post-office, or any other branch of the public service, as the

work of his life; I cannot understand a man wishing to be a local postmaster for four years and no longer. Yet the number of office-seekers—the word has becomingly followed the thing—in America is very wonderful.

One of the points on which I have always tried to insist most strongly is the true historic connection between the constitutions of England and of the United States. It might be a good test of those who have and those who have not made comparative politics a scientific study, to see whether they are most struck by the likenesses or the unlikenesses in the two systems. The close analogy in the apportionment of power among the elements of the state is a point of likeness of far more moment even than the difference in the form of the Executive, much more than that of the different constitution of the Upper House. The American constitution, as I have rather made it my business to preach, is the English constitution with such changes—very great and important changes beyond doubt—as change of circumstances made needful. But as those circumstances have certainly not been changed back again, it is at least not likely that the constitution of America will ever be brought nearer than it now is to the constitution of England, however likely it may be that the constitution of England may some day be brought nearer to the constitution of America. It was therefore with unfeigned wonder that I read the reflections of an English Member of Parliament who lately gave the world his impressions of American travel. He too was struck with the likeness between the two systems; but the practical inference which he drew from the likeness was that the American system might easily be brought into complete conformity with the English model. The President was so like a King that it would be easy to change him into one; the Senate was so like a House of Lords that it would be easy to change it into one. It only needed to bring the hereditary principle into both institutions, and the thing would be done at once. Yes; only how could the hereditary principle be brought in? Where are the hereditary king and the heredi-

tary lords to be found? This ingenious political projector forgot that you cannot call hereditary kings and hereditary lords into being by a constitutional amendment. If one could ever be tempted to use the ugly and outlandish word *prestige*, it would be to explain the position of such hereditary elements in a free state. Where they exist, they certainly have a kind of effect on the mind which can hardly be accounted for by any rational principle, and which does savor of something like sleight-of-hand. Where they exist, their existence is the best argument in their favor, and by virtue of that argument they may go on existing for ages. But you cannot create them at will. A profound truth was uttered by the genealogist who lamented the hard fate of Adam in that he could not possibly employ himself with his own favorite study. And in no time or place would an attempt at creating hereditary offices of any kind seem to be more hopeless than in the United States at the present day. Genealogy is a favorite American study; but it is not studied with any political object. The destiny of the country has gone steadily against the growth of any hereditary traditions. There has been no opportunity, such as there often has been in other commonwealths, for the growth of ascendancy in particular families which might form the kernel of an aristocratic body. The first President and nearly all his most eminent successors left no direct male descendants or no descendants at all. It is only in the family of the second President that anything like hereditary eminence has been prominent, and the two Adamses were just those among the earlier and greater Presidents who failed to obtain re-election. Since their days everything has tended more and more in the opposite direction; every year that the Union has lasted has made such dreams as those of our English legislator more and more utterly vain. When a thing is said to lie "beyond the range of practical politics," it commonly means that it will become the most immediately practical of all questions a few months hence. But one might really use the phrase in safety when dealing with such a scheme as that of changing the elective President into a hereditary King and

the elective Senate into a hereditary House of Lords.

I might go on into endless detail in smaller matters, matters many of them of no small interest, on points of language, manners, and the like. But I have perhaps put on record all that is best worth preserving in my impressions of some of the most important points which come home to a traveller in the great English land beyond the Ocean. I naturally look at things from my own point of view; let others look at them and speak of them from theirs. To me the past history and present condition of the United States is, before all things, a part of the general history of the Teutonic race, and specially of its English branch. Of that history the destiny, as far as it has already been worked out, of the American commonwealths forms no unimportant part. And their future destiny is undoubtedly the greatest problem in the long story of our race. The union on American soil of so much that is new and so much that is old, above all the unwitting preservation in the new land of so much that is really of the hoariest antiquity in the older world, the transfer of an old people with old institutions to an altogether new world, and that practically a boundless world, supply subjects for speculation deeper perhaps than any earlier stage of the history of our race could have supplied. Like all other human institutions, the political and social condition of the United States has its fair and its dark side; the Union, like all other human communities, must look for its trials, its ups and downs, in the course of its historic life. It has indeed had its full share of them already. The other members of the great family may well be proud that the newest, and in extent the vastest, among the independent settlements of their race, has borne, as it has borne, a strain as hard as any community of men was ever called on to go through. And we of the motherland may watch with special interest the fortunes of that branch of our own people on whom so great a calling has been laid. And truly we may rejoice that, with so much to draw them in other ways, that great people still remains in all essential points an

English people, more English very often than they themselves know, more English, it may be, sometimes

than the kinsfolk whom they left behind in their older home.—*Fortnightly Review*.

RESEARCHES IN MY POCKETS.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. CHARLES MONSELET,* BY F. B. HARRISON.

I CANNOT deceive myself—I was horribly tipsy last night. Let him who has never been in like case throw the first empty bottle at me!

How did it happen? In this way. I, a civilian, reading law, was invited to dine at the garrison mess. I had never been at a similar entertainment, and I cannot but think, now that I look back on it, that the officers played some trick on me. I only know that they were prodigiously polite, which always looks suspicious. From a certain point, from the third course, I remember very little; a sort of cloudy curtain intercepts the view like the curtains that come down in pantomimes, and all the rest of it is like a pantomime, and I don't know whether I was Clown, or Pantaloon, or Columbine.

Yet something must have happened to me, a great many things. I've been sleeping in my white tie; and then my face! What a shockingly yellow, dissipated face! Upon my word, it is a pretty affair! At my time, one-and-twenty, to be overcome by wine like a schoolboy out for a holiday! I cannot express what I think of it.

How am I to know what happened last night? Ask my landlady? No; I cannot let her see how ashamed I am. Besides, she would only know the condition in which I came home; and that I can guess.

They say that from a single bone Professor Owen can reconstruct an entire antediluvian animal; I must try and do something similar to reconstruct my existence during the last twelve or fourteen hours. I must get hold of two or three clues.

Where can I find them?

In my pockets, perhaps.

Since I was a small boy I have always had the habit of stuffing them with all

manner of things. Now, this is the time for me to search them.

I tremble. What shall I find?

(Searches his waistcoat-pocket.)

I have gently insinuated two fingers into my waistcoat-pocket, and have brought out my purse. Empty! Hang it!

(Lifts his overcoat from the floor.)

On picking up my overcoat I have found my pocket-book, half-open, and the papers fallen from it on the carpet.

The first of these papers which catches my eye is the *carte* of last night's dinner. Well, who was there? How many of us? Several of the fellows I knew, of course; but which of them? Happy thought! The *menu* will remind me of their various tastes and reveal their names to me.

Oysters. Well, I know that the Colonel is a tremendous hand at oysters, so I am sure he was there.

Mulligatawny. That is Captain Simpkins' soup, or rather liquid fire, so Simpkins was there. Two of them.

Roast beef. Makes me think of little Dumerque, the Jersey man who wants to be a thorough Englishman. He was there.

Saddle of mutton. Tom Horsley, the inveterate steeplechaser.

Charlotte Russe. That is Ned Walker, who published his travels from "Peterborough to Petersburg."

Now I know pretty well who some of my fellow-guests were. As for the others—

(Picks up some photographs.)

Hullo! were there women at the mess? No, certainly not. Then we must have talked of women, and the men must have given me photographs of their female relatives. Strange thing to do! especially as I don't know the ladies. Here's an ancient and fish-like personage in a blue jersey. Dumerque's grandmother, I'll be bound. Here a stout, middle-aged dame, widow probably. I know Simpkins wants to

* From "Saynètes et Monologues, Première Série, Tresse, Editeur, Galerie du Théâtre Français, Palais Royal, Paris."

marry a widow ; but why give me her portrait ?

And this—this is charming ! Quite in the modern style—low forehead, small nose, tiny mouth, all eyes, and what splendid eyes ! and such lashes ! She is fair, as well as one can judge from a photograph. And the little curls on her forehead are like rings of gold. And so young, a mere child. A lovely figure ; our forefathers would have compared her to a rose-tree, but then our forefathers were not strong in similes. She has neither earrings nor necklace ; perhaps that gives her that look of disdain. Disdain ! She knows nothing yet of life, but tries to seem tired of it. They are all like that.

Who is she ? She must be the Colonel's daughter ; I've heard that his daughter is a pretty girl. I must have expressed my warm admiration of the photograph, and he must have responded by giving it to me. Did I ask him for her hand ? Did he refuse it ? or did he put off his reply ? Perhaps that was why I drank too much.

Now let me proceed. What further happened ? Let me continue my researches.

(Tries the pockets of the overcoat.)

By Jingo ! Two visiting cards ! The first says ;

"Captain Wellington Spearman,
First Royal Lancer Dragoons."

The other :

"Major Garnet Havelock Cannon,
Rifle Artillery."

Now, what does it all mean ? I do not know those military gentlemen. They must have been guests like myself. How do I come to have their cards ? There must have been some dispute, some quarrel, some row. These two cards must have been given in exchange for two of mine.

It all comes back to me !

A duel—perhaps two duels !

But duels about what ? Whom did I affront ? I know I'm an awful fire-eater when I've drank too much. But was I the challenger or the challenged ? I think my left cheek is rather swollen as if from a blow ; but that is mere fancy. What dreadful follies have I got myself into ?

I can make out some pencil marks on the first card, that of the Captain in the Lancer Dragoons. Yes. "Ten o'clock, behind St. Martin's Church."

Ah, a hostile meeting, that is clear. I must run ; perhaps I shall be in time.

No, too late ; it is half-past eleven.

I am dishonored, branded as a coward ! No one will believe me when I say that I had a headache, and overslept myself on the morning of a duel.

I have no energy to look further in my pockets. Still, one never knows—

(Brings out a handkerchief.)

A handkerchief—a very fine one—thin cambric. But it is not one of mine. There is a coronet in the corner. How did I come by this handkerchief ? Could I have stolen it ? I seem to be on the road to the county jail.

Oh, how my head aches !

A flower is in my buttonhole. How did it come there ? Forget-me-nots ; their blue eyes closed, all withered and drooping. I could not have bought so humble a bouquet at the flower-shop ; it must have been given me. It was given me, it came to me from the fair one with golden curls. Her father gave it to me from her, knowing that I was about to risk my life—to risk my life for her sake, no doubt.

Yes, that is it. My fears increase. I dread to know more. I am afraid to prosecute my researches in my pockets. I may find my hands full of forget-me-nots—or of blood !

Oh ! Ah ! by Jove !

What now ?

This overcoat—is not mine. No, mine is dark gray, this is light gray. I have not travelled through my pockets, but through the pockets of somebody else.

But then—if the coat is not mine, neither is the duel.

Not mine the *carte*.

Not mine the photographs.

Not mine the forget-me-nots.

Not mine the cards.

I have not stolen the handkerchief.

I am all right ; thank goodness, I am all right !

And my romance about the Colonel's lovely daughter—I am sorry about it, upon my word. At least, I am sorry for her, for I fear she will never now make my acquaintance.—*Temple Bar.*

THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY CARDINAL MANNING.

As I have been asked to form and express a judgment on the Salvation Army, I give the following, under correction. But I need hardly say that I have been present at no services or preaching, and judge of it only from documents of its own members.

To draw a perfect circle on paper is one thing, to carry it out in stone is another. Abstract mental conceptions are always imperfectly realized in concrete human works. The Church on the eternal shore has no admixture of evil with good: the Church in this world is the field of wheat and tares. The Cathari of old and the Puritans since were impatient of this mystery of the long-suffering of God. It is well to bear this in mind when we judge of any men or works outside of the divine organization and unity of the faith. If good and evil be mingled in the Church divinely founded and divinely guided, what may we not look to find in any system which is of human origin, and dependent on the instability of man? Water cannot rise above its source.

I. The first observation I would make on the Salvation Army is that it could never have existed but for the spiritual desolation of England: for to our own country my remarks will be confined.

In the reign of Elizabeth the whole people, excepting the Catholics who remained steadfast, were nominally within the Established Church. The Brownists began the separation of what Mr. Skeats has called "the Free Churches." These Nonconformist bodies, continually multiplying, claim at this day to divide the population of England equally with the Anglican Church. In truth, if we separate those who are explicitly Anglican from the multitudes who are only passively and nominally Anglican, and those who are explicitly Nonconformists of every kind from those who are only passively and nominally Nonconformists, there will be a residuum on both sides of millions, over whom religion has no power. They live and die outside of any religious body.

When an attempt was made, some

forty years ago, to ascertain the extent of church room in London, it was computed that all the existing places of worship, giving to each three services on Sunday, would provide for about 800,000 persons. The population of London was then under two millions—it is now nearly four. And great as the efforts of church building have been, the proportion of church room is certainly not greater than it was; it is almost certainly less, for the population has increased more rapidly than the church room. What, then, is the spiritual desolation of London? Let any man stand on the high northern ridge which commands London from West to East and ask himself: How many in this teeming, seething whirlpool of men have never been baptized? have never been taught the Christian faith? never set a foot in a church? How many are living ignorantly in sin? how many with full knowledge are breaking the laws of God? What multitudes are blinded, or besotted, or maddened by drink? What sins of every kind and dye, and beyond all count, are committed day and night? It would surely be within the truth to say that half the population in London are practically without Christ and without God in the world. If this be so, then at once we can see how and why the Salvation Army exists. In a population full of faith and religious life it could have no place. There would be no need to supply, no conscious craving to satisfy, no spiritual desolation to break up. Its good tidings would be already known, and its warnings daily anticipated. A watchman's rattle is good at midnight, when men are sleeping. It is needless at noonday, when men are wide awake. We may in some degree measure the need for it by the response it has elicited. The spiritual desolation of London alone would make the Salvation Army possible.

In passing by railroad through Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, the multitude of spires, steeples, towers, bell-turrets, gables, and roofs, with crosses and other tokens of religion, must force itself upon the least observ-

ant eye. Where would the knowledge of God, and of the Name of our Redeemer, have been now but for the zeal and activity of the many irreconcilable and often conflicting bodies who have reared and sustained these places of Christian worship? Nevertheless, how great a multitude in all these cities and towns never set a foot in church or meeting-house.

So again, throughout the provinces of England and Wales, there are, it is to be feared, millions living without faith and in sin.

II. To such a population a voice crying aloud in God's Name is as a warning in the night. There is also in the most outcast a voice that answers. The conscience in man is as the worm that dieth not; and even in the worst and most depraved it bears witness against the sins of their life and state. The words death, judgment, heaven, hell, are to them not mere sounds, but strokes upon the soul. There are, indeed, men who are "past feeling," but they are like the sightless among mankind, exceptions and anomalies. The mass of men believe in right and wrong, and judgment to come. They know that they have souls, blaspheme as unbelievers may. They hope for a better life after this, and they believe that an evil life here will end in a worse hereafter. This was the strength of Wesley in the last century, and is the strength of William Booth in this. He and his, for seventeen years and more, have been calling men to repent and to turn to God. These are Divine truths which, like seeds wafted by the winds or carried by birds, strike root where they fall. Good seed will grow whoever sows it. This was the meaning of St. Paul when he said: "Some indeed, even out of envy and contention: but some also for good-will preach Christ. Some out of charity . . . and some out of contention. . . . But what then? So that by all means, whether by occasion or by truth, Christ be preached: in this also I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."* St. Paul does not hereby sanction the preaching of those who go without being sent, much less the imperfections or faults of their preaching; but so far as

it made known the Name and redemption of Christ it was to him a cause of joy. Imperfect or unauthorized preaching in the unity of the Church is disorder; but outside its unity it is at least so much of truth made known to those who will not listen to its perfect voice. Within the unity of faith the Church has freely permitted its members to teach the truth. St. Francis of Assissi was never a priest, but he preached everywhere. B. John Colombini was not even a deacon, but a layman only, and yet from the hour of his conversion he went about preaching the Name of Jesus till he died. And after death, as his biographer tells us, when he lay upon the bier the people came and kissed his hand as if he were a priest. The Divine invitation comes, indeed, from God to the Church, but every member of it may make it known. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come."* In a wilderness where there is no Shepherd, any voice crying a fragment of the truth prepares the way for Him who is the perfect truth.

III. With these precautions we may go on, without fear of being misunderstood, to point out what things in the Salvation Army are hopeful, and what things are to be feared for it in the future.

I take the account of it from Mr. Booth's own statement.

1. The Salvation Army affects no secrecy or specialties of its own. It is open as the light in its words and acts. It offers to everybody the results of its own experience. It has no patent medicines or mysterious spiritual prescriptions, but desires the widest diffusion of its teaching and mode of acting.

2. It has no compromises in its teaching. It holds to the "old-fashioned Gospel" of salvation from "real guilt, and real danger of a real hell," through Him who gives "real pardon to the really penitent," and "to all who really give up to Him a whole heart, and trust Him with a perfect trust." And this doctrine it holds as "embodied in the three creeds of the Church."

3. It teaches that "sin is sin, no matter who commits it, and that there

* Phil. 1: 15-18.

* Apoc. 22: 17.

cannot be sin without Divine displeasure ; and that all men are responsible for accepting or rejecting the perfect deliverance from sin provided by our Lord." It deals largely with "the terrors of the Lord," believing that soft and soothing doctrines may easily be, and are at this day too prominent, and even exclusive of the eternal truths.

4. It holds that we ought to lay down our lives for the salvation of others, in the full sense of the second precept of charity.

5. Its organization is military. Having tried government by committees and by democracy, and finding that those who work do not care to talk, and that those who talk do not much care to work, its government was reduced to two simple principles—namely, to authority and obedience.

6. Its officers and preachers are continually, and often suddenly, changed from place to place, to prevent local and personal attachments.

7. The General has never received a penny out of the funds of the Army ; and the Army depends absolutely on the providence of God. But it seems to possess property in trust.

8. It believes itself to be guarded against the admission of self-seeking and interested people by the great sacrifices they must make to become members : and against "drones" by the heavy obligation of holding from nineteen to twenty-five meetings a week, extending over thirty to thirty-five hours ; and of spending eighteen hours in visiting the poor.

9. Finally, Mr. Booth declares his firm resolve that the Salvation Army shall never become a sect. He cites the failure of John Wesley in his attempt to maintain an unsectarian position. The meaning of this would seem to be that the aim of the Salvation Army is to promote general and personal religion apart from all bodies, and, above all, apart from all controversies.

This summary is almost in the words of its chief ; and if the work answered to the conception, it would rank high among the movements external to the Catholic unity in prudence, zeal, and devotion. It exacts a life of labor, in poverty, in sacrifice of self, and in obedience.

It is a less pleasing task to turn to the other aspect of the Salvation Army, and to point to the fears which it suggests.

1. If it were certain that the conflicts and assaults of which we have heard arose as inevitably as the afflictions of St. Paul at Antioch, Iconium, and Lystra, we might feel no check to our sympathy. But St. Paul did not go in array, nor with the pomp and circumstance of war. If, on the one hand, this bold bearing be a sign of apostolic courage, it is hardly a sign of apostolic prudence. It is hardly the advent of "the Son of Peace ;" and its sounds are rather of the whirlwind than of the still small voice. It is hardly like the conduct of our Divine Master, who, when the Pharisees were offended, "withdrew Himself," lest they should add sin to sin. It is one thing to rebuke sinners as St. Peter and St. Stephen did, and another to challenge opposition by military titles and movements with drums and fifes. These things seem not only unwise for the Salvation Army, but dangerous to souls. The "offence of the Cross" is inevitable if we preach "Christ and Him crucified ;" and both wisdom and charity lay on us an obligation not to add to it by any needless provocation.

2. We also need a clearer explanation of its teaching. It says that salvation and sanctification are the work "of a moment." There is no doubt that the forgiveness of sin is bestowed in a moment, as when the father fell on the neck of the prodigal on his return ; and when our Divine Lord said to the man sick of the palsy, "Thy sins be forgiven thee ;" and when in His Name at this hour absolution is given to the contrite. All this is an act of grace on God's part—full and complete when He bestows it. They who are forgiven are in a state of salvation, in which, if they persevere, they will be saved. But the work is not yet finished ; and sanctification is only begun. God might, indeed, complete it, like our regeneration, in a moment. But He does not do so. That is not the Divine method. The cleansing of the soul and the infusion of perfect sanctification are progressive works. This was said in an article in *The War Cry*, in substance correctly enough, though in

words and phrases not sufficiently guarded.

3. A still graver objection is to be found in the practice of what is called "the training of converts." "The moment any man, woman, or child professes to have received remission of sins, we require them to stand up and tell the audience." In this we must believe spiritual dangers of the most perilous kind to be inevitable. First, each one is to be the judge of his own state; next, he is to make instant and public profession of it. Against those who resolve the certainty of their adoption as sons of God into their own inward consciousness, even Luther said, "I rest my adoption not on my own assurance, but upon the act of God in my baptism." This is building on the rock, the other is building on the sand. If the Salvation Army builds its work on such foundations, how can it stand? There is no form of deception or self-deception which this does not invite. They who know least of themselves, of the sinfulness of sin, and of the sanctity of God, would be among the first to believe in their own salvation. If there be any warning in God's Word more constant and more urgent than another, it is humility and self-mistrust. The instant public profession—that is, the calling of all eyes, and ears, and attention upon themselves, is the last thing that the Spirit of God in any record of Holy Scripture counsels or warrants. The rising up of any one in the midst of a congregation with such a profession seems like: "God, I thank Thee that now I am not as other men are; not even as those around me." This surely is not the voice of humility, nor could any humility long endure such a training. If it be said that such public profession is an act of thanksgiving, we must answer that the best thanksgiving is the humblest. If it be said that it is a humiliation, we must answer again that self-imposed humiliations are the most subtle of all snares. It may be that a person of mature experience in the spiritual life may without self-consciousness lay open his life and state in public. But that men, women, and children, kneeling in the front row of a public meeting, should at the outset of their conversion tell the audience the

work of God in their souls without danger to humility, sincerity, or reality, is contrary to the spiritual experience of the world.

This observation extends to the usage of making the "Saved" put an "S," or some such sign, upon their collar. Believing the last danger of the spiritual life to be what is called "the Storm in the Harbor"—that is, spiritual complacency springing from self-consciousness and self-contemplation, which wrecks even those who have escaped from the perils of the deep into the port of safety—we must look with great fear upon a system which systematically calls out into activity the self-complacency latent in all men, and trains it by an elaborate external discipline. Such was not the training of the first Disciples, or of the early Christians, or of the confessors and martyrs of any age, whether in persecution or in peace. Humility, sorrow for sin, conversion to God, like the frost, and the dew, and the light, work silently and with a Divine power. An old writer says: "*Ira est, non gratia, cum quis ponitur super ventum nullos habens radices in soliditate virtutum.*" The history of the Church is full of examples of conversion which have no roots, or such only as are in flesh and blood. They have been the most public and self-proclaimed, but the least fruitful, and the least abiding. If this be true within the unity of the Catholic Church, and under the strong guidance of its discipline, what may we look for among those who are outside of its shelter, and choose their own guides and their own way?

4. And this leads on to another fear. There is a distinction to be ever maintained between essential devotion and sensible devotion: between the rational sorrow for sin and the emotional sorrow for sin. Essential devotion is a constant and fervent exercise of the will in obedience to God. Rational sorrow for sin is the judgment of the reason and the conscience condemning ourselves. And these things are calm and inward: often they have no outward sign except a change of life. Many of the most devout have little emotion, and many of the most penitent never shed a tear; but their piety and their repentance is deep, still, and changeless. They begin

in the spirit, and they end in the spirit. Not so those who begin in emotion, or excitement, or self-consciousness. There is great danger lest they should end in the flesh. All who have had experience in these things will know the meaning of these few words.

5. One more objection is as follows : The head of the Salvation Army is resolved that it shall never become a sect. In this he is wise. A sect is soon stereotyped. He seems to wish that it may not be a sect, but a spirit, which, like the four winds, may blow upon all the valley of dry bones—men, women, children, sects, communions, and, as he perhaps would say, Churches, quickening and raising them all to a higher life. So long as the Salvation Army teaches the three creeds in their true sense, and does not assail the Catholic faith or Church, it is so far doing a constructive, if it be only a fragmentary work. God "would have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth."* So far, then, as it brings men to any truth, even though it be only one truth, such as a belief in God, in this evil and unbelieving generation, it is doing a work beyond its own foresight. Looking as we must over the spiritual desolations of England, every voice that speaks for God is on our side. In the measure in which its teaching is more perfect our hopes and our sympathy grow greater. When the Apostle said, "Master, we saw a certain man casting out devils in Thy Name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us," the answer was, "Forbid him not, for he that is not against you is for you."† If it be said that the Salvation Army does not cast out devils, St. Augustine would answer that the conversion of a soul from sin to God is a greater miracle. And no man can doubt that God makes use of His own means to bring souls to Himself. At times He uses some whom He has not sent, to rebuke those in whose hands the Apostolic commission slumbers. Nevertheless, we have a conviction that the Salvation Army will either become a sect, or it will melt away. This world is not the abode of disembodied spirits. The history of

Christianity abundantly proves that neither the human intellect nor the human will can alone perpetuate any teaching without change. Nor can human authority or human obedience perpetuate itself without an organization which compacts and sustains both. But what is such an organization but a sect—one more of the separate bodies which have either departed from some parent sect, or have aggregated themselves together out of the dispersed and scattered units in our wilderness of souls? The Divine Wisdom has provided for the perpetuity of truth in a visible and world-wide organization, in which the faith is guarded and sustained "yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever." Our fidelity to this Divine and immutable organization, which "is terrible as an army with banners," gives to us a measuring rod, whereby we can measure the deviations of those who are outside of its unity, and the dangers to which those deviations lead.

There remains still one more, and that a yet graver fear, as to the future of the Salvation Army. Its material dissolution would be a small evil compared with the demoralization resulting from the reckless language in which the most sacred subjects are often treated. In the last number of the *Contemporary Review*, in two articles, examples were given which are too displeasing to be repeated here. They were well called "rowdism." No mistake is greater than to think that to speak of God and of Divine things in low language brings truth nearer to the minds of the poor or of the uneducated. No words are more elevated, and none more intelligible to the multitude, than the language of the four Gospels. Low words generate low thoughts : words without reverence destroy the veneration of the human mind. When man ceases to venerate he ceases to worship. Extravagance, exaggeration, and coarseness are dangers incident to all popular preachers : and these things easily pass into a strain which shocks the moral sense, and deadens the instincts of piety. Familiarity with God in men of chastened mind produces a more profound veneration : in unchastened minds it easily runs into an irreverence which borders upon impiety. Even the Seraphim

* 1 Tim. 2 : 4.

† Luke 9 : 49, 50.

cover their faces in the Divine Presence. When levity or coarseness is permitted in preaching, or prayer, or hymns, we fear that it will deaden the reverence of some and provoke the blasphemy of others. *The War Cry* and *The Little Soldier* are both disfigured by such language, and the latter by still graver faults. Ceaseless watchfulness would be needed to keep its preachers and teachers within the limits of pure and sober speech. But who shall control the utterances of men, women and children in the front row in the moment of their supposed conversion? And above all, when such unbecoming language is used, and even enjoined, as a means of rousing attention? They who do so

must have forgotten St. Paul's rejection of human arts, and his simple trust in the Word of God, and in the power of His Spirit.

In all this the action of the Salvation Army is deplorably below the mental conception of it given in its own professions, at the outset of this paper.

Such are some of our fears for this zealous but defiant movement. Our fears greatly overbalance our hopes. Nevertheless our heart's desire and prayer is that they who labor so fervently with the truths they know may be led into the fulness of faith: and that they who are ready to give their lives for the salvation of souls may be rewarded with life eternal.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A VISITING CARD.

IT is only a plain scrap of ordinary pasteboard, inscribed in a neat small copperplate hand with its owner's name—Mr. Edgar B. Chadwick—but it is the one solitary piece of literature I have about me, and there are five inexorable hours to be got through somehow on the way down to Devonshire. Clearly, since I am not Mr. Gladstone, there is but one course open before me. I must subsist upon the card alone as mental food for the next five hours. And that is really far easier to do than you would at first suppose, for I have a pencil in my pocket, and I have made up my mind that I will convert the rectangular scrap of pasteboard into the nucleus of a philological article. This is how the thing is managed. I pull the elements of Mr. Chadwick's name to pieces; I jot down the analogies and illustrations that strike me on the back of the card; and when I get to-night to my lodgings on Dartmoor, I shall take pen in hand and write the notes out in full while the subject is fresh in my memory. To be sure, there is not much space on the little bit of pasteboard, but my writing is very small, and a single word is quite enough by way of a memorandum. Think it all out between stations; scribble down the key-words whenever we stop at Swindon or Chippenham; and there you are—the article is practically written.

It is always well to begin at the wrong end, because that ensures freshness in

the point of view: and so I shall begin my dissertation on the card, not with its first word, Edgar, but with its last word, Chadwick. Besides, that name, as Aristotle would remark, is really the first in itself, or by nature, though not the first to us, or by convention; for its bearer was obviously born a Chadwick, whereas he was only made an Edgar and a B. by his godfathers and godmothers at his baptism. Now, the Chadwicks are one of the families who derive their surname from the town or village in which they once lived; and that fact will serve to show at the outset what is the sort of valuable result which we can sometimes get out of the study of nomenclature, personal or local. It might seem at first sight as though the pursuit of name-lore was purely otiose and meaningless—a part of the same feudal and nonsensical lumber as heraldry, or the pedigrees of the peerage. But, in reality, every name is a true philological fossil; and just as ordinary fossils tell us something about the early unwritten history of the earth, so these philological fossils tell us something about what (being an Irishman by blood) I may fairly call the pre-historic history of men and places. I have tried once before to show in this magazine how many unsuspected relics of the old English clansystem we still find about us in such personal or local names as Manning and Harding, Birmingham and Wellington,

Illingworth and Piddinghoe ; and now I wish to point out another way in which we may work back from names to the past history of persons or places which do or do not bear them.

The last clause, I assure you, in spite of appearances, is *not* a bull. For, to the best of my knowledge, no village or town in England is now known as Chadwick. But the very form of the surname shows at once that it must be derived from a village so called ; and, therefore, that such a village must at some time or other have existed somewhere. Not infrequently a close examination of surnames enables us thus to fill up the gaps in our knowledge left by the study of local nomenclature. For example, that indefatigable archæologist, Mr. Kemble, drew up a very useful list of all the known early English clan-settlements, of the same type as Nottingham, Bensington, Wallingford, or Kensington ; and by comparing the numbers of such clan-villages in each county with one another, we are able roughly and approximately to guess at the probable relative strength of the primitive Teutonic colonization in various parts of Britain. But Mr. Kemble's list, though almost exhaustive in its own way, was prepared solely from the Ordnance Survey maps, and does not take into account at all the subsidiary source of information afforded us by modern surnames. These are in many cases derived from towns or villages, either now extinct, or else (as often happens) known only at present by some later alternative title. By collecting together all such local surnames as happen to have fallen in my way, I have been able largely to extend the catalogue of primitive English clan-settlements ; and even in some cases approximately to decide in what county the lost settlement was originally fixed. Thus, there is now no village of Cannington in Dorset ; but the comparative frequency of the surname Cannington in the western half of the shire shows that such a village must once have existed somewhere near Bridport or Weymouth, and thus enlarges the list of Dorsetshire clans by one more conjectural item. In like manner, the old mark or boundary between Kent and Sussex was originally known as the Dens ; and each village within its limits bore a name of which

the word " den " (a clearing or glade in the forest) forms a component part. The Court of Dens, which survived till the seventeenth century, had jurisdiction over thirty-two such swine pastures, but several of them are not now even locally known by name. Mr. Kemble could only identify twenty-five out of the number, of which Tenterden, Cowden, Castleden, and Hazleden are the best known. But by noting down all surnames of the sort which occurred at Hastings, Eastbourne, and Folkestone (whither the population of the Weald has now chiefly betaken itself), I have been able to recover the names not only of the thirty-two original Dens subject to the Court, but of some forty others of less importance in the same neighborhood. For example, the great authority on the Court of Dens is Sir Roger Twisden, whose own name enshrines for us one of the lost pastures ; while John Selden, also a Sussex man, keeps green the memory of another. So I have gathered from shop fronts a long list of Plevindens, Coldens, and Wolfindens, which amply supplements the catalogue of still recognizable place-names. Some of them, like Eversden, point back in a very graphic fashion to the primitive condition of the Kentish Weald ; for *cofer* is good old-English for a wild boar (the same word, in fact, as *eber* and *aper*) ; so that Eversden really means the wild boar's pasture.

The village of Chadwick appears to me to stand in somewhat the same case : at least, I have never succeeded in discovering its local habitation, though I have long known and speculated on its name. However, it is a dangerous thing positively to assert a negative ; and if some of my readers, wiser than myself in this matter, happen to have come across some obscure hamlet of Chadwick, in some unknown rural recesses of Warwickshire or Staffordshire, I trust they will not be too much puffed up with vanity at their superior knowledge, but will humbly reflect that some other man, too, may know of sundry other villages in Devonshire, say, or Northumberland, whose very names have never fallen on their learned ears. The pride of intellect against which preachers warn us should at least be based on better

ground than accidental acquaintance with a solitary fact.

The latter half of Chadwick—I begin again as before at the wrong end—clearly incloses the root *wick*, a town or village. Perhaps the most primitive meaning of the old Aryan word which assumes that form in modern English was rather dwelling or inclosure—a single building, not a group of buildings, which is the sense it still retains in the Greek *oikos*. In Latin, *vicus*, however, we get it in much the same signification as in English—a collection of houses ranged together along a road; that is to say, a street or hamlet.* The Teutonic settlers brought the word to England, and gave it to many of their earliest colonies. Thus, the clan of Wærings, who now call themselves Waring, had their home at Wæringawic, afterward softened down through Waringwic into Warwick. These were obviously of the same tribe as the first inhabitants of Warrington, or, for the matter of that, as the Varangians of Byzantine history, the tale of whose strange adventures I hope at some future time briefly to summarize for those who will hear it. Other well-known wicks are Alnwick, Smethwick, Chiswick, and Berwick. Sometimes, though more rarely, *wick* forms the first element in the name instead of the second, as at Wickham and Wickham Street. Habitually, however, it appears rather as a formative suffix.

The true old-English form of the word is always *wic*, but this is differently modernized in different parts of the country, according to the peculiar dialectic fashions of various districts or races. Already, in dealing with Casters and Chesters I have shown that the hard forms belong rather to the north and east, while the softer sounds are found mostly in the south and west. It is much the same with the wicks and wiches. In Scotland, especially Scandinavian Scotland, we usually find such forms as Wick, Lerwick, Hawick, and Berwick; but in southern England, we get rather

the soft type in Norwich, Ipswich, Woolwich, and Sandwich. The two modes are related as kirk to church, or as birk to birch. In the extreme west of England, however, a hard form once more occurs under the guise of week: for example, the village of Week answers to Wick in Caithness; while German's Week, the hamlet of St. Germanus, corresponds to our unknown Chadwick, the hamlet of St. Chad. But there I have let the cat out of the bag before due time. Let us bundle him in again incessantly, and make believe we know nothing about him.

Mr. Isaac Taylor, in his admirable volume on "Words and Places" (to which this article owes innumerable acknowledgments) has pointed out another curious cross-relation between these town-names in Wick. The first, or English stratum, consists for the most part of inland towns, such as Warwick and Alnwick; for the earliest Teutonic colonists settled down at once into thorough-going landmen, and gave up their seafaring ways so entirely that in Alfred's days they had to begin all over again with a brand-new navy, manned by Frisians, to resist the piratical Danes. To these English farmers, accordingly, a *wic* meant a village or settled home in the country. But to the Scandinavian pirate, with whom the corsair stage was permanent, a *wic* or *vik* meant a bay where he could easily beach his sea-snakes; a cove of sloping sand with a little village nestling at its side as the headquarters of his predatory forays. Thus the shores exposed to Scandinavian incursions are full of *viks*, or long fiords or estuaries, from Reykjavik in Iceland to Westervik in Sweden, and from Lerwick in Shetland to Sandwich on the Kentish coast. In Britain, our Scandinavian wicks have mostly become wiches; but they can easily be recognized by their position: Norwich on the old estuary of the Yare; Ipswich on the shallow tidal mouth of the Orwell; Greenwich and Woolwich on the highest navigable reaches of the Thames; Sandwich by the now silted channel of the Wensum; and Harwich among the long branching creeks that surround the low isolated spit of the Naze. Every one of these was just such a fiord as the Northmen loved; and around them all Scan-

* Let me gently protest, in passing, against the common statement that the early digamated form of the Greek word was *FOIKOΣ*. Clearly, it must have been *FIKOΣ*. The *O* of the Greek replaces the lost digamma, and stands to the word as the *V* of *vicus* and the *W* of *wick*. So, too, in the case of *wine*, etc.

dinavian names, both local and personal, still cluster by the dozen.

Nor is that all. The wiches underwent a still further etymological metamorphosis, which at last completely cut them off in meaning from the primitive wicks. These Scandinavian wiches or bays by the seaside were just the sort of places where bay-salt was manufactured, as it is to this day in the *salines* of the south of France. Before the Norman conquest, such salt-pens were common along the coast; and they came naturally enough to be spoken of as wiches or wyches. Hence, when the salt-wells and salt-mines of the interior began to be discovered, the name of wych was applied to these as well. This is the origin of our inland wiches, such as Droitwich, Nantwich, Middlewich, and Northwich, all of which possess salt-mines.

And now, to return to our sheep: under which of these heads must we class the lost village of Chadwick? Clearly under the first. It is a true old-English wick, if not of the very earliest colony days, at least of the age immediately succeeding the introduction of Christianity among the heathen English. It took its name, doubtless, from a little wooden church dedicated to St. Chad of Lichfield. And who was St. Chad? Well, the invaluable old historian Bæda tells us all about him. He was the apostle of pagan Mercia, the Christian teacher who went out from Northumbria to convert the wild half-Celtic realm of the heathen champion Penda. His real name was Ceadda, and he was a member of that Celtic Christian church which had been planted in Northumbria, during the days of St. Oswald, by the missionary monks of Iona. But after the reconciliation of the North to Rome, Ceadda was sent by Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury to be the first bishop of the true western Mercians; and the missionary prelate fixed the seat of his savage diocese at the royal Mercianburg of Lichfield—a wooden village planted in the midst of the great forest which then stretched down from the Peak in Derbyshire. There he built or restored a church of St. Mary, near the site of the existing cathedral. On later Mercian lips, the name of Ceadda softened into Chad, just as Ceaster softened into

Chester. To St. Chad the modern minster at Lichfield is still dedicated. Beyond the Pool, a pretty walk leads to the beautiful rural village of Stowe, long known as Chadstowe, where Ceadda founded a house for his assistant monks.

For many centuries, St. Chad remained the great patron saint of western Mercia; and even now his name and fame are familiar to all who have ever spent a summer holiday within sight of the soaring towers of Lichfield Cathedral.

I implied just now that we would probably have to look to Warwickshire or Staffordshire for our lost village of Chadwick, for these counties form the real nucleus of Mercia, and the region where the sanctity of Chad was most revered during the middle ages. From the familiar guise assumed by the name, without the customary prefix of St., we may feel sure that the village was a very ancient one; for in later days men would have been more respectful, and would have given the canonized bishop the full benefit of his official title. In earlier times, however, our ancestors, though more devout, were less civil to their saints; and many cases exactly analogous to Chadstowe and Chadwick occur in many parts of England. Thus, St. Felix of Burgundy, the first bishop of East Anglia, is commemorated in the little suffolk watering-place of Felixstowe. So, again, St. Petroc of Cornwall has left his name to that Petrocstowe, which we irreverent English have cut down into the meaningless shape of Padstow. Elstow, near Bedford, famous from its connection with John Bunyan, was once Helenstow in honor of St. Helen. St. Cuthbert (it should be Cuthberht), the apostle of the Scotch Lowlands, is similarly commemorated at Kirkcudbright, a form which may be compared with the like instance of Kirkpatrick. Marystow and Bridestowe in Devon are dedicated to St. Mary and St. Bride; while, not far off, Mary Tavy and Peter Tavy take their names from their respective saints, joined with the river which also affords a cognomen to Tavistock. But a little later on we get the more respectful forms in "Saint" at full. Thus, Padstow, or Petrocstowe, may be compared with St. Petrox, near Dartmouth (a very Celtic

dedication, by the way, to turn up in an English county); while Edmundsbury changes readily into Bury St. Edmunds, and German's Week is closely paralleled by St. Germans, near Plymouth.

It may be worth while, too, to note in passing that the habit of naming towns after saints, which, as everybody knows, is extremely common on the continent, has never largely taken root in Teutonic England. Almost our only well-known saints'-towns in all Britain are the two St. Ives, St. Andrews, St. Leonards, St. Albans, and Bury St. Edmunds. None of these are quite genuine except St. Albans and the Huntingdon St. Ives. The others are either Cornish or semi-Highland Scotch; while St. Leonards is a modern artificial creation, as unreal as Cliftonville, Tyburnia, or any other modern abomination of the builder's fancy. It is quite otherwise, however, as we approach the western Celtic frontier. The Celt is a great worshipper of saints, and indeed a great ancestor-worshipper generally; and so the moment we get into Devonshire (as I shall do before I have finished these notes) we come across a whole crop of saints'-towns, utterly unparalleled in the more Teutonic east. Sometimes they occur in composition, as in Ottery St. Mary, Newton St. Cyres, and Shillingford St. George; sometimes they stand quite alone, as in St. Budeaux, St. Mary Church, and St. Leonards. Following up the little river Clist, one finds all the villages along its banks called by the name of the stream, with some distinctive addition, as Clist Hydon, St. Lawrence Clist, Broad Clist, Honiton Clist, Bishops' Clist, St. Mary Clist, and St. George Clist. When one passes on into Cornwall, the saints'-towns become even more numerous. Among the best known are St. Ives, St. Austell, St. Erth, St. Columb, St. Blazey, and St. Germans; while in the country districts almost every second village is a St. Erney, a St. Mellion, a St. Dominick, or a St. Stephens. Most of these local saints are very indigenous indeed, being real or reputed ascetics, who founded little cells or oratories in the hamlets now called after their names. So, too, in Wales, most of the numerous Llans are dedicated to old Welsh hermits, Llangollen being the church of St. Col-

len; Llandudno of St. Tudno; Llanberis, of St. Peris, and so forth. A few bear the names of more catholic saints, as Llanfair, the church of St. Mary, and Llanbedr, the church of St. Peter, which one may compare with the above-mentioned instances of Mary Tavy, Peter Tavy, and St. Mary Church. Even in Wales, a few have been more or less anglicized, notably St. Davids and St. Asaph. I have very little doubt myself that the Virginstowes, Jacobstowes, Honeychurches, St. Petros and St. Mary's, which abound in Devonshire, are similar early translations of Cornish-Welsh Llanfairs and Llanpetros.

In the more Teutonic districts of England, however, saints'-towns are comparatively few and far between; and when they do occur at all, it is mostly in the older and simpler form, without the honorific prefix of "Saint." Such, for instance, are Peterborough (which has two other historical names); Boston, originally Botulfs-tun; and Saxmund-ham in Suffolk. So, again, Ebbeschester preserves the memory of that Ebba who, as St. Abb, has given her name to St. Abb's Head; Bega, known as St. Bee, turns up not only at St. Bees, but also at Beaminster; and the great St. Aldhelm, who has been unjustly ousted by St. Alban from his jutting promontory in Dorset, may still be dimly traced in the very corrupted name of Malmesbury. To this earliest crop of saintly villages, then, both Chadstow and Chadwick clearly belong.

We have thus accounted satisfactorily for the name of Chadwick, viewed as belonging to a village; what are we to say of it next as belonging to a family? Well, in and about the thirteenth century, when surnames were just coming into use, the extended communications between places made it difficult to distinguish one of the Henrys, Johns, Guys, Walters, or Pierces in each village from another. Accordingly, the custom of attaching a nickname to each person became universal. One set of such nicknames was derived from the place to which the person belonged; and this probably forms by far the largest class of English surnames to the present day. The intermediate forms, like William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, where the

local *differentia* has hardly yet become a true surname, are of course familiar to all of us. It is noticeable, however, that the places which have supplied names to families are not generally the larger towns, but rather the smallest villages. London, for example, is a very rare surname; Bristol and York, the two other largest mediæval cities, are but sparingly represented; and even Lincoln, though rendered famous in the person of the martyred president, is far from common. On the other hand, there is hardly a petty hamlet in England which has not given rise to a surname, and some of these surnames are now borne by large numbers of men. The reasons are obvious. On the one hand, people seldom migrate from the town into the country; and in the middle ages they seldom migrated from one town to another, owing to the rigid rules affecting the rights of burgesses and the customs of the trade-guilds; while, even if they did so move, they were not so likely to be distinguished by the name of the place whence they came as by their trade or profession; for townsmen who migrate are, or were, usually masterworkmen, not journeymen laborers. On the other hand, there is, and has always been, a constant flow of young and inexperienced hands from the country into the towns; and such immigrants were pretty sure to be distinguished by the names of the villages from which they came; Dick of Whittington being thus known from Dick of Washington, and Giles of Bradford being thus discriminated from Giles of Colyford. Hence the truth of the saw preserved for us by Verstegan, whose delightful "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" every Englishman ought to know by heart:

In Ford, in Ley, in Ham, in Ton,
The most of English surnames run.

A few examples may serve to illustrate the rule; and, lest I should be suspected of inventing my surnames to suit the necessities of the situation—unkind people are always imagining literary crimes of that sort—I will choose them all from historical names of well-known and undoubted personages. Beginning with the Fords, we have in the simple form Ford the dramatist; and in com-

pounds we have Miss Mitford of "Our Village;" the historic family of Clifford (one branch at least takes its name from a little village on the Teign); Beckford of "Vathek" and Fonthill Abbey (the name means the ford on the beck or brook); Telford, the famous engineer; with such lesser celebrities as sundry Dunsfords, Durnfords, Alfords, Ruthfords, Pulsfords, and Walfords, whose exploits the curious in such matters may, if they like, hunt up for themselves. And can we forget such a famous super-historical couple as Sandford and Merton—a double-barrelled instance? Among the Leighs and Leys (the terminations, though etymologically distinct, are now hopelessly mixed up with one another) we have Sir Edward Leigh of the "Critica Sacra;" Copley the painter; Elizabeth Chudleigh the notorious Duchess of Kingston (her family lived near Chudleigh in Devon); Lindley the botanist, Dudley of "Dudley and Empson," the ancestor of all the Leicester and Northumberland Dudleys, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dodsley of the "Annual Register," Paley of the "Evidences," Cowley the poet, Bentley the critic, Shirley the last of the dramatists, John Wesley the father of all Methodists, Bishop Berkeley and David Hartley, a brace of philosophers, Bodley of the Bodleian; and a whole host of similar instances—Bradleys, Harleys, Whalleys, Halleys, Wycherleys, Wellesleys, and Shelleys, whose good and bad deeds I need hardly specify. In the matter of Hams, we have Ascham of the "Scolemaster," Sir John Denham of "Cooper's Hill," Jeremy Bentham, William Windham, Barham of the "Ingoldsby Legends," Sir John Hotham, and Jervase Markham, together with a fertile crop of Jerninghams, Derhams, Broughams, Binghamms, Needhams, Lathamms, Warhamms, and Bellinghams. William of Wykeham illustrates this type of name in the making. As to the Tons, their name is absolutely legion. To begin with, there is one John Milton, whose ancestors may have come from any of the many Miltons—sometimes Mill-towns and sometimes Middle-towns—which are scattered over the face of England and of which Milton Abbas is perhaps the best-known instance. Then, again, there is a certain

not undistinguished Isaac Newton, whose ancestors must similarly have come from one of the numerous Newtons, though not, I take it, from Newton Abbott (where I change to-day), because his family were Lincolnshire people, not West-countrymen. Ciceronian Middleton shows the alternative form to Milton. Among our poets alone we have a Chatterton, a Fenton, a Barton, a Stapleton, and a Warton; among philosophers, a Hamilton; and among miscellaneous celebrities may be mentioned Hutton the geologist, Watterton the naturalist, Sir Christopher Hatton, Leighton the Puritan, Daines Barrington, Crompton of the spinning-mule, Sir Joseph Paxton, Izaak Walton, the Pastons, Stephen Langton, Ireton, and a dozen more. The clan-villages by themselves supply an invaluable set of patronymics for the use of those misguided persons who attempt to write in double or treble rhymes, and then shirk the difficulties of their self-imposed task by a liberal employment of proper names; for they can match Addington with Paddington, Doddington with Boddington, and Babington with Habington to their hearts' content. All such surnames as Whitfield, Chillingworth, Atterbury, Dewhurst, Huntingdon, and Churchill also show immediately by their very form that they are of local origin.*

Another and more interesting way of testing the same principle is to take a particular tract of country, and then see how many of its villages have given rise to local surnames. Looking, for example, at my railway map of the district through which I am now travelling, I can pick out as I go a fair sprinkling of familiar cases. Wells gives its name to Dr. Charles Wells, the discoverer of the theory of dew. Weston has impartially supplied us with a great orientalist and a famous runner. Chard sent forth the family of the hero of Rorke's Drift.

* Some of the names quoted above may be rather territorial than local—the difference will be explained hereafter—but let it pass. Anybody who likes can collect a whole host of undoubted local names in his own town, most of them derived from villages in the neighborhood. There is a Bovey, a butcher at Bovey, and a Beer, a fisherman at Beer. I could multiply these instances by dozens, but I will let the reader off.

Anstey produced the ancestors of that characteristic fashionable eighteenth-century satirist, the author of the "New Bath Guide." Coleridge hundred and village are forgotten in the fame of Coleridge poet. Thorne, Hatch, Bampton, Linton, Molton, Morton, Coppleston, Ashbury, Holsworthy, and Ashburton are all railway stations in the same immediate neighborhood; and all have had representatives more or less famous in their way, either past or present. The judicious reader is left to fit the various names to the right persons at his own free discretion.

Thus, we can see by analogy pretty well how the Chadwick family came by their present surname. To sum it up shortly, they set out originally from some unknown village of Chadwick; this unknown village took its name from the fact that it was a wick or hamlet, with a church dedicated to St. Chad; and this St. Chad, again, is the Mercian bishop Ceadda, disguised under a mediæval or modernized form. But before I pass away from this part of my subject, I must add, lest all the Chadwicks in England should come down upon me with threatening letters—and indeed, in these days, as M. Zola knows, it has become dangerous to deal too freely with genuine names—I must add, I say, that there is another class of local names beside the humble kind derived from the rustic village whence some unknown personage once emigrated. A fair sprinkling of such names are really territorial—they mark possession of a manor, after the fashion still common in Scotland to the present day. Perhaps, therefore, the original Chadwicks were really Chadwicks of Chadwick, and, for aught I know, they may very possibly have come over, like the Slys, with Richard Conqueror. If I have unintentionally maligned an ancient and honorable family, by supposing that one of their remote ancestors once honestly earned his own livelihood by his own handicraft, I hereby offer them whatever apology they may consider to be commensurate with the magnitude of the offence. But for our present purpose, where this particular name is merely taken as a peg whereon to hang sundry general analogies in nomenclature, it does not matter one jot or tittle to us

whether the primitive father of all the Chadwicks was a Norman lord of the manor or an English serf—that profound question we may safely leave to the genealogist; while, for my own part, I will frankly confess I had far rather my progenitors should have earned money to buy a manor, and left it to me, than that they should have once possessed one, and bequeathed to me only the empty honor of their manorial name. “But, sir, I am digressing,” as the rogue who quoted Manetho with such glib discontinuity very pertinently observed to the Vicar of Wakefield.

And now let us pass on to the remaining portion of the legend on Mr. Chadwick’s card, his Christian or given name. And, first of all, let us begin with Edgar. Singularly enough, although he is an Englishman, he really bears an English name; and this is curious, because, as I have already pointed out in this magazine, the majority of Englishmen bear either Norman-French or Biblical names, both which classes were for the most part introduced at the Norman conquest. Edgar, however, differs from the mass in being of genuine old-English or so-called Anglo-Saxon coinage. Let us consider first how the name ever came to exist at all, and next how a nineteenth-century Englishman comes to bear it at the present day.

Edgar belongs to the very oldest type of Aryan personal nomenclature, the type known as the double-list name. It was the common practice of that amiable barbarian, our Aryan ancestor, to manufacture names for his children in a certain very regular and systematic manner. One set of words or roots was considered proper for making the first half of a personal name; while another set was considered proper for making the second half. When once a root was recognized as belonging by right to either list, it was employed, pretty much at haphazard, to be compounded with any root out of the corresponding list, often with very little regard to the resulting meaning. Among the roots thus dedicated to the formation of names, the most common are those which relate to honor in war or personal bravery. Spear, helmet, war, victory; noble, glorious, great, illustrious; wolf and lion, folk and king, host and leader:

these are the ideas that turn up oftenest in these primitive double-list names. Of course, we possess none of them in their very earliest Aryan form; but among all pure Aryan races we always find a number of such in closely analogous later shapes, though often disguised under different vocables. For example, we are familiar with such Hellenic instances as Heracles, Sophocles, and Themistocles, on the one hand, where the terminal element is the same throughout; or as Aristides, Aristotles, and Aristobulus, on the other, where it is the initial element which reappears in all the series. How little regard was often paid to consistency of meaning is well shown by the classical instance of Pheidippides, a self-contradictory sort of name which can only be understood by the lucid explanation of Aristophanes.

In the Teutonic family, however, the double-list system is found in equal perfection, and it survives in most of our own existing Christian names. Thus William is divisible into two parts as Wil-helm, and Henry as Hean-rig or Hein-rich. The old English before the Norman conquest used a number of such names for the most part compounded of the following elements: as first halves, *athel*, noble; *ead*, rich or powerful; *elf*, an elf; *leaf*, dear; *ecg*, sword or edge; *theod*, people; *here*, army; *cyne*, royal; and *eald*, old or venerable; as second halves or terminals, *wine*, friend; *helm*, helmet; *gar*, spear; *gifu*, gift; *wig*, war; *mund*, guardianship; *weard* or *ward*, protection; *stan*, stone; *burh*, fortress; and *red*, counsel. The following were used indiscriminately as first or second halves: *wulf*, wolf; *beorht*, *berht*, or *briht*, bright, glorious; *sige*, victory; *ric*, rich, or kingdom; and *god*, good. From such elements we can build up almost all the familiar old English royal or noble names. Thus, the West-Saxon kings and princes generally chose titles compounded of *athel*, such as Æthelred, Æthelwulf, Æthelberht, Æthelstan, and Æthelbald; illogically modernized as Ethelred, Ethelwulf, and Ethelbert on the one hand, by the side of Athelston on the other; or of *ead*, such as Eadgar, Eadred, Eadward, Eadwine, and Eadwulf; the surviving forms from which are Edgar, Edward, and

Edwin, the other two being practically obsolete. The elves were also great protectors and objects of reverence to the early West Saxons; whence the names Ælfred, Ælfric, Ælfwine, Ælfward, and Ælfstan. All these can be readily understood from the list given above. The Northumbrian kings rather affected the initial root *os*, divine; as in Oswald, Osric, Oswiu, Osred, and Os-laf. This is the same word which sometimes reappears in its earlier Danish form as *ans*, in Anlaf, which finally became Olaf, and Olave—a name the last shapeless relic of which was borne by the eccentric violinist, Ole Bull. The terminal *wine* is found in Æscwine, Eadwine, Æthelwine, Oswine, and Ælfwine, whose meanings need no further explanation. *Wulf* appears as the first half in Wulfstan, Wulfric, Wulfred, and Wulfhere; while it forms the tail end of Æthelwulf, Eadwulf, Ealdwulf, and Cynewulf. Its Scandinavian form is Ulf. Hereberht gives us our modern Herbert—O irony of fate for Mr. Herbert Spencer!—while Berhttric, Beorhtwulf, Æthelberht, and Eadbriht supply us with other examples of the same root. After these examples, I think my readers can make out for themselves the meanings of Godgiftu, atrociously modernized into Lady Godiva; of Theodric or Theodoric, which looks so fallaciously Greek at first sight; and of such names as Eadwig (Edwy), Ecgberht (Egbert), Sigeberht (Sebert), or Eadmund (Edmund).

I need hardly point out in passing how essentially savage, or at least barbaric, are the fundamental ideas conveyed by these fanciful primitive names. Like so many other things which go to make up our shallow veneer of civilization, they are legacies from early savagery, handed down to remind us whence we came, and whither, unless we bestir ourselves, we may yet relapse. The skin-deep French proverb is true of others beside Russians and Tartars—scratch the cultivated European, and you get the untamed neolithic barbarian. Some of the names or elements point back simply to early warlike habits: such are *here*, army; *helm*, helmet; *ecg* sword; *wig*, war; and *sige*, victory. Others bear traces of the older heathen worship: for example, Ælfred, elf-

counsel; Ælfwine, elf's-friend, and Ælfward, elf-protected; while the terminal *stan*, stone, contains an obvious reference to the ancient sanctity of megalithic structures. *Wulf*, again, with many other less common roots, distinctly recalls the primitive stage of totem-worship; and it is not without interest in this connection that most very early coins also contain as device the head or complete body of some totem-animal, or figures of the sun and other similar totem-objects. Thus the very names which we still bear are themselves forgotten relics of extremely ancient heathen savagery.

The word Edgar, originally Eadgar, may be roughly translated as equivalent to Noble Spear, or perhaps rather to Spear-noble or Noble Spearman; for exactly to render it in modern English would be as difficult as exactly to render Sophocles or Anaxagoras. It is thus a true old English name, composed entirely of English elements, without any foreign admixture whatsoever. And now the question arises, How does a modern Englishman come to bear this truly English name? We know that immediately after the Norman conquest almost all our original Christian names went suddenly out of fashion; and that every Godric or Wulfsgie in the land began to call his children after the Williams, Walters, Roberts, Rogers, Ralphs, and Richards who had come over in the train of the Conqueror. Most of these new-fangled forms (as I have before pointed out) were Old High German, taken into Gaul by the Franks, corrupted on the lips of the Celtic Neustrian peasantry, and further degraded by the Scandinavian settlers in Normandy. A few, however, like Arthur, Owen, and Alan, were Breton Welsh. At the same time, the new lords of the English manors also introduced a number of Scriptural names, such as Johan or John, Thomas, Simon, Stephen, Piers or Peter, James and Matthew. These new names wholly crushed out the Æthelreds and Ælfwards of pre-Norman days, as well as the once fashionable Harolds, Swegens, Olafs, and Erics, which the English had borrowed from their Danish lords; so that when we think nowadays of mediæval England, Guy and Gilbert, Hugh

and Geoffrey, Wat and Perkin, not Dudda or Ælfstan, are the typical sounds that rise instinctively to our lips.

There were only two genuine English forms that really survived the great revolution in nomenclature of the eleventh century. Those names were Eadward and Eadmund; and they owed their continued existence entirely to the personal favor of Henry III. That superstitious and futile Angevin took it into his head to venerate above all other saints the only two saintly, or half-saintly, English kings; doubtless because he hoped, after his craven fashion, to be canonized and worshipped in his turn as they were. (I don't often find myself in the same boat with Mr. Freeman, but I confess to a personal animosity against Henry III.) Well, to further this sanctimonious scheme, Henry pulled down the great Abbey of Edward the Confessor at Westminster, and rebuilt in its place the noble church that we all know so well; and in it he placed the shrine of Edward, as he hoped some other king would hereafter place a shrine to his own saintship. Also, he called his eldest son, Edward I., by the Confessor's name; while his second son, Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, was christened in honor of St. Edmund of East Anglia, the local underking of Norfolk and Suffolk, who was killed by the Danes during the first heathen invasion, and was accounted ever after as the patron saint of the Eastern counties, with his great shrine at Bury St. Edmunds. These are the first two instances, and almost the only instances I know, where men of Norman or Angevin descent were ever called by native English names. The royal example, however, soon proved contagious; and when once Edward and Edmund were recognized as forming part of the regular dynastic list, they soon spread down again to all classes of the people. Throughout the whole of the middle ages, they were the only two living English names; even Alfred and Edwin, now so common, having become temporarily obsolete. As a proof we may all see that Edwards and Edmunds are familiar surnames; but nobody ever met with an Alfreds or an Edwin. The two first were ordinary Christian names, during the age when surnames were be-

ing fixed, and so they gave rise to patronymics; but the two last were then practically dead, and so they never brought forth a filial form.

So far, we are no nearer accounting for Mr. Edgar B. Chadwick's foremost Christian name than ever. For Edgar was one of the suspended list—one of the names that had died out at the Norman conquest. But with the Renaissance, and still more with the Reformation, a spirit of freedom with regard to nomenclature began to get abroad, as it always does during such crises, notoriously in the Puritan days and in the French Revolution. Instead of calling their children strictly after familiar saints, or sticking to the accustomed round of Roberts, Williams, Henries, and Edwards, the men of the Tudor epoch began to strike out fresh lines for themselves, and to seek a little variety in foreign parts or in the fashionable pages of classical antiquity. It is then probably for the first time that we meet in England with a Julius or a Valentine, a Cyril or a Cyprian, a Rowland or a Jeremy. The new names came for the most part from three sources—Greek or Roman history, the Fathers, and the mediæval romances. They represented the three main currents of thought in the Tudor period: the classicist revival, the religious and patristic interest, and the fanciful romantic tone of mind typified by Spencer, or to a less degree by Shakespeare and the dramatists.

But there was also a decided undercurrent of inquiry into the earlier mediæval or transitional history of England which manifested itself in Camden's "Britannia," in Ussher's "Antiquities of the British Church," in Verstegan's "Decayed Intelligence," and in Fuller's "Church History" and "Worthies of England." Stow's "London," and other books of the same period, show the same general tendency. At the same time, a revived interest began to be felt in the older form of our language, commonly called Anglo-Saxon; and this interest culminated in the publication of the first Anglo-Saxon dictionary, and of a few selected texts, including that invaluable monument of our early history, the "English Chronicle." As a slight lateral result of the increased attention thus paid to early English an-

nals, a few of our most famous old historical names began once more to take their place in popular nomenclature. Naturally, the first to be chosen were those which most resembled the then surviving Edward and Edmund; and of these, Edgar and Edwin were the only two that took with the people. I am inclined to attribute the modern popularity of Edwin, however, mainly to the influence of Edwin and Angelina, which also burdened us with the most affectedly insupportable of female names, even in an age which produced Miss Wilhelmina Carolina Amelia Skeggs herself. What determined the modest acceptance of Edgar, a far rarer name, it would be difficult to say; nor can one quite see why it should have been allowed to pass muster, when Edred, Edwy, Edwolf, and Edric failed to obtain even a hearing. The names compounded with *æthel* were far less fortunate. Ethelred and Ethelbert feebly survived as "fancy names" in a few original families; I have once met with an Athelston; while Ethelwolf and Ethelbald are, I believe, as dead as Julius Cæsar—indeed, far deader, for Jules Cæsar still lives on in France, and I dare say Sir Julius Cæsar, the statesman of Elizabeth's time, has left some homonyms among his kindred to the present day. As to Ethel, a single element which could not have formed a name by itself in earlier ages, it is said (I know not how truly) to owe its vogue as a female name to Thackeray's, heroine, in the "Newcomes." Alfred, I believe, was revived a little later than Edwin; and no other *elf*-name has taken root in modern England. Harold is also quite a modern innovation, not appearing, I believe, before the eighteenth century, and doubtless largely helped on in later days by Lord Lytton's historical romance. On the other hand, Mr. Skimpole must have dealt it a deadly blow. In all these later cases, the dates must be taken as purely approximate; and it is quite possible that some of my readers may have observed earlier instances of an Alfred, an Edwin, or an Athelston than any that I myself have noted; for since once the principle of freedom in nomenclature was introduced at the Renaissance, one can never answer for sporadic cases of

individual fancy here and there among the multitude. Was not Preserved Fish a historical American character?—and even in our own land did not Praise-God Barbones once sit upon the benches of Parliament?

By the time that Mr. Edgar B. Chadwick made his appearance upon this oblate spheroid the name Edgar had been fully restored to public use, and was considered as one of those which even eminently respectable and stolidly phillistine parents might lawfully bestow upon their youthful progeny. Hence I hold that we have now satisfactorily accounted for its origin and history, from the earliest ages to the present day. Only one question still remains: What are we to make of that mysterious B.? At first sight it has an unpleasantly American sound: it suggests too vividly Mr. Silas P. Sawin or the Rev. Leonidas H. Smiley. Now, to be the student of nomenclature, this is not a small matter. It usually betokens a certain type of mind—a kind of weak-kneed sense of personality, a lack of healthy individual feeling, which is characteristic of most American citizens. They are too much like ants in a nest; you must put a dab of red paint on their backs, as Sir John Lubbock does with his bees and wasps, in order to remember which is which. There are so many Jeffersons and Hiram and Ulysses that they have to label themselves Jefferson P. Hitchcock, Hiram H. Coffin, or Ulysses S. Grant, in order not to get mixed up in sorting. They all think alike, speak alike, and act alike. When one of them opens his mouth on any given subject, you know what he is going to say about it as well as you know what the *Daily Intelligence* and the *Morning Pennon* will respectively observe in their able leaders on the last masterly stroke of Mr. Thingummy's Falkland Island policy. Therefore this mode of nomenclature ought to be promptly suppressed in favor of a more individualistic style. Why must every man be symmetrically labelled as John P. Robinson, or as Ebenezer H. Simkiss? What paucity of invention it shows to begin every child's name with a William or a Thomas, and then to mark them off from one another by letters of the alphabet, as if they were selected varieties of scarlet geraniums,

or budding members of the metropolitan police force. Yet it is a positive fact that in America the letter B. or P., or whatever it may be, often stands for no suppressed Christian name whatsoever, but is simply stuck in to insure uniformity, and to save the parents the trouble of inventing a second prenamen. When one reflects how much of a man's success in life depends upon his name—how ridiculous he may be made by being called Peter Potter or Lovebond Snooks—it is really sad that parents pay so little attention to the effect of their choice upon the future of their children. They will register their first-born as Muggins Macpherson, if they happen to have a rich uncle who boasts Muggins as his surname; they will spoil a pretty patronymic by christening their child Jeremiah Seymour or Aminadab Clifford; they will even turn him out anonymously upon the world with such an apology for a cognomen as John Smith or William Jones, Patrick O'Brian, or Angus Cameron. And yet a little fancy or a little care might make an endless difference to his future life. I have known a man whose whole career was embittered and darkened by the culpable cruelty of his parents in christening him Barnabas. He was naturally known as Barabbas from his school-days onward, and only the force of great innate integrity can possibly have saved him from finally turning out a robber and a cut-throat. As it was, he refused knighthood as a colonial judge, because he could not endure the idea of being addressed as Sir Barnabas.

Now, Edgar B. Chadwick's middle name is, as I know from independent evidence, a far more harmless one; yet it is one that does not sort well with its immediate surroundings. It is Baxter; and Edgar Baxter makes an ugly assonance which ought always to be avoided in these matters. As usual, an uncle was at the bottom of the mischief; and, as usual, he left his money to the other side of the house. Had it been otherwise, I think my acquaintance would have called himself E. Baxter Chadwick: an awkward modern formula almost worse than the alternative he has actually adopted. Concerning this second name of Baxter, there are one or two minor things to be said. First of

all note the fact that he bears two Christian names at all. In England this practice is a comparatively recent one. I do not know of a single instance during the middle ages; and even in the seventeenth century it was extremely rare. On the continent, it began apparently with the custom of calling a child after two saints at once, as in the case of Boiardo, whose Christian name was Matteo Maria, and of the common Jean Maries, Jean Pauls, Jean Jacques, and Giovanni Andreas of France and Italy; or after a double-named saint, as in the case of Jean Baptiste or François Xavier. But the Italians seem to have been the first to use genuine double names like Marco Antonio, or Giovanni Ambrogio; and the habit spread into France at least as early as the seventeenth century, and invaded England with the eighteenth. It has even been held to be the true cause of Jacobinism and radicalism, and it certainly grew with the growth of the century. While William Shakespeare and John Milton were content with a single Christian name each, Shelley and Coleridge had a pair, and many lesser people nowadays have half-a-dozen. A tax upon supernumerary Christian names, indeed, might check such boundless extravagance in future; and the hint is presented gratis to any Chancellor of the Exchequer who wishes at once to benefit the revenue and put a stop to a growing public nuisance. One poor Liverpool merchant was actually so burdened with extra names by his parents that the task of drawing up and signing his legal documents became absolutely insupportable, and he was obliged to seek relief in a royal warrant, authorizing him to dispose unceremoniously of those additional cognomens for which he had no further use.

In England, it has been most usual, since the dual name came into fashion, to make the first element an old and well-known Christian name—either a saint-name or a form chosen from the Norman-French list—and to employ a family surname for the second. This is the principle followed in Edgar Chadwick's case. The name Baxter belongs to his mother's house; and of course it has a history and meaning of its own. The Baxters belong to the same class as the Masons, the Carpenters, the Tay-

lors, the Smiths, the Gardiners, and the Fullers. In fact, the surnames derived from trades or occupations are more numerous than those of any other class, except patronymics and place-names. Some of them belong to existing trades, like those quoted above; while others represent obsolete trades, or at least obsolete trade terminology, like the Fletchers, or arrow-makers, the Arblasters who manufactured cross-bows or arblasts (arcubalistæ), and the Tuckers who worked in the tucking-mills where cloth was prepared for market. Those who wish for further information upon these subjects cannot do better than turn to Mr. Bardsley's excellent and systematic work on English surnames.

A man who bakes is called a Baker; but in earlier times a woman who bakes was called a Bakester, or Baxter. So a man who brews is a Brewer, while a woman who brews is a Brewster. In mediæval English, the termination "ster" was a feminine one; and it still survives with its primitive signification in spinster. A huckster was originally a market-woman, but the word has now come to mean anybody, male or female, who hawks about goods in the public streets. The same change has come over maltster, throwster, and many other analogous words. But sundry surnames still show us the two forms side by side, as in Webber and Webster. Hence we may conclude that the ancestor of all the Baxsters was a woman who kept a bakehouse. Why her descendants should take their name from her, rather than from their father, is easy enough to understand on a number of natural hypotheses. Joan Baxter may

in one place have been a widow-woman, whose children would of course be called after her; in another place she might be a person of some character, while her husband was a field laborer or a ne'er-do-well; and in another, again, there might be two Piers Gardeners or two Wat Carters in the same village, so that it might be more convenient to describe the youngsters by their mother's calling than by their father's. Indeed, beside the Brewster, Baxters, Websters, and other female trade-names, there are a few true metronymics in England, such as Anson and Mallison, though many that seem to be such are really patronymics from obsolete male-names, as in the case of Nelson, which is not Nell's son, but Niel's son, or Neal's son, just like the Scandinavian Nilsson.

So there you have a full, true, and particular account of Mr. Edgar B. Chadwick's visiting card; and as I write the last note "Baxter, Brewster, Anson, Nelson," the train is just steaming into Newton Abbott station. I have no time for more, as I have to look after my luggage in the scrimmage. But is it not a wonderful thought that every one of us thus carries about with him every day a perfect philological fossil in the way of a personal name, which throws its roots far back into the dim past of heathen savage ages? Is it not a wonderful thought—label for Moreton Hampstead, if you please, and just two minutes to catch the five-forty down train. The Stoic held that the philosopher should be superior to all external circumstances; but then the Stoic never attempted to philosophize in a railway station.—*Cornhill Magazine*.



A NIGHT IN THE RED SEA.

THE strong hot breath of the land is lashing
 The wild sea horses, they rear and race;
 The plunging bows of our ship are dashing
 Full in the fiery south wind's face.

She rends the water, it foams and follows,
 And the silvery jet of the towering spray,
 And the phosphor sparks in the deep wave hollows,
 Lighten the line of our midnight way.

The moon above, with its full-orb'd lustre,
 Lifting the veil of the slumb'rous land,
 Gleams o'er a desolate island cluster,
 And the breakers white on the lonely sand.

And a bare hill-range in the distance frowning
 Dim wrapt in haze like a shrouded ghost,
 With its jagged peaks the horizon crowning,
 Broods o'er the stark Arabian coast.

See, on the edge of the waters leaping,
 The lamp, far flashing, of Perim's Strait
 Glitters and grows, as the ship goes sweeping
 Fast on its course for the Exile's gate.

And onward still to the broadening ocean
 Out of the narrow and perilous seas,
 Till we rock with a large and listless motion
 In the moist soft air of the Indian breeze.

And the Southern Cross, like a standard flying,
 Hangs in the front of the tropic night,
 But the Great Bear sinks, like a hero dying,
 And the Pole-star lowers its signal light.

And the round earth rushes toward the morning,
 And the waves grow paler and wan the foam;
 Misty and dim, with a glance of warning,
 Vanish the stars of my Northern home.

Let the wide waste sea for a space divide me
 Till the close-coil'd circles of time unfold—
 Till the stars rise westward to greet and guide me
 When the exile ends, and the years are told.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE "LADY MAUD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

By this time the sun was very low, the wind almost gone, the sea rapidly calming, and every promise of a fine bright night in the sky. After Hunter returned with the kettle from the well, he followed Tripshore down into the creek, where they buried the two bodies in the sand. Before they came back the sun had vanished, and the night had closed upon the sea; but happily for us, who were without artificial light, there was a bright moon in the south-west, which, though only half the orb was visible, flashed a silver glory upon the water, and

was strong enough to give sharp black shadows to the trees.

When Tripshore returned, he held out some object to me, which, on first viewing it in his hands, I had taken to be a piece of spar; but it proved to be one of the telescopes belonging to the "Lady Maud," the one that had stood on brackets in the after-companion. He whispered to me that he had found it close against the body of Jim Wilkinson.

This was a grand discovery, though its most significant value did not immediately occur to me. All that I thought of was how useful it would be to search the horizon with, and examine the coasts,

which Mrs. Stretton was the first to see. I called to Sir Mordaunt that Tripshore had found one of the telescopes, and everybody came running to look at it, while I sat down to unscrew the lenses and dry them ; which done, I pointed the glass at the moon, and was overjoyed to discover that the sea had done no injury whatever to the telescope.

"Can you see through it all right, sir?" inquired Tripshore.

"Ay," said I. "Look for yourself."

But, instead of putting the glass to his eye, he stood like a man musing, and then said, "Can't ye guess a fine use for this glass, Mr. Walton, in the day-time, when the sky's clear?"

"What do you mean, Tripshore?" said I.

"Why," said he, "here's a toobe full o' burning glasses. When the sun's up you'll want no lucifer-matches. You'll get fire and to spare with e'er a one of them magnifiers."

I had not thought of this ; but it made the glass so precious that, in my delight at possessing it, I grasped Tripshore by the hand, and gripped it—rather too cordially, I remember, for when I let go, the poor fellow turned his back upon me, in order to chafe away the pain of the squeeze.

But the dew was falling very heavily, and the night air had that peculiar chilliness which any man who knows those latitudes will recall. Our damp clothes rendered us very sensitive to the swift change of temperature. I advised Sir Mordaunt and the women to enter the hut, and take their rest for the night. But first the baronet asked us to join him in a prayer. We readily assented, and knelt in a circle, Sir Mordaunt kneeling in the midst of us. Of all moving moments, I never experienced the like of that short time in which we knelt, while my poor friend prayed aloud. Our knowing the agony of mind his wife's death caused him, made us find such a pathos in every tone of his, as none of us could hear without dim eyes. He struggled hard to steady his voice while he offered up thanks for our merciful salvation, and implored God's continued protection of the lives He had preserved. But he would pray for his wife too, which taxed him beyond endurance, for he utterly broke down at that part of his prayer,

and sobbed so lamentably that it seemed he must break his heart.

When he had recovered his composure, I urged the women to withdraw to their part of the hut, and gave them some pieces of canvas to use for coverlets. I then rolled up a short breadth of the side of the sail that we had spread upon the grass to serve as a pillow, and made Sir Mordaunt put his head upon it, and when he was laid down I covered his shoulders with Hunter's jacket—I mean the jacket that had covered his wife's face. Norie lay down beside him, and the dog crouched at their feet.

It was quite dark in the hut, but the white sail spread in the bottom of it made a kind of glimmer, and helped us somewhat. I went into the open with the two seamen, and though I was reluctant to keep them standing and talking after the sufferings and labor of the day, I could not forbear to call a council of them now that all was still, the peace and the radiance of the night upon us, the wind gone, and nothing to distract our minds from close contemplation of our position.

First, I told them that it was necessary we should keep watch. Although we had no means of signalling a passing vessel, yet it would be a thousand pities if one should pass when we were asleep. For what we desired to know was, was this part of the sea navigable, and did vessels ever traverse it within sight of the island? If we could be sure on this head our hopes would gain strength, and we should have good reason for making a smoke in the day and burning a flare at night.

"Ay, sir, a look-out must be kept," said Tripshore.

"There are three of us," said I.

"But how'll the man on duty know when his watch is up?" inquired Hunter.

This was a poser ; for, as I have told you, we were without the means of calculating the passage of time. At last I said—

"We must do the best we can by guessing. The moon will help us for a spell. If we make a three hours' watch, each man will get some hours' rest. We must reckon how the time goes as best we can."

They were very willing, they said ; and so that matter was settled, and it was

agreed that I should keep the first lookout.

"And now," said I, "how are we to get away from this island? Our stock of food is very small, though more may wash ashore. But let as much as may come, it will not last eight men and women long; and we're bound to starve if we stop here."

"There's only one thing to be done," said Hunter. "We must turn to and build a raft—something that'll float—with a life-line around it, and likewise a mast. We must make the best job we can—something that'll steer—and one or two of us'll have to go adrift in it, and take our chance of bein' picked up, and getting the wessel as picks us up to call for the others."

I shook my head. "If," said I, "we could be sure that the land some of you have seen was inhabited, why then, though it should be fifty miles distant, one or two of us, as you say, Hunter, might venture for it on a raft. But to risk our lives, merely to be stranded on such another rock as this, would be a mad thing. You'll get no raft to do more than swoosh along straight with the wind, and I see no good to come of going adrift, with the certain chance of being blown away to sea, and either foundering or dying of want."

"You're right sir," said Tripshore, gravely. "A raft 'ud be sartin death, Tom."

"But it's sartin death if we stop here, too!" exclaimed Hunter. "Though a raft 'ud give us a poor chance, it 'ud still be a chance; but this blooming island gives us no chance at all."

"Why not rig up a raft—a dummy—a small 'un, with a mast and sail, and a board at the masthead wrote on to signify that there are eight shipwrecked persons aboard this island, and send it adrift, with the chance of some wessel overhauling it?" exclaimed Tripshore.

The idea was original and striking. I said at once—

"Yes, we can do that. It shall be our first job in the morning. With a cloth or two of canvas set square on a well-stayed mast, a raft is bound to blow along; and if our chance lies in her being seen by a vessel, then she'll answer our purpose better than if she were manned, for she'll risk no lives."

Hunter turned his head, and, looking toward the beach, said, in a low voice, "Would it be a bad job to lash one of them dead bodies in the sand yonder to it? She'd make a likelier arrand for us with a body aboard than if she went naked. A ship 'ud stop if they sighted a body, but if they saw northen on the raft, maybe they'd pass on without heed-ing the board at the masthead."

The suggestion offended me for a moment, but only for a moment. What Hunter had said was perfectly true. A body on the raft would twenty-fold increase our chance, by inducing a vessel to approach it; whereas, if the people of the vessel saw only a bare raft, they might pass on. What would it matter to the dead, whether he was left in the sand there, or sent adrift to find a grave in the bottom of the deep? Life was dearer to us than sentiment. We must be succored or we must perish. A dead man would make a ghastly messenger, but we should send him forth in God's name; and whether he should be swept away or be encountered by a ship, he was sure of ultimately finding a resting-place in the sea.

We stood talking briskly a full ten minutes over this scheme, and then, there being nothing more to say, I told the men to turn in, but first to take a sup of sherry. This they did, and entered the hut, and I was left alone.

As I had foreseen, the wind had died away with the sun. I could feel only the lightest current of air. Here and there a white cloud floated, scarcely moving athwart the stars, and some of them carrying delicate and phantom-like rainbows in the parts they turned to the moon. Some of the stars were very large and beautiful, and the deep, unspeakable, blue-black depths of the heavens seemed tremulous with the incessant showering of meteors. There was still a heavy swell rolling along the path of the vanished gale, and as these majestic and foamless coils of ebony water passed under the moon, they flashed into mountains of quicksilver. The reef hindered the run of these rollers on our side of the island, but there was surf enough along the beach to fill the night with a most lamentable moaning noise. It was as though the sea in mockery gave our misery a voice. It was a most depress-

ing sound to stand and idly listen to, and cruelly brought home to me our desolate condition, and our lonely and helpless plight in the midst of this dark water, with its sullen rollers and its lamenting voice wailing close at our ears.

As I looked at the moon and the peaceful sky, I thought with bitterness that had such a night as this come to us twenty-four hours sooner, the "Lady Maud" would still have been afloat. I pictured how her decks would have shown, and imagined Lady Brookes in her invalid's chair near the skylight, and Ada Tuke flitting from one side of the deck to the other in the moonlight, and Sir Mordaunt pacing to and fro, and so on, and so on. I say I stood dreaming forth a whole picture of the schooner as she would have appeared on such a night as this, until I broke away with a shudder from the dreadful contrast of our position, and walked down to the beach, in the hope of distracting my mind in a hunt after more relics of the wreck.

The tide was lower by many feet down the beach, and though I could not see the reef on which the yacht had struck, yet I guessed, by the play of white water there, that when the sea was calm at low tide the reef would be visible. There was a dark object almost abreast of the hut upon the gleaming coral sand, and on approaching it I discovered it to be a full cask, but what it contained I could not tell. There could be no doubt, however, from its appearance, that it held provisions of some sort, so I set to work to clear away the sand that buried it by about a foot and a half, and tumbling it on its bilge, I managed to roll it some distance above high-water mark, where it would be safe from the sea.

I returned again close to the surf, and slowly followed the line of it as it trended away to the north-east, and then into the south-east, where it terminated in the bight of the limb of land. The moon shone brilliantly, and I could see very plainly. Presently, and at about three hundred paces from the spot where I had found the cask, I saw a square black object in the water, which covered and exposed it as the rollers came in and ran back. I was much puzzled to know what it could be, until, after looking for some time, I perceived that it was the yacht's piano!

A little farther on was a pile of fragments of timber high and dry; and just beyond again was a spare fore-topmast, and the yacht's fore-top-gallant and top-sail yards, the sails bent and the gaskets holding tight. These, it will be remembered, had been sent down during the gale. I thought that we might come to require those spars, but they were too heavy for me to drag up the beach; so, after having carried a quantity of timber up the shore, I went to the trees where the hut stood, and hauled in the line by which Sir Mordaunt and the others had been dragged from the yacht, and which had parted close to the vessel when she went to pieces. With this end of stuff I returned to the spars, hitched the line round them, and made the end fast up the beach, so that the tide should not carry them away.

All this was very hard to work, but not to be neglected. I was tired, and was going to sit down, when I spied a dead body on the sand about fifty yards this side of where the beach terminated in the creek. It lay on its back, with its arms out, and its head on its right shoulder, in the very posture of a crucified figure. I recognized it as a man named Martin Jewell, a young man, in life fresh-faced and smiling, and a very willing sailor. He looked to be asleep, so easy was the appearance of his face in the moonlight, though his eyes were open. I know not why his quiet look should have made me think this dead man frightful; but I should have been less shocked and scared had he presented the usual dreadful appearance of the drowned. Maybe, it was my knowing him to be stone-dead, and his looking lifelike and sleeping, that made me recoil and tremble. And you must add the surroundings, too: the breezeless atmosphere, the moaning of the sea, the steady white fires of the moon upon the water, the swell sparkling like silver as it ran across the wake of the orb, the large stars looking down, with the shining dust of meteors quivering and fading among them. I say, figure this scene, and then think of the stirless dead body lying like a dreaming man, looking straight up at the sky, as though he followed the flight of his spirit.

I shook off the feelings which possessed me, and fetching a piece of jagged plank from the pile beyond, I dug a hole in the

sand, which occupied me about ten minutes; but when I tried to put down the outstretched arms of the body, I found they would not yield. So I had to dig afresh and turn out two grooves, if I may so say, to receive the arms; and then I laid him in his grave, in the very posture in which he had died, with his arms stretched above his head, and so covered him over.

This miserable and sad duty discharged, I walked languidly toward the hillock, meaning to rest on top of it, where I should command the sea. Having reached the summit, I threw myself down and ran my eye over the sea; but though there had been a ship a mile off in the south or west, I believe I should not have seen her, owing to the confusing light of the moon and the play of the swell, that perplexed the eye with alternations of radiance and shadow. I carefully looked along the horizon, but could see nothing but the sea and the stars in the north and east, and the flashing moonlight in the other quarters. Here I sat for hard upon half an hour, when, feeling drowsy, and afraid of falling asleep, which would have been a bad thing for me in the heavy dew, I got up and walked across the top of the little hill, as far as the incline that faced in the direction of the well.

While I stood looking toward the sea in the north, my eye was caught by an object at the bottom of the declivity close against the bushes. I could just make out, after peering a bit, that it was a human figure, and that it excitedly moved its arms, which were white. I recollected that Lady Brookes was buried in that place, and I frankly confess that for a moment or two I was possessed by a weak and idle consternation, and stared like a fascinated man. But unless it were a ghost, it must be one of our people, so putting my hand to the side of my mouth I called out, "Who is that there?"

No answer being returned, I called again, and went down the hill.

"It is I, Walton," said a voice that I recognized as Sir Mordaunt's.

I hastened forward, and found my poor friend on his knees beside his wife's grave.

"I could not rest without offering up a prayer over her," said he.

"But, for God's sake, take care of

your own health" said I. "The dew falls like rain, and you are in your shirt-sleeves."

He repeated that he could not rest until he had prayed over her.

"But we can hold a service to-morrow," I exclaimed. "We have a Prayer-book."

"Ay," said he; "but think of her lying in this unconsecrated grave. Don't reproach me, Walton. She was very dear to me. I have lost her for ever."

I grasped his hand and pressed it, meaning by that silent token to let him know there was no reproach, but rather the deepest pity and sorrow, in my heart. Nevertheless, I would not let him go until I had made him rise, and then, when he was on his feet, gradually led him toward the hut; for, not to speak only of the danger to which he exposed himself by remaining half-clothed in the damp night air, there was something in his manner that made me resolute to get him away from the grave.

I said again that we would hold a service over his wife's remains in the morning, and then I inquired how he had found out where she lay buried.

He answered that he had asked Norie, when I was at work on the beach, and he had told him. He then wished to know if it was possible to preserve her body, so that, should we ever get away from the island, he might be able to have her remains conveyed to England. To soothe him, I said there was wood enough to build a coffin, which we would set about after we had completed a certain project that I would explain the meaning of in the morning. And so I got him to the hut and made him lie down, and went to the door and stood there awhile.

I could not hear the women, but the deep breathing of Norie and the weary seamen made a moving sound, and, combined with the moan of the chafing sea, affected me in a manner I cannot express. I could trace the outlines of their bodies upon the white sail, and they lay as still as ever did that dead sailor I had buried.

My mind went to the women then, and I thought of Ada Tuke lying in her damp clothes, and the poor widow who in a few brief days had gauged the very lowest depths of human distress, and the girl whose life I had under God been the

means of preserving. Great heaven ! What a bitter weary watch was that I kept ! What a panorama of wild ocean scenes and desolate death was my mind !

When I believed that Sir Mordaunt was asleep, I fell on my knees, and lifting up my face, prayed with an anguish of soul I shall never forget in this life, that help might come to us, and that we might not be left to perish miserably on this lonely, unfruitful and wave-beaten rock. So passed the time until I believed my three hours expired. I then went softly into the hut, but had to gently feel over the bodies of the sleepers before I could distinguish Tripshore. I shook him, and he started up, on which I instantly spoke to him, that he might recollect himself, and went into the moonlight where he could see me ; and then telling him what I had done, and bidding him keep a look-out for ships, and to seek for any wreckage that might be serviceable to us on the beach, I laid myself down in his place, and fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

I AWOKE very much refreshed, and found the sunshine pouring strongly into the hut, and myself alone. I got up and went out, and saw Sir Mordaunt leaning against one of the trees to the right of the hut, watching the rest of the party, who were variously employed about the beach. We shook hands warmly, and I asked him how he did. He told me that he had slept well and felt heartier, and he certainly looked so.

I judged by the sun that the morning was not far advanced, for which I was very thankful, as there was a great deal to be done that day. The first thing that took my eye was a fire burning at the foot of the little hill facing the sea. A number of pieces of rock had been piled into a square, and the fire made up in it. There was a quantity of brushwood in heaps near the fire, and Norie, coming at that moment with a bundle of the wood, and flinging it down, made me see how he was employing himself. The smoke of the fire went up in a straight line, for there was not a breath of air. The sea lay like oil slowly waving. It was of a most deep and

beautiful blue beyond the reef, though the cloudless sky was a light silvery azure. The water broke in long flashing ripples on the reef, and rolled up the beach in little breakers.

Tripshore and Hunter were busy among a quantity of wreckage, a good portion of which had been collected while I was asleep. About a stone's throw from where I stood were Mrs. Stretton and Ada Tuke, the former kneeling, but what doing I could not perceive. Beyond them was Carey, spreading some wearing apparel in the sun.

Having exchanged a few words with Sir Mordaunt I walked over to the ladies, and then saw what they were about. A deck-plank lay upon the sand, and upon it Mrs. Stretton was chopping up some beef-fat out of the cask. A flour-cask stood alongside, and, on looking at it, I perceived it was the cask I had found during my watch. After exchanging greetings, and hearing they had slept well and felt well, I expressed my happiness that we should have found the cask of flour.

"The salt water has got to the outer portions of it," said Mrs. Stretton ; "but the flour is dry in the middle. I believe by mixing both parts, and kneading them well with fresh water, we shall not notice the salt when we have baked them in cakes with this fat."

She kept on mincing the fat while she spoke, and Miss Tuke stood by, waiting to help her to make the cakes. I was heartily pleased to see them busy, for there is no antidote like work for melancholy.

I called to Tripshore to tell me where the telescope was, and ascended the hill with it. The moment I pointed it in the quarter where the others had seen the shadow on the preceding day, I saw the land ; but I could make nothing of it beyond observing that it was full twenty miles distant, and either a mere rock or else a hill on an island, the lower portions of which were invisible. I carefully searched the rest of the horizon, but could discover nothing, and came back again to the point of land. I struggled with my memory to fashion a mental picture of the Bahamas. My having studied the chart so closely on board the yacht helped me a great deal ;

but though I figured all the larger islands, such as Abaco, San Salvador, Eleuthera, and the islands as low as the Caicos Passage, yet I could not even faintly recall the bearings of the islets and cays. Nor, indeed, would it have served me had I been able to do so; for I had no idea of our latitude and longitude, and no means of determining our position. Yet in spite of this I kept on conjecturing and wondering, and asking myself if that land could really be one of the greater and inhabited islands, and whether in that hope it would be wise to venture for it on a raft.

But the idea of a raft recalled our project of the preceding night—a good idea, it seemed to me, and full of promise. So I shut up the glass, and joined Tripshore and Hunter, who, as I have said, were at work among the wreckage, selecting wood for the raft. As I advanced toward them I caught sight of a strange-looking object, resembling a big capsized tub, about fifty yards away in the direction of the wreck. I went to see what it was, and to my astonishment and delight found it a great turtle, weighing, as I should have supposed from the appearance of it, not less than four hundred pounds. It was on its back, and alive. I was thunderstruck at first, and then filled with joy. This, to be sure, was one of the months in which the turtle on calm moonlight nights comes up the shore, and lays its eggs in the sand. I might fairly suppose that since one was here others were about, so that the idea of our perishing for want of food need no longer haunt me.

I rejoined the men, and asked which of them had caught the turtle.

"It was me, sir," says Tripshore. "Half an hour after you had gone into the hut, I see that chap come up out o' the water. He made me look at him by hissing. He was like a small steam-engine slowly coming along out o' the sea. I stood stock still till he was well ashore, then picks up a piece o' timber, and gets to leeward of him, and shoving the timber under him, I worked and sweated until I managed to heave him over on his back. But, Lord, the weight of him."

"He's full of soup and meat," said I, "and his shell should serve as a tank. And now, my lads, what do you find handy among this raffle?"

"All that we want, sir," responded Hunter.

This was evident, for there was a great quantity of timber, and some of it in big pieces. Among the stuff were the spars I had secured overnight. The men had dragged them ashore, unbent the sails, and snugged away the running gear that had been attached to the canvas. I saw, however, that if we were to get our raft afloat after we had built it, we must construct it down in the bight of land where the water was smooth; and explaining this to the men, we set to work to convey the material to that place. This took us an hour; but at the end of that time we had lashed and nailed three large pieces of timber into the form of a triangle for the foundations of the raft, and we had got this afloat in the smooth water, when Norie shouted to us that the cakes were baked.

We thereupon quitted our work, and after cooling our faces in the salt water we walked to the hut, where we found the rest of the party waiting for us to come.

There stood eight brown cakes, smelling very good indeed, upon a plank. I opened two tins of meat, and divided the contents. We then poured some sherry into the water in the kettle, and breakfast was ready. But first Sir Mordaunt asked us to join him in a prayer, which was the wish of us all; so we knelt, while he prayed aloud, putting up such a petition as I need not repeat the language of, though any man who can imagine himself in our situation will understand its character.

This done, we fell to our repast, the dog getting his bit of salt meat as usual. I praised the cakes highly. To be sure they were a bit salt, but not disagreeably so.

"Pity some 'baccy don't come ashore, sir," said Tripshore, with a languishing look at the sea.

That was my want too. One of the hardships of those hard times was the being without tobacco. I sat next to Sir Mordaunt, and while we were breakfasting he asked me what scheme I and the seamen were carrying out. I told him what our idea was, and he and the others seemed greatly struck by it.

"It's a fine notion," said Norie.

"There's every chance of the raft being sighted. Can you carve letters upon wood, Walton?"

"I have never tried," said I. "But I dare say I can."

"Let me have that job," he exclaimed. "I can carve letters very well. Tell me what to say, and after breakfast I'll set to work."

I proposed an inscription, and asked if it would do. There was a short debate, but nobody seemed able to improve upon it, and so my suggestion was adopted. Norie drew a pencil from his pocket, and scribbled down the words on the deck-plank. I then in a low voice told Sir Mordaunt that we meant to lash a dead body to the raft, and explained our reason. The idea shocked him just as it had shocked me, but his judgment promptly appreciated the value of the scheme.

"We'll say nothing to the women about that part," said I. "They must be drawn aside while we make the body fast."

"But they will see it as the raft floats away," said he.

"Why, perhaps they will," I answered; "but distance will soften the horror."

Here Tripshore jumped up. "Me and Tom's all ready, sir." I rose too, but the baronet put his hand on my arm.

"Pray let us have the service we spoke of," he exclaimed, with a most imploring face.

I could not resist his appeal, precious as the time was. Turning to the men, I said—

"Sir Mordaunt wishes us to join him in a funeral service over poor Lady Brookes' remains. We owe it to her memory, my lads, and to our affection for the kind and large-hearted gentleman whose loss is the cruellest a man can bear."

Tripshore looked willing at once; but Hunter, a rough-fibred man, seemed impatient, though he said nothing. I took up Carey's Prayer-book, of which the print was not illegible, though parts of it were a good deal smeared through the soaking salt water, and giving the baronet my arm, we stepped into the sunshine, followed by the others, and walked to the place where Lady Brookes

lay buried. The sand was heaped where the body was, which enabled us to form a circle round the grave. Sir Mordaunt read the service himself. He pronounced the words firmly, but with a most affecting spirit of devotion, omitting certain solemn parts, which would have been superfluous under the circumstances. I feared he would have broken down before he got to the end, but he struggled on manfully, though several times, when he raised his face, I saw the tears on his cheeks. I cannot conceive a more pathetic figure than he made. Bareheaded, in his shirt-sleeves, his long beard accentuating his haggard features, his humid eyes, his hands grasping the Prayer-book often thrown up in an imploring gesture when he removed his gaze from the page to fix it upon the bright blue sky—I say it would have melted an iron heart to have seen him. And into this service there entered an element—of horror shall I call it?—that would be absent from the usual ceremony. I mean we could not think of the poor body lying at our feet without reflecting that there she was, dressed as in life, uncoffined, separated from us by a thin layer of sand, such as a breeze of wind might easily scatter, and leave her exposed in her dreadful lonesomeness. When I remembered her terrors, the fright the thunder-storm had caused her, her swooning away because she had not the nerve to hear of the sufferings a fellow-creature—one of her own sex too—had endured, I thought, "Great God! could she but see herself now!"

When the service was over, the two seamen and I went back to the raft, leaving the baronet and the women at the grave, and Norie to carve the letters and mind the fire, which I told him to feed with damp stuff, to raise a thick smoke.

I have said that we had already laid the foundations of the raft in the form of a triangle. I recommended this shape because it gave a kind of bows to the raft, and I believed that by affixing a broad plank of wood as an immovable rudder at the broad end, the thing would blow along steadily. We had plenty of nails and spikes, and the frame of the raft being afloat, we soon decked it. Of course the work was extrava-

gantly rough, but that we cared nothing about, providing we made it strong enough to hold. The raft being completed, we set to work to rig her. We took the yacht's fore-top-gallant yard and securely nailed to it the best and lightest piece of stuff we could come at to serve as a yard. To this we bent the top-gallant sail, and all three of us buckling to it, stepped the yard that was to serve as a mast into a crevice in the middle of the raft, where we securely wedged, and then stayed it.

Although this description may run glibly, the job was a hard one, because our tools were few, and little to the purpose. The morning passed quickly while we were at work, and in the middle of it a pleasant breeze sprang up in the north-west, and kept the sea shivering as though the sunlight flashed in a mighty field of diamonds. It carried the smoke of the fire across the water in steel-blue coils, which looked to be leagues long, and which I was for ever breaking off my work to glance at.

We had scarcely set the mast up on the raft and secured it, when Norie, accompanied by Miss Tuke, came down to us, carrying a piece of deck-plank.

"Here's the inscription," said he, looking well pleased with his work; and he put the board down on the sand, that we might see it. The letters were bold, well cut, and each as long as my thumb. The inscription ran thus—

JULY —, 18—. "LADY MAUD"
WRECKED ON A BAHAMA CAY. EIGHT
SURVIVORS. SAVE US.

There were a great many letters in this, and I was astonished at the rapidity and accuracy with which they had been carved.

"It would have taken me two days," I said, "and then perhaps no one would be able to read it."

I gave the board to Tripshore, who nailed it at the masthead by standing on Hunter's shoulders.

"Why couldn't you build a raft big enough to carry us all away, Mr. Walton?" said Miss Tuke.

"We mustn't venture it yet," I replied. "Nothing but the certainty of perishing here should make us face the peril of going afloat on a raft."

"But is it likely," said she, "that we should be on the water long without meeting a ship?"

"Ah!" I replied, "if I could foretell that, I should know what to do."

"We cannot go on stopping here," she exclaimed piteously, clasping her hands.

"No; and we don't intend to stop," said I. "Look at the noble signal that smoke is making as it stretches across the ocean. Who knows but that at this very moment it may be seen, and help coming? And see that message," I added, pointing to the board the men were affixing to the masthead of the raft, "which will shortly be afloat, and which, for all we can tell, may be the means of delivering us from this island before another day is passed. Don't lose heart," said I, tenderly, taking her hand and looking earnestly at her. "Your courage has been our mainstay all through. Don't fail us when we most want you."

She colored up a little and averted her face, but made no reply. I beckoned to Norie, and, drawing him aside, told him in a few words what we were about to do, and begged him to go to Sir Mordaunt and ask him to draw the women into the hut, or keep them apart from us and out of sight until we had done. He walked off, and in a minute or two Sir Mordaunt called Miss Tuke, who left us. Presently I saw the baronet, leaning on his niece's arm, and accompanied by Mrs. Stretton and Carey, move slowly toward the interior of the island, as if he had a mind to see the place; and the moment they disappeared we set to work.

The rigidity of the body I had buried on the preceding night determined me not to disturb it. I explained this to the seamen, and Tripshore said he believed that poor Jim Wilkinson would make the best body for our purpose. The two corpses had been buried above high-water mark, and the places where they lay were distinguishable by the appearance of the sand there. But the men could not remember in which of the graves Wilkinson's body was, and therefore we had to clear away the sand to find it out.

Every nerve, every fibre in my body seemed to shrivel and shrink up at the

bare contemplation of exposing the poor fellows' remains, but I would not suffer my inward loathing and horror to master me. I was persuaded that the raft, if sighted, would serve our purpose more effectually if it carried a dead body than if it went bare; and the needs of eight human lives in dire peril, and without any prospect of preservation if help was not summoned, determined me to persevere in our scheme.

Trippshore was deadly pale, and worked with a dogged resolution, as if, like me, he would not permit his feelings to master him. Hunter showed no emotion at all. Happily, the first grave we uncovered contained Wilkinson's body. We raised it, and dusted the sand from its face, and carried it to the raft. I should have been willing to let it lie on its back, with a piece of canvas over its face; but Hunter, with whom this scheme had originated, said—

"No, no, sir; let's do the job thoroughly. He must be fixed sitting upright, and then they'll think him alive, and bear down. If they see him on his back, they'll say, 'Oh, he's dead,' and sail away."

I could not deny that he was right, so we sat the body up with its back to the mast, and lashed it in that posture; but so dreadful an object did it look, that I was oppressed with a deadly giddiness and sickness after we had completed the loathsome business, and had to sit for a while and keep my eyes closed.

Nothing now remained to be done but to make the clews of the sail fast and send the raft adrift. The first was easy enough, but the other very difficult, for calm as it was, the ground swell betwixt the beach and the reef was tolerably heavy, and would quickly drive the raft ashore and strand her if we did not mind. To guard against this, we carried a line round the mast, keeping both ends in our hands, and arming ourselves with pieces of timber to shove her clear, we scrambled across the limb of land, and reached the extreme point of it, where we hauled upon the line and brought the raft abreast. Then, unreeling the line, we went into the water as high as our waists, and by dint of shoving got the raft clear, when her sail at once caught the wind and away she crawled, dead to leeward, but very stead-

ily, the long rudder-like board astern of her heading her perfectly straight, and the dead body sitting in the shadow of the sail like a living man.

We scrambled back again to the beach, and mounted the hill to watch her, Norie joining us, and bringing the telescope with him. Sir Mordaunt and the women were coming slowly along from the west side of the island, but observing me to motion and point, they hurried their pace: but before they reached the hut they stopped and stood looking at the raft, that would be visible to them from that point. I saw Miss Tuke turn to her uncle, and then point to us and then at the raft, clearly astonished at the sight of the man on board, and wondering who it could be. Norie, before joining us, had hove a quantity of damp brushwood on to the fire, that sent up a dense column of smoke that arched over into a beautiful bend when it reached a short height, and went blowing along the sea, casting a long black shadow upon the water, in the very middle of which the raft crawled steadily forward, like a cart going along a straight road. The shadow on her made her an extraordinarily clear figure against the blue water and the sky of the horizon. I was sure that no ship, keeping anything like a good look-out, could miss her; and as she went further and further away, and became smaller upon the flashing waters of the south-east, I felt a new stirring of life in me: hope grew buoyant, and for a little time at least I was more light-hearted than I had been, ay, ever since that gale had burst upon the "Lady Maud," and driven us in darkness into these dangerous waters.

The three of us who had built that raft stood watching her until she was a mere speck in the wake of the smoke. Then muttering an earnest prayer to God that she might effect our purpose, I went down the hill, the seamen following me.

Catching sight of the turtle as I walked, I told Hunter to kill it: first, because I knew it is a cruel thing to keep those animals long on their back; and secondly, because its meat would save the other provisions, and be a relish for us, who, Heaven knows, stood in need of any comfort in that way that

we could come at. I was in no mood to watch him destroy the creature, so I walked over to the trees under whose shadow Sir Mordaunt and the others were resting themselves. On my drawing near, Miss Tuke asked me eagerly who the person was that had gone away in the raft. I was obliged to tell her, but I did so with reluctance and a kind of shame.

"Was he *dead*?" she exclaimed, in a thrilling whisper, and grasping Mrs. Stretton's hand.

I exactly explained our motive, but the shocked expression lingered long in her face.

I was worn out and overcome with the heat, and threw myself down upon the grass. Seeing my exhaustion, Mrs. Stretton filled a shell with sherry and water, and I swallowed the draught gratefully. She then came and sat by my side.

I had had little to say to her since we had been cast ashore, and small leisure to observe her closely. She had removed her hat, one that Miss Tuke had given her, and which the sea had soaked without tearing from her head—I say, she had removed her hat when under the trees, and her thick, black, beautiful hair had come away from its fastenings, and hung about her in a manner that gave a peculiar power and a wild kind of spirit to her dark, handsome, and uncommon face.

"You bear your sufferings with admirable courage," said I. "Hard as our plight is, your trials have been so heavily in excess of ours, that I can only admire and wonder at your fortitude and patience."

"It will not do to look back," she answered. "We might humbly wish that God's hand had fallen less heavily upon your poor friend, Mr. Walton."

"I hope," said I—we spoke in a low voice that could not be overheard—"that Miss Tuke does not think me wicked in helping to send a poor dead man in quest of succor. Heaven knows, whatever I have done, I have done for the best."

"Oh, be sure we all believe that," said she, with a note of rich and tender gratitude in her voice. And after a short silence, she asked, "Do you think we shall ever get away from this island?"

"Yes," I replied; for whether I thought so or not, the proper answer to her question was yes.

"Sir Mordaunt frets cruelly over his wife," she continued. "It is breaking his heart, I believe, to think of her lying in the sand there in the condition in which she was buried. He told me you had promised to get the men to make a coffin for her. Cannot that be done?"

"Yes," said I. "I had forgotten. After dinner it shall be done. And by the look of the sun it seems about time that we got our midday meal. How many cakes did you bake?"

"Enough for dinner and supper," she replied.

"Then let us get dinner now," said I; for by this time Hunter had done his business with the turtle, and with the help of Tripshore had dragged the great creature up to the hut.

As there was nothing else cooked but the meat in the tins, we had some of that; but in order to save the slender stock, I asked Mrs. Stretton and Miss Tuke to devote themselves that afternoon to boiling some of the salt beef in the kettle—the only cooking utensil we possessed—and I likewise requested Norie to cut up the turtle for salting and drying. I then in a low voice told Sir Mordaunt that I had not forgotten my promise, and that I would set to work after dinner to build a coffin for his wife's remains. He pressed my hand in silence.

It was a bitter thing to look at our miserable repast, and round upon our rude hut, and recall the "Lady Maud's" sumptuous cabin and plentiful good fare. Only a painter could give you any idea of the interior the hut presented, and of our appearance as we sat, or stood, eating with our fingers. No one who has not suffered in that way can imagine what it is for the civilized instincts to find themselves abruptly and helplessly plunged into a state of pure barbarism. The women used the knives when eating, and managed with less discomfort now that they had the little cakes as platters for their portions of preserved meat; but we males had to eat like monkeys, that is, there was nothing for it but to use our fingers for forks, and to Sir Mordaunt, who was a most fastidious man in his habits, this trifling hardship was a sterner grievance than the being without a bed, or the having no coat nor hat to cover him.

We made in that hut a complete picture

of a shipwrecked party. Sir Mordaunt, as I say, was without coat or hat ; I was in my bare feet ; Norie had not yet manufactured the extraordinary cap from a piece of canvas that he afterward wore. Though the sun had dried our clothes, yet the salt water had given them a most beggarly aspect, more especially the women's. Then as we had built the hut among the trees, we had the trunks of some of them standing among us and crowding the interior. Happily the grass made the ground a soft lodging ; but taken altogether, the sail as a carpet, the yacht's timbers nailed roughly to the trees, the trees in the midst of the hut, coupled with our melancholy figures, one lying, another standing, a third squatting, produced one of the wildest and most striking pictures that can be conceived.

"I wonder," says Norie, filling the shell with water from the kettle, and eyeing it with an air of rueful wonder, "I wonder," says he, "if such a calamity as this ever befell a yachting party before."

"It may well have happened," said I.

"And it may happen again, sir," said Tripshore.

"If ever our misfortunes come to be known," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, "they should make yacht-owners who undertake long cruises very cautious in their selection of skippers. And yet, Walton, as you know, I had the fullest confidence in Purchase. I never for a moment doubted that he was a first-rate navigator."

Tripshore looked at me.

"How long will it take the raft to get into the track of ships?" asked Miss Tuke.

This question started us on a new conjecture ; but it was quite impossible to arrive at any conclusion, simply because we had no notion in what part of the Bahamas this island lay.

"If only the chart of these islands had been washed ashore," said I, "we should be able to form some idea how far distant the nearest inhabited land is by giving this rock a theoretical position. The only islands I can remember as inhabited are New Providence, Abaco, Andros, and Inagua. Of course there are others, but my memory does not carry them. Yet even the islands I name run from the high north away south as far as the Windward Passage ; consequently

this cay cannot be very far from *one* of them. But how does that one bear? How far is it? How are we to reach it?"

"That's it, sir," answered Hunter. "If them questions could be answered, there'd be no call to worrit ourselves long."

"Suppose a ship sights the raft, what will she do?" asked Mrs. Stretton.

"Why, mum," replied Tripshore, "if her skipper has eddication enough to read the board, and has a mind to help us, he'll carry the board along with him to the port he puts into, and give information there, and a wessel will be sent to look for us. Or if he's bound on a long woyage, then I suppose he'd speak the first ship he met, and give her the news, who'd report the wreck on her arrival. That would be about it, sir, I think?" said he to me.

I answered yes, though if a government ship encountered the raft, she would probably start in quest of us at once. "But," said I, in a hopeful voice, "be the vessel that sights the raft what she will, help is sure to come;" and so speaking, I went out of the hut, calling to Tripshore and Hunter to follow me.

When I had them alone, I explained Sir Mordaunt's wish ; and fancying that Hunter hung back from the job, as one that seemed to him of a sentimental kind and not to refer to our present needs, nor to our prospects, I added that the baronet was sure to gratefully remember their action in this matter should we come to be rescued, and that they knew he was rich enough to make his gratitude a thing worth earning.

Tripshore stood in no need of an incentive of this kind, but it put a heartiness into Hunter, who said "he was always agreeable to turn to and oblige people, more specially when they was his boss, as he still reckoned Sir Mordaunt to be ; though he believed that when sailors was cast away, as we was, the law left it to their own hoption whether they should continue as men, or be their own masters."

It was a dreadfully dismal job for persons in our situation to fall to. Nothing but my affection for, and my sympathy with, Sir Mordaunt could have induced me to take a part in such work. We managed it by collecting a quantity of deck-planks, and nailing them together into

a kind of long box. We worked close beside the grave, in the shadow of the hill. Indeed, out of that shadow we should not have been able to lift our hands, for the sun was fierce enough to roast us alive, and the gay wind that was blowing did not in the least degree qualify that scorching and blinding effulgence. In this tropical fiery splendor the coral sand tortured the eye that rested even an instant upon its glaring surface, while the sea in the south was a great tremulous blaze that seemed to fill the whole of that quarter with a fog of silver-white glory, so that the horizon all that way was as completely shut out as if a body of vapor had rolled down over it. Nevertheless, we worked very steadily; and, indeed, there was not much to be done, seeing that we did not stop to make the coffin sightly, but just nailed the boards roughly together, so that the poor remains could lie in the sand in a condition to be removed whenever the time arrived.

None of the others came near us. Norie tended the fire, but stopped short at that point. They all knew what we were doing, that we were engaged upon a solemn and dreadful task not proper to intrude on.

I dare say we were an hour and a half in making that coffin, such as it was; but when it was finished, the worst part remained. If it had been a hard trial to me to exhume the sailor's corpse, I know no words to express my horror at having to lift up Lady Brookes' body from the sand. Yet I dared not say I would not help the men, lest they should turn and refuse to go on.

No doubt I made more of it than I should under other circumstances. My nerves were unstrung by the trials and scenes and hardships we had gone through. Though I had been rendered somewhat buoyant in spirits by the raft going adrift, yet it was no more than a little fickle gleam of the sunshine of hope on my mind. It was clouded again, and my heart dark. Beside, it was a mighty trial to look upon a human face coming blindly up out of the sand—a face whose lineaments would reflect the horror that they excited in the imagination. Above all, was it a mighty trial to look upon a face I had known in life, whose lustrous eyes had often met mine, whose voice I

seemed to hear if I did but strain my fancy—to look, I say, upon that familiar face appearing amid the sand, as the seamen carefully scratched about with their hands, disclosing first one part and then another of the body, until, my God! she lay there, a fully dressed woman, with her eyes blind with sand, and her hands by her side, and the rings sparkling upon her fingers!

I asked Hunter to remove the rings. He pulled, but they would not come away.

"No matter," said I. "Lift her gently, men, and lay her in the coffin."

This was done, and the coffin boarded up. We all three then went to work to deepen the grave, and having buried the coffin, left the dismal place.

This job had heavily depressed me. We were red-hot with the heat and the toil, and went for a drink. But, in compliance with my wish, Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton had taken the kettle to boil some salt beef, and so to slake our thirst we had to walk across the island in the broiling sun to the well. This was very annoying, yet excepting that kettle, we had nothing in which we could store water.*

As we went to the well, I told Hunter to go to work presently, and clean the flesh out of the shell of the turtle, and then the shell would serve us for a tank. It was too great a tax, I said, to be obliged to cross the island every time we wanted a drink.

After reaching the well and quenching our thirst, we stood awhile looking away into the sea in the north. This side of the island was very flat, and yielded us but a narrow horizon. I saw the white ribs of a reef glancing in the dark blue water about a mile away in the north-west, and beyond that was a shadow upon the sea that looked like the eddies formed by a tide running over the shallow surface of another reef.

"Can we be among the shoals to the westward of Long Island?" said I, remembering on a sudden the swarm of little cays and reefs marked upon the chart over against that piece of land.

* We had the beef cask, but it was full of meat, and we dared not remove the junk from the brine in the cask, lest it should putrefy. We also had the sherry cask, but at that time we thought the wine too precious to let run.

"If so," I added, with a feeling of despair in me that I could not check, "I can't see how on earth we are to be rescued unless we make shift to get away on a raft, and leave the rest to Providence. No vessel is likely to come near these waters. The proper channels will be leagues away on either side."

"The water looks open enough out yonder," replied Tripshore, pointing into the north-east. "If we be in the midst of them shoals you speak of, they'd be showing all around."

"What part of these cursed islands we're cast away on, I don't know," said Hunter; "but whatever may be your determination, Mr. Walton, mine's this: I'm not going to sit down on this here rock and wait for something to happen. I don't say northen'll come of that there raft we sent adrift this morning; but meanwhile there's wood enough left to build a machine that'll float two men. I'm agreeable to go to work upon it, and when it's built, if no one else'll join, then, if you'll give me three days' allowance o' wittles, I'll put off alone and see what's to be found. Ye'll be discovering soon that it'll be better to take your chance o' drowning than stopping here."

"I don't see my way to that —" said I.

"But I do," he interrupted.

"Because," I continued, determined not to notice the man's mutinous manner, "we cannot construct a raft that will not be absolutely at the mercy of the wind. If we could reckon upon a north or an east wind blowing steadily for a week or so, then, indeed, our raft might drift to some inhabited shore. But the chances are almost all against us. The first bit of sea that got up would sweep us off the raft like chaff. Or we might be blown into the Atlantic without sighting a vessel, and wretchedly perish there."

"But what's to be done, then?" he asked fiercely. "Are we to stick here till we rot?"

"We must wait a little," I answered. "Give that raft we have sent adrift a chance. Or that smoke we are making may be seen. Some safer means of escape than a raft may offer. If nothing turns up, then we must come to your remedy."

He muttered something under his breath, turned on his heel, and walked off, and he sullenly kept in advance of us the whole way across the island.

As we rounded the bushes which brought us within view of the place where Lady Brookes lay buried, I saw Sir Mordaunt at work upon the grave. I left Tripshore and went to him, and on drawing near I perceived that he was framing the grave with pieces of rock. He took my hand in both his and pressed it affectionately, and thanked me for having carried out his wishes. I asked him how he knew we had completed the task, as no one had approached us while we were at work.

"Norie," said he, "caught sight of you lowering the coffin, and came and told me."

"That is hard work for you," said I, pointing to the pieces of rock he had collected.

"I wish to know where she lies," he answered. "The wind and rain would soon level a mound of sand, but these stones will remain; and I have asked Norie to nail two pieces of wood into the shape of a cross, and carve her name upon it, and the date of her death, and then we will set up the cross securely at the head there."

It was an affecting thing to see him at this work. I thought he looked ill and worn, and his attire, and long beard, and humid eyes, and his slow movements, all combined to make the picture a pathetic one. I stood in silence, wondering at the tenderness of this gentleman for the memory of a woman whose character in life was even less lovable than I have thought right to describe it; and at the unselfishness of his nature, that left him heart enough, in the midst of our distress, hardships, and anxiety, to do all the honor that love could suggest to the poor creature who lay under the sand. To me, I own, all this seemed an idle duty. Had our escape been sure, no matter how long delayed, I might have understood the baronet's anxiety to preserve his wife's remains, that they could be removed hereafter. But, so far as we then knew, we ourselves were as people in the very valley of the shadow of death. One by one we might drop away before help reached us, if ever help should come;

and the state of mind which these thoughts induced made me behold but little of worth in the devoted memory that was influencing Sir Mordaunt.

However, I had the decency to keep my ideas to myself, nor at such a moment at least would I intrude upon him the fears which at that time oppressed me. I told him if he would leave the building of the grave to me, I would take care it was properly done, and the cross firmly erected. It was not fit work for him, I said.

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "This is my share. I could not assist in the other part. I had not courage even to approach and watch you. But this is strictly my duty—my religious duty. Do not offer to help me, Walton. It will soothe me to look back and recall this labor."

As this was his wish, I said no more, and went to the hut to rest awhile. I noticed Hunter on the beach, standing near the remains of the wreckage there, and looking about him, as I supposed, to see if anything more had come ashore. Norie was helping Mrs. Stretton to cook the beef and keep the fire going; but I presumed they had not been there long, and that they would not stop there long, for the heat of the sun and the fire together was not to be borne. Under the trees, and to the right of the hut, was Tripshore, operating upon the turtle, Carey looking on. I had given this job to Hunter, but it did not signify who performed it, and if Hunter was searching the beach he was well employed.

Inside the hut I found Miss Tuke kneeling on the sail, making cakes. Her sleeves were rolled above her elbows, her hair was rough, yet I never admired her more than I did then, and I thought it impossible that any posture should suit her better. I sat down near the plank on which she was moulding the cakes, and told her what we had been doing, and how I had left her uncle employed.

"He thinks of nothing else," she answered mournfully. "He seems to forget that we are shipwrecked, and may never escape from this dreadful island."

"On the contrary," said I, "he is acting precisely as a man would who firmly believes that we shall escape. He begged me to make the coffin, and is

himself making the grave, in the full conviction that he will come or send for his wife's remains for burial in England."

"But *how* are we to get away?" said she, pausing in her work, and looking me full in the face.

I could only repeat what I had said before—that we must hope the smoke of the fire would be seen, or the raft with our message upon it encountered.

"It will not take us long to burn all the bushes on the island," said she; "and then how shall we be able to make a fire? And how many days will you grant before supposing that the raft has disappeared without any ship having seen it?"

"What *can* we do if we are forbidden even to hope?" I replied, tormented by these questions, which only too accurately interpreted my own feelings. "The bushes are not all burned yet, and the raft has been gone only four or five hours. We must be patient, and have faith in God's goodness. Who knows what a day may unfold?"

She had too brave a soul to go on murmuring, yet it was clear that she understood our situation as accurately as I, and that she could not look away from the immediate present without her heart fainting in her.

"If the worst comes to pass," said I; "if, after waiting, we see no prospect of relief; then, before our food fails us, we must turn to and pull this hut down, and make as big and strong a raft as we can manage. But that alternative, as I have told the others, is so full of danger, that before adopting it our extremity should be greater than it is, and our patience all gone."

As I said this, Hunter put his head into the hut, and said there was a wooden case come ashore. It was too large for him to carry alone. He wanted to know where Tripshore was.

"I'll give you a hand," said I, jumping up; and I followed him to the beach.

It was a large, white wood square box, and glanced among the ripples which rolled up the beach. It lay close to where we had launched the raft. We waded into the water, and hoisted it out of the sand, and conveyed it to the hut, where we prized open the lid, and came

to a casing of tin. This we cut, and found the case full of biscuits, which had been perfectly protected from the water by the tin casing.

I called to Miss Tuke to come and look, and told her that every discovery of this kind improved our chances of escape, by enabling us to give the raft more time to do its work.

"I for one shan't stop for that, Mr. Walton!" exclaimed Hunter. I have been overhauling that wreckage down there, and there's stuff enough for my purpose."

"What do you mean to do?" I asked.

"Build a kind of catamaran," he replied, "and take my chance alone, if nobody'll come with me."

"You can do as you please," said I, noticing the obstinate look in the man's face; nobody will stop you. You're a sailor, and don't require any one to point out the risks you'll run."

Just then Mrs. Stretton and Norie arrived, the latter sweating under the kettle that was full of salt meat, from which the steam was soaring in clouds. Tripshore, hearing our voices, also came round to where we stood, and listened, with the gleaming knife with which he was operating on the turtle forking out of his hand.

"All hands being here, saving Sir Mordaunt," said Hunter, folding his arms and looking around him, "I'll put my case. Here we are, imprisoned on a island. Where it is, no one knows. Two blessed days we've been here, and ne'er a sail have we seen. My belief is, that if we was to stop here twelve months we'd see northern go by. What have we got to wait for, then? The raft that's gone adrift *may* do some good—I was willin' enough to lend a hand to build it—but it may come to northern; and are we goin' to keep all on waiting and waiting, when, maybe, that raft's gone to pieces? What I'm goin' to do is to build a sort of houtrigging machine as'll not capsize, and light enough for a man to shove along. If nobody'll come in it, I'll go alone. If I'm picked up, good; the wessel as picks me up'll come for the others; and if I'm washed overboard and drowned, well, I'd as lief rot in the sea as rot here."

"Let him do it," cried Norie, eagerly,

looking at me. "It's a chance, at all events."

"Hunter is his own master," I replied. "He knows the risks, and that the odds against him are ninety-nine in the hundred."

"Damn the odds!" shouted the man, angrily. "What are the odds here? They're *all* agin us. You know that, Mr. Walton." Turning to Tripshore, he said, "Will you give me a hand to build the thing I want?"

"Ay," said the other, "I'll give you a hand, Tom; but it'll be helping you to build your coffin, my lad."

"Well, when you're ready, come," exclaimed Hunter. "There's a spell o' daylight left yet."

So saying, he walked hastily toward the wreckage, from which he had already selected a portion of the material he required. When he was out of hearing, Miss Tuke said—

"Why are you opposed to his scheme, Mr. Walton?"

"I am not opposed to it, I am indifferent," I answered. "I should favor it if the chance of the man losing his life was not, as I believe it is, equal to a dead certainty."

"But he may sight a ship, and be the means of sending help to us," exclaimed Norie.

"Yes, he may—he may—and he mayn't!" I replied bitterly. "If there's any good in a raft at all, then the raft we sent away this morning should answer our end. If the thing is seen, the dead messenger aboard will not appeal less forcibly than a living man. If it is not seen, there is no life to be lost, no long hours of torment to be endured."

"But something must be done—some effort must be made," said Norie, in a low voice.

"My God!" I cried, "have we been idle? What more could we have done? Tell me what to do—give me an idea. If practicable, it shall be executed to the letter. But don't force us to throw away our lives in a senseless effort to preserve them."

"Tom means to go," said Tripshore, who stood by; "and he'll have his way. Only he shouldn't be let to use up all the nails, Mr. Walton. We may come to want 'em ourselves."

"Go you and help him, Tripshore,

as you promised," said I ; " but keep an eye upon the nails too, for, as you say, we may want them, though I hope not."

For here let me repeat that the idea of the eight, or, if Hunter would not stay, the seven, of us committing ourselves to the sea in such a raft as we should be able to construct, was intolerable to me. Of all marine fabrics, the raft has been the theatre of the worst sufferings. At the very best it is but a clumsy platform, at the mercy of the winds and surges. A very light sea will set it awash, so that you may reckon upon sitting up to your hips in water nearly all the time you are aboard. It needed no very vigorous imagination to conceive what our situation would be in a seaway, the water pouring in coils over the level stage, that would swing to the surges like an ill-balanced kite, our bodies soaked to the skin, our provisions washed away or spoiled. It was not to be expected that Norie and the women could realize all that was meant by the proposal to leave the island on a raft ; but to me it offered itself as a dreadful alternative, and though life was as dear to me as it was to the others, I felt that it would be a wiser resolve to stick to the island, and trust to God's mercy for a rescue, and if no succor came, then to die on dry land, than launch ourselves upon the sea in a raft, and take the risk of courting in that way all those dreadful sufferings, that protracted anguish, and that final extinction, which make some of the naval records the ghastliest and most terrible literature in the world.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was hard to tell the hour by the look of the sun, but I guessed it to be about four o'clock. I sat down on the grass near the hut, with my back against a tree, while Mrs. Stretton and Carey hung up the pieces of beef which had been cooked, and Miss Tuke finished her job of cake-making. The fire had waned ; but though we should not let it expire, it was impossible without incessant and painful labor to keep it throwing up a heavy smoke. Only a very thin trail of smoke went up now.

I asked myself, Even should the densest smoke we could get out of the bush be seen, would its meaning be understood ? Would it not be thought the

smoke of a steamer ? Or if guessed to come from this rock, the smoke of a fire lighted by some persons who had landed on a short visit ?

These were crushing thoughts, for, as you know, we had but two chances—the smoke and the raft ; and if we gave up the smoke as hopeless, we had nothing left but the raft, which might prove useless too, and what then was to be done ?

My dejection was so great for a time, that a feeling of utter indifference stole over me. I thought to myself, Well, if God has deserted us, what is the good of our striving ? If we are sentenced to perish here, why chafe our hearts into rags with thoughts of how to get away ? Every mortal creature has his appointed time, and if ours has arrived, let us not make ten thousand deaths of it by our fears and recoilings and our madness to escape it.

The breeze that had been blowing all day had fallen somewhat, and was now a gentle wind. The sun was still high, and the water on fire under it. It seemed cruelly hard that we should have this fine weather now when it was of no use, when had it come earlier it would have saved us from this dreadful fate, by enabling us to ascertain our whereabouts, and to steer the yacht accordingly. I looked at the reef where she had gone to pieces, and at the water beyond, but could see no fragment of her. There was a very slight swell rolling in from the sea, and the reef gleamed in it as the water rose and fell, and every now and then there would be a sudden beautiful play of foam, which glistened in a hundred tints in the sunshine, like the sparkling of light in trembling dewdrops.

All the while I looked I was saying to myself, " In what part of the Bahamas is this island ? What land is that visible from the hill-top there ? Is it possible that no vessel ever traverses those leagues of dark blue sea away yonder, near enough for her people to see our signal, or for us to spy her canvas or the smoke from her funnel ?" In this age, when all the oceans are crowded with shipping, it seemed scarcely conceivable that our fate should have thrown us upon an island in unnavigable waters. Remembering my passing mood at that time, I can understand those fits of sul-

lennes and of ferocity which have possessed the shipwrecked mariner as hope dies in his breast.

I sat watching the two seamen collecting the materials for a small raft on the beach, with a dull, unconcerned eye. I had never felt so hopeless before; but, thank God, the depression was but transient.

I had been resting and musing in this way for some time, when Sir Mordaunt came from his wife's grave, where he had been toiling since we had buried the coffin. His appearance it was that rallied me, by making me feel ashamed of the selfish character of my despair in the face of such an affliction as had come upon him. He walked very slowly, and showed many symptoms of great physical distress. I met him, and gave him my arm. He leaned upon me wearily, but said nothing until he had seated himself.

"Have you finished your task?" said I.

"Yes," he replied. "I can do no more. I have covered the grave with stones, and to-morrow, I trust, Norie will have completed the cross he promised to make and inscribe. I knew the labor would soothe me, Walton. Now that I have marked her resting-place with my own hands, my mind is calmer than it was."

"I hope you will not expose yourself again to the sun," said I, "nor attempt any more hard work."

"Ah, I am too old for hard work," said he, with a sad smile, laying his hand on mine. "And surely, Walton, shipwreck ages a man's heart terribly. Who could have imagined that our cruise would end in this way? Yet you all seem to bear up well. Where are the others? Where is Ada?"

"In the hut, with Norie. The other women will, I expect, be at work on the turtle."

"And what is Tripshore about?"

I explained, believing that he would take my view of Hunter's scheme; but instead, he exclaimed, "Why, the man is a brave fellow to venture it. Do you say he will go alone?"

"Who would accompany him?"

"Yes, indeed; but that leaves him so much the braver. Do you know, he may fall in with a vessel, or manage to reach some inhabited coast. It will help our chance, Walton."

He was eager and restless on a sudden.

He looked with animated eyes across the sea, and clasped and unlocked his hands.

"Yes," he repeated, "it will help our chances. Life is still precious, Walton. It would be a dreadful thing to die on this island—no living creature left to tell the world what has become of us. Some effort must be made."

I knew that as well as he. However, it would have been cruel to extinguish the hope, and, I may say, the new spirit which my explanation of Hunter's scheme had kindled in him, by representing its idleness. Indeed, I was heartily glad to see him waking up out of his grief, and taking an interest in our distressful position, and admitting the preciousness of life. His misery had been dangerously numbing his mind, and had he continued much longer in that mental condition, I have no doubt that he would have fallen melancholy mad. This quickening in him therefore gave me real pleasure, and I applauded myself for my good sense in carrying out his wishes with respect to his wife's interment, and in not hindering him by officious friendship from doing his part. The mind knows its own burdens best, and how to vent itself; and certainly one way of lightening melancholy is to let it expend itself in forms of its own choosing.

After Tripshore and Hunter had been working for an hour down in the creek, whither they had carried the stuff for the raft, they came up to the hut for their supper. It was time for that meal, as we could guess more by our appetites than by the sun; and as we had a mind to treat ourselves to a change of food, we set a piece of boiled beef upon the deck-plank, and each person helped himself to a biscuit.

It was easy to see how greatly Sir Mordaunt and the others were taken by Hunter's scheme, by the way they regarded him. They eyed him as if he was a hero. Almost as soon as he presented himself, he was asked by Sir Mordaunt what progress he had made with his raft.

"Why, sir," he answered, "I hope by noon to-morrow to have put this beast of a island a long way astern."

"You have great resolution and courage," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "I

pray that God may protect and guide you."

"He won't guide us here," answered Hunter, bluntly; "and protection'll be of no use if we're not to get away. As well be drowned, I says, as become a skeleton on a island. I know this, sir—I've got northen to do but to keep all on steering west, and I'm bound to come right."

"Wind and weather permitting," said Tripshore.

"Nothing'll divart me," said Hunter, sullenly. "Right or wrong, when that raft's built, I'm off."

He devoured his allowance of food rapidly, wild with impatience to fall to his work again. Tripshore, noticing the general sympathy with the man's scheme, made haste to finish his supper, so that the others might not think he was reluctant to assist his mate. I kept silent, resolved to say nothing more on the subject.

As Hunter was leaving the hut, he said to me, "I suppose you'll let me have the compass, sir?"

"It is Sir Mordaunt's property," I answered.

"Certainly you may have it," exclaimed the baronet.

"Remember," said I, "should we ultimately have to betake ourselves to a raft, we shall want that compass, to know in what direction we drift."

"But what raft do ye mean to build?" inquired Hunter. "Where's the wood? It'll be pretty nigh all used up by the time I'm done."

"There's plenty here," said I, pointing to the hut.

"Oh, I forgot that," said he.

"Let him have the compass, Walton," cried Norie.

"Yes, if he goes alone, he should be furnished with every requirement our miserable stock will yield," said Sir Mordaunt. "Hunter risks his life for us, remember, Walton."

"He knows," said I, "that my objections are not made to defeat his wishes, but to protect ourselves, and him too, for the matter of that."

The man, without answering, walked swiftly away, Tripshore following leisurely. It was not very pleasant for me to look round, and to see on the faces of our little company that they considered

my timidity was trying to deprive them of a chance of escape. Yet I could not mistake their manner. I would particularly refer to Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton and Norie. This touched me to the quick. Was it not to my interest as much as to theirs that Hunter should venture his life, if he chose, to find us help? I objected to his enterprise because I could not endure that the man should sacrifice his life to no purpose; and also because it seemed an unmanly thing to let him go forth alone into the great sea upon a little raft, though any one of us who had offered to accompany him would, in my opinion, have acted with criminal folly.

Depressed by the behavior of my companions, and greatly vexed by it—for I could put my hand on my breast and say with an honest heart that I had done my best for them all, and would strive to do more if time were given me—I took the glass and walked to the hill, partly to search the sea, and partly that I might be alone.

As I passed the fire, I stopped to throw some wood upon it. It was nearly out, but the wood soon kindled, and sent up a volume of smoke, the twigs and stems of the bushes being almost as dry as dead wood, whereas the leaves, being green, damped the blaze, and made a smoke like one of those burning heaps of leaves and stubble and rubbish which you have seen in fields. The sun was still very hot, but it was westerling fast, and its noontide fierceness was gone. The first thing I noticed on reaching the top of the hill was Lady Brookes' grave. Sir Mordaunt must have worked very hard, and I wondered where he had found all the stones and pieces of rock he had piled upon it.

He had raised them very near as high as a man's waist. There was no fear of that grave being missed, should the baronet ever be able to send for the poor lady's remains.

I sat down on top of the hill, with my knees up in front of me, upon which I rested the telescope. The gentle wind that was blowing was very sweet, though warm, and greatly qualified the heat of the sunlight. As I gazed around me, I thought, What a little bit of an island is this! What a speck upon the mighty Atlantic, whose vast waters washed the eastern heavens, and interposed nearly

four thousand miles of ocean betwixt us and home! I searched the horizon all that way, wondering, since the atmosphere was so clear, whether there would be land in sight; but I could see nothing that looked like land, nor any appearance of a vessel. All that was visible upon the water were the reefs I have before described, with here and there a shadow, that might well have passed for the reflection of a cloud, had the sky not been clear, but which I could not doubt would be a shoal.

I then brought the telescope to bear upon the south and west, and scanned those quarters very closely and narrowly. Nothing rewarded my search beyond the point of land we had before described. I tried hard to determine its features, but it was too far off: it was not more, indeed, than a faint blue cloud in appearance.

I put the glass down, and, folding my arms, looked idly and listlessly about me, with something of that vacancy of soul that had been in me a short time before. The two men were hard at work in the creek. They had made great progress with the raft, which consisted of several planks nailed to short beams; and they had contrived a sort of box amidships, like an open companion hatchway, meant, I suppose, for Hunter to sit and paddle in. There was a certain cleverness in the form of the raft, and for fishing, or for making short excursions, or even for venturing for the distant glimpse of land, it would have been a very valuable thing on a fine smooth day; but literally to go to sea in, it looked to me as worthless as a single plank, and I was more than ever persuaded that the man would be acting like a madman to quit the island on so frail and dangerous a contrivance.

The rest of the party had come out of the hut, and were sitting under the trees, which were, I believe, stunted *brasiletto*. There they could see the men working, and yet be in the shade. They made a sad group for me to watch. It was a cruel situation for women to be in, more particularly for a delicate girl like Miss Tuke, who had been flung on a sudden from the luxury of a fine yacht into a state of absolute homelessness, beggary, and harsh privation, backed and darkened by the shadow of terrible death.

Grievous was it, too, to look at Mrs. Stretton, and think that we had saved her from one desperate peril, only to plunge her into an even worse form of suffering; for suffering is to be measured by time. Another day might have terminated her anguish on the wreck; but who could guess how long our present imprisonment was to last, and how much misery we should have to endure before we were visited by death or succored by human hands?

My eyes, quitting my poor companions, wandered over the reef on which we had struck, and which from this height I could clearly see gleaming in the crystalline blue water. Only three of the bodies of the crew had come ashore, and I supposed that the others had been washed by the current away to sea. Thither also, no doubt, had gone the spars of the yacht and the other floating portions, and may be most of those stores which would have been so precious to us in our destitution.

I imagined there was a trickle of tide setting to the westward now, and I was letting my eye run that way, when I caught sight of a black object in the water, about three-quarters of a mile distant from the westernmost point of the reef.

I believed at first that it was a shark, but it looked too big for a shark. I snatched up the glass and pointed it. The instant the object entered the field of the lenses I perceived that it was a boat bottom up.

I would not credit my eyes at first, and continued looking and looking, until it was impossible for me to doubt that the object was a boat, with her keel just above the water, and portions of her bottom glancing in the delicate swell.

I was so agitated, that I trembled as though a wintry blast had struck me; my heart seemed to stop beating, and I felt as if about to faint; a cold perspiration covered my forehead; involuntarily my hands clenched themselves until my finger nails cut into the palm. I closed my eyes tight, to clear the brain, and held them closed for some moments, after which I pointed the glass and looked again; and being now quite sure, I sprang to my feet and hallooed to the men in the creek with all my might. They dropped their work, affrighted by

my voice, and stared. I put my hand to my mouth and bawled, "There's a boat, bottom up, out yonder! Come up here and look at her!" And I stood pointing in so wild an attitude that they might well have imagined I had taken leave of my senses. However, they instantly came running to the hill, and the others, who had heard my cry, came running too, all save Sir Mordaunt, who half rose, but sank back again.

Tripshore was the first to reach me. I gave him the glass, and pointed to the boat. Instantly he cried, "Ay, it's a boat! It must be the yacht's boat; her that the men launched, and that drowned them."

"What is it?" shouted Hunter, rushing up to us.

"Look, Tom! Isn't that the yacht's boat there?" exclaimed Tripshore.

He peered, and uttered a loud cry. "Yes, yes! that's her! that's the boat we launched, and that capsized with us. For the Lord's sake, Mr. Tripshore, let's go and secure her."

By this time the others had arrived, and a whole volley of questions was let fly at me. They thought it was a ship I had seen. But I had now recovered my composure; and after briefly answering their questions, and giving them the telescope, to look at the boat for themselves, I turned to Tripshore and Hunter.

"Is your raft ready to go afloat?" I asked.

"She'll swim as she is," answered Hunter, in a voice full of uncontrollable excitement.

"Will she carry you both?"

"Both?" he replied. "Ay, four of us."

"You'll want a couple of paddles," said I. "That boat is within a mile, and by paddling you'll fetch her easily."

"A couple of planks 'll do for paddles, Tom," exclaimed Tripshore.

"Come along!" shouted the other.

"Take a tow-line with you!" I bawled after them, as they dashed down the hill.

Two were enough to launch the raft, and as they were both seamen they knew what to do. Though I had pulled myself together again, my heart beat strongly. That boat, unless damaged beyond all possibility of repair, might save our lives. If she were indeed the boat that the

yacht carried amidships, then she would be big enough to receive the whole of us. And never had I seen the hand of God plainer in any circumstance than in this; for Hunter's raft, against the building of which I had put my face, lay almost ready to shove off in, so that we should be able to get the boat at once and save precious time, and be beforehand with the darkness, or with any wind that might come with the darkness.

Seeing the baronet wave his hand to us, I asked Mrs. Stretton to go to him, and tell him that the yacht's boat was there, and that the men were about to bring her in. She went at once, while the rest of us stayed on the hill-top to watch the boat and the movements of the men.

As I have said, the frame of the raft was finished, and, indeed, this was not a job that need have been long in doing, for the planks and pieces of timber were all ready there. The size of the raft was not bigger than the top of a dinner table, and there were two of them to put it together. Yet it was very nearly half an hour before they got away in the raft, in spite of Hunter having told me that she would swim as she was; the cause of the delay being they had nothing to serve them for paddles but planks, which they had to taper with the chopper at one end, in order to grasp them. In all this time, however, the boat barely drifted a hundred yards to the westward, showing the langor of the tide and its direction at that time. Yet my impatience was so great that it was a positive torture. I would not shout to the men, for I could see they were doing their best; yet it would have eased me to stand and roar, for I was mad to secure the boat, and every minute that passed seemed to my crazy anxiety like the mouldering away of our chance.

I was greatly tormented also by Norie's questions. He would ask me first one thing, then another; was miserably importunate; one moment wringing his hands, and saying the men would lose the boat; then shouting that the boat had vanished, and begging me for the love of God to look for her, and tell him if I could see her; and then, when I had pointed her out, raving again at the men's slowness. Miss Tuke hardly spoke; but her excitement and anxiety were fully as

great as mine and Norie's. Her eyes were on fire, and yet she was mortally pale; her bosom panted as though she was fresh from a race, and once she caught Carey's arm and held it, as though she were about to sink down. The sun stood over the point of reef where the yacht had beaten, in the south-west sky, and the heavens being cloudless, the sea within the compass of the reflection of the luminary was like a sheet of flashing gold. It was impossible to look at it; it was nearly as blinding as the sun himself. Fortunately the boat was to the eastward of that splendor, where the water was dark blue, beautifully pure in tint, and that which helped me to keep the boat in sight was the light swell, that would heave it up an instant and expose a portion of the streaming frame, which the sunshine touched and set on fire, so that at such moments the brilliant reflection in the wet planks might have passed for a sun-bright star shining in the soft deep azure of the ocean.

At last the raft was ready. Hunter got into the box amidships, that was big enough for one only, and Tripshore sat just before it, his legs under him, like a tailor. Both men kept their faces forward. They paddled nimbly, and though the raft was not more shapely than a stage that a carpenter works upon over a ship's side, they managed to impel it at a fair pace. They had to come down the creek, and strike the sea at the opening between the beach and the reef; but the water was very smooth, there was scarcely any tide, and in five minutes they were clear of the reef, and propelling the raft very steadily toward the boat.

I ran down the hill to the beach to watch them from that point, and the others you may be sure followed me. I found that I could see the boat as plainly from the beach as from the hill, and perceived that the men had it in sight too, by the steadiness with which they aimed the raft at it. We all stood in a breathless state, watching the strange figure of that raft, and the sparkle of the paddles as the men flourished them. Our lives might depend upon the amazing discovery of that boat, that veritable god-send, which lay floating there, and the one passionate thought in me now was, will she be in a fit state to carry us?

Nimbly as the men plied their paddles,

the raft took a desperate long time in reaching the boat. I knew that not only by my impatience, but by the passage of the magnificent flood of light upon the sea. Even when the raft seemed quite close to the boat, she was still a good distance off, and I waited and waited to see the flash of the little paddles cease, until I believed the men would go on paddling for ever.

But even so weary a waiting must come to an end at last. The paddles were dropped, and keeping my eye at the glass, I perceived the men lean over and endeavor to right the boat. Three times they tried, each time depressing the keel to the water's edge, but no further; but the fourth time they succeeded; and then, instead of her keel, I saw the gunwales of the boat, like a black line upon the blue.

I now supposed they would make the line fast, and begin to tow her; instead of which they fell to bailing her out, one with his boots and the other with his cap. This would be a tedious process; but on reflection I judged they would not be able to tow the boat full of water, for the raft was hard enough to propel alone. I watched the baling with a feeling of passionate expectation. If the boat was injured, the water would flow into her as fast as they threw it out; if uninjured, her gunwales would rise. I explained this to Miss Tuke and Norie, and we watched the boat as persons standing upon a gallows might watch for the messenger who is coming with a reprieve, but who may come too late.

At last I clearly perceived that the gunwales rose. I could not be deceived. The telescope was a good one: when I had first looked at the boat after they had righted her, her gunwales only made a thin line, and now they were showing to the height of three or four inches. By this I knew that if the boat leaked at all, the leak would be a trifling one, to yield to such baling as that; and in a transport of delight I shouted out that the boat was sound! that our deliverance was at hand! and ran to Sir Mordaunt, pointing to the boat, and calling that our deliverance was at hand! He was too much affected to speak; he got up, and stood looking. I gave him the glass, and asked him to judge for himself how the boat grew up out of the water. He

rested the telescope on my shoulder, and I felt the tube trembling in his grasp. He peered, and exclaimed, "There can be no question that she is the 'Lady Maud's' boat, Walton. I see the gilt stripe round her."

"She must be the boat that the men launched," I answered, "and that captured with them. She must therefore have been floating about here ever since, and it is wonderful that we have not seen her before."

"She was our biggest boat?"

"Certainly she was!" I cried. "She will carry us all! We have but to rig and stock her with provisions and water, and sail away in her."

"Ah!" he said, in a trembling voice, "God has watched over us!"

I felt that as profoundly as he, and could have fallen on my knees. It was as though a miracle had been wrought, to find that boat there close to the island, manifestly uninjured by the heavy seas which the gale had raised, drifting into our sight in time to stop Hunter from risking his life on his miserable raft, and at the very moment when our prospects looked utterly dark and hopeless.

The men gave over baling after they had been at that work about three-quarters of an hour. The line of immersion indicated that there was still water in the boat, but she showed a good side, and was no longer the drowned thing she had been. The sinking of the sun warned them to stop baling; it was approaching the horizon, and there would be no twilight to help us when it was gone. They kept their places in the boat, and took the raft in tow, and by leaning over the side managed to paddle the boat along as fast again as they could have urged the raft. Indeed, they were not above twenty minutes in performing the journey. We stood on the beach to receive them, and when they were within ear-shot we all of us cheered and cried to them. They answered our shouts heartily; and so, paddling the boat around the point of reef, they brought her to the entrance of the creek and came ashore, bringing with them the end of the tow-line.

It would have moved you, I am sure, to have seen us shaking hands with the two men. We crowded round them, and only let them go because they said

they were wild with thirst. Norie and I then waded into the water, and, laying hold of the boat's gunwale, looked into her. There was not more than a foot of water in her, and this being as bright as glass, I could clearly see that her bottom was perfectly sound. Indeed, I could not perceive that she had sustained any injury, unless I except the loss of her rudder and her amidship thwart, that was started on the port side.

I called to Sir Mordaunt: "She is an old friend, and you were not mistaken. Here is the name 'Lady Maud' in black and white"—pointing to the stern.

In truth she might well have been called the yacht's long-boat, for, when on the chocks just abaft the foremast, she had the look of a long boat, with her square stern, plump sides, and motherly beam. Her brass rowlocks hung by their laniards; her rudder was, as I have said, gone, but the gudgeons were standing—that is, the eyes on which the rudder had been hung.

To secure her for the night, Norie and I hauled her to the head of the creek, which brought her close to the beach.

"There is nothing the matter with her," said I to Tripshore, as he and Hunter rejoined us.

"Nothing, praise the Lord," he replied.

"She'll want a new rudder," said I, "and we must rig her. But that is easily done. To-morrow morning we'll set to work and give her an outfit."

"Will she carry us all?" asked Miss Tuke.

"Ay, miss, and half as many again," answered Hunter. "That fore-tops'l yard there, Mr. Walton, will be the very thing for a mast. Pity we sent away the top gallant-yard in the raft this morning, sir."

"Oh, we'll find something to bend a sail to," said I; glad to find that the man's mutinous manner had left him, and that he talked with his old civility.

As we strolled slowly back to the hut the sun sank, and so magnificent was the sight of the huge red and flashing luminary, poised like a vast wheel of fire upon the polished red water, that we all stopped to look at it, and kept silence as the orb gradually drew down. For a few minutes after it was gone, the sky in

the west seemed as though a great city was burning out of sight under it, so terribly splendid was the crimson glare upon the heavens. But this awful and majestic light faded fast, sea and sky took a kind of yellow color, and then they became gray, and quickly changed into darkness, and night came upon us with a single stride, with a bright moon overhead, and the water in the north full of starlight.

The discovery and possession of our boat had put us all into fine spirits. Instead of entering the hut, we seated ourselves upon the coral sand at the top of the beach, and clear of the grass, that soon began to sparkle in the moonshine with the dew. The air was moist, but it was deliciously cool, and it was pleasanter to sit in the light of the bland and beautiful planet than in the dark hut; and, moreover, there was something finely in harmony with our hopeful and grateful spirits in the peace of the sea, with the darkness and the stars in the north and east, and the flood of moonlight in the south, and in the soft creaming of the little breakers and the distant melodious wash of the swell over the line of reef.

We sat talking of our chances of escape, and in what direction we should steer the boat. I told them a story of three sailors who had sailed a smaller boat than ours over two thousand miles of sea, and related some of the hardships they had endured; how they never despaired, but manfully struggled on and on; until, after many days, and after they had measured the amazing distance of two thousand miles, they were picked up by a brig, and safely landed in England.

Then we talked over the provisioning of the boat. Miss Tuke asked how we should be able to carry water to drink.

"In the beef cask," said I. "We will test it. If it leaks, we must endeavor to make it tight."

"There's the sherry cask," said Tripshore.

"I know," I replied; "but we will carry the sherry with us, if the other cask will hold water."

"How much will it hold?" asked Sir Mordaunt.

"Between twenty and thirty gallons, I should say," I replied.

"And how long will that quantity last?" inquired Norie.

"Why," said I, "don't you see, Norie, that must depend upon how much we use. Twenty-five gallons will be two hundred pints. There are eight of us, and even a liberal allowance would give us a fortnight's supply."

"We could sail across the Gulf in that time" exclaimed Mrs. Stretton.

"Norie," said Sir Mordaunt, leaning toward the doctor, and speaking softly, though I heard him, "before we quit the island, you will keep your promise?"

"I will set about it in the morning," responded Norie.

I knew this referred to the cross that Sir Mordaunt wished to erect over his wife's grave. Hearing what had been said, I remarked that, as there would be a deal of work to be done in the morning, it would be wise to settle the programme at once.

"You, Norie," said I, "will carry out Sir Mordaunt's wishes. That will be your part, and we shall expect nothing else from you. You and I, Tripshore, will fit and rig the boat. Hunter, you will help Mrs. Stretton and Miss Tuke to empty the beef cask, and then test it, and if it leaks you must turn to and make it tight—if you can; and if you can't, then we must capsize the sherry and use that cask. Mrs. Stretton, you will cook more beef after breakfast, so that we can ship a fair supply; and, indeed, you and Miss Tuke and Carey will see to the provisions, for when Hunter has done with the cask, he'll join us at the boat. Is my programme to your liking?"

They all said yes, it would do very well.

"But what is my work?" said Sir Mordaunt.

"Why," said I, "you can act as overseer, and take care that there is no skulking among us."

My poor friend probably felt that this was about as much as he could do, for though he begged a little to be made practically useful, he gave over his entreaties very soon.

For nearly an hour we remained talking in this manner; but now the dew was falling like rain, and I advised the ladies to withdraw to the hut.

"Let us thank God, before we retire,

for the mercy and goodness He has shown us this day," said Sir Mor-daunt.

So we all knelt down upon the sand in the moonlight, while the baronet prayed aloud ; and when our thanksgiving was over we shook hands, and all of our company, except the seamen and I, withdrew to the hut.

"We had better keep watch, as we did last night, my lads," said I.

"Ay, ay," they answered.

We debated, and then settled that Tripshore should stand the first watch, Hunter the second, and I the last.

"Is it worth while keeping the fire in?" asked Tripshore.

"No," I replied. "I am satisfied that no vessels approach these waters, and a fire is useless. The weather looks settled ; we shall have the sun in the morning, and then we can light the fire. Keep your eye on the boat, Tripshore, and watch for any more wreckage that may come ashore."

So saying, I went to the hut, followed by Hunter, and dragging up a bit of the sail, so as to make a pillow, I put down my head, and was soon fast asleep.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE COMING OF THE MAHDY.

THE recent news that a false prophet had arisen in the Soudan, and, after defeating the Egyptian forces, commenced to advance with 7000 followers on Cairo, calls attention to a question which cannot fail to have considerable importance as influencing the course of political history in the Levant. For this leader, whether enthusiast or impostor, is one of the numerous fanatics who, in Arabia, Egypt, Syria, or North Africa, have lately claimed to be the expected "guide" of Islam, the Mahdy retold by Mohammed.

The doctrine of the appearance in the last days of this religious leader is not found in the Koran itself, but it is noticed in the early traditions of the sayings of the Prophet's companions, which are inferior only in authority to the written word of revelation granted to himself.

Aly Ibn Massud is reported to have heard the Prophet predict that a deliverer should be born from his descendants, and bearing his own name, Mohammed Ibn Abdallah. The famous Imam Aly, the son-in-law of the Prophet, husband of Fatima, was told, according to tradition, that his future champion should rise from the descendants of Hussein ; and in the fatal day of Kerbela, Aly comforted Hussein with the assurance that their blood should be avenged in the future, when God should raise up El Mahdy to stand in their place, the Lord of mankind.

The details of this expected interference in favor of Islam approach very

closely to those which are again and again repeated in the Jewish apocalyptic literature, and especially in the Sibylline books written at Alexandria, whence Virgil borrowed the language of his remarkable Eclogue. The connection with the name of Aly, the famous Imam, whose martyrdom divided Islam by an irremediable schism, indicates a Persian origin for a dogma which is nevertheless commonly believed by Sunnees ; for even the wild Anazeh Arabs, who roam the deserts east of Damascus, have for years looked forward to the great catastrophe : and as the Bedawin are not conspicuous for piety or fanatical feeling (many tribes, indeed, being quite unaccustomed to the performance of the ordinary prayer called the Fathah), it seems clear that either the expectation of the Mahdy must be very widely spread, or that it has been industriously disseminated by a Moslem propaganda.

The coming of the Mahdy is to be preceded by a time of great and general trouble. Gog and Magog, in whom the faithful recognize (as do many among ourselves) the Russian power, must first burst the bounds set for them by Iskander Abu el Karnein, "the two horned" Alexander the Great, who has become in popular tradition a hero of Islam. The loss of the Khalif's dominions, swallowed up by the infidels, is expected to follow, and many Moslems believe that the present year (1300 of the era of the Hegira) is the appointed time. The hostile forces are to assem-

ble in the vicinity of Homs, or, according to others, of Aleppo; and it is here that the great battle—the Moslem Armageddon—is to be fought between the faithful and the combined powers of heathenness. The latter are to be assisted by the anti-Mahdy and the beast of the earth, a mysterious monster (the old Aryan earth-cow) who appears in most Asiatic mythologies. According to the Arab version, the earth is held in the hand of a mighty angel standing on a foundation-stone (like the Jewish stone of foundation floating over the abyss and supporting the Temple), and this foundation-stone is again supported on the back and horns of the beast of the earth. The final result of the battle is decided by the appearance of El Mahdy, who will rally the dispersed Moslems, and put the infidels to flight. A long reign of peace is to follow, and is only terminated by the Yom-ed-Dîn, when Mohammed himself will descend to bestride the pillar which juts out of the great eastern wall of the Haram at Jerusalem, while at the same time Jesus, son of Miriam, will stand on the summit of the tall eastern minaret of the Damascus mosque.

The great gathering in the valley of Gehenna will then take place; the great scales (the very same in which Thmei and the Monkey god weighed the heart of the Egyptian of old) will be set up to weigh good and evil deeds; and the elect, whose souls were won from the Deity by the Prophet when playing for them with dice in heaven (just as Thoth played dice with Isis for the lost days of the solar year), will safely pass the bridge Sirat to enjoy the endless pleasures of the celestial paradise, the company of the black-eyed houris, the sweet songs of the angel Israfil.

But, although the coming of the Mahdy as above described is without doubt generally discussed by Moslems, and devoutly believed by those who are inclined to delight in mystic expectations, it cannot as yet be said to have exerted any important influence over the conduct of the masses—at all events among the Turkish subjects of Egypt, Syria, and Anatolia. It has rather created a mild millennial hope, which, among a fatalistic race, consoles for present failure and decay, and gives ex-

cuse for the postponement of energetic action.

The tyranny of the Turk, the cruel hardships resulting from the war with Russia, the great and increasing poverty of the peasantry, have given rise to a feeling of hopeless and abject despair, from which it seems impossible to rouse the minds of the oppressed. "If the Mahdy should come to-morrow, I would not go a step to meet him, for he could do nothing for me." Such is the answer of the Fellah, even to a Christian interrogator. It is in a time of trouble that such anticipations are usually most ardently entertained; for it is natural that the devout Moslem should expect divine interposition to rescue a condition of affairs which he believes to be against the established intentions of Providence, but which he yet sees to be beyond hope of human remedy. Yet in the dominions of the Sultan despair has seemingly so laid hold of men's minds, that even a hope in Providence is at length lost; and the wild fervor with which the Jews clung to a belief in the sudden appearance of the Messiah, whose feet should stand on the Mount of Olives, even in the last days of the great siege, when the Temple was in flames and the great towers fell sapped by Roman mines, is a feeling which finds no parallel in the apathetic minds of Turks and Syrians, who no longer turn with hope to either Khalif or Mahdy. "Give us," they have been heard to say, "even a Jew to govern us, but save us at least from the Osmanli."

Fanaticism is indeed not an attitude of mind natural to the Arab character. The doctrine of the Koran, and the practice of the early Khalifs, were alike notable for a tolerance which contrasts most remarkably with the narrow spirit of crusading Christianity. It was the cruelty of the Tartar invaders of Syria which gave rise to that oppression of pilgrims on which the great "atrocious agitation" of Peter the Hermit was founded. Charlemagne and Harûner-Rashid were as good friends as were the Princes of Antioch and the Sultans of Damascus; and when poor Saint Willibald, in the eighth century, was imprisoned in one of the Syrian towns as a vagrant and suspicious character, because his dress and language were

alike outlandish, he was nevertheless soon released as a harmless lunatic, by the governor of the place, who had seen a few like him before.

The same spirit reigns among Arabs of the present day, and results in scenes hardly to be expected in a Moslem country. The visitor to Jerusalem may see the young Rabbi, who believes himself to be the true Jewish Messiah, walking unhurt in the streets, although he has not yet succeeded in gathering disciples of his own. Some years since he might watch the poor sailor (once lightning-struck) who, dressed in white, and staggering beneath a wooden cross some fifteen feet high, announced himself as Jesus of Nazareth, and inscribed men's names in his book of life; but that troubled brain now lies at peace in the English graveyard, while at the gravehead the cross he carried has been fixed with touching propriety, and is surrounded with that crown of thorns which he at one time actually wore. An American prophet driving a wagon, and married to an Arab wife to the disgust of his lawful spouse, who has appeared unexpectedly to claim him, has taken the place of the Englishman, and is equally tolerated by the Moslem population. Within the city itself, close to the Moslem quarter, fifteen American devotees await the appearance of the Messiah on Olivet, and pass their time in prayer and song. Yet these people are suffered to live unmolested, and can walk the streets without fear of being stoned.

Nor are these quiet and solitary enthusiasts the only Christians whose proceedings might be expected to attract the jealousy of Moslems. The inhabitants of Hebron—a city which retains more of the old-fashioned hatred of Christians than perhaps any town in Syria—have recently seen our Royal Princes honorably escorted by the Pasha to the interior of that sacred sanctuary, which is still, as a rule, unprofaned by the curious infidel; yet no voice of protest was raised by the crowd, which gaped with open mouths, anxious only to see the grandchildren of the great English Queen who rules more Moslems than the Padishah himself.

Not long afterward the peasantry witnessed again a religious ceremony,

which alarmed even the Turkish Government so much as to induce them to make counter-demonstrations. They saw a thousand pilgrims from France—women, men, priests, and monks—file slowly down the narrow and filthy street which leads to the Holy Sepulchre—clothed mostly in white pilgrim cloaks, marching two and two, with embroidered banners, the stout peasant side by side with the dainty Parisienne, the gray-bearded devotee with the *calotin* youth of sixteen, the best blood of France with the poorest village *curé*. The deep bass of the men, the sweet full voices of the women, united in a pilgrim hymn which echoed through the dingy streets; yet no curses were heard from the Moslem crowd which looked on, nor was any attempt made to break the order of the procession, protected merely by two French *cavasses* at its head.

A few days later a Moslem counter-demonstration was indeed organized; but it was by the local officials, not by the native population, that it was set on foot. The eldest son of the military governor, with some other boys, was taken to the Haram to be circumcised. He was mounted on a gaily dressed camel, carrying a *mahmal* or closed quadrangular tent, such as is annually sent to Mecca with the Haj, adorned with green silk hangings, and surmounted by a wooden crescent on the pyramidal roof. Behind him other children were mounted on horses, and dressed in military uniforms, with diamond ornaments and tiny swords. Before him a barbarous band of drums and cymbals headed the procession; and a convict who had been painted over with tar and then rolled in cotton, was led by two chains from his neck, to increase the effect of the spectacle. Yet this strange ceremony seemed to the apathetic populace equally uninteresting with the Frank pilgrimage, concerning the political meaning of which they had been just speculating; and the Government, having failed to excite enthusiasm, appeared to think it prudent, by an unusual parade of the garrison, and by the pompous entry of two rusty field-guns, dragged up from Jaffa along forty miles of execrable road, to remind their subjects of the military force at the disposal of the Pasha.

Jewish families from Russia have also recently poured into Palestine, and have settled at Gaza, where they will find little competition in trade, but at the same time few customers to enrich them. The peasantry have not even objected to the installation of this new tribe—unpopular as are, nevertheless, the Hebrews among the modern Canaanites. The Fellah, in short, like the widow of Sarepta of old, seems to say in his despair, "I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress for me and my son, that we may eat, and die."

So far, then, as can be judged by an observer not admitted into the confidence of the more strict Moslems, who belong to the ancient families attached to mosques, or to old Arab school foundations in the principal towns, there is no formidable recrudescence of fanatical expectation among the mass of the people in the Levant. Nor is such a spirit to be found among the nomadic tribes which roam over the desert districts. Recent explorers have shown that the Bedawin can scarcely be classed as Moslems at all. Their usual religious beliefs appear to be connected with the primeval stone-worship which was the Arab religion before Mohammed. Aly Ibn Abu Taleb has become to them a mythical character like Zeid, Zîr, Antar, or any of the heroes of the Beni Helal. Legends which seemed based on the history of Moses, Joshua, and Samson, are attributed to the mystical Imam. Persian folk-lore has been found to exist among the 'Adwan Arabs, and the cromlech has been discovered still in use. The Bedawin of the Belka are a prayerless people, with a superstitious belief in the power of their dead ancestors; but they are at the same time sharp politicians, who look forward to deriving benefit for themselves in the confusion which would accompany the disruption of Turkish rule. They might gather round a political Mahdy for purposes of plunder and revenge, but they could never be attracted by religious zeal to fight for the faith of Islam as a losing cause.

We may turn again to inquire whether among the Derwish sects a spark of fanatical fire may exist, capable of setting Islam in flames; but it must be confessed that, unless utilized for a political

propaganda, there does not appear to be any symptom of spontaneous zeal among these mysterious brotherhoods. There are twelve original orders of Derwishes, each vowed to obey its chief, and each initiated into mystic doctrines. Of these, the Malawiyyeh or dancing derwishes, whose Persian founder Hazret Moulana is buried at Koniah in Lycaonia, are perhaps the most venerated. They are recruited from the respectable shopkeeping class, and have monasteries not only at Koniah, but also at Aleppo, Tripoli, and other places: they are distinguished by the sugar-loaf hat of tawny felt, round which the green turban of a Hajji is sometimes wound. Those who have seen the solemn ceremony of their dance, when, clothed in white skirts flying disc-like round their waists, they rotate like great human tops round the central figure, and who compare their movements with the sacred spectacles of India, can hardly doubt that the original meaning of the ceremony was a symbolic representation of the movement of the planets in their orbits, round the centre, which, according to the Ptolemaic system, is represented by earth itself.

The Rif'aiyyeh sect, followers of the "Saint of God, Rif'ai," wear black turbans in Egypt, and are remarkable as eaters of scorpions and serpents, piercing themselves like the Baal priests with swords and knives, and drawing snakes from their holes by a magic power not understood by others. The ceremony of the Dôzeh, in which the chief rides on horseback over his prostrate disciples, is performed by this sect, who are found wandering over Egypt and Syria. A third famous order is that of the followers of Seiyid-el-Bedawi, who claim divine powers for their chief, and tread unhurt on fire, or eat live coals, serpents, and scorpions. They perform also the *Zikr* or "remembrance," standing in a circle and vociferating the formula "No God but God" until they sometimes fall into an epileptic fit. A fourth sect is that of the Ahmediyyeh, who wear red turbans and carry red banners, and among whom still lingers the worship of the ass, which, strange as it may seem, is one of the oldest cults in Asia, and is said still to exist among the Anseiriyeh north of Lebanon.

The Barhamiyeh derwishes are distinguished by green banners and turbans ; and the Kadiriye (who adore the sacred shoe of their founder), carry fishers' nets in procession—a survival of a very ancient Egyptian custom. Many other orders, varying in power and respectability, from the rich dwellers in monasteries to the ragged wanderers with shaggy locks and gleaming spears, are scattered throughout the Moslem East ; but all are grouped round their respective chiefs, forming secret societies vowed to unquestioning obedience.

It is nevertheless not improbable, though at first it may sound like a paradox, that the sympathies of the mystic sects may be more closely allied to the free thought of the West than to the commonplace orthodoxy of exoteric Moslem teaching. It is at least an accusation which has been brought against many secret sects, that the highest degree of initiation consists in the negation of all religious doctrines. It was with such infidelity that the Templars were charged in the acts of accusation which are still extant. It was with the neglect not only of religious, but even of the most elementary moral principles, that the Gnostics were to all appearance sometimes justly reproached ; and we know that in the Buddhist system the highest truths include repudiation of the deterrent dogmas by which lower and coarser minds are sought to be influenced. It is, moreover, very suggestive, that in an Arab account of the gradual and Jesuitical persuasion of converts among the Ismaileh—one of the earliest mystic sects of Islam—the disciple is described as advancing to final scepticism with respect to all religious systems. He is first taught the ordinary dogma of the Imamat, or successive reincarnation of the Divine power. He is told that the spirit of the future Imam, who, like the Mahdy, is to come in the last days, has already appeared—a spark of the divine essence, under the forms of certain historic personages, just as Zarathustra himself, again and again, born to convert the world, is once more, according to the Persian faith, to precede as a herald the future universal monarch. In the next stage, the Shi'ah novice is taught the value of such tricks of

sleight-of-hand and magic formulæ as shall win respect from the ignorant, to whom they are made to appear signs of supernatural power : he learns the secret gesture of the sect, like the Gnostic handshake, the mason's grip, or the quiet passing of the fingers across the beard, whereby members of the Derwish orders recognize one another. In the final and most confidential initiation, the Ismaileh novice is taught to laugh at his own faith in Imams, not less than at the superstitions of the most ignorant of pagans ; and is told that all historic systems are alike but symbols of one truth, of the worship of *life* under its two aspects, male and female, which have existed from the unknown eternal past, and will exist for a limitless future. He is thus brought back to the basis of the very earliest and rudest ideas of the Asiatic races, to the meaning of fire and water worship, Agni and Indra, Siva and Vishnu, the *lingam* and the *yoni*. The great prophets, he is taught, merely repeated what was shadowed forth in the rough stone monuments of the early Arabs, dedicated to Allah and Allat ; and the hope of a future Imam gives place to a scepticism in which the existence of the Divinity Himself is finally denied.

As far, then, as it is possible for the uninitiated to speculate on the arcana of the Moslem esoteric teaching, it seems highly probable that among the Derwish leaders no real belief in the coming of any future Imam or Mahdy exists ; and that although the lower grades may be taught the ancient dogma of successive incarnations of the Deity, and may through vows of obedience be bound to follow their chiefs in any course of action which they may dictate, it is improbable that these organizations will be carried away by any fanatical enthusiasm, unless selfish motives, personal or political, should lead to the recognition of some Moslem champion as the Mahdy of popular tradition.

But between these two classes—the untaught and the philosophical—there is a middle class of the orthodox inhabitants of cities and towns, whose religious tenets present a far more dangerous narrowness of view, and among whom fanaticism has a real existence. Such are the white-turbaned youths

who study in the Moslem schools, the venerable elders whose green turbans bear witness to their preformance of at least one pilgrimage to Mecca. Such are the doctors of the Tenzil, or plain exoteric interpretation of the Koran, who take the Scripture literally, without seeking for any mystical hidden meaning. They do not, indeed, represent the mass of the nation, and their voices might be silenced by the popular enthusiasm for a Western protecting power; but their presence, their hatred of all that is non-Moslem, their eager dissemination of scandalous misrepresentations of Christian dogmas, their zealous attempts to win the peasantry to the side of Islam, must not be for a moment forgotten by those who would understand aright the tendencies of modern Moslem thought. Comparatively few in numbers, these narrow-minded orthodox believers are, nevertheless, very much in earnest; and their power lies in the veneration with which they are regarded, and in the prestige resulting from ancient birth and high social position.

It is among this class—Sokhtas, Ulemas, Kadis, Sheikhs, and Imams of the great mosques, gentlemen of old family, living in houses which have belonged to their ancestors for many centuries—that a real belief in the coming of the Mahdy, and in the future triumph of Islam, exists. It is by such doctors of the Hanifeh school of Sunnees that the Sultan's claim to the Khalifate is supported, and the propaganda of Pan-Islamism (or, more properly, Pan-Sunneeism), with the Padishah as religious head, is vigorously fomented. Among them are found men sincerely devout and completely convinced, no less than hypocrites who look forward to the good things which may be obtained through the re-establishment of the old order, uncontrolled by the public opinion of the Western infidels. If the care of the Moslem lands bordering on the Mediterranean should pass into the hands of men selected from such a class, there can be little hope, not only of the spread of civilization and progress, but even of the just government of the various races who are so inextricably intermixed in all parts of the Levant.

With the origin of the doctrine of the Mahdy's advent we are not at present specially concerned. In India, the appearance of a universal king and of an independent religious teacher, to be born in future days, dates back at least three thousand years. In Persia, the coming of Sosiosh is first mentioned about 300 B.C.; and the dogma is developed so fully in the works of the Sassanian period, that it seems to have been probably from Persia that the Moslems first derived the idea of the Mahdy. The Messiah of the Jew, the Mahdy of the Samaritan, cannot fail to be recalled to our minds when we read the details of the eschatological expectations of Islam; while, among the Druses, the Indian idea is fully developed, and the future incarnation of Hakem as a universal monarch is to be accompanied by a similar appearance of Hamzeh as a religious teacher.

The sudden development of a system like that of the Druses—a faith which has only existed for about eight centuries, and which, nevertheless, is now held by at least a hundred thousand souls—is, however, an historical fact which, at the present time, is eminently instructive. A Hakem or a Hamzeh might spring up in our own times quite as easily as in the year 1000 A.D., and they would find in the East a condition of things at least as favorable as that existing when the Persian heretics, Hamzeh and Darazi, proclaimed the Fatimide Khalif Hakem to be the expected Imam or incarnation of the Deity.

Those who have studied the Druse religion by itself are not always aware that it was but a natural outgrowth of the older Ismaileh heresies which resulted from the influence of the Mazdeism of Sassanian Persia on the young religion of Mohammed. They have supposed that some mystic teaching of high importance is concealed by the silence of the Akkals, or initiated caste, among these strange people, and have, perhaps, hardly given enough attention to the indications observable in the prayerlessness of the Druses, in their disregard of all ritual, and in their license as regards the denial of their faith—indications which go to prove that the highest initiation among their leaders is to a

scepticism like that of the Ismaeleh or of the Buddhist philosophers.

The followers of Hakem and Hamzeh were at first distinguished from the Moslems of Egypt only by one tenet, that the incarnation generally expected had actually taken place in the birth of the then reigning Khalif, Hakem bin Amr Illah. As a descendant of Fatima, his claim was by no means unnatural; and whether or not he believed in his own supernatural character, there can be little doubt that he found, in the assumption of a religious pretension so august, a very powerful political weapon, with which, had he been a wiser and less extravagant man, he might have hoped to revolutionize Islam, and to obtain general recognition as a universal Moslem ruler.

If, then, in our own days a man of real genius should arise—a man not hampered by too narrow an orthodoxy, or hindered by scruples such as prevent the truest and the best from advancing the interests of personal ambition by trading on the follies or the feelings of the untaught; if, at the same time, he were an Arab by birth (a fellow-countryman, at least, if not a supposed descendant of the Koreish Prophet), a prince or a sheriff, well versed in the Koran, learned in the subtleties of the traditional interpretation, of ready wit and eloquence, a popular hero in short, and a shrewd politician as well—such a man would find in the expectation of the Mahdy, and in the present condition of all Islam, an opportunity for the attainment of widespread power, and for the indulgence of the most unbounded ambition, such as has not arisen for many centuries. He might revolutionize the history of the East, and make the religion of Islam, which seems already to show symptoms of decrepitude and disintegration, an enthusiastic faith, uniting the various scattered races and sects which now turn to Western Christian states for deliverance from Moslem rulers.

Of such a leader we have not yet heard. The Turkish Sultan, whatever may be the value of his claim to the Khalifate—practically or theoretically—is quite incapable of pretending to the character of Mahdy. The military adventurer whose intrigues and boldness

have given so much trouble in Egypt, has not yet dared the master-stroke of proclaiming himself to be the expected prophet, although he has been represented as a descendant of Fatima—a claim which was doubtful even when advanced by the so-called Fatimite Khalifs, and which must nowadays be regarded as extremely apocryphal. Perhaps Arâb Pasha is too sincere and devout a Moslem to have ever thought of so trading on the religious feelings of his fellow-religionists; perhaps he is aware that he has not the qualities required to play such a part. At all events, he has not announced himself to be the Mahdy, although he had much to gain by so doing.

The Nejed chief, concerning whom we have heard so much from Mr. Blunt, has as yet given no very evident symptoms of political genius or wide ambition. He would probably shrink from the impiety of aspiring to the sacred character of a reincarnation of the ancient Imams; and many who know the Arab character well are forced to doubt the capacity of the Bedawin for political union or sustained effort. The Turks despise the Arab tribes, which they break up at will by intrigue, or defeat with inferior force in the field; and the Turks are perhaps the best authorities we have in the matter, although to some of our politicians at home the Arab races appear to be considered as invincible as they believe the Boer or the Zulu to have proved themselves.

Mr. Broadley, in his work recently published on Tunis, gives an interesting account of the Senoussia, a sect founded by Mohammed Senoussi, the father of the present Senoussi el Mehdi, in regard to whose appearance he gives the following prophecy: "On the first month of Moharrem in the year 1300 (12th November 1882) will appear El Mehdi or Messiah. He will be exactly forty years of age, and of noble bearing. One arm will be longer than the other. His father's name will be Mohammed, his brother's Fatima, and he will be hidden for a time prior to his manifestation." In spite, however, of the scope which the agitation in Northern Africa has afforded his pretensions, it does not appear as if this personage were to make his mark more than other impostors.

As we scan the political horizon, we fail, then, to discover at present the future leader who might make the millennial dream an actual reality, and successfully assume the character of the Mahdy. Solitary enthusiasts spring up from time to time, and disappear after a brief interval of celebrity. The coming man of genius is as yet unrevealed, and is perhaps never destined to come at all. If so, the tendency of political history seems to point clearly to the decay of Moslem influence, and to the extension of Christian power in Egypt, in Syria, and in Anatolia. The Pan-Islamic scheme must perish through the weakness and artificiality of its character, through the disunion of Moslem tribes and sects, and the evident contradiction between the Sultan's pretensions and the plain words of the Koran, unless fresh life is inspired into the movement by a really able and impetuous leader, venerated as a sacred person, and idolized as an Arab hero.

We are just at the present moment approaching a crisis in the history of this Moslem expectation. The Sunnees hold that the Mahdy will come in the year 1300 of the Hegira. That year will in a few months dawn upon us. The Druses say that Hakem will come in the ninth century after his disappearance. Some signs of the end are, it is true, not yet fulfilled. Gog and Magog, have not yet drunk dry the Sea of Galilee. Ed Dajjal, the one-eyed anti-Mahdy, marked on his forehead with the word *Kāfir* ("infidel"), has not yet been reported to have rallied the Jews in the East previous to riding on his ass from Irak to Syria; the sun has not yet risen in the West; the patient earth-beast still supports his ordinary load; the smoke which is to fill the earth has as yet only been seen in our great manufacturing cities; the Sultan of Turkey still awaits the discovery of treasures in Euphrates, which would be so valuable just now; the Kaabah at Mecca has not been destroyed as yet; and beasts and birds have not begun to speak like men. Yet, on the other hand, there are signs already fulfilled to which the pious may turn for edification. Faith and truth have of a surety decayed among men in the East, if not in the West; unworthy persons have come to honor;

slaves have been promoted above princesses of birth; tumults and seditions have been stirred up; war between the Turk and other Moslems has commenced in Arabia; and distress so great has spread over the Moslem world, that men envy the dead who can suffer no more. If ever there were a time when the Mahdy might be expected to appear, surely it is the present year.

The signs whereby the Mahdy is to be known are, it is true, very specially enumerated. In India, in like manner, the requisites to be fulfilled by a Buddha before he could be acknowledged, were more numerous than the marks which denoted an Apis. Yet believers have never proved themselves very exacting in inquiring into such details, when once convinced of the general appropriateness of character in their leader. The Mahdy should be an Arab, and his name should be Mohammed Ibn Abdallah; but he might easily assume the first name, and the second ("servant of God") might be regarded as an appellation only, and as evidently appropriate to the father of so illustrious a son, whatever were the name by which he was more commonly known. The descent from Fatima might be proved without difficulty to an uncritical public. Eloquence and knowledge of religion are possessed by most men in the East, and such qualities are apt to be extolled beyond their deserts in those who have become popular. Genius is almost the only necessary quality for an actual Mahdy; and who shall say that a genius may not yet manifest himself?

The important question for the present is, therefore, the course that England should pursue in face of the present temper of the Moslem world in the Levant. Since the days of the Bulgarian agitation, Englishmen have no doubt learned much concerning the ideas and habits of the Turkish and Arab Moslems; but they have yet much to learn. That the recent massacres at Alexandria should have been thought, even for a short time, to be the result of a widespread fanaticism, argues a very imperfect acquaintance with the feeling of the lower classes in Egypt. Had the massacre taken place twenty years ago in the interior—as at Damascus in 1860—it might perhaps have been due to re-

ligious hate ; though even in the instance mentioned, the lower classes were incited by their rulers, who were actuated mainly by motives of local political origin. But that in a city where the Christian element is so strong, where the nationalities are so mixed and so numerous, and where the original severity of Moslem life has been so entirely undermined by intercourse with the West, a genuine religious outbreak should take place, while Cairo and Damascus, Hebron and Hamah, remained undisturbed in their usual tolerance of the infidel, was a supposition which no one acquainted with the character of the population in the Egyptian seaport could easily entertain.

The phantom of a national Moslem party in Egypt is not less the creation of minds unfamiliar with the thoughts and lives of the lower classes in the Levant. The natural quickness of the Arab enables him easily to acquire a superficial acquaintance with the ideas and phrases of Europeans, a knowledge as rapidly and imperfectly attained as is that of European languages. The Egyptian donkey-boy will very soon make himself understood in broken English ; but the Arab who can speak correctly any language, even including his own, is not easily to be found. Thus with the control and with the establishment of native newspapers, the terms "freedom," "nationality," "constitution," "patriotism," became familiar to mouths which glibly repeated what was never felt at heart. With grim irony the military despots, who have presumed on the weakness of recognized rulers, paid back the foreigner in terms newly imported by his own representatives ; and the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians" was at once so clever and so impudent, as to deceive many who did not consider by whom it was raised.

When once we pause to reflect on the position of Arabi and his followers, it must seem clear that they cannot represent the feelings of the masses of the nation, whom by their insolence and short-sighted self-sufficiency they have ruined. It is impossible to suppose that those who have increased the useless army of Egypt from 12,000 to 15,000 men, and thereby added a quar-

ter more to the military burdens, and to the petty tyrants of the country, can really represent the wishes of the poor and timid peasantry, who are bound to a compulsory service which they hate. It is impossible to think that it is the will of the people that they should be left without that employment which has so largely depended on European direction and capital, and subjected to hostile attack from European nations, with whose colonists they had so long maintained cordial and useful relations.

If England only appreciated the advantages which she really possesses, she would become aware that her influence with the oriental populations is such as to place her in a far better position than is enjoyed by any other European nation. English firmness, justice, tolerance, and good-nature are extolled by the Arabs above all qualities of the Germans, whom they dislike, and the French, whom, as a rule, they cordially hate. The English Queen is known as a great Moslem ruler. English Protestantism is favorably contrasted with the degradation of the Greek Church, and the cunning of the Latins. English power, as evinced happily in recent events, has caused our name to be respected, while our toleration and patience are equally appreciated. It is not mere national conceit or Arab flattery which gives rise to such impressions, for the facts are admitted even by foreigners, and the native exhibitions of opinion are too genuine and too spontaneous to be doubted.

So long as the real Mahdy does not actually appear, England has no cause for fearing the intentions of the Moslem Arab races. The peasantry are favorable to her, and the wiser heads of the upper classes see clearly the benefits of her rule, and contrast them with the miseries of Moslem mismanagement. If such a leader as has been suggested in the preceding pages should appear, we should hope to find in him also a man of sufficient breadth of view to be above religious hatred of the fanatical class ; and in such a case an alliance natural and powerful would result.

It is not our business, as some have proposed to us, to manufacture such a Moslem revival, but if it comes upon us spontaneously we have no real reason to

fear it. Our time-honored duty has been to work for the freedom of other peoples, and to strive against the tyranny of unjust governments. Our misfortune has been of late to take the opposite side against our will, and to abet unjust despotism taking the guise of patriotism. So long as we avoid the errors of French intolerance in North Africa, and go on in the work we have begun, we need not fear the harm which the Pan-Islamite propaganda would do us, because it will fail to convince the

mass of the Moslem races against the evidence of their senses.

The actual Mahdy will be, if he comes, a man of genius, with whom we might hope to be able to deal; the traditional Mahdy is a myth with which we have little to do; but we must never forget that, though his coming is but a dream, it is nevertheless a dream which in the devout East may any day become a reality, and give rise to new forces as yet dormant in the Moslem world.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A TENNESSEE SQUIRE.

THERE is perhaps no part of the United States where life goes on more calmly than in the region of the Cumberland Mountains, Tennessee. This beautiful wilderness is thinly peopled by a race of "natives"—that is, white settlers and squatters, who are as unaffected by the fierce activities of their fellow-citizens in the Eastern and Western States as if they were inhabitants of another continent or men of another age. Their homesteads are remote from highways; and these highways are so little frequented, that weeks may pass without a stranger appearing. Having very imperfect means of transport for corn or cattle to paying markets, they grow just sufficient for their own use; and simple wants are easily satisfied in a subtropical climate.

Maize is the staple food, wheaten bread being rarely eaten. Swine-flesh of the toughest and least nutritious sort furnishes much of the animal food. Milk is little used. Intoxicating drinks are rarely partaken of, though a good deal of peach-brandy and corn-whiskey are said to be made illicitly. But these are sold to saloon-keepers in by-places, and the money expended in powder, shot, and the few articles required for a primitive household.

Tea and coffee are the favorite stimulants of Tennessee natives, particularly the latter. When whiskey is not made, game is sold at the nearest town to obtain what is needed; and often the hunter will go ten miles with a pair of deer-hams, half a dozen turkeys, rabbits, or other spoils of the chase; and glad is

he to bring back a few pounds of green coffee in exchange.

Hunting is indeed the real business of the Cumberland mountaineer, farming being a mere incident. To roam in the boundless wilderness with a long rifle, accompanied by a dog, is the occupation and the joy of the half-wild men of the Tennessee forests. Wonderful shots are they, rarely failing to bring the deer down by a bullet through the heart. But though loving solitude more than society, the hunter is kindly, hospitable, and anything but a misanthrope.

In a sparsely peopled country where there are no hotels, the traveller must either carry a tent and provisions, or seek shelter and food from the dwellers in the land. I took the latter course; and never was refused the best that the house afforded. Many hosts repelled all attempts at payment; some even objected to be thanked. The system of demanding and giving hospitality is so common that it is never considered as a benefaction or a favor. What the squatter gives to-day, he himself may have to ask for to-morrow. Business, the chase, a political errand, sends him a day's journey from home, or leaves him belated. That causes him no disquietude. The wanderer goes to the nearest house, assured of a frank and hearty reception. It matters not that he is a stranger. He is received without embarrassment, with genial politeness. But it is necessary to observe that a change is coming over frontiersmen. A host of tramps are prowling over the

United States, worse than their fellow-vagabonds in England, and perhaps more difficult to reclaim. The maraudings and brutalities of these men have made farmers suspicious, and chilled something of their native kindness. Still, the honest stranger is welcomed in a manner that compares favorably with the hospitality of cities; for in these remote wilds, poor people living hard lives, are more neighborly than the inhabitants of London, Paris, or New York.

One of my pleasantest remembrances of Tennessee travel is connected with a short stay I made at the house of a certain Squire named Harker, who lived on a lonely road some distance from Jamestown. The weather was very hot, and my horse and self were tired with a five hours' rapid ride through forest and fell. It was nearing noon, the Tennessee dinner-hour, as I came in sight of the Squire's log-cabin, to which I had been directed by those who had marked out my itinerary. The barking of a great wolf-hound brought out the Squire. He appeared about sixty years of age, tall, spare, and lithe as a young man. His hair was steel-gray, face close shaven, skin browned by weather; his eyes light blue, calm and benignant in expression.

"I come to ask for something to eat for my horse and myself," I said.

"Yes, sir," he replied, expectorating deliberately. "Come in."

With that he led my horse to a trough fed by a mountain stream; and afterward put the tired animal into the stable, throwing before him some corn-cobs and a bit of coarse hay. Then we went toward the house.

Sitting by the fire was a woman, of dubious age, fifty-five or sixty-five. Although the weather was so hot, she was crouched over the blazing logs. Her face was yellow-olive in color, thin to emaciation, haggard and wan. Her eyes had a dreamy quietude in them, like those of a person habituated to soothing drugs. Her figure was gaunt as a skeleton, and scantily draped in a faded cotton gown; the outline of her long angular limbs being rendered more observable by an obvious lameness. In her mouth was a long and much used clay-pipe, the bowl black as ebony.

She paused an instant in her puffing as I entered, then proceeded to smoke without the least embarrassment.

In the chimney-corner near to the mistress of the household stood a beautiful young girl of fifteen, tall as my host, slim as a poplar, with dark pensive eyes, pale olive complexion, and dark hair loosely gathered into a knot. She smiled a childish welcome, which had the effect of destroying the charm of her innocent beauty, for it displayed teeth repellently black. She did not reply to my inquiries respecting her health; for a sudden disquietude passed over her face; her dark dreamy eyes were suffused; she passed hastily to the door. Quick as light she extracted a quid of tobacco from her pretty mouth, and then returned to her mother's side. I tried to appear oblivious of these little incidents, and advanced to shake hands with a young man coming from an inner room. He was shorter and more squarely built than his parents and sister, but the contour of his face and his eyes left me in no doubt that he was the son of my host. A lump of tobacco was in his lower jaw, giving him the aspect of a man suffering from excessive gumboil. He greeted me with kindly gentleness, and sat down.

The interior of the house was extremely rude. Evidently, from its dilapidation, the cabin had been built many years. The logs were blackened by the weather; the floor was patched and uneven; and through many a cranny the sunlight gleamed. Four beds were visible, two in the general room where I was, and two in a little room half-screened by a curtain. The beds were clean, covered with patchwork quilts, but humbler than the couches of our superior peasantry. A few thoroughly uncomfortable chairs were scattered about; a round table was in the middle of the floor; a rough culinary bench was under the window near the back door. The fireplace was a stony chasm, without grate, oven, or other cooking apparatus. A large pot, like that used by gypsies, stood upon the hearth. Such was the furniture of this home in the wilderness.

I cannot say that the house was dirty, untidy, or in any way wretched. It lacked altogether that snugness and

comfort that English people associate with home. There was no sign of poverty, of that pathetic confession of a desperate fight with circumstances, so often seen in the neat homes of the poor in England. And the family had no semblance of being "hard up."

Mrs. Harker was badly, meanly, scantily dressed, worse, indeed, than any laborer's wife in rural Britain. But she did not seem to be aware of it. Miss Harker wanted a new gown, better shoes, a competent hair-brush, and a general reformation in her ideas of attire, though evidently unconscious that she was at variance with correct standards of taste. The worthy Squire wore a pair of pants that had deserved retirement long ago. His shirt was coarse as sail-cloth; and though clean, wanted the skill of an abler laundress than his household afforded. His Wellington boots, into which his pants were thrust, were hoary with the mud of years. Blacking is unknown in the Tennessee wilds, and is as superfluous as hair-powder. Shirt, pants, boots, comprised the whole costume of the Squire and his son; as gown, shoes, stockings, seemed to do for the ladies. Let no fastidious dame or scrupulous dandy find fault with such heretical notions of dress. I was myself at that time wearing simply shirt, trousers, and shoes, and feeling that these were a burden grievous to be borne. The temperature was ninety-eight degrees in the shade; in the sun, one hundred and twenty degrees. Teufelsdröckh might have learned something more of clothes-philosophy had he been Squire Harker's guest.

The doors and windows were wide open, permitting a faint current of air to pass through the room; air laden with the perfume of azaleas, growing like rank weeds in the forest, and with the faint odor of the prairie rose. A humming of bees and buzzing of flies came rhythmically athwart the pauses in the conversation. Outside, the intense white sunlight glittered on every reflecting surface; and the ineffable violet sky soared to an immense height. Across it, here and there, swam rolls of snowy cloud, like pillows of carded wool. The remote firmament, the slow-gliding clouds, the hushing sun-glare, the droning insects, the quiet talk of my enter-

tainers, the stillness of the forest, seemed all harmonious with the calm of a tropical noon.

Hurry here was impossible, rapidity of thought an absurdity, rapidity of action suicide. Life was a wakeful dream, in which to smoke lazily, to exult serenely at the dawdling pace of Time hobbling along on padded sandals, were the only duties.

My hostess informed me that she had long suffered from ague and rheumatism. She had taken all sorts of doctor's stuff, but with little relief. She rose to fetch the bottle containing her medicine, and then I saw how lame she was. Her left hip appeared to have lost its power of articulation. She moved with pain and difficulty, using a strong stick. I was very sorry for her, and we soon became confidential. In talking over remedies, it was clear that the quack was mighty in the land, and that Mrs. Harker had suffered much therefrom. And the school-master was feeble. The commonest news of the time was unknown to the family, or had filtered in by small drops of hearsay. All literary, scientific, or other culture was absent from this household. I was nonplussed at every step, having to begin *de novo* with almost every topic. But I thoroughly interested my friends, who began to look upon me as an extraordinary person, when I tried to explain the genesis of malaria and rheumatism. Diseases were accepted by the Squire's family as mysteries, which no knowledge could fathom, and which medicine could only mitigate.

"I guess you'll like to eat?" said Mrs. Harker after awhile.—"Get dinner ready, Susan." This to the daughter.

During the conversation, which was not interrupted, I observed how the meal was prepared; indeed, I could not help it, as it went on under my eyes. After throwing more wood on the fire, Miss Harker half-filled a tin bowl with Indian meal; into it was dredged some "raising-powder;" water was added, and a paste made in a few minutes. The pot on the hearth was partly filled with hot ashes, and small lumps of dough placed on them; the lid was put on, and the bread-baking was in process. A kettle was placed on the fire, and while the water was heating, the

coffee was ground. Afterward, thick slices of bacon were cut from a rusty fitch, that looked like a section from a pine-slab. A huge heavy frying-pan was filled with the bacon, placed on the fire ; and soon the odors of the pan pervaded the room, effectually overwhelming the fragrance of the azaleas and roses. Meantime, from a hidden store-room, an up-piled dish of apple-jam was brought, and a strange-looking substance resembling cream-cheese. A few cracked cups, plates, and small dishes, very heavy and thick, furnished the table equipage.

The meal was soon prepared ; and I took the place assigned me by my host, who immediately sat down on the one side of me, his son taking the other. I waited for the ladies to take their places ; but they showed no disposition to do so. Feeling uncomfortable, I ventured to suggest that Mrs. Harker should take my seat, which seemed to surprise my friends. No ; the women would dine afterward. The Squire did the honors of the table in a generous fashion, piling my plate with bacon, filling my dish with jam, and pressing the hot cakes upon me. Miss Harker supplied the coffee. Her mother continued to smoke and talk in the chimney-corner.

The experience I had subsequently of Tennessee manners and customs showed that the Squire's family was much like others. In no instance did mothers and young children sit down with the father, elder boys, and myself. The old paternal system, which has almost died out in Western Europe, flourishes in the American wilds. No doubt, when strictly *en famille*, the members of the household eat together ; but before guests, mothers and youngsters retire into that subjection out of which the race has slowly emerged. But there was no brutal ignoring of the feebler members of the family, no attempt to pass them by. Politeness toward the stranger and the devotion of the host to his guest, seemed to be the reason for this arrangement. I must say, however, that hospitality loses much of its charm when women and children become servitors and spectators instead of fellow-banqueters. And in the settled parts of America there is such an equality in the family, that I found the

squatter's custom more singular than if I had been in another country.

I had made acquaintance with American "pork" prior to meeting it at my host's table. Its harsh fibre, its rancid fat, its want of all that is gracious in looks and in flavor, and particularly its immense demands upon gastric energy, were well known to me. But it was the *pièce de résistance*, and must be eaten. The cream-cheese turned out to be butter, such as would have made an English dairy-maid stagger, and British butter-eaters grateful for oleomargarine or other product of the chemist's workshop. Out of respect for its author Miss Harker, and at the pressing request of her father, I strove to do it justice, but failed totally after one trial. Few people in our Islands are condemned to "corn-bread ;" and I sincerely congratulate them. It is altogether wanting in the charm and the sustenance found in our staff of life. Perhaps were it fermented and baked like our wheaten bread, it might be more agreeable and nourishing. The cakes prepared by the hands of my young hostess left much to be desired, not for me, but for herself and family, who had to eat them three times a day for life. The apple-jam was neither sweet, sour, nor savory—the completest neutrality in preserved fruits I had ever tasted. Sugar is dear in the United States, and many other plants besides "cane" are utilized for obtaining saccharine matter. One of these is sorghum, much cultivated in the South ; and I suppose my hostess had preserved her apples by this means.

Coffee strong, fragrant, and abundant, was the refreshing and invigorating item in the dinner. Its excellence atoned for a multitude of culinary foibles and failures ; and though unsupported by sugar, cream, or milk, it was a tower of strength in itself. Coffee plays an important part in frontier-life, and will advance in estimation as whiskey recedes. A generation of farmers, squatters, and pioneers is growing up to whom alcohol is objectionable in any form. A solid rock of opinion is rising against strong drink in every part of America, and I found it nowhere more pronounced than in the Tennessee Highlands. Coffee gives all the stimulant the climate requires.

Dinner being over, the Squire and I went out to see how my horse was faring ; then we went to see his tobacco field, about which we had talked during the meal. Outside the house, everything was as untidy and neglected as within. Under a shed lay a rusty plough, traces, chains, harness, and other gear. A broken wagon was slowly disintegrating in one corner, a mud-splashed rickety buggy in another. An ancient loom was in an empty stall. Corn-cobs, maize-litter, and rubbish from cow-house and stable, were lying in the yard in every stage of decay. A dismantled snake-fence had once separated this yard from the peach-orchard ; but storms and rot had made many gaps, through which gaunt hogs prowled at will. Neglected as the trees were, they were thick with fruit, promising a crop that would have made a little fortune in Covent Garden. But the largest proportion of the peaches was destined for the Squire's hogs. About fifty magnificent apple-trees were in another orchard, literally bearing as much fruit as leaves. Such trees are impossible in England. The Squire was not enthusiastic in his admiration of peaches and apples, listening to my remarks upon the coming harvest with genial indifference.

Beyond the orchards was a field of maize, so roughly cultivated, that the hogs might have made the furrows, except that there was some attempt at straight and continuous lines. A few days' work had sufficed for ploughing and sowing ; a few days' labor would gather the corn ; then the Squire's duties as a husbandman would be fully discharged.

Near the maize-field was the tobacco-patch, covered with vigorous plants, upon which the owner glanced with a complacent eye. Beside them was a long strip of cotton-plants revelling in the sun, but sorely hampered with weeds. Cotton was grown to supply the family wants, the women picking, spinning, weaving, dyeing, and making the garments. About half an acre of potatoes completed my host's cultivated land.

It is not considered impertinent to ask a land-owner in America the extent of his possessions ; and in reply to my inquiry, the Squire told me he owned

about eight hundred acres. Not one hundredth part of this was tilled ; but that did not strike Mr. Harker as uneconomical.

What surprised me most was the absence of a kitchen garden. No salads, no cabbages, no beans or peas, none of the herbs cultivated by the peasants of Europe. And not one cultivated flower, save the rose-bush by the front-door, and that appeared to be an accident. A ragged, ignored vine scrambled over a corner of the house, the only natural embellishment.

Such was the home of Squire Harker, a justice of the peace, an intelligent man, a sober, industrious American citizen, in whose veins ran the impulsive, domineering Anglo-Saxon blood. Sequestration from society, the infatuations of a hunter's life, want of culture, had made him indifferent to the hopes and ambitions of his age. He had his compensations in such health and vigor as no city dweller can know ; he had, too, a peace of mind that passes the understanding of this restless age. He bore his sixty years with greater ease than many an Englishman half the number. He enjoyed the present hour calmly, and looked with absolute undismay at on-coming age, confident in himself and trusting in Providence.

But it was different with his wife and daughter ; theirs was the fate of the squaw, mitigated by the tendency of the race. Life for them and others similarly situated, was a narrow and unembellished drudgery, though not of killing hardship. Rude and monotonous diet, which suited hunters, destroyed all the graces and sapped the vitality of the women. Rarely did they quit the precincts of the house ; there was no change of scene for them, save the leafing and unleaving of the forest. They had work enough to keep the mind from stagnating, but not varied sufficiently to excite invention, not severe enough to rouse slumbering energies. Fancy had no exercise, and thus speech was ungraced by the common elegancies of language. By the way, it is remarkable how taciturn and slow of utterance the backwoods people are.

Vacancy of mind, deficient exercise of the imagination, and loneliness, tempt many of these women to seek the sooth-

ing delights of tobacco. The perfidious anodyne becomes a tyrant necessity, and damages the health, ruins the beauty, and increases the torpor of soul. America is said to be the land of faded matrons. But from my own observation, I believe improper diet, especially the invariable "hot biscuit," does more damage to face and figure than the rigors of climate. Bad water, malaria and various febrile diseases do great mischief to form and color; but rough and ungraceful homes are greater foes to female loveliness. I have seen ladies of middle age, who have lived in superheated rooms amid the excitements of New York's perfervid existence, confirmed toppers of ice-water and devourers of "candy," who were nevertheless quite

as well preserved as English ladies of the same age.

The fact is, women need the society of their own sex more than men. Body and mind degenerate for want of sympathy, criticism, and emulation. Six months' residence in Cincinnati would have developed Miss Harker into a brilliant young lady, as incapable of chewing a "quid" as of cannibalism; and the same environment would have cured her mother of the languors and vapors which oppressed her like an atmosphere of carbonic acid. The progress of civilization in America, in another half-century, will render the fate of women wholly free from the privations endured by Squire Harker's worthy wife and charming daughter.—*Chambers's Journal*.

EXPLORATION IN GREECE.

BY A. S. MURRAY.

THE parable of the lost piece of silver, if altered and applied to modern instances, would often represent the loser as being rapidly hemmed in by a small crowd eager to search with him, so strong is that element now in human nature which impels men, even when no personal advantage is to be gained, to the recovery of what it seems must somehow be recoverable. Naturally this extended application of the parable holds good no less in higher phases of action, where there is no clearly defined loser, and where the seekers call themselves voluntarily to the task without right or claim to any share in the ownership. Of this character are the modern explorations in Greece. Yet in one sense the explorer of to-day who moves heaven and earth to find the ruins of some ancient Greek temple may fairly rank among the real owners of it, that is if he has allied himself unalterably to the spirit of ancient civilization. If he has not made this alliance, he is so to speak a mere bystander who scrambles where he thinks the piece of silver had been lost, and when he fails fails utterly and without pity; while the explorer, on the other hand, who is possessed of the true spirit will be shielded from all reproach should he not succeed. For him complete failure is impossible so long as the merit of

proving that nothing has been left for him to find is to some almost as important a fact as the recovery of the thing itself would be to others. It is not strange that under so favorable an arrangement the love of exploration in classic lands should greatly increase among men who from their learning and capacities may claim a share in the inheritance of the old Greeks. In this country, however, it may be argued that for some years there has been no such increase. On the contrary there has been depression amounting almost to a standstill. But fortunately there is a wide difference between depression, be it ever so low, and the extinction of a spirit which has done so much to set England in the front of those nations that have been most indebted, and most ready to confess their debt, to the civilization of ancient Greece. In this as in other spheres of action there must be times of stagnation. After awhile the fervor of enterprise subsides, or rather when Governments begin to feel that they have been virtuous long enough in their supplies, a lull ensues. It has begun in Germany—what may happen to the French cannot be ascertained. They seem still on the flood. But in England it has been low water ever since 1875, when the excavations at Ephesus were com-

pleted, after a long and heavy expenditure. From that time, back to 1856, if we take Mr. Newton's expedition to Halicarnassus as the commencement of our last era of activity, we have a period of about twenty years during which, including the extensive and protracted excavations at Halicarnassus on the one hand, and at Ephesus on the other, Carthage has been partly explored, and the temples and tombs of Cyrene have been made to yield their remains, if not exhaustively, yet on a large scale. The fruits of a very successful clearing of tombs at Camirus in Rhodes were acquired for this country in 1864, while in the same island, on the ancient site of Ialysus, a series of antiquities of great interest were obtained through private liberality.

Next to operations supported by the Government, those of the Dilettanti Society have ranked first. The Society of Dilettanti, like the Government, has its eras of activity. With both it is a question of supply, which sooner or later ceases to be equal to the demand. The last era of the Dilettanti began about twenty years ago, and may be divided into two nearly equal parts, one of which was spent in exploring; the other was employed in preparing the results for publication. It will thus be seen that they balance matters evenly, and set an example against haste in rushing into print. They are entitled to boast of, I believe, a longer existence than any other learned society in this country. When they print it is done in folios. In their plates they seem to spare neither trouble nor expense. In their expeditions they have taken care to get men of well-proved capacity to conduct them. But they do not dig in tombs. It is to temples that their traditions lead them—traditions handed down from the last century, when the influence of Stuart had made the architecture of Greek temples a model for public buildings. In their clinging to temples the object is now not the same; the Greek model has had its day, and may not have another. The object is the attainment of knowledge in the first instance, and the presentation of it in the second, in a fashion acceptable to men of fastidious taste in things that appeal to the eye. In the literary element they are less exacting, and per-

haps with good reason, since it may fairly be doubted whether there is any one still living who would expect pleasure in the pages of a folio. What they write is written for practical purposes. Yet there are places where the text, studded with calculations, appears to present this difficulty, that a reader who might understand the figures would be nearly baffled to follow the connecting tissue of words.

The folio lately issued by the Dilettanti represents their excavations at Priene, and the exploration of temples at Teos and in the Troad. The director was Mr. Pullan, who had previously been architect in the expedition to Halicarnassus, and it is only just to him to say that, in getting done what must be done in a country where nothing is more resented, constant success proved the judiciousness of his appointment. From his reports it is clear, if it was not well known before, that the Turkish official has a talent for diagnosing the character of the man with whom he has to deal, and of yielding, if he must yield, with that gracefulness which obliterates the enormity of the demand he has made, or, at least, ought to obliterate it if a *modus vivendi* is to be established.

To clear the temple of Athena at Priene was the principal aim of the mission, and the task could not but be promising. For there on a high plateau the temple lay in a huge mass of dislocated columns and disjointed members. Apparently an earthquake had produced the collapse, but there had been a fire, perhaps long before, and a consequent, if not a previous, spoliation of the treasures. For us it is hard to understand those frequent fires in the ancient Greek temples, springing at times from very simple causes, as when, for example, at Argos, an aged priestess fell asleep, and could not prevent the lamp from setting fire to certain fillets near it, whence a conflagration arose and destroyed the temple. We make too small allowance for wood used in the construction of the interior, as well as for tables, chairs, and cupboards to contain the treasures and articles of service in the ceremonies. However that may be, there is the fact of frequent fires, from one of which the temple at Priene had suffered, doubtless at a time when the town had ceased to be able to renew or repair it.

Into this huge heap of ruins a clearance had to be made to see what had been left standing. Fortunately much had been left, and fortunate also is the director of such operations to find amid his daily cares and hopes the compensation of seeing nature display her varying moods of light and cloud, storm and calm, across the broad plain of the Mæander, as it lies below, separating him from innumerable mountains. Behind him, as he looks on the plain, rises a high rugged cliff with vultures circling round its summit, except when storms of rain and wind lash vainly on the rocks. But in time the splendid natural scene becomes familiar, troubles are smoothed over, except for the occasional approach of brigands, and at length the temple has been cleared, measured, drawn, photographed, and so far secured that certain of its members, together with many interesting inscriptions, have been transmitted to England for presentation to the British Museum. Then the gain has to be counted.

For the history of Priene the gain has been considerable. The architectural features of the temple have been mostly ascertained. Sculptures there are few, the most interesting being certain broken slabs of frieze representing a Gigantomachia, in which occur figures and motives said to resemble closely the reliefs found a year or two ago at Pergamum, and now in the museum at Berlin. Should the resemblance extend to artistic execution, it will be necessary to introduce a change in certain dates now generally accepted. For it is not to be supposed that a period of nearly a century and a half could have passed over the art of Asia Minor without marked and considerable effect. The sculptures of Pergamum have been dated in the reign of Eumenes the Second, B.C. 197-159, while the construction of the temple at Priene is held to have been completed in the time of Alexander the Great, that is previous to B. C. 330. That Alexander dedicated the temple is a matter of fact proved by the inscriptions on its walls still existing, which show also that in return for this favor he had allowed the people of Priene to escape taxation. Either they had impoverished themselves to build the temple and had thus evoked his pity, or his

object in not imposing taxes was to enable them to continue the structure. In the latter case a considerable delay may well have occurred in the troublous times that followed the death of Alexander, and in connection with this view of the question it may be worth notice that a colossal statue within the temple—whether a statue of the goddess or not—had not been placed in position till the brief reign of Orophernes, about B.C. 158. A few silver coins struck by him were found under the pedestal. If this could be assumed to have been the principal statue of the goddess, it would be evident that the completion of the temple had been protracted to a date contemporary with Eumenes the Second and the Pergamum sculptures. On the other hand it is possible, perhaps very probable, that the Pergamum sculptures were executed for Attalus the First, B.C. 241-197. But even then there would be about a century between them and the date of Alexander.

The frieze from Priene has evident faults such as would be expected from an indifferently gifted but well-trained artist shortly after the death of Alexander. It is only with reluctance that we can believe work of this character to have been possible previous to that event, and yet there are things to make us hesitate. Between the two friezes of the Mausoleum there is a marked distinction of style. Even in the frieze of the order there are occasionally figures which if found by themselves would not be associated with that building in the present state of knowledge. But there can be no question of their having been made previous to the death of Alexander. Again, the sculptures from the temple of Artemis at Ephesus claim to belong to the fourth century B.C., however much we may be disposed to resent the claim.

One more feature to be remarked in the enterprises of the Dilettanti is the reward which the director of the excavations obtains in seeing his drawings, restorations, and general results carefully and excellently published. For the directors of Government excavations there are no doubt also rewards, but not of this specially appropriate kind. It is for them to find a publisher for themselves, and that is a search which has only once been successful in our last era

of exploration. I refer to the work of Mr. Newton on Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidæ. From it to Smith and Porcher's book on Cyrene, and again to Mr. Wood's on Ephesus, is a melancholy descent if we consider the importance of the results actually obtained in these excavations.

It would be impossible to convey in any reasonable space a sense of the impetus which these three Government expeditions have given to the study of ancient art and archæology. At Halicarnassus it was a race to recover one of the most famous buildings in antiquity—the monument of Mausolus—on which Scopas and Praxiteles had with others exercised their gifts. It may be that the sculptures found after an arduous search are mostly the work of the others. Yet some are clearly the work of an artist of the first rank. For example, among the pieces of the broader frieze there is a charioteer whose head and neck bear the closest resemblance in style to a head which I saw lately at Tegea, near the ruins of the temple built and adorned by Scopas. Those who have seen the head at Tegea feel that it must be from his hand, and as regards the Mausoleum head I have the same conviction. Nor does the bending action of the figure, with its beautifully sweeping drapery, seem other than worthy of him. Apart, however, from any direct question of Scopas and Praxiteles, it was to the sculpture of the Mausoleum almost alone that we were obliged to look for the characteristics of their school, until the comparatively recent finding of the Hermes at Olympia.

At Ephesus the possibilities were infinite, when, after some years of experiment on a small scale, the track of the great temple of Artemis was fortunately discovered. It was a long track to follow certainly. Yet the task, even with its heavy expenditure, could not but be urgent when it was recollected that the temple itself had been admired in the later centuries of antiquity to the extent of being regarded as one of the seven wonders, and that among its ruins might still be found one or more works of sculpture directly from the hand of Polycletus, Pheidias, or Scopas. In this last respect hopes were not realized. Nor can it be said that the ruins of the temple itself in the end justified all ex-

pectations. Even the fairly well-preserved figures on the sculptured drum of a column, though carefully calculated for effect at a height, are yet not more than good examples of what is called academical art, that is to say, the production of a man who has been perhaps thoroughly trained in the traditional rules of his profession, but superadds to this training no brilliancy of gifts. In some other examples the coarseness of the work might be overlooked if it were not for the imbecility of the composition. These, however, are qualities which the German excavations at Olympia have taught us to be prepared for even in times of the highest excellence in art.

While the operations at Ephesus were proceeding, some anxiety existed as to the final answer that would be given to the question, whether the temple built in Alexander's time had been an entirely new construction, or whether part of the previous building had been saved from the fire and utilized. In the end there was no evidence of such salvage. The destruction appears to have been complete. The ruins, however, had not been all cleared away. For under the pavement of the new temple were found some fragmentary reliefs which had belonged to its predecessor, and had in some instances suffered much from the action of fire. These fragments constitute the best results that were obtained at Ephesus for the history of ancient art. At the same time all that has been gained in the interests of art may be said to be small in comparison with the importance of settling forever the site of one of the wonders of the ancient world. Nothing else could stop the vain dreams of men, or hinder them from squandering energy and means in digging where mere fancy led.

At Cyrene the excavations of Smith and Porcher in 1860 were neither extensive nor costly to the Government, and if the sculptures obtained were mostly illustrative of decadence in the art, there were also among them several examples of more than usual interest. A bronze portrait head renders to the life a young man with an Ethiopian strain in his blood, and it shows how a sculptor may combine intense realism in the formation of the features with an idealiza-

tion of the expression on the face. At the same time the hair is conventional in treatment to a degree which is welcome when we bear in mind that in this respect the Ethiopian is by nature singularly ill-suited for artistic effect. In this case it is conventionalism invented during a ripe period of art, as opposed to the older form which had its origin in the very simple process of reproducing the hair by means of fine threads or hairs of bronze soldered down side by side, with natural curls at their ends, till they covered the whole head. Such a treatment might be termed the extreme of realistic imitation, and is specially interesting as being one of those cases capable of exact proof, in which what in after times appears to be pure conventionalism, had its origin in a very simple contrivance to get over a difficulty.

The principal want in Cyrene up to now is that of sculpture from the archaic and highly advanced periods, during which successful athletes and owners of horses and chariots were winning contests at the games in Greece, and were recording their triumphs in great works of sculpture at the scenes of their exploits. It is, of course, only a probability that copies of these works were retained to adorn Cyrene also. Yet this in itself would be enough to lead to high expectations in a diligent search on the site, while the mere fact of great artists having been employed on such commissions suggests the further likelihood of their services having been called in for other purposes in these early times of widespread artistic appreciation. Of this age the only reminiscence is a marble head, identical in type and measurements with the heads of the Choiseul-Gouffier Apollo in the British Museum and the Apollo on the omphalos at Athens. So close is this identity that all three must have been made with scrupulous exactness to one original, if the statue in Athens be not itself the original. In style these sculptures belong to the period of transition from the archaic manner in Athens to the ripe treatment of Pheidias. There are, however, some who would consider them rather as later imitations of this transitional stage, founding their argument on the obvious fact that the anatomical markings in the

two statues are toned down to a degree which must be admitted to be exceptional till we reach the later school of Pasiteles. This view is in a way favored by the finding of the Cyrene head among sculptures not older than the end of the fourth century B.C. At the same time in all three cases the copying has been so minutely exact that we may fairly regard them as representing on the whole the true style of the original.

The cemeteries of Cyrene had from time to time attracted attention, but it was not till 1866 and 1868 that Mr. Dennis, with his previous experience in Sicily, was fortunate in recovering a series of painted vases, most of which had to judge by their style been imported from Athens in the fourth century B.C. Several of them bear dates ranging toward the end of that period. That is to say, they bear the names of the magistrates at Athens who held office in the years when they were won as prize vases in the Panathenaic games. The precise dates of these magistrates are known from other sources, and from this circumstance the quality of vase painting at a particular time is ascertained, and forms a standard for the comparison of other examples. Produced in large numbers, these prize vases cannot be expected to exhibit the best art of their day. In this respect they are in fact considerably behind other specimens from Cyrene, presumably of the same epoch. Still the manner of the time is evident in them, and apart from this strictly technical question there is a matter of some human interest attaching to vases recovered intact from among the dust of their ancient winners.

The results of these various explorations have enriched the British Museum with material for observation and study in many directions. As yet this material has been but sparingly taken advantage of in this country; but should the recently established journal of the Hellenic Society continue as it has begun, something will have been done to remove this reproach. The society in question has many other aims, including among them at present a limited plan of exploration in Asia Minor. On the whole, however, it has been the students of Germany and France who have made the most use of the accumu-

lations of the British Museum, and the result abroad has been a strong impulse toward excavation. M. Carapanos has succeeded admirably at Dodona, Dr. Schliemann has repeatedly astonished the world by the things he has found no less than by his accounts of them, MM. Salzmänn and Biliotti worked the tombs of Rhodes like a precious mine, and General Cesnola relieved Cyprus of innumerable objects of interest and substantial value. In addition to private enterprise the Governments of Germany, France, and Austria have been in the field with extraordinary success. What has been done by the Germans at Olympia and Pergamum has been abundantly described and discussed. But the French also have met with splendid success in Delos, especially in the recovery of sculptures dating from an early age, when the art was working its way to mastery of material and the expression of details. Austria sent two expeditions to the island of Samothrace, and though the sculpture there found was not of the first order, yet the effort on both occasions would have been justified by it alone, without consideration of the new light obtained for the history of Greek architecture. Russia has continued indefatigably her researches in the Crimea, with the result that, so far as concerns the contents of Greek tombs, the Museum of St. Petersburg now ranks as one of the foremost, if not actually the first in existence.

If there were at the present moment in this country a desire to begin a new era of exploration, there would be found no scarcity of eligible scenes where Hellenic civilization had once flourished. From Greece itself we are practically shut out so long as there is no English Institute in Athens gradually to prepare students for the superintendence of work of this kind. For it is now an obvious fact that qualifications which at times have passed in Asia Minor and elsewhere would now be the subject of ridicule under the active criticism of students resident or traveling in Greece. High qualifications are required when the explorer is allowed no right over what he finds except that of being first in the field to explain and circulate its merits. But they may be dispensed with when the sculptures or other antiquities brought to light become

a solid possession of the finder or its patrons. Here, as elsewhere, England regards possession as nine points of the law. She must therefore look to lands where it is possible. It is possible, but not without difficulties, in Asia Minor, and it is possible in Cyprus without any difficulty.

Except the sculptures of the Parthenon, little has survived from antiquity that can surpass or compare with those obtained by Sir Charles Fellows in Lycia and deposited in the British Museum. Yet he left much of Lycia unworked; and as he left it so it has remained, but for the quite recent expedition of the Austrians. They may be said to have annexed it archaeologically for whatever it is worth. At Ephesus the English operations ceased with the clearance of the site of the temple, leaving untouched the deep accumulation of alluvial soil around it. Very possibly on the fall of the temple much of its sculpture had been projected on all sides to a considerable distance, and on this theory it is natural to expect, as Mr. Wood does, that a clearance of the surrounding soil would be attended with fruitful results. He commends his plan of further operations also by the circumstance that the land to be worked on is still the property of this country. Apart, however, from the site of the temple, there must have stood in its proximity many statues and lesser buildings of which remains might still be found, and perhaps there is no better method of reaching them than by proceeding outward from the temple on all sides. Otherwise a more uncertain prospect could not well be surveyed than the broad flat plain of the Cayster, covering with its deep alluvial soil no one knows what.

On the other hand, there would be no great uncertainty in opening the ancient tumuli of Lydia. From the attempts already made by Mr. Dennis and others, it is hardly to be expected that anything imposing in the way of art would be met with. Yet at the worst the form of construction adopted in these sepulchres would be ascertained, and this would be no small matter in these days, when the history of elementary skill occupies the attention of so many thoughtful persons. Without leaving Lydia there is Sardis waiting to be explored, or, going north-

ward, there is the Troad, whither the successes of the Germans, including Dr. Schliemann, have attracted a small band of Americans, less prepared, perhaps, as yet for excavating than for prospecting. Even well into the interior are many sites calculated to repay favorably the increased cost of advancing upon them. In every case there will be, besides expense, many vexatious difficulties.

When General Cesnola had completed his excavations in Cyprus, the vast quantity of antiquities he had obtained encouraged a belief that he had fairly ransacked the island. But this belief was soon after dispelled by the arrival of Major Cesnola with another huge collection, said to be in many respects of great importance, though hardly rivaling that of his more fortunate brother. General Cesnola's services to classical archaeology are justly reckoned as of the first order. Other explorers of Cyprus in times past have met with no startling fortune, and so far have contributed to the prospects as they now stand an element of uncertainty. The tombs may be relied on for quantities of common pottery, specimens of which already abound in museums and even in private collections. With this it would not be easy to deal. At the same time there are many parts of the island not yet explored, and from them it might reasonably be hoped that the tombs would yield occasionally a higher class of vases, which would repay the search and redeem the character of the ancient Cypriotes in respect of this branch of art. It is not as if they had altogether neglected it, and, like the people of Tanagra in Bœotia, taken rather to terra-cotta statuettes for the furnishing of their tombs. On the contrary, the Cypriotes would seem to have been as distinguished for the quantity as for the commonness of their pottery, unless by experiments in new localities matters assume a different complexion. As yet most of our specimens have come from one district, and exhibit none of that love of artistic enrichment which carried the Greeks so far beyond consideration of the intrinsic value of the article operated on. The clay of the vase seemed

at the outset a poor substance for the Cypriote, and he cared little apparently to refine it.

The sculpture no less than the pottery is largely pervaded by a dense commonness of skill as well as of material. Yet exceptions like the two splendid marble sarcophagi found by General Cesnola raise the hope of obtaining examples of this art which would make us independent of New York when we have a mind to study this subject. For the history of architecture in Cyprus almost nothing has been done, though the field of inquiry is extensive, and apparently not costly to work. There need be no expectation of marvels in design and construction. The most to be hoped for would be evidence of many forms of transition between Oriental and Greek methods of building. The antiquities of Cyprus have already proved a key to more than one mystery. They are not things of average beauty and attraction that appeal to the cultivated classes generally. They are peculiar, and appeal to the special student.

It would be unjust to conclude without acknowledging the intelligence, zeal, and liberality of the Greeks themselves in the conduct of explorations, such for example as those at Spata and Epidaurus. For several years they have been making preparations to excavate at Eleusis, where they have been obliged to build a new village for the inhabitants whose houses it will be necessary to pull down. At Tegea in Arcadia they have the prospect of heavy expense before they can hope to uncover the famous temple built there, and sculptured also by Scopas. The modern village of Piali is built above it. But their most pressing undertaking is doubtless at Olympia, where they have inherited the task which the Germans left incomplete: a large district still remains deeply covered with alluvial soil. It is an outlying district, where there cannot be much hope of important rewards, and we are therefore bound to sympathize with the Greeks in finding this vast amount of labor and expense, so to speak, thrust on them. It is for this reason that the search for them cannot be delayed now without injury.—*Nineteenth Century*.

IN THE FOREST.

BY S. REID.

THE wind had gone with the day,
 And the moon was in the sky,
 As I walked last night, by a lonely way,
 To a lonely path in the forest gray,
 That we loved, my love and I.

They said, "She had gone to her home
 In a land that I did not know."
 And the winds were still, and the woods were dumb,
 But I knew that she could not choose but come
 To a soul that loved her so.

I had longed for her return,
 And she came and met me there,
 And I felt once more the swift blood burn
 Through my heart, as a foot-fall rustled the fern
 And a whisper stirr'd the air.

And through where the moonlight streamed
 She passed, and never a trace,
 Yet sweet in the shadow the glad eyes gleamed,
 And the shade more bright than the moonshine seemed
 For the brightness of her face.

And I stretched my empty hands,
 And I cried in my weary pain,
 "Is there—away in the unknown lands,
 A heaven, where Time reverts his sands
 And the past returns again?"

Good Words.

GREAT MEN'S RELATIVES.

IN the friendship of great men, once they are passed away, there is this advantage, that you are not obliged to like their relatives. Clarendon says the English could have endured Oliver, if it had not been for the other Cromwells. He, they acknowledged, had a natural nobleness of demeanor: Henry gave himself airs, and it was too evident that the part of heir-apparent rather bored Richard. Certainly it is pleasant to know the best thoughts of Hooker's mind, without one's converse being broken upon by the shrill voice of Mrs. Hooker; or to sail with Nelson into Aboukir Bay without having to follow him to Merton and see Sir William Hamilton trying to look happy.

And yet there could be few more interesting subjects of study than this of great men's relatives. The moment one

is not bound to admire them, or be civil to them, one can profitably spend an hour in their company. They may at least teach us what not to be, and how not to do it. Sometimes we may learn from them a more useful lesson—that greatness is not necessarily goodness nor happiness. The moral is old enough, but none the less requires to be enforced again from age to age. Gray imagined a Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. Well, poor Richard was that—a better man than his father, if old-fashioned canons of right and wrong are to hold, if ambition be at best but a splendid sin, if the meek are really blessed, if a good cause has no need of legions. Quintus Cicero, again, strikes one as a healthier type of man than his eloquent brother, for all Mr. Trollope's pleadings. Quintus has left us no Tus-

culan disputations ; but the record of an orderly and honorable life is worth a good many arguments on the immortality of the soul. Who would have been the most reliable friend in need, Goldsmith or his brother, the original of the Vicar of Wakefield ? Whose lot was the more enviable, Napoleon's or Lucien's ?

It is amusing or sad, according as you are of the Democritan or Heraclitan school, to take any prominent historic character, whom hitherto you have only known in his public or literary capacity ; and try to find out "all about him," as if you were employed by a Private Inquiry Office. You know that Wolsey was a pluralist, but were not perhaps aware that he had a natural son whom he made an archdeacon ; or that Milton's brother Christopher turned Catholic, and was knighted and made a judge by James II. ; or that Wesley's wife had a great deal to put up with from the Pontiff of Methodism ; or that Lord Stowell's harshness broke his son's heart.

But there are more agreeable discoveries to be made. For instance, one would be glad of further acquaintance with Mr. Anthony Bacon, the "loving and beloved brother" of Francis, as the latter addresses him in the prefatory epistle to the first edition of the Essays. Anthony seems to have been prevented by ill-health from realizing the high expectations his friends had formed of him. "I assure you," says Francis, "I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself, that her Majesty might have the service of so active and able a mind ; and I might be with excuse confined to these contemplations and studies for which I am fitted." The next edition of the Essays was dedicated to Sir John Constable, for Anthony "was with God," as Francis informs Sir John Bacon's wife, whom he described in 1603 as "an alderman's daughter, a handsome maiden, to his liking," proved ill-suited to him, or he to her ; for the truth is difficult to get at. If one may judge from the sentiments expressed in the Essays, Bacon was hardly what is termed a marrying man. He scorns the poetic ideal of love, "as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a lit-

tle idol, and make himself a subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes." And "he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question when a man should marry : A young man not yet, an elder man not at all."

In Bishop Hall's autobiography we get a glimpse of another Bacon, Sir Edmund, grandson of Sir Nicholas, and consequently nephew of Francis. He does not fail to exhibit the family characteristic of prudence. In 1605 Sir Edmund invited Hall to accompany him to Spa, or the Spa, as he calls it, representing "the safety, the easiness, the pleasure, and the benefit of that small excursion, if opportunity were taken at that time, when the Earl of Hertford passed as ambassador to the Archduke Albert of Brussels (*sic*)." Once on Belgian soil, Hall soon got into theological discussion with a Jesuit, whom he conceived he had worsted. Father Baldwin, however, an English Jesuit, sent Hall a polite invitation next day to come and renew the argument with himself. "Sir Edmund Bacon, in whose hearing the message was delivered, gave me secret signs of his utter unwillingness to give way to any further conferences, the issue whereof might prove dangerous, since we were to pass further, and beyond the bounds of the protection of our ambassador." In a subsequent discussion with a prior of the Carmelites, Sir Edmund, "both by his eye and tongue," wisely "took off" Hall, as the latter confesses.

Sir Edmund might have proved a useful private secretary to his uncle. On the whole you find quite as many cases of great men's relatives proving useful to them as of their being encumbrances. It is a good thing to see brethren working together in unity, as the Wellesleys in India, or the Wesleys in England, or the brothers Grimm, or the Schlegels. The ablest lieutenant of Frederick the Great was his brother Henri. "There is only one of us," the king once said, pointing to Prince Henri, "who has never made a mistake." It is melancholy to remember that Henri hated the brother he served so well. Frederick did all he could to win his affection in vain. A pair of brother soldiers not

less interesting to Englishmen are Henry V. and John Duke of Bedford. General Churchill, too, served with credit under Marlborough. The fame of the Napiers is still fresh. One would like to couple the Howes, but it is not fair to the hero of the 1st of June. Sir William was a brave soldier and nothing more.

Partnerships between fathers and sons are too numerous to be noticed, but there are a few curious instances in which the father has seconded the son. A certain King of Media appointed his father to a satrapy, and the sire quietly served under the son. But since the hereditary principle first found favor among men, no sovereign can have felt himself altogether a king while his father lived. Philip II., was constantly receiving advice from the ex-emperor, and must have felt bound at least to excuse himself when he did not follow it. How much the paternal superintendence annoyed him he showed by delaying the payment of the paternal pension. There are fathers, again, and more of them, perhaps, than we suppose, who have been content to be the humble admirers of their sons, and to bask in the rays of their good fortune. Old Mr. Richard Clive had never thought his son good for much till the news of the defence of Arcot arrived in England, but he gradually became immoderately proud and fond of his son, who joined filial piety to his other qualities. Robert cleared off the mortgages on the family estate, settled £800 a year on his parents, and insisted that they should keep a coach. Mr. Clive now began to mix in fashionable society, and was presented at Court. The King graciously noticed him, and asked where Lord Clive was. "He will be in town very soon," said the honest squire quite aloud, "and then your Majesty will have another vote," which was true enough, but not intended for publication. One can scarcely be surprised that it was never thought expedient to confer a peerage on Mr. Richard Clive. On St. John's being created a viscount his father obtained a similar title, though by some blunder his patent was dated after his son's, so that the latter had the precedence. Their descendant still sits in the House of Lords as Viscount

Bolingbroke and St. John. The above precedent, however, has by no means been invariably followed. It is pleasant to read how Rowland Hill, when he returned from the Peninsula a peer and a general, quietly took his seat at his father's table in the old Shropshire manor-house, not according to his rank, but simply according to his birth as a younger son. It is noteworthy that Lord Beaconsfield, with his usual good-nature, turned Mr. Abney-Hastings into Lord Donington to lessen the distance between him and his son, the Earl of Loudoun.

One fact the student of history should not lose sight of. Great men, the best of them, think far more of their relatives than of the public; otherwise they would be, as Bristolle says of the man who should prefer an habitual condition of solitude to society, either gods or brutes, either more or less than men. When one says that they think more of their relatives than of the community at large, one is not necessarily implying that they would prefer a son's interest to that of the State, but simply that that son's welfare and happiness is probably a more frequent subject of reflection than schemes of legislation or war. The circumstance is, by comparison, honorable to humanity. Vulgar personal ambition, ambition purely for self and selfish enjoyment, is rare. Cordially as he detested Shaftesbury, Dryden admits that that statesman neither plotted nor toiled for himself:

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest;
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered, two-legged thing—a son.

Then it is a truism to observe that statesmen honestly conceive their own kith and kin to be endowed with higher aptitudes for administration than they may actually possess. Again, granted two men, one rather cleverer than the other, but the second a Secretary of State's cousin: could one blame the secretary for choosing his cousin as under-secretary rather than the slightly cleverer man? The minister might

argue with justice that the inferiority of talent in his kinsman was compensated for by the fact that he knew him well ; for no one will deny that it is an advantage to a chief to be thoroughly acquainted with the character and dispositions of his subordinates. Hence the shrewd and by no means cynical remark of Palmerston's, "The best man for any place is the man I like best."

The Complete Patron ; or, A Guide to Ministers, has yet to be written ; and very difficult it would be to lay down anything more than the vaguest rules for the distribution of loaves and fishes. But there are bright examples and examples to be shunned. After Robert Grosseteste had been named Bishop of Lincoln, his rustic brother called on him and solicited preferment. The Bishop replied that if he wanted a new plough or a yoke of oxen he would cheerfully pay for them ; but, he added, "A peasant I found you, and a peasant I shall leave you." The good Bishop might have put the truth a little more politely : possibly he feared that anything less than the plainest speech would not be understood. Napoleon once found himself in exactly the opposite position to Grosseteste, with a poor relative who only begged to be left alone and positively dreaded the idea of elevation out of his own homely sphere. It was quite a surprise to the Emperor, in the heyday of his glory, to learn that a mere parish priest in Tuscany bore the name of Bonaparte, and descended from a common ancestor with him. Straightway an aide-de-camp was despatched to Italy to ask the abbé what he would like. The Emperor wanted him, if only for the sake of the family prestige, to accept a bishopric ; and it was hinted that the purple would soon follow. The padre would none of these honors at any price ; and ended by convincing the officer of his sincerity. Napoleon shrugged his shoulders at his emissary's report, but did not insist.

To the question, What caused the fall of Napoleon ? Talleyrand would have replied in two words : "His relatives." The Prince of Bénévent's answer is as correct as any that could be framed. Properly supported by Joseph in Spain, by Jerome in Westphalia, by Louis in Holland, by Murat in Naples,

the Emperor would have been invincible. Talleyrand tells us that he warned Napoleon of the inevitable consequence of intrusting important interests to men like Jerome and Joseph. "'Make them,' I said to his Majesty, 'arch-chancellors, arch-electors, and so forth, as much as you please. Give them any number of honorary distinctions. Do not think of giving them real power.'" The ablest opponent of Napoleon during the first half of his career committed the same mistake on a smaller scale. Pitt, whose name was considered synonymous with patriot, would not see that his brother, Lord Chatham, was wholly unfit for high office. For more than six years, including two of war, he kept him at the head of the Admiralty, till something like a public outcry compelled the incapable Minister to resign. Pitt soon recalled him to the Cabinet as Lord President. The second Chatham was so dull a man that George III. hesitated to give him the Garter which he had offered to Pitt, and which the latter at once begged for his brother. Finally, the King consented, on the distinct understanding, as he wrote, that the honor should be considered as bestowed on the Pitt family in general. It is fair to Pitt to add that others than himself formed a mistaken estimate of the Earl's capacities. Even after the terrible fiasco of the Walcheren expedition, Lord Chatham was thought good enough to be Governor of Gibraltar. In 1789 Pitt had as colleagues in the Cabinet, his brother aforesaid, and his first-cousin, Mr. (afterward Lord) Grenville, the Home Minister, who was just thirty years old. His Viceroy of Ireland was another first-cousin, the Marquis of Buckingham. The elder Pitt was equally partial to his connections, with results, at one time, mournful for his country and almost fatal to his own reputation. But in the administration of 1757-61 he found room for them all, without perceptible injury to the public. His brother-in-law, Lord Temple, held the Privy Seal ; Temple's brother, George Grenville, was Treasurer of the Navy ; James Grenville had a snug post, and Henry Grenville was duly provided for. On the other hand, it was no small gain to Pitt to be able to

command the vast parliamentary influence of his relatives by marriage. There is no doubt he was devoted to Lady Hester ; but he had loved wisely.

As a rule, great men have oftener helped their relatives than been helped by them. It is strange to see how, at the commencement of their careers, some men of genius, who might have been expected to start in life backed by the eager friendship of powerful kinsmen, have—for all practical purposes—stood as much alone as the typical Scotch boy who comes to London with sixpence in his pocket. Read Byron's account of his first visit to the House of Lords. He seems, one of his biographers remarks, to have had "a keen and painful sense of the loneliness of his position." He could not find a single peer to introduce him, and this from no lack of cousins in the Upper House. After wandering about for a while, he made his way into a room where the fees were to be paid—there is never any difficulty in finding such places. Next he entered the House itself. Only a few lords were present, and Byron was afraid to look at them. Without turning his eyes to the right or to the left, he advanced straight up to the woolsack to take the oaths. In the Chancellor's seat sat Eldon, who tried to put the bashful lad at his ease, spoke kindly to him, and held out his hand. Byron replied to these advances with a stiff bow, and gave the Chancellor the tips of his fingers. He subsequently offered a lame excuse for his pertness, as one must consider it, remembering Eldon's position and the fact that Byron was then only known as the author of *Hours of Idleness*. "If," says Byron, "I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party ; but I will have nothing to do with any of them. I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad." Where, all this time, was Lord Carlisle, whose "obliged ward and affectionate kinsman" had dedicated to him those very *Hours of Idleness*? In the preface to the volume in question Byron had spoken of the Earl's works as having long received the meed of public applause to which by their intrinsic worth they were well entitled. In *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, published a few days after

the author had taken his seat in Parliament, one perceives that the season of compliments between the obliged ward and his guardian is at an end :

Let Stott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub Street, and of Grosvenor Place the
best,
Scrawl on till death release us from the
strain,
Or common-sense assert her rights again.

"It may be asked," comments Byron on himself, "why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal—at least as far as I have been able to discover ; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it ; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection ;" and so on, and so on, in a style of increasing petulance, till Byron stoops to italicize the word *fools*, that the reader may be under no mistake as to its application.

It is to be feared the twain were never reconciled. But Carlisle was no fool. In his youth the Government of the day held him to be so well worth enlisting on its side as to confer the order of the Thistle on him when he had but just completed his nineteenth year. On his coming of age he was immediately sworn of the Privy Council. In 1780-2 he held the post of Viceroy of Ireland. Young Fox, in a letter to Richard Fitzpatrick, supposes he will have heard of Carlisle's green ribbon. "I think it," he observes, "one of the best things that has been done this great while." Which may well cause a smile. The Fox of 1767 was not exactly the Fox we think of as we contemplate the tomb in the Abbey, or recall the beautiful eulogy of Scott. But, it may be observed in passing, he was always too warm-hearted a man not to be something of a nepotist. He observes somewhere that a job and a fraud are very different things ; and a little job for the sake of a relative would not have appeared to him too much amiss. From his nephew's memoirs of the Whig party one gathers that in the summer of 1806 he was meditating a pretty formidable one—no less than putting Lord Holland at the head of the Foreign

Office. Now, Lord Holland, though with age and experience he developed into a meritorious politician, was at that time a young man absolutely unknown to the great body of the public (except as the co-respondent in a divorce case, when he had been condemned to pay £6000 damages to Sir Godfrey Webster.

If relatives could ever have helped a man of genius too feeble to help himself, that man was Cowper. His father, as every one knows, was the second son of Spencer Cowper (a younger brother of the Chancellor, and first Earl Cowper), who was appointed Chief Justice of Chester in 1717, and afterward a Judge in the Court of Common Pleas. Nor were the Cowpers unmindful of their duty to the young poet, for whom they procured the snug place of reading-clerk to the House of Lords. He had nothing to do in ordinary times but to read aloud the titles of bills, and draw a salary of £800 a year. Even for such work he felt too nervous, and in a few weeks' time was compelled to resign his appointment. Before the close of the year he had to be placed under medical care. The Cowpers made the best of a bad business, and succeeded in placing another of their name—a near relative of William's—in the vacant post. Macaulay speaks of his silver voice and just emphasis, from which one presumes that the new clerk chanced to be the right man in the right place.

The poet has left a sonnet addressed to this Henry Cowper, on his "emphatical and interesting delivery" of the defence of Warren Hastings. "Thou art not voice alone," he assures him, "but hast beside both heart and head." Cowper was happy in his relatives, and rewarded their care of him in the manner they must have loved best. Among those whose memory his verse preserves may be cited his cousin, Anne Bodham—

Whom heretofore,
When I was young, and thou no more
Than plaything for a nurse,
I danced and fondled on my knee,
A kitten both in size and glee.

He proceeds to thank the gentle Anne for a purse she has made him, winding up with the slightly commonplace remark that he values the receptacle more than the gold it contains. But one

may be sure the lines went the round of many an admiring tea-table. Possibly the great Mr. Newton himself deigned to praise them. In the epitaph on his uncle, Ashley Cowper, he draws so fine a character that one can only hope the facts were as true as doubtless the writing was sincere.

The lines on his mother's picture are not so much poetry as the simple expression of his thoughts by a poet, which many will hold to be the same thing. How fresh and natural are such recollections as the following :

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly
laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
glowed.

Pope has some equally genuine lines, in another style, on his own mother. When he prayed that the tender office of rocking the cradle of reposing age, of making languor smile, of exploring the thought, and of explaining the asking eye, might long engage him, he spoke from the heart, for he had proved himself a devoted son. Mrs. Pope lived happily under her son's roof till the age of ninety-three. She was forty-eight when she gave birth to Alexander—in the year of the glorious revolution. Pope's panegyric on his father may be described as the truth well put. Old Mr. Pope was in no sense a remarkable man ; and his son accordingly makes the most of his negative virtues. Marrying in his own sphere of life, he is praised for not having married discord in a noble wife. Then he is described as a stranger to civil and religious rage—

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.

Quite so ; and for the best of reasons. Mr. Pope was a Roman Catholic, and extremely timid. The only course for honest men of his creed in the days of the penal laws was to keep quiet, if they valued their lands or their necks. There was no choice for them but between self-effacement and a life of plots and conspiracies. Even Pope's reputation, and the fact that he was only a Catholic in name, might not always have saved him from persecution, as he

acknowledges, but for the good-nature of the government. Pope senior pushed prudence to such a degree that he was afraid to invest in the funds lest Parliament should one day take to raising money by confiscating all the seizable personalty of Papists. He had amassed a fortune of about £20,000 as a linen-draper, and, in the fashion of a ruder age, locked up this sum in a strong box. The greater part he spent before his death.

"For they said, He is beside himself." Who said? His kinsmen, of course. Not only is the prophet too often without honor among those who should appreciate him best, but he may find it the hardest struggle of all to persuade them of his honesty or sanity. Mahomet blessed the name of Khadijah because she believed in him when no one else did. In truth, he might well have taken heart from the moment he had succeeded in convincing his wife. Had his first spouse been the petulant beauty who made light of Khadijah as old and ugly, the Crescent might never have been reared against the Cross, and history might be an entirely different book. When Joan of Arc determined to accomplish the deliverance of France, the first and most formidable opposition she had to encounter arose from her parents. They said they would rather see her drowned than exposed to the contamination of a camp. They seem to have scarcely had common faith in their daughter. Finally, it was an uncle—not her father—who consented to take her to Vaucouleurs to see the Sire de Baudricourt. The remainder of her task was comparatively easy. Only the first step cost trouble—the step across her own threshold. A homelier instance of the domestic difficulties of genius is found in the life of Mme. d'Arblay. Ere she was sixteen, Frances Burney had written a good deal, chiefly short stories for the amusement of her sisters. Her step-mother, however, disapproved of these literary recreations, and administered some good-humored lectures on the subject. Fanny proved a dutiful child. Not content with relinquishing her favorite pursuit, she burned all her manuscripts. Perhaps the world did not lose so much after all. "Evelina" appeared when the author

was twenty-six years of age. Alexandre Dumas the elder long remained sceptical of his son's powers as a writer. He is said to have been finally converted by a perusal of "*Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet*," published when young Dumas was twenty-two.

Milton's father attempted to dissuade him from the cultivation of poetry.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen . .

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas. . .

The old gentleman possibly wished his son to be a good scrivener and no more. But this has been the common fate of bards. A quainter, though by no means an extraordinary, example of mistaken projects for a son is seen in the case of Hampden. His mother pressed him in his youth to ask for a peerage, which no doubt a man of his birth and wealth could have obtained of James I. for the asking—and the paying. Hampden could have rendered good service in the House of Lords, but the acceptance of honors from the king must have more or less attached him to the Court party. With all his honesty he might have been led to see many things with a different eye. The course of our annals need not necessarily have changed for that; but who knows? Suppose Hampden a peer, and, for his abilities and firmness, the trusted minister of Charles as well as James. Suppose Hampden convinced that the power of Parliament required checking, and that the Crown should persist in the attempt to raise taxes on its own authority, who would have resisted the writ of ship-money? If one might hazard a guess, one would answer, Thomas Wentworth. Having Hampden on its side, the government might have taken no trouble to win over Wentworth, or have felt that there was not room for both in one party. And we may depend upon it, Wentworth was determined to make himself a name.

Brougham's mother showed more wisdom than Hampden's. When she heard that Henry was Chancellor, she quietly said, "It's well, but for my part I had rather he had remained Mr. Brougham, and member for the county of York." The peculiar distinction of representing the undivided county of York would

have ceased with the passing of the Reform Bill, but Brougham could not have been shelved by the Whigs in 1835 had he retained the facilities for making himself troublesome which a seat in the House of Commons alone could give. It may have been some foreboding of the future which in 1830 caused him to manœuvre for the Mastership of the Rolls, then tenable by a member of the Lower House. But it was felt that such an arrangement would have left him too powerful.

John Paul Richter's mother seconded her son in remarkable fashion. While he was yet waiting for fame, working steadily but gaining little, she was not satisfied with making their home as tidy and comfortable as might be, but toiled hard to earn a little money by spinning. Her receipts were duly entered in a book, from which one learns that for the month of March 1793, they amounted to two florins, fifty-one kreutzers, three pfennings—about four shillings in all. She had her reward. In 1796 came the brilliant success of "*Hesperus*," and when the widow Richter died (in the following year) she was happy in the knowledge that Germany at length ac-

knowledged John Paul for one of her great men.

It would be difficult to lay down a single proposition on the subject of heredity to which just exception might not be taken, but the fact about which one may feel surest seems to be the influence of the mother, whether consciously or unconsciously exercised. An unpleasant illustration appears in the characters of Letitia Bonaparte and Napoleon. She was sly, not to say given to fibs. He has been described as "the most colossal liar that ever lived." Readers of their Bibles need not go to secular history. Rebekah and Jacob offer a parallel case. But in nine cases out of ten the influence is for good. About the only mistake in Mr. Reade's delightful novel of "*Hard Cash*" consists in his making Mrs. Dodd pray that her son might never be a brave man like his father. What true mother would utter such a prayer? "Either this or upon this" has the more genuine ring; and if Englishwomen forbear to repeat a modern equivalent of the words to their soldier-sons, it is in the proud consciousness that no such lesson is needed.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ENGLAND.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

LAND of my fathers' love, my fathers' race,
How long must I in weary exile sigh
To meet thee, O my Empress, face to face,
And kiss thy radiant robes, before I die!

O England, to my creed, the humblest dust
Beside thy haunted shores and shadowy streams
Is touched by memories and by thoughts august,
By golden histories and majestic dreams!

O England, to my mood, thy lowliest flower
Feeds on the smiles of some transcendent sky,
Thy frailest fern-leaf shrines a spell of power:
Ah! shall I walk thy woodlands ere I die?

Thy sacred places, where dead heroes rest,
By temples set in ivied twilights deep;
Thy fragrant fields, topped by the skylark's crest;
Thy hidden waters, breathing balm of sleep;

Thy castled homes, and granges veiled afar
 In antique dells; thy ruins hoar and high;
 Thy mountain tarns, each like a glittering star,—
 Shall I behold these wonders ere I die?

Thine opulent towns, throned near the subject main,
 Girt by great fleets, their weary canvas furled,
 Deep-laden argosies, through storm and strain,
 Borne from the utmost boundaries of the world:

O'er all, thy London! . . . every stone with breath
 Indued to question, counsel, or reply,—
 City of mightiest life and mightiest death,
 Shall I behold these marvels ere I die?

But most I yearn, in body as in heart, to bow
 Before our England's poets strong and wise,
 Watch some grand thought uplift the Laureate's brow,
 And flash or fade in Swinburne's fiery eyes!

And other glorious minstrels would I greet,
 Bound to my life by many a rhythmic tie:
 When shall I hear their welcomes frankly sweet,
 And clasp their cordial hands before I die?

Fair blow the breezes! . . . high are sail and steam!
 Soon must I mark fair England's brightening lea;
 Fulfilled at length the large and lustrous dream
 Which lured me long across the summer sea!

Alas! . . . a ghostly triumph! . . . false as vain!
 O'er dreary hills the gaunt pines sob and sigh;
 Pale is my dream, pierced through by bodeful pain:
England! I shall not see thee ere I die!

—*Belgravia Magazine.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

UNDER THE SUN. By Phil. Robinson. With a Preface by Edwin Arnold. Boston: *Roberts Brothers.*

When the author of a new book is heralded as "the new English humorist," the proverbial infrequency of angels' visits immediately suggesting itself to the mind, one instinctively wipes his critical spectacles a second time and adjusts them with more than usual precision for a careful examination of the phenomenal appearance. Mr. Robinson's volume comes to us recommended by the English critics with unusual warmth and enthusiasm. They have already discovered in it the likeness of Charles Lamb, of White, of Selborne, of Thoreau, and of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and "suggestions" of many others. One writer even ventures to express the belief that the shades of Addison and old Isaac Walton smile benignantly upon this new can-

didate for membership in their happy brotherhood. Happily for Mr. Robinson, however, the reader very soon finds upon opening this daintily bound book, that his merits are such as not to be fairly determined by the comparative method. His qualities as a writer of charming sketches in a new field are delightfully his own, and it is the individuality, not the equality, of his excellence that will win for him a place on the choice shelf beside these "literary magnificos" with whom his admirers have hastened to name him. It is pleasant to have the warm commendation of Mr. Arnold, but without the assurances of his preface these sketches would have easily secured a hearty welcome from all lovers of delightful literature.

Mr. Robinson is an Anglo-Indian who has become thoroughly familiar with the characteristic features of the land of fables and

burning sunshine, and he writes as from an overflow of abundant resources. His pictures of every-day life and scenes in India are drawn with an exceedingly delicate touch and enlivened by a rich and cultivated fancy. Nothing of their kind could be more nearly perfect than the descriptions of the Indian seasons, "The Hot Weather," "The Rains," and "The Cold Weather," bringing one into harmony and sympathy with surroundings which would inevitably be uninteresting, if not wholly repellent, as described by the ordinary historian. But the author's chief interest is in natural history and his most charming sketches are of the animal world. Nothing that has life is too insignificant to attract his attention and win his affection. He loves to think of the things of "the speechless world as races of fellow-creatures that have a very great deal in common with ourselves, but whom the pitiless advance of human interests is perpetually dispossessing, and who are doomed to extinction under the Juggernaut of civilization." He writes of frogs, squirrels, monkeys, cats, parrots, and crows, and always in a way to please old and young alike, combining with keen observation a delicate sense of humor. While he studies the life of these "fellow-creatures" earnestly, almost reverently, he never fails to discover some comical or picturesque feature, thus giving us a book of "light and laughing science," as Mr. Arnold happily names it. Nothing escapes his quizzing propensity, from the elephant down to the flies and mosquitoes that swarm about the veranda of his bungalow. The chapters entitled "Monkeys and Metaphysics" and "Cats and Sparrows" are filled with this delightful species of unnatural natural history, as it may be called, and especially in the opening chapter, "In my Indian Garden," the author's fancy is as sportive and many-hued as the bright plumed denizens of his orange and peepul trees. Every page brings its surprises of quaint and humorous observation, and they are the observations, not of a trivial, but of a highly cultivated and thoughtful mind. This combination of a light and airy gracefulness of style with a profound knowledge of the objects of nature characterizes Mr. Robinson's pages throughout. He observes the life in his Indian garden with all the patience of a man of science, and gives us the results of his researches adorned with all the fascinating grace of a man of letters.

Two or three of the longer sketches show that the author can wield a facile pen in quite another direction. "The Man-eating Tree" and "Hunting the Soko" are tales in the weird manner of Poe, appealing through a vivid realism to the sense of the mysterious

and terrible in a remarkably powerful manner. The latter is a story which, like the "Fall of the House of Usher" and De Quincey's "Three Memorable Murders," should not be read by nervous people late at night. Something of the charm exercised by all of these little essays and sketches is undoubtedly due to the newness and strangeness of the scenes, being taken from a field practically unknown; yet we feel sure that Mr. Robinson could not fail to interest his readers with pictures from any field. It is to be hoped that we may be favored with another selection from the sketches in his Indian portfolio.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY AND POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
By Simon Sterne. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

A prominent English gentleman, recently returning from a five months' trip in the United States, reports to his countrymen that instead of finding, as he had expected, general political enthusiasm among our people, he found politics to be a "close profession." Although this judgment, like so many of the hasty generalizations of foreigners who visit us, may be in some measure unfair, yet it requires only a brief consideration of our political methods to convince one of its essential correctness. If politics is to be made something more than a "close profession" which, for the most part, admits to its full practice only those who have been fitted in a training-school of corruption, it will be accomplished through the diffusion of a more thorough and correct knowledge of the fundamental principles of government. The frequency with which books upon the Constitution have issued from the press during the past year would seem to indicate a quickened and increasing interest in governmental affairs, and a still more significant fact, perhaps, is the introduction of political history into the schools as a regular part of the course of systematic study in history. Mr. Sterne has apparently prepared his work with the double purpose of meeting this desire for information and of arousing a more vigorous criticism of political and legislative movements among the intelligent classes who stand aloof from practical politics, but with whom reforms must originate if at all. That he thoroughly believes in the necessity for reform is shown by the following rather melancholy summary of our political affairs, with which he closes his preface: "The methods of legislation are woefully defective, primitive, and corrupt; the existing system of representation is faulty, inharmonious, and unphilosophical; the tariff legislation, a mass of injustice and incongruities, resulting in the collection of revenue at

the highest possible expense to the consumer. Municipal government is a prey to jobbery and venality of every description. The Civil Service goes by favor, not by merit, and political parties divide upon all conceivable questions except those of principle, and unite in almost every attack upon the public purse or against personal rights in form of monopoly interests." The remedy for these lamentable evils, Mr. Sterne believes, is in "an honest, earnest, and persistent appeal to the good sense of the people," which has in the past been able to cope with evils even more formidable than these.

The plan of this book differs widely from that of most books of its kind. A brief account of the origin of the Constitution is followed by a clear and concise statement of its leading provisions, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, with frequent illustrations of their application. Next in order are two chapters, entitled respectively "The Post-constitutional History of the United States" and "Current Questions Productive of Changes in the Constitution," which occupy nearly one half of the space and constitute in reality the most important part of the author's work. In these chapters the two great political parties are criticised in a bold and unsparing manner. Mr. Sterne evidently believes that the severest chastisement that can be administered to either party is a bald statement of the facts of its recent history. The great license assumed by the Republican party in construing the Constitution during the war and the reconstruction period is clearly illustrated, and the "carpet-bag" governments of the South and those institutions known as the "Returning Boards" are described in a manner that is anything but complimentary to their originators. Among the current questions which are discussed at length are the "spoils" system, the Chinese difficulty, governmental control of the railroads, the granting of public lands to private corporations, the navigation laws, the tariff system, and the admission of Cabinet officers to seats in the House of Representatives. A chapter is added upon "State Constitutions," and an appendix contains the full text of the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution, and the Amendments. A carefully compiled index is also worthy of mention.

Mr. Sterne has been rather sharply censured already for what is regarded as his lack of discretion and good taste in presenting such an unfavorable account of our political affairs in a book apparently intended for the English market; but it is doubtful whether any account of leading political events during the past ten years could be written, with strict adherence to the facts, which would present a very flattering picture to the thoughtful for-

eigner. Moreover, Mr. Sterne would evidently maintain that to write honestly about fraud and corruption is to call them by their right names, regardless of any considerations of public or private policy. To those who believe, or appear to believe, that the machinery of government was invented for promoting, not the "general welfare," but the particular welfare of the members of a "close profession," his book will be exceedingly offensive. Critical zeal occasionally betrays him into a tone of bitterness which is hardly in keeping with the calmness of history, but the sincerity of his convictions and the general fairness of his statements cannot be denied. Portions of his book would serve the advocates of reform a good purpose as a campaign document. The verbal infelicities which are of frequent occurrence are much to be regretted, for some of which, however, the printer is undoubtedly responsible.

THE HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS. By Thomas W. Powell, Author of "Analysis of American Law" and "The Law of Appellate Proceedings." Delaware, Ohio: T. C. O' Kane.

This is a work of nearly five hundred closely printed pages, upon the preparation of which incalculable labor has been bestowed, and it deserves the attention of all who are interested in the early development of the English people. The study of this subject has occupied the leisure hours of the author during the better part of a long lifetime, and the diligence and care with which he has gathered his material is attested by the vast array of foot-notes containing citations from writers of almost every age and nation, in support of the theories which he advances. His conclusions are in some respects original and widely at variance with the generally accepted views of the leading historians, especially concerning the much-disputed origin of the ancient Britons. There is a romantic interest attaching to these early possessors of western Europe which is even deeper than the enthusiasm inspired by the legends of Arthur, Cadwallon, and Llewellyn. So far as authentic history is concerned, they have been left practically without a habitation and a name, until the era of Roman conquests among the northern barbarians, when Roman scholars began to venture beyond the Alps with calamus in hand. Who were these early wanderers in Europe, who came to be known as Celts? Whence and when did they come to England? Mr. Powell grapples boldly with these difficult problems, and he has gleaned from every possible source facts that serve to illustrate the obscurities of this prehistoric period. If the reader is not willing

to accept the solutions here offered, he will certainly be grateful to the author for the carefully collected materials, upon which he may base his own judgments.

Perhaps the most interesting and important feature of the work is the refutation of some of the widely-accepted theories as to the part which should be assigned to the Celtic race in the formation of the English people. Mr. J. R. Green maintains, in his "History of the English People," that the Saxons so completely exterminated the original Britons that they were able to build up their own institutions in a practically unoccupied country, free from all contamination with the natives. Mr. Wright, on the other hand, maintains that the inhabitants of Cornwall and Wales are not descended from the ancient Britons at all. In either case the aim is to show that English life and character are independent of Celtic influence. These theories, Mr. Powell declares to be the "most flagrant violation and falsification of history to be anywhere found," and he presents very strong historic evidence in support of his view of the question. The rapid advancement of the Saxons in the arts of civilization, as compared with the kindred tribes left behind upon the continent, was directly due, he believes, to the mingling of the two races in England. So thorough and continuous was this mingling that, Mr. Green to the contrary notwithstanding, it would be almost impossible to find an Englishman who has not more or less Celtic blood in his veins, even to the reigning Queen, who is Queen simply by virtue of a few drops of Celtic blood that have come down to her through the Tudor and Stuart lines. Mr. Powell combats vigorously the prejudices of those who boast of their Saxon lineage, prejudices which often amount to hate and malignity, and which have betrayed historians into gross misrepresentation and calumny. Indeed, instead of the name Anglo-Saxon, which was never a true name, we should call ourselves Anglo-Britons, a name which would at least have the merit of historic accuracy.

The narrative deals mainly with the early periods of English history, but a sketch is given of the Celtic portions of the British kingdom down to the present time, thus forming a fairly complete history of the Celtic race. An appendix contains several valuable notes upon certain "Errors in History," chief of which is the argument of Gibbon concerning the birthplace of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine. The author establishes a strong probability that she was a native of Britain. The volume contains several maps, and also illustrations of Celtic religion and art.

KINLEY HOLLOW. A novel. By G. H. Hol-
lister. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The story of Kinley Hollow is intended to illustrate the life of New England at the beginning of this century, and as an aid to the realization of a state of society of which the last vestiges are rapidly disappearing, it will be found exceedingly interesting and valuable. The scene is laid in Connecticut, near New London, and the cast of characters is made up from the notables of a small country village. The prevailing theme of the story is religion, and the life of the community into which the reader is introduced is centred about the church and its immediate relations. The minister and his two deacons are leading characters, and are made to represent in their conduct and character as many differing phases of the Puritan theology. The noble, gentle, and liberal-minded Dr. Stanyan is sharply contrasted with the cold, harsh Deacon Everett, who holds to the extreme rigidity of his uncompromising creed; while in the character of Deacon Trowbridge, a vociferous and sanctimonious show of beliefs and doctrines is made the cloak for a selfish, unscrupulous, and vindictive nature. A revival, an auction, a jury trial, an ecclesiastical court, instituted for the trial of the minister on a charge of heresy, are all described in a picturesque manner and at times with much dramatic power. The character-drawing throughout is remarkably clear and vigorous, and some of the characters are almost unique in their excellence. It is a long time since anything better of its kind has appeared than the sheriff, Oliver Cromwell Bramble, with his Yankee dialect and quaint mixture of wit, shrewdness, and piety; and "Grandfather Barker," who has a weakness for auctions and for Shakespeare, is perpetually denouncing his favorite enemies, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Pope, and expresses, in season and out of season, his Episcopalian prejudices against Calvinism, is one of the happiest of the author's creations. Indeed, these two characters alone are good enough to make the success of the novel. The troublesome stream of love which runs through the story is its least pleasing feature, and the rivalries of the young students from Yale form only a subordinate part of the interest. There are many descriptive passages which reveal much more than the ordinary appreciation of natural beauty. The reader will find many charming places while following the hero in his frequent rambles about the rugged ledge that overlooks Kinley Hollow, and beside the mossy-banked brook that dances along at its base.

SOCIAL EQUALITY: A Short Study in a Missing Science.* By W. H. Mallock. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

This is a book which may well puzzle the critic. Can it be an elaborate mystification? Mr. Mallock is a very clever man; and it is possible that he manages to take himself seriously as a political reasoner. Yet it seems unkind to make such an assumption needlessly. The book forms a very fair squib. It has the same kind of likeness to a treatise by Mr. Spencer that a certain very clever sermon had to a production of the Master of Balliol. It imitates all the forms of logic, and parodies the dogmatic arrogance often imputed to men of science. Mr. Mallock alternately patronizing and pooh-poohing Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Buckle and Adam Smith, and Louis Blanc and Mr. Bright, amusing himself with their errors, commending their happier guesses, and comparing himself at one time to Mr. Darwin, at another to the "Angel sent to Balaam," is really giving a very pretty example of his own skill as a caricaturist. Moreover, he adopts explicitly the doctrines which he has been in the habit of condemning as materialistic, fatalist, cynical, and so forth, and it may therefore be inferred that he is simply acting the part of his antagonists for the purpose of making them ridiculous. Yet we hold that Mr. Mallock is serious, and shall venture to treat him accordingly, even though he may be the first to turn round and laugh at us as dupes of his clever imposture.

Mr. Mallock announces himself as the constructor of a new science. It is a curious science, indeed, inasmuch as it consists of a single proposition, and that proposition, according even to its propounder, a truism. However, Mr. Mallock tells us that great discoveries have often consisted in putting familiar facts in a new light, which is the case with Darwin and himself. We must, therefore, look at his theory a little nearer. The "missing science" which he is kind enough to supply is nothing less than the science of human character. Before Mr. Mallock nobody had perceived that political or social doctrines implied some knowledge of human nature. This slightly amazing assertion requires explanation; and we may say briefly that it seems to rest upon a misunderstanding of the doctrine to which Buckle gave prominence—not, it must be admitted, in unexceptionable language. Buckle said that we could ascertain truths about the actions of aggregates or of the average man, though we could not ascertain such truths about individual components of

the aggregate. We could know that so many people would commit suicide in a year, though we could not say whether a given person would commit suicide. Mr. Mallock apparently takes this as a denial that the individual acts from motives, and he therefore takes some trouble to prove that venerable proposition. Buckle was the last man to deny it. It is, however, another question whether we can obtain anything like a scientific theory of motive; and this is the point upon which Mr. Mallock supposes himself to have improved upon Buckle. How far he has really improved may be inferred from the proposition which he endeavors to establish. His doctrine is first stated in this form: that "all productive labor that rises above the lowest is always motivated by the desire for social inequality." It afterward appears, together with its proof, in another shape. The cause of civilization "has always been the desire of or else the pressure of inequality." The cause absent, civilization has been absent; with its decline civilization has declined. Therefore "any social changes that tend to abolish inequalities will tend also to destroy or diminish our civilization." Here is Mr. Mallock's "science" in a nutshell. We will briefly discuss its value.

First, however, let us observe that, true or false, it is not a scientific theory of character. Mr. Mallock himself explicitly declares that it admits of "one exception." Artistic production is not, he says, always due to the motive assigned. He admits implicitly another vast exception. His theory is not applicable to "productive labor of the lowest kind"—a vague class which he does not take the trouble to define. Hence by his own showing the proposition is only true, as Buckle said was the case with all such propositions, of the average man. In fact, his last form of statement is the most tenable. The statement that civilization goes along with inequality may possibly be scientific, for it is at least laid down as absolutely true, and not admitted by its author to be subject to an indefinite variety of exceptions. A proposition is not "scientific" (though Mr. Mallock does not seem to have any clear understanding of what science means) so long as it is a mere rough empirical truth. It becomes scientific only when it admits of being at least an approximate statement of an unconditional law. The assertion affects to be such a statement in its last form alone; but in that form it is not a psychological theory at all, for it tells us nothing as to the laws of character in virtue of which a desire for inequality is necessary to civilization. Mr. Mallock's "science of character" has therefore the peculiarity that on the very face of it it lays down no scientific proposition about character whatever.

* "Social Equality: a Short Study in a Missing Science." By W. H. Mallock. (London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1882.)

We do not insist upon this merely to illustrate the looseness of Mr. Mallock's logic, but because it may lead the way to explain his very simple-minded sophistry. His proposition—taken as a description of social, not of individual, phenomena—may be regarded as a very vague statement of an obvious truth. Mr. Herbert Spencer has expounded at great length the process of social evolution, by differentiation and integration and so forth; and there can be no doubt that all such evolution implies some kind of inequality at every step. Organization means a separation of functions. And therefore Mr. Mallock would be justified in saying roughly that society could not be evolved without an evolution of many inequalities. But when he takes this most harmless and vague statement and turns it into a psychological theory, and as giving the sole motive to progress, he is forced to invent the queerest psychology we remember to have met.

What makes people desire inequality? Most people want more than their share. Therefore, says Mr. Mallock, they want it because it is more than their share. Let us see. A child wants the whole jam-pot. Is it because the child wants to be better off than its brothers? Surely it is because the child wants to satisfy its own appetite for jam, and does not care enough for the satisfaction of its brothers' appetite to restrain its own greediness. It would want the jam just as much, or perhaps more, if its brothers had gone out to tea. When there is too little jam for the family there will be a scramble; the strongest will get most; and this will therefore be inequality. But the inequality is not desired in itself, though inequality is the necessary result of the disproportion between appetite and supply. The inequality is not, in other words, the efficient cause of the desire, but the incident of the working of desires under certain conditions. This simple bit of psychology seems to be beyond Mr. Mallock. At any rate it is fatal to theory. This appears at once when we look at his reasoning.



FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE author of "Hogan, M.P.," is engaged upon, and will shortly publish, a translation of Prosper Mérimée's "Colomba."

THE centenary of the Swedish poet Esaias Tegner is to be celebrated by a translation into German of his complete works.

THE second volume of Mr. C. A. Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe" is nearly ready for publication. It covers the period from 1814 to 1848.

A MARBLE slab has been placed in the house in Paris, at the corner of the rue des Jardins-Saint-Paul, in which Rabelais is reported to have died.

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD will shortly publish, with Messrs. Sampson Low, a volume of essays, chiefly on literary subjects, to which he has given the not very pleasing title of "Orts."

A NEW word has been added to the French language. This is "interviewer," used as a verb, not as a noun, which has been called into existence by the press in connection with M. de Lesseps.

THE fourth volume has just appeared (Paris: Germer Baillière) of the "Histoire illustrée du Second Empire, with sixty illustrations, including several from the pencil of M. Frédéric Régamey. It comes down to the end of 1866.

DR. BERNHARD STUDER, Professor of Geology at the University of Bern, the French chemists MM. Boussingault and Bertholet, the Roman archæologist Sig. Fiorelli, and the astronomer Struve, of Pulkowa, have been nominated by the German Emperor foreign knights *pour le mérite*.

AN Austrian paper announces that Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is about to publish a drama in three acts, in verse. The piece is entitled "The Empress of the Balkans," and is in Servian; but it is added that the author contemplates translating it into French.

M. MIGNET, the veteran historian, who is now in his eighty-seventh year, has intimated his intention of resigning the office of permanent secretary to the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. It is thought that M. Jules Simon will probably be chosen as his successor.

AN historical and ethnological society has been founded at Athens whose aim will be to do for the middle ages and modern times what the Archæological Society does for ancient Greece. It is proposed to establish a museum for the reception of all kinds of historic objects, including MSS. and other documents.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO. will publish almost immediately an *édition de luxe* of Mr. R. D. Blackmore's masterpiece, "Lorna Doone," being the twentieth edition in a period of eighteen years. It will have full-page illustrations of scenes, events, characters, etc., from drawings made on the spot by Mr. W. Small, and engraved by Mr. J. D. Cooper; and also head-pieces and initial letters by Mr. W. H. J. Boot, consisting of views in Devon and Somerset.

M. TOURGUÉNIEF's numerous admirers will be delighted to hear that a decided improvement has taken place in his health. One of his friends who paid him a visit last week at Bougival, near Paris, where he possesses a charming *ducha*, or summer residence, on the slope of a hill crowned by shady woods, found him able to move about a little, and to converse as brilliantly as ever. He is for the present restricted to a milk diet; but he looks forward to a return to an ordinary fashion of life, and even to a possible visit to Russia next year. The novel which he was to have finished this summer has been laid aside for the present, but his visitor found him engaged upon a shorter story, which will probably appear in the *Vestnik Evropy* of St. Petersburg.—*Athenæum*.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Auguste Comte was celebrated at Paris on September 5th. A large number of his disciples met at his grave in Père-la-Chaise at ten in the morning, where a discourse was delivered by M. Lagarrigue, of Chili, who dwelt upon the international character of Positivism. In the afternoon, a meeting was held in Comte's house, rue Monsieur le Prince, at which M. Lafitte, the French director, gave an address, mainly devoted to Comte's institution of a systematic education in the sciences. In the evening there was a large dinner at the Palais Royal, at which many workmen and their wives were present. The English Positivists were represented by Dr. J. H. Bridges and Mr. Frederic Harrison, among others.

SCIENCE AND ART.

WHAT IS DEW?—Dew is a moisture of the atmosphere deposited on a cool surface—another form of condensation, in fact. Cold water in a tumbler will produce a "dew" upon the outside of the glass when carried into a warm atmosphere. Such is the dew upon the grass. It is produced by the air depositing moisture as it becomes colder after a warm day, when much vapor was absorbed. Warm air can hold more water than cold air, and the saturation point being reached, the excess falls as dew, at the dew (or saturation) point. It should be remarked that one use of clouds was to prevent rapid radiation of heat which it keeps below. Under these circumstances—viz., when a night is cloudy—we shall find much less dew upon the grass than when a night has been quite clear, because the heat has left the atmosphere for the higher regions, and has then been kept down by the clouds; but on a clear night the air has become cooled rapidly by radiation, and, having

arrived at saturation point, condensation takes place. Dew does not fall, it is deposited; and may be more or less according to circumstances, for shelter impedes the radiation, and some objects radiate less heat than others. Hence some objects will be covered with dew and others scarcely wetted.—*Scientific Recreations*.

A NEW TELEPHONE.—It is known to be advantageous to utilize both poles of a magnet in the telephone. How should the wire be placed, relatively to the magnet, to give the best effect? is an important question. M. d'Arsonval has lately become convinced by experiment that in the two-pole telephones (as those of Gower, Siemens, Ader, etc.), the really active part of the wire is that lodged between the magnetic poles. The rest of the wire may be regarded as mere useless resistance. The point, then, is to have the whole coil between the poles. M. d'Arsonval, accordingly, makes a telephone with a bent bar-magnet, one pole of which terminates in a short cylindrical piece, with a coil round it, while the other terminates in a ring piece, surrounding the coil. These two poles are in the same plane and very near the plate. The complete instrument is very light, yet it is said to transmit the voice with extreme distinctness and with such force that, if a trumpet mouthpiece be added, one can easily hear throughout a room.

PHOTOGRAPHING EXPLOSIONS.—The United States engineers recently photographed the explosion of a wreck, which was blown to pieces by submarine charges of dynamite, to ascertain, among other things, how long the spectacle really lasted. The result was exceedingly interesting. There were six cameras employed, and the instant of the explosion, as also the several instants when the exposures were made by shutter, were electrically timed by a chronograph. A photograph taken one tenth of a second after the explosion showed the vessel broken, and a column of water 70 feet high; a photograph secured 1/5 second after the instant of explosion showed a column of water 160 feet high; a third photograph, taken 2/3 seconds after, showed the column at its full height of 180 feet, while fragments of wreckage were in the air, but none had fallen to disturb the surface of the water; a fourth picture, taken 3/3 seconds after, showed the column falling, and the surface of the water disturbed; while a fifth photograph, secured 4/3 seconds after, showed that all was over.—*Photographic News*.

NEW SAFETY LAMP.—At a recent meeting of the Paris Société d'Encouragement M. Gruner drew attention to the miner's lamp in-

vented by Herr Birkel, engineer at the Pechelbroun Colliery, which is intended to remedy the disadvantage possessed by lamps having a short glass cylinder below the wire gauze, of only indicating the presence of gas, and of requiring almost constant watching when danger is apprehended. The Birkel lamp has a glass cylinder below the gauze, which latter is completely covered by a double case of sheet tin. The outer case slides upon the inner, which is fastened to the gauze. For the entrance of air, and the exit of the products of combustion, the tin cases are provided with apertures which may be opened to a greater or less extent, or closed entirely, by turning the outer case. If the width of these apertures be brought, by turning the outer case, to 6 or 7 millimetres (0.236 or 0.276 inch), the air which can enter is not sufficient to support combustion when the atmosphere becomes explosive, and the lamp goes out immediately. In practice, the miner will generally prefer to leave the apertures at their normal width when merely passing through a few puffs of explosive gas, rather than be plunged at once into darkness.

DYEING BY ELECTROLYSIS.—At the recent Paris electrical exhibition a glass-case full of beautiful aniline dyes, prepared by the action of the electric current on aniline salts, attracted considerable attention. It represented the products of a new industry and the inventor of the process, M. Goepfelsroeder, of Mulhouse, was awarded a gold medal for his researches. This ingenious chemist has quite lately extended his experiments in the direction of dyeing, and he is now able to form and fix aniline dyes within the tissues of cloth or paper fabrics by the action of the electric current. These dyes can be formed of various tints, and according to any pattern. The cloth is placed between two metal plates, and steeped in a solution of the aniline salt to be decomposed. For a black color he uses the chlohydrate. An electric current is sent through the cloth from one plate to the other by connecting the two plates to the two poles of a voltaic battery or a small dynamo-electric generator. One of the plates has the desired pattern or inscription cut in relief on its under side, that is to say, the side next the fabric; and the current decomposing the salt along the projecting lines of the engraved plate, leaves a black pattern of the design within the tissues of the cloth. The colors are fast, and will not wash out. By a similar process colors already on the cloth can be effaced entirely or blanched in certain places according to a determined pattern. M. Goepfelsroeder is actively pursuing his experiments, and may discover new results.

MISCELLANY.

THE POISON OF MUSHROOMS.—Professor Ponfick, of Breslau, has lately made experiments on the common mushroom, of which the following are the results. All common mushrooms are poisonous, but cooking deprives them, more or less, of their poisonous qualities. The repeated washing with cold water which they usually undergo to clean them takes away a portion of the poison, and boiling does the rest; but the water in which they have been boiled is highly poisonous, and should always be carefully got rid of. Experiments made on dogs showed that if a dog ate 1 per cent of its own weight of raw mushrooms it fell sick, but recovered; if it ate $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent the poison had a more violent but not fatal effect; and if it ate 2 per cent it was inevitably fatal. The water in which mushrooms had been boiled was far more poisonous than even the raw mushrooms, while the mushrooms thus boiled could be taken without hurt to the amount of 10 per cent of the weight of the dog's body. Washing with cold water does not remove all the poison, so that mushrooms thus prepared are poisonous when taken in large quantities. Dried mushrooms are still dangerous for from twelve to twenty days, and also the water in which they have been boiled. They require to be dried for at least a whole month, and are only really safe after four months' drying.

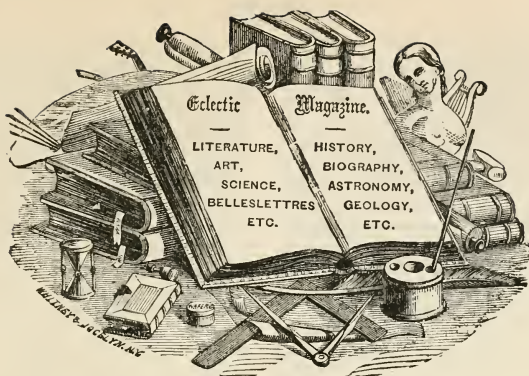
COFFEE AS AN ANTISEPTIC.—Mr. W. J. Hammond, Engineer, and General Manager of the Western São Paulo Railway Company, Brazil, bears pleasant witness to the virtues of coffee, and strongly denounces the use of adulterants. Many people will be able to indorse his high opinion of the value of "strong pure black coffee as a stimulant when the body is run down through physical labor;" but his assertion that, beyond this stimulating power, coffee has great disinfecting properties, and is used by many who have to travel through miasmatic districts as a preventive against fevers, will be new to many. He states that the Rev. Father Kenelm Vaughan, who but a few years back made a journey by land from Panama down to the River Plate, passing in and among and over the Andes during a space of three years, used coffee only as a stimulant, although he had once to run the gauntlet through a long rock-bound valley in Columbia, in which the water remained stagnant year after year, and the narrowness of the gorge prevented sufficient sunlight and heat entering to dispel the vapors. When asked what he took in this horrible place, called by the natives by the significant name of "Valley of Death," he replied—"Why, coffee, of course!" This

same gentleman also reports that since the natives in the pestilent districts near Guayaquil in Ecuador have substituted coffee for their former beverages the death-rate has fallen very considerably.—*Colonies and India*.

THE VOICE OF LIZARDS.—A correspondent writes to *Land and Water*: "During the last few weeks I have seen it discussed in the columns of the public press whether lizards are voiceless; also if they possess venomous organs. Some years since, when at Moulmein with my lamented friend, the late Dr. F. Stoliczka (where we were engaged in collecting zoölogical objects), the latter question arose regarding the large *Tuck-too* lizard, so common in all dwellings in that country, and to the bite of which some Burmese attribute venomous qualities. They likewise assert that every succeeding year following their birth the number of *too's* at the end of its speech increases by one more, so that at four years old, when giving tongue, it would vociferate '*Tuck-too-too-too-too*.' Everybody who has been in Burmah (unless deaf) must be acquainted with the voice of the *Tuck-too*, while the little 'cheep' of the wall-lizard may be heard anywhere in the East. The succeeding Sunday I went to church, where the service was attended by the civil and military officials, as well as by the rank and fashion of the station. The chaplain, having completed the service, had entered the pulpit prior to commencing his sermon, when a curious interruption occurred. The text was duly enunciated, and the padre was about to begin his discourse, when a large *Tuck-too* appeared on a desk just below his reverence, and lifting up its head in front of the congregation, showed that it possessed a voice, by giving an unearthly *tuck-too-too-too-too*, every succeeding *too* apparently louder than the previous one, and a considerable interval elapsing between each. With every call it elevated its head and distended its throat, while during this performance the clergyman had to stop, as his words were drowned by the voice of his lacertilian opponent. That evening, while we were at dinner, and discussing the voice of the *Tuck-too*, regretting that so far we had been unsuccessful in collecting good examples, we heard from one corner of the ceiling one of these lizards commencing his call. We speedily obtained a long bamboo, and by a fortunate stroke knocked the *tuck-too* down. My friend at once pounced upon his prey, but the lizard was active and seized its captor by one finger, inflicting a severe wound. Down went the *tuck-too*, the non-venomous qualities of which were no longer discussed, warm water was brought, the wound well cleansed, and everything done appropriate to a venom-

ous bite, which symptoms fortunately never supervened. During this time our little dog had destroyed the value of the lizard as a specimen by biting it to pieces, in doing which it appeared to think it was avenging its master's injuries, as well as performing an immensely courageous act."

ENGLISH AND FRENCH NOVELISTS.—Which of our novelists, now that Dickens and Thackeray are gone, is as well known throughout Europe as a writer even of the rank of M. Cherbuliez, whom no one would class for a moment with the very greatest writers? Partly from their good fortune in writing in a language which everybody can read, and partly from the peculiar quality of the French mind, which makes their writing almost necessarily more clear-cut, vivid and interesting than that of any other nation, French books are read from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, while ours are kept for home consumption, or at best are pirated by our cousins across the Atlantic. One is bound to admit that, so far as novels go, France deserves her good fortune. There is, of course, a great deal to be said against the matter of French novels, and it is a painful truth that the worst in this respect are the most successful—that M. Zola sells his thousands all over Europe where M. Cherbuliez sells his tens—but when all this is admitted there remains the fact that the average French novelist knows his trade better than the average English novelist, and turns out a better piece of work. On the one hand, he has a keener sense of the artistic necessities of a book; on the other, he takes more trouble. Then, again, it must be remembered, he is not the slave of his publisher and of a vicious system of publication which aims, not at the production of good literature, but at keeping up a bad supply to meet an unhealthy demand. The circulating library is fatal to literature. It encourages "skimming" on the part of the reader and scamping on the part of the writer. An author who writes a novel must write to the orthodox length, must fill three volumes—not because he has of necessity enough to say, but because the trade demand it. It is needless to point out how disastrous this is to all true conceptions of literary work, and how in the end it defeats itself by destroying the habit of buying books. While books are as monstrously dear as they are in England, people will not buy; they will borrow. The dear book and the circulating library are the two clay feet on which the Colossus of the English book trade supports itself. Till they are replaced by something stronger, Colossus will not stand firm.—*London Times*.



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COMETS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

DURING the last two years several comets—some telescopic, others visible to the naked eye, and even conspicuous objects in the heavens—have been observed, not only by the older methods, but by some which have only been available within recent years. It is naturally expected, therefore, by the general public that some new light should be thrown on these mysterious objects, whose phenomena still remain among the unexplained, seemingly the inexplicable, problems of the celestial depths.

We propose to consider here what has thus been learned, and what also (unfortunately it is much more) remains still to be learned, respecting comets. But first it will be well to show what are the special phenomena which present themselves for explanation.

A comet apparently comes out from the remote depths of space in a condition of comparative calm. It appears

as a small round nebulous object, looking like a tiny cloud of extreme tenuity—the idea of tenuity being suggested by the exceeding faintness of the comet's light. This cloud appears somewhat condensed toward the middle. As the comet draws nearer to the sun, it usually grows somewhat long in the direction of the sun; and before long a portion within the part nearest the sun is seen to be brighter than the rest, and to have a more or less defined outline. This is the *nucleus*—sometimes seen as a dull disk of nearly uniform brightness, at others as a mere bright point, not unlike a star. The fainter light around this is the *coma*, or hair, which resembles a luminous fog round the nucleus, usually brighter on the side toward the sun, and on the other side growing fainter and fainter till it can no longer be seen. Later this lengthening of the comet in directions toward and from

the sun becomes more marked, until at length the comet may fairly be said to have a head directed toward the sun and a tail directed from him. Nucleus, coma, and tail may be very different in appearance in different comets, and in particular the tail may be more or less complicated in structure, being sometimes a mere straight streak, at others twofold, multiple, curved, with thwart streaks, and so forth—no two comets, in fine, having tails resembling each other except in general details.

Dr. Huggins, in a rather disappointing article on comets, recently communicated to a contemporary, remarks that the nucleus, though an apparently insignificant speck, "is truly the heart and kernel of the whole thing—potentially it is the comet." This has scarcely yet been proved, though it appears exceedingly probable. It is true, however, as he adds, that this part only of the comet conforms rigorously to the laws of gravitation, and moves strictly in its orbit. "If we could see a great comet," he proceeds, "during its distant wanderings, when it has put off the gala trappings of perihelion excitement, it would appear as a very sober object, and consist of little more than nucleus alone." This again seems probable, though it has never yet been proved, and the division of some comets into two or more parts, each having coma, nucleus, and tail of its own, shows that the nucleus cannot be, in every case, what Dr. Huggins seems here to suggest. Dr. Huggins has done well in saying (though scarcely with sufficient emphasis, considering how often the mistake is repeated) that "though many telescopic comets are of extremely small mass, nucleus included—so small, indeed, that they are unable to perturb such small bodies as Jupiter's satellites—yet we should mistake greatly if we were to suppose that all comets are 'airy nothings.' In some large comets the nucleus may be a few hundred miles in diameter, or even very much larger, and may consist of solid matter. It is not necessary to say that the collision of a cometary nucleus of this order with the earth would produce destruction on a wide scale."

It is even more necessary to correct the widely-spread misapprehension as to

the relations between meteors and comets. We hear it stated that the nucleus of a comet is made up of meteoric stones (Professor P. G. Tait says—for unknown reasons—that they resemble "paving-stones or even bricks") as confidently as though the earth had at some time passed through the nucleus of a comet, and some of our streets were now paved with stones which had fallen to earth on such an occasion. As a matter of fact, all that has yet been proved is that meteoric bodies follow in the track (which is very different from the tail) of some known comets, and that probably all comets are followed by trains of meteors. These may have come out of the head or nucleus in some way as yet unexplained; but it is by no means certain that they have done so, and it is by many astronomers regarded as more than doubtful.

The most important points to be noticed in the behavior of large comets, as they approach the sun, is that usually the side of the coma which lies toward the sun is the scene of intense disturbance. Streams of luminous matter seem to rise continually toward the sun, attaining a certain distance from the head, when, assuming a cloud-like appearance, they seem to form an envelope around the nucleus. This envelope gradually increases its distance from the sun, growing fainter and larger, while within it the process is repeated, and a new envelope is formed. This in turn ascends from the nucleus, expanding as it does so, while within it a new envelope is formed. Meanwhile, the one first formed has grown fainter, perhaps has disappeared. But sometimes the process goes on so rapidly (a day or two sufficing for the formation of a complete new envelope) that several envelopes will be seen at the same time, the outermost faintest, the innermost most irregular in shape and most varied in brightness, while the envelope or envelopes between are the best developed and most regular.

The matter raised up in these envelopes seems to have undergone a certain change of character, causing it no longer to obey the sun's attractive influence, but to experience a strong repulsive action from him, whereby it is apparently swept away with great rapidity to form the tail. "It flows past the nucleus,"

says Dr. Huggins, "on all sides, still ever expanding and shooting backward until a tail is formed in a direction opposite to the sun. This tail is usually curved, though sometimes rays or extra tails sensibly straight are also seen." The description is, however, incomplete in one important respect. The matter raised from the nucleus to form the envelopes may be, and probably is, carried past the nucleus *on all sides*; but the appearance presented by the tail just behind the nucleus is not exactly in accordance with our ideas as to what should result from the flowing past "on all sides." There is a dark space immediately behind the nucleus, that is, where the nucleus, if solid, would throw its shadow, if there were matter to receive the light all round so that the shadow could be seen. Now it may be thought at first that this corresponds exactly with what should be seen: when we look just behind the nucleus there is no light, or very little; when we look on either side of that dark space there is the luminous matter which has been driven back from the envelopes in front of the nucleus. But if the luminous matter flows past the nucleus on all sides, it must flow past the nucleus on the side nearest to the observer, and also on the side farthest away; and it is just where the line of sight passes through these two regions of brightness that a dark streak is seen just behind the nucleus. Let the reader draw two concentric circles—one an inch in diameter, the other two inches—and let him then draw two parallel tangents to the inner circle on opposite sides of it. Supposing now the space between the two circles to represent in section the luminous matter which flows all round the nucleus, while the surface of the inner circle represents the unilluminated part behind the nucleus, the two tangent lines will represent the lines of sight on either side of the dark region, where, as we might expect, we get plenty of light; and we can also understand very well why outside of that the line of sight through the luminous matter (or the chords to our outer circle), getting shorter and shorter, the light of the luminous streaks bounding this part of the tail gets fainter and fainter: but if just inside either of the two tangents,

chords are drawn parallel to them, crossing the inner circle, the parts of these chords which lie between the two circles are very nearly equal in length to the tangent lines themselves; and even a common diameter to both circles has, lying between them, two portions together equal to the radius of the outer. Hence, since the line of sight even across the middle of the space behind the nucleus, passes through a considerable range of luminous matter, while a line within but near the outskirts of that space passes through nearly as great a range of luminous matter as one just outside that space, there should be plenty of light where yet to the eye there seems to be something like absolute darkness. Either then the eye is greatly deceived, or else we must find some explanation of darkness existing where considerable brightness might be expected.*

The matter which forms the tail seems, as I have said, to be swept off from the envelopes raised by the sun's action on the nucleus. It seems as though the matter thus raised had undergone in some way a change of character, which caused it no longer to obey the law of gravity as it had done when forming part of the nucleus, but instead of yielding to the sun's attraction to submit rather to an intense repulsive action, carrying it at a much greater rate from the sun than, under the action of gravity—starting from rest and free from all perturbing influences—it could have been drawn toward him. Dr. Huggins thus words his account of what

* If the careful examination of satisfactory photographs should seem to show that the darkness (almost blackness) behind the nucleus is an objective and not merely a subjective phenomenon, the following explanation would seem forced upon us. If the particles forming the envelopes are minute flat bodies, and if anything in the circumstances under which these particles are driven off into the tail causes them to always so arrange themselves that the planes in which they severally lie pass through the axis of the tail (which, if the tail is an electrical phenomenon, might very well happen) then we should find the region behind the nucleus very dark or almost black, for the particles in the direction of the line of sight then would be turned edgewise toward us, whereas those on either side or in the prolongation of the envelopes would turn their faces toward the observer.

seems to happen—"Now is seen to take place a change which is most puzzling—namely, these envelopes of light appear to give up their substance under the influence of a strong repulsive force exerted from the sun and to be forced backward." Sir John Herschel, after his long and careful study of the comet of 1830 (Halley's at its second return), came to the conclusion that repulsive action exerted by the sun on the matter raised in these envelopes had been distinctly proved.

Yet here, where we seem to have our first firm ground for hypothesis respecting these mysterious objects—comets' tails—we meet with stupendous difficulties. Consider, for instance, the phenomena presented by Newton's comet. That comet had traversed the last 90,000,000 of miles of its approach toward the sun in four weeks. At the end of that time it passed out of view for a few days, having then a tail 90,000,000 of miles, at least, in length. Four days passed, and it reappeared on the other side of the sun—having in the interval traversed nearly a semicircle—in reality, of course, the perihelion end of its long oval path. At its reappearance, it had a tail still 90,000,000 of miles in length, but the tail with which it reappeared had, of course, a direction entirely different from that of the tail which had been seen before—the two directions were inclined about 160 degrees to each other. Now, as Sir John Herschel remarks, we cannot look on the tail of a comet as something whirled round like a stick, as the comet circles around its perihelion sweep. The tail with which the comet reappeared must have been an entirely new formation. Nor can we doubt that if the comet could have been watched as it swept around the sun, the changes in the tail's position which had been observed to the time of disappearance would have been observed to progress continuously, the tail passing by a uniform motion from the position it then had to that which it was observed to have at the time of reappearance. So that we may fairly suppose the tail with which the comet reappeared to have been formed in much less than the time during which the comet had been out of sight. Probably its farthest part had been formed

in much less than a day, the part near the head being, of course, formed later. But if the matter repelled from the head was thus driven over a distance of 90,000,000 miles in twenty-four hours, at the outside, the average velocity of its motion was about a thousand miles per second, or nearly three times as great as the greatest velocity which the sun can communicate by his attractive energy to matter approaching him from without, even though such matter come to him from an almost infinite distance, and in a perfectly straight line—the conditions most favorable for giving a high rate of final velocity. Such velocity as the sun *can* thus give by his attractive energy is only given to matter which has been exposed a long time to his influence: but here, in the tail of the great comet of 1680, matter seems to have acquired almost instantaneously a velocity sufficing to carry it over 90,000,000 miles with an average speed three times as great as the sun can thus, after long effort, communicate by means of his attractive power!

The difficulty is so great that many efforts—some bold and daring, others positively wild in the unscientific absurdity of their nature—have been made to overcome it.

Among the most ingenious of these is (or rather was, for I think it is no longer maintained even by its eminent author) Professor Tyndall's theory of a comet's tail as an actinic cloud, generated by the passage of the solar rays through exceedingly tenuous matter after those rays had been in part deprived of their heating power, during their passage through the comet's head. According to this theory the actinic cloud cannot be formed under the heating rays, but so soon as the actinic rays fall on the tenuous matter alone, the cloud is formed—so that all round the region in which would be the comet's shadow there is no luminous cloud, while along that region the cloud exists. The rapidity with which light travels would of course make this explanation absolutely perfect in explaining cometic tails lying always exactly in a straight line directed from the sun, or with their axis so situated. But unfortunately this exceedingly rapid formation of the tail (a tail of 90,000,000 miles in length would

be formed in about eight minutes) is more than observation requires or can explain. Professor Tyndall made a slight oversight in dealing with this part of his theory. Noticing that the actinic cloud, as he called it, is not formed instantly, but after a delay of a few seconds, in his experiments, he reasoned as though it would follow from this that the formation of the actinic cloud behind a comet's head in space might be a process extending its action in distance from the head at a rate considerably less than that at which light travels, yet still fast enough to account for the exceedingly rapid formation of the tail of Newton's comet, and of other similar tails. But a little consideration will show that the few seconds following the fall of light on the vapors dealt with by Tyndall, before the luminous cloud appeared, would produce no such effect as he imagined. The rate of formation of the tail would still be that at which light travels. Imagine the head at A, for the sake of argument, and the sun's light after reaching A, passing on to B, C, D, E, etc., to Z, a distance say of 100,000,000 miles, in nine minutes :

A . . B . . C . . D . . E Z

Suppose that, when the light has reached the vaporous matter lying at B, an interval of one full minute (much greater than any noticed in Tyndall's experiments) occurs before the actinic cloud comes into view, a similar interval after the light has passed C before the cloud is seen there, and so on, up to the time of the arrival of the light at Z. Professor Tyndall's reasoning implied that all the time intervals thus occurring at B, C, D, E, etc., up to Z, had to be added together, to give the total time of the formation of the tail from A to Z, and hence naturally a long time might elapse, and the head having at the end of this time reached a different position from that which it had occupied at the beginning, the divergence of the tail from the direction exactly opposite to the sun, and the curvature of the tail, would be alike readily accounted for. But what are the actual facts of the case. The part of the tail formed latest by the supposed solar actinic action, namely, the part at Z, would be formed just nine minutes after the light had

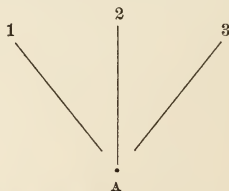
left A, and ten minutes after the part nearest to A had been formed (by the same light waves), for, nine minutes after leaving A, the light would be at Z, and a minute after each epoch (according to our supposition) the actinic cloud would be formed respectively at A and at Z. We get just the same interval—nine minutes—whether the actinic cloud appears immediately after light has traversed the vapor which is to form the cloud, or a minute after, or an hour after. In every case the tail would be formed outward from A, at the rate at which light travels. This does not accord with the phenomena—in fact, the supposition that a tail could be formed at the rate at which light travels will be found, on examination, to lead to many most manifest absurdities, which Professor Tyndall doubtless recognized when he sought escape from the supposition of such rapid tail formation, through the effects he attributed to the delayed appearance of the actinic cloud.

Another theory in explanation of the rapid formation of such a tail as that of Newton's comet is worthy of far less notice. Professor Tyndall's theory was based on an interesting physical fact, which he had himself discovered, and which was also manifestly akin in character to the formation of a comet's tail. The one to be now noticed was suggested to a mathematician by a rather familiar phenomenon, the effects of which on his imagination he seems to have been never able to entirely overcome—at any rate no amount of evidence against the theory seems to counterbalance in his mind the notion once conceived that the theory might be true. (It is a way some theorists have.)

Professor Tait was once looking at a part of the sky which seemed clear. As he looked, a long streak rapidly formed, which presently disappeared (if I remember his original description aright) almost as rapidly as it had formed. At any rate, the appearance of the streak was rapid enough to remind him of what astronomers said about the rapid (apparent) development of comets' tails. The phenomenon itself was easily explained. There had been a flight of seabirds, travelling after their wont in a widely extended layer, which when he began his observations had been looked

at somewhat aslant, so that—the distance being too great for the birds to be seen individually—nothing of the flight could be discerned at all. But it is evident that in such a case a very slight movement on the part of each bird would suffice so to shift the position of the layer in which they were travelling, that it would be seen edgewise, and then the birds, being so situated that the range of sight toward any part of the layer passed athwart a great number of them, would of course be seen, not individually but as a cloud, or long straight streak, a side view in fact of the layer in which they were travelling. *Eureka!* shouted Professor Tait; and presently announced to the world the marvellous theory that the rapid formation of comets' tails may be accounted for on the same general principle. Astronomers have found that along the tracks of some comets (where the tails never lie, by the way, but that is a detail) are countless millions of meteoric bodies separately undiscernible (and never yet discerned as a cloud—another detail); therefore it follows that the tails of all comets are formed by movements of “brickbats and paving-stones” in them (Professor Tait's own description of meteors), after the manner of the seabirds he saw from Arthur's Seat. Professor Thomson at the Edinburgh meeting of the British Association endorsed this theory with special reference to the value of the “seabird analogy” in explaining the phenomena of Newton's comet. Dr. Huggins, who, as he does not claim to be a mathematician (or, to speak more correctly, as his labors in physical research have not given him time for profound mathematical research), may be more readily excused, also speaks of this seabird theory as if it had some legitimate standing. “The tail, he conceives,” he says, referring to Dr. Tait, “to be a portion of the less dense part of the train illuminated by sunlight, and visible or invisible to us, according, not only to circumstances of density, illumination, and nearness, but also of tactic arrangement, as of a flock of birds under different conditions of perspective.” Of course, the theory is utterly untenable—by astronomers who know something of the actual facts, and have enough mathematics to consider

simple geometrical relations. Bodies moving in a plane surface like birds, if they individually travel in the same plane, keep its position unchanged. But if they move individually at an angle to that plane (as they occasionally do), they change its position—the surface, however, in which they collectively are at any moment still remaining plane. In such a case only could such a phenomenon as was observed by Professor Tait be seen. But in such a case the visibility of the streak formed by the flight of birds would last but a few minutes, for the same motion which had in a few minutes brought the streak into view would in the next few minutes take it out of view. During the short time that a flight is visible in this way, it has an unchanging position, or a scarcely changing one. If the tail of Newton's comet had rapidly formed and as rapidly vanished, remaining, while visible, in an almost unchanging position, the “seabird analogy” might explain that particular phenomenon, however inadequate to explain multitudes of others. But the phenomena to be explained are entirely different. Leaving out of the question the varying position and length of the tail as it approached the sun, and after it left the sun's neighborhood, all of which were entirely inconsistent with the seabird analogy, what we are called upon to explain is that a visible tail 90,000,000 of miles in length, seen in position 1A on one day,



was seen three days later in position 3A (having manifestly in the mean while passed through all the intermediate positions, including 2A). If Professor Tait, profound mathematician though he be, though he may “differentiate and integrate like Harlequin,” can show how any flight of bodies, like or unlike seabirds, can accomplish such a feat as the above, appearing first to form a thin streak 1A, and in less than four days a

thin streak A3, each 90,000,000 of miles long, without *some* of them having had to travel a distance nearly equal to the line 1 to 3—or some 150,000,000 of miles long, instead of the trifling journeys he assigned them, he should take a rank above Newton and Laplace as a mathematician. But there is another feat, apparently equally difficult to him, which he might achieve very readily with great advantage to those non-mathematicians among astronomers whom his name—well deserved too—as a mathematician has hitherto misled, and with not less advantage to his own reputation: he might frankly admit that the idea which occurred to him while watching those unfortunate seabirds had not quite the value which at the moment he mistakenly attached to it, and has since *seemed* to do.

But apart from the consideration of theories such as those, either demonstrably untenable, though ingenious, like Professor Tyndall's, or altogether and obviously untenable like Professor Tait's, there are certain phenomena of comets' tails which force upon us the belief that they are phenomena of repulsion, though the repulsive action is of a kind not yet known to physicists.

Among these are:

1. The curvature of all the cometic tails when not seen from a point in or near the place of their motion.
2. The existence of more tails than one to the same comet, the different tails being differently curved.
3. The phenomena of striations athwart the tail.

It is evident that all these phenomena are such as we might fairly expect if a comet's tail is caused by the sun's repulsive action on molecules, raised by his heating action on the head. The matter thus swept away would resemble smoke, driven upward from the funnel of a moving steamer, and then swept in any given direction by a steady wind; we should see a curved train of such matter just as we see a curved streak of smoke. If the matter raised from the head is not all of one kind (and it is antecedently unlikely that it should be), there would be more than one trail of matter, if the sun's repulsive action were different on these different kinds of matter. Lastly, the striations seen

athwart the tail, as in the well-known case of Donati's great comet, would be explained, either as due to the observed pulsational manner in which the envelopes are raised (if matter were raised uniformly from the head there could be no formation of successive envelopes), or else as due to the carrying off into the main tail, where alone such striations are seen, of matter which, had it freed itself at the beginning, would have been swept off into the smaller tails, but being as it were entangled in the great outflow of matter forming the large tail, escapes later, and when it does, gets swept off at its own more rapid rate, and there forms a streak lying at an angle with the direction of the principal tail.

Bredichin has shown that where there are three tails to a comet, their forms correspond with the theory that the envelopes raised from the head are principally formed of hydrogen, carbon, and iron. But this, which, if established, would be the most important physical discovery yet made respecting comets, seems open at present to considerable doubt, though confirmation seems to be given to it, in some respects, by the results of spectroscopic analysis.

To spectroscopic analysis we must in all probability look for such information respecting comets as may hereafter enable us to understand their nature. On this point let us consider what is said by one who, if not the greatest living astronomical spectroscopist, is *facile princeps* in this country—Dr. W. Huggins. First, however, we must consider the past of this method of research as applied to comets.

The first successful application of the spectroscope to comets was made by Donati in 1864—the light of the comet being then divided into three bright bands, whose position, however, was not exactly determined. In 1866 Dr. Huggins obtained two kinds of light from a telescopic comet, part of the comet's light giving a continuous spectrum, probably reflected sunlight, the other a spectrum of three bands. In 1868 a comet was observed (Brorsen's) with more success. Three bands were seen in the spectrum of the light from the comet's head, and a comparison of these with measures of similar bright bands

belonging to the spectra of various combinations of carbon, showed, or rather seemed to suggest, that "combinations of carbon might be present in the comet."

"In conjunction with my friend, the late Dr. W. Allen Miller," says Dr. Huggins, "I confronted directly with the spectroscope attached to the telescope, the comet's light with that from inductive sparks passing in olefiant gas. The sensible identity of the two spectra left no doubt of the essential oneness of the cometary stuff with the gas composed of carbon and hydrogen that was employed for comparison." "Since that time," proceeds Dr. Huggins, "the light from some twenty comets has been examined by different observers. The general close agreement in all cases, notwithstanding some small divergences, of the bright bands in the cometary light with those seen in the spectra of hydrocarbons, justifies us fully in ascribing the original light of these comets to matter which contains carbon in combination with hydrogen."

Last year photography was applied to this spectroscopic work. The spectrum of the brightest comet of that year was partly continuous, and on this continuous spectrum many of the well-known Fraunhofer lines could be traced. This made it certain that part of the comet's light was reflected sun light; though Dr. Huggins considers also that a part of the continuous spectrum of every comet is due to inherent light. On this point some doubt may be permitted. It is one thing for special bands to show themselves, for some substances may become self-luminous under special conditions at very moderate temperatures; it is quite another thing that the solid parts of a comet's substance should become incandescent. I venture to express my own belief that this can scarcely happen except in the case of comets which approach very near to the sun. Besides the continuous spectrum with dark lines, the photograph showed also a spectrum of bright lines.

"These lines," says Dr. Huggins, "possessed extreme interest, for there was certainly contained within this hieroglyphic writing some new information. A discussion of the position of these new lines showed them to be undoubtedly the same lines which appear in certain compounds of carbon. Not long before, Professors Liveing and Dewar had found from their laboratory experiments that these lines are only present when nitrogen is also present, and that they indicate a nitrogen compound of carbon—namely, cyanogen. Two other bright groups were also seen in

the photograph, confirming the presence of hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen."

It is worthy of notice that, only a few days later, Dr. H. Draper succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the same comet's spectrum. It appeared to him to confirm Dr. Huggins's statements, except only that the dark Fraunhofer lines were not visible—the photograph having probably been taken under less favorable conditions.

So far, then, it seems clear that comets shine in part by reflecting sunlight, partly with light of their own; the part of the cometic substance which certainly shines with its own light is gaseous, and this gas in most comets "contains carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, possibly also oxygen, in the form of hydrocarbons, cyanogen, and possibly oxygen compounds of carbon."

But the latest comet has brought with it fresh news. Its spectrum is not like that given by the comets we have been considering. The bright lines of sodium are seen in it, and also other bright lines and groups of lines, which have not yet been shown to be identical with any belonging to the hydrocarbon groups, but probably are so. Dr. Huggins's photograph shows, he considers, "that the original light of the comet, which gives a continuous spectrum (he means that portion of the original light which does so), was too strong to allow of the Fraunhofer lines being recognized in the reflected solar light." We demur to this as being *shown*, it may fairly be said to be *suggested*. The cyanogen groups are not seen.

Such is Dr. Huggins's account; but it is manifest that this comet underwent important changes, of which—we are surprised to note—Dr. Huggins has taken no account. Thus, in April, Professors Tacchini and Vogel found simply a faint continuous spectrum. In May, Vogel found that the three bands associated with carbon were present, though faint, while there was no trace whatever of the sodium band. On the contrary, on the nights of June 4, 5, and 7, Dr. B. Hasselberg, of the Observatory of Pulkowa, found that the nucleus of the comet gave a very strong and extended continuous spectrum, with an "excessively strong" bright line in the orange yellow, proved by

micrometrical measurement to be identical with the D line—the well-known double sodium line of the solar spectrum. The observation was confirmed by Dunér, Bredichin, and Vogel. On this Mr. Hind remarks, "It is necessary to conclude that, during the last fortnight of May, the spectrum of Wells's comet had changed in a manner of which the history of science furnishes no precedent." It must, however, be remembered that as yet no comets have been examined under sufficiently favorable conditions, to enable us to say whether the change thus observed was really exceptional, or only exceptional in being for the first time noted. Whenever such a comet as Donati's comes favorably under spectroscopic scrutiny, we shall probably learn something about these changes which will throw more light than anything yet discovered on the physical economy of these mysterious bodies.

What, then, do we know certainly respecting comets? What may we surmise with more or less probability? And in what direction may we look with most hope for future information? We know certainly that, in whatever way they are formed, the sun excites intense disturbance in them as they approach him. Professor Stokes remarks that these effects, so much greater at a first view than we might fairly expect in the case of many of the comets observed, which have approached the sun no nearer than our own earth does, or not so near, may be accounted for by the circumstance that comets travel in what must be regarded as, to all intents and purposes, a vacuum. From Dr. Crooke's experiments on very high vacua we may infer that there is very little loss of heat, except by radiation. Thus the heat received by the meteoric components of a comet would be much greater than might otherwise be expected. Dr. Huggins mentions, in the same connection, the remarkable persistence of the bright trains of meteors in the rare upper air, which sometimes remain visible for three quarters of an hour before the light fades, as the heat is gradually radiated away. "Our reasoning on these points," he remarks, in his dry way, "would undergo considerable modification if we accept the views as to

the condition of interplanetary space and of the sun's action which have been recently suggested by Dr. Siemens in his solar theory"—but of course we do not.

Bredichin's researches, showing that three distinct curvatures in comets' tails correspond to the winnowing out by solar repulsive action of (1) hydrogen, (2) carbon, and (3) iron, seem worthy of careful study and investigation. It accords well with spectroscopic evidence as to the condition of the matter raised in gaseous form from the nucleus; and if as yet we have had no direct spectroscopic evidence of the existence of iron in comets, we know that meteors are closely connected with comets, and that many meteors contain iron. Moreover, as unexpected spectroscopic evidence of the presence of the substance sodium, common in so many meteors, has been found in the case of one comet, we may fairly hope that under yet more favorable conditions, the presence of iron also may be recognized in the same way.

How far electricity may be looked to for an explanation of cometic phenomena, is a doubtful point among astronomers and physicists. For my own part, I must confess I share the strong objections which many physicists have expressed against the mere vague suggestion that perhaps *this* is an electrical phenomenon, perhaps *that other feature* is electrical too, perhaps *all or most* of the phenomena of comets depend on electricity. It is so easy to make such suggestions, so difficult to obtain evidence in their favor having the slightest scientific value. Still I hold the electrical idea to be well worth careful study. Whatever credit may hereafter be given to any electrical theory of comets, will be solely and entirely due to those who may help to establish it upon a basis of sound evidence—none whatever to the mere suggestion, which has been made time and again since it was first advanced by Fontenelle. Dr. Huggins says that he finds there is a rapidly growing feeling among physicists that both the inherent light (which he prefers to call the self-light) of comets and the phenomena of their tails belong to the order of electrical phenomena. An American astronomer recently wrote to him, as to

American views of the self-light of comets, "I cannot speak with authority for any one but myself; still I think the prevailing impression among us is that this light is due to an electric, or, if I may coin the word (far better not), 'an electric-oid action of some kind.'" On this Dr. Huggins himself remarks:

"The spectroscopic results fail to give conclusive evidence on this point; still, perhaps, upon the whole, especially if we consider the photographs of last year, the teachings of the spectroscope are in favor of the view that the self-light of comets is due to electric discharges. Those who are disposed to believe that the truth lies in this direction, differ from each other in the precise modes in which they would apply the known laws of electric action to the phenomena of comets. Broadly, the different applications of principles of electricity which have been suggested, group themselves about the common idea, that great electrical disturbances are set up by the sun's action in connection with the vaporization of some of the matter of the nucleus, and that the tail is probably matter carried away, possibly in connection with electric discharges, under an electrical influence of repulsion exerted by the sun. This view necessitates the supposition that the sun is strongly electrified, either negatively or positively, and, further, that in the processes taking place in the comet, either of vaporization or of some other kind, the matter thrown out by the nucleus has become strongly electrified in the same way as the sun—that is, negatively if the sun's electricity is negative, or positively if the sun's is positive. The enormous disturbances which the spectroscope shows to be always at work in the sun must be accompanied by electrical changes of equal magnitude, but we know nothing as to how far these are all, or the great majority of them, in one direction, so as to cause the sun to maintain permanently a high electrical state, whether positive or negative."

Unless some such state of things exists, Sir John Herschel's statement, "That this force" (the repulsive force forming the tail) "cannot be of the nature of electric or magnetic forces," must be accepted, for, as he points out, "the centre of gravity of each particle would not be affected; the attraction on one of its sides would precisely equal the repulsion on the other." Repulsion of the cometary matter could only take place if this matter, after it has been driven off from the nucleus and the sun, have both high electric potentials of the same kind. Further, it is suggested that luminous jets, streams, halos, and envelopes belong to the same order of phenomena as the aurora, the electrical brush, and the stratified discharges of exhausted tubes.

All this, it will be noticed, is at present merely hypothetical. It is, however, worthy of notice that *outside* of electricity there is nothing known to physicists which seems to afford even a promise of explanation, so far at least as the grander and more striking (also the most mysterious) of cometic phenomena are concerned. It may well be that with our advancing knowledge of meteors and meteor systems, the spectroscopic analysis of the next few comets of the larger and completer types—comets like Donati's comet, the great comet of 1811, and the comet of 1861—may throw unexpected light on mysteries which still remain among the most profound and unpromising problems presented to modern science.—*Contemporary Review*.

AN EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

THE present number of the Review marks the close of a task which was confided to me no less than fifteen years ago—*grande mortalis ævi spatium*, a long span of one's mortal days. Fifteen years are enough to bring a man from youth to middle age, to test the working value of convictions, to measure the advance of principles and beliefs, and, alas, to cut off many early associates and to extinguish many lights. It is hardly possible that a Review should

have been conducted for so considerable a time without the commission of some mistakes; articles admitted which might as well have been left out, opinions expressed which have a crudish look in the mellow light of years, phrases dropped in the heat or hurry of the moment which one would fain obliterate. Many a regret must rise in men's minds on any occasion that compels them to look back over a long reach of years. The disparity between aim and performance,

the unfulfilled promise, the wrong turnings taken at critical points—as an accident of the hour draws us to take stock of a complete period of our lives, all these things rise up in private and internal judgment against anybody who is not either too stupid or too fatuously complacent to recognize facts when he sees them. But the mood passes. Ephemera must not take themselves too seriously. Time, happily, is merciful, and men's memories are benignly short.

More painful is the recollection of those earlier contributors of ours who have vanished from the world. Periodical literature is like the manna in the wilderness; it quickly loses its freshness, and to turn over thirty volumes of old Reviews can hardly be exhilarating at the best; least of all so when it recalls friends and coadjutors who can give their help no more. George Henry Lewes, the founder of the Review, and always cordially interested in its fortunes, has not survived to see the end of the reign of his successor. His vivacious intelligence had probably done as much as he was competent to do for his generation, but there were other important contributors, now gone, of whom this could not be said. In the region of political theory, the loss of J. E. Cairnes was truly lamentable and untimely. He had, as Mill said of him, "that rare qualification among writers on political and social subjects—a genuine scientific intellect." Not a month passes in which one does not feel how great an advantage it would have been to be able to go down to Blackheath, and discuss the perplexities of the time in that genial and manly companionship, where facts were weighed with so much care, where conclusions were measured with such breadth and comprehension, and where even the great stolid idols of the Cave and the Market Place were never too rudely buffeted. Of a very different order of mind from Cairnes, but not less to be permanently regretted by all of us who knew him, was Mr. Bagehot, whose books on the English Constitution, on Physics and Politics, and the fragment on the Postulates of Political Economy, were all published in these pages. He wrote, in fact, the first article in the first number. Though himself extremely cool and sceptical

about political improvement of every sort, he took abundant interest in more ardent friends. Perhaps it was that they amused him; in return his good-natured ironies put them wholesomely on their mettle. As has been well said of him he had a unique power of animation without combat; it was all stimulus and yet no contest; his talk was full of youth, yet had all the wisdom of mature judgment (*R. H. Hutton*). Those who were least willing to assent to Bagehot's practical maxims in judging current affairs, yet were well aware how much they profited by his Socratic objections, and knew, too, what real acquaintance with men and business, what honest sympathy, and what serious judgment and interest lay under his playful and racy humor.

More untimely, in one sense, than any other was the death of Professor Clifford, whose articles in this Review attracted so much attention, and I fear that I may add, gave for a season so much offence six or seven years ago. Cairnes was scarcely fifty when he died, and Bagehot was fifty-one, but Clifford was only four-and-thirty. Yet in this brief space he had not merely won a reputation as a mathematician of the first order, but had made a real mark on his time, both by the substance of his speculations in science, religion, and ethics, and by the curious audacity with which he proclaimed at the pitch of his voice on the house-tops religious opinions that had hitherto been kept among the family secrets of the *domus Socratica*. It is melancholy to think that exciting work, done under pressure of time of his own imposing, should have been the chief cause of his premature decline. How intense that pressure was the reader may measure by the fact that a paper of his on *The Unseen Universe*, which filled eighteen pages of the Review, was composed at a single sitting that lasted from a quarter to ten in the evening till nine o'clock the following morning. As one revolves these and other names of eminent men who actively helped to make the Review what it has been, it would be impossible to omit the most eminent of them all. Time has done something to impair the philosophical reputation and the political celebrity of J. S. Mill; but it cannot alter the affectionate mem-

ory in which some of us must always hold his wisdom and goodness, his rare union of moral ardor with a calm and settled mind. He took the warmest interest in this Review from the moment when I took it up, partly from the friendship with which he honored me, but much more because he wished to encourage what was then—though it is now happily no longer—the only attempt to conduct a periodical on the principles of free discussion and personal responsibility. While recalling these and others who are no more, it was naturally impossible for me to forget the constant and valuable help that has been so freely given to me, often at much sacrifice of their own convenience, by those friends and contributors who are still with us. No conductor ever laid down his *bâton* with a more cordial and sincere sense of gratitude to those who took their several parts in his performance.

One chief experiment which the Review was established to try was that of signed articles. When Mr. Lewes wrote his Farewell Causerie, as I am doing now, he said: "That we have been enabled to bring together men so various in opinion and so distinguished in power has been mainly owing to the principle adopted of allowing each writer perfect freedom; which could only have been allowed under the condition of personal responsibility. The question of signing articles had long been debated; it has now been tested. The arguments in favor of it were mainly of a moral order; the arguments against it, while admitting the morality, mainly asserted its inexpediency. The question of expediency has, I venture to say, been materially enlightened by the success of the Review." The success of other periodicals, conducted still more rigorously on the principle that every article ought to bear its writer's signature, leaves no further doubt on the subject; so that it is now almost impossible to realize that only fifteen or sixteen years ago scarcely anybody of the class called practical could believe that the sacred principle of the Anonymous was doomed. One of the shrewdest publishers in Edinburgh, and also himself the editor of a famous magazine (the color of whose Toryism, by the way, is

almost of itself enough to explain why a sensible country like Scotland is so intensely Liberal), once said to me while Mr. Lewes was still editor of this Review, that he had always thought highly of our friend's judgment "until he had taken up the senseless notion of a magazine with signed articles and open to both sides of every question." Nobody will call the notion senseless any longer. The question is rather how long the exclusively anonymous periodicals will resist the innovation.

Personally I have attached less stern importance to signature as an unvarying rule than did my predecessor; though even he was compelled by obvious considerations of convenience to make his chronicle of current affairs anonymous. Our practice has been signature as the standing order, occasionally suspended in favor of anonymity when there seemed to be sufficient reason. On the whole it may be said that the change from anonymous to signed articles has followed the course of most changes. It has not led to one half either of the evils or of the advantages that its advocates and its opponents foretold. That it has produced some charlatanry, can hardly be denied. Readers are tempted to postpone serious and persistent interest in subjects, to a semi-personal curiosity about the casual and unconnected deliverances of the literary or social "star" of the hour. That this conception has been worked out with signal ability in more cases than one; that it has made periodical literature full of actuality; that it has tickled and delighted the palate—is all most true. The obvious danger is lest we should be tempted to think more of the man who speaks than of the precise value of what he says.

One indirect effect that is not unworthy of notice in the new system is its tendency to narrow the openings for the writer by profession. If an article is to be signed the editor will naturally seek the name of an expert of special weight and competence on the matter in hand. A reviewer on the staff of a famous journal once received for his week's task, "General Hamley on the Art of War," a three-volume novel, a work on dainty dishes, and a translation of Pindar.

This was perhaps taxing versatility and omniscience overmuch, and it may be taken for granted that the writer made no serious contribution to tactics, cookery, or scholarship. But being a man of a certain intelligence, passably honest, and reasonably painstaking, probably he produced reviews sufficiently useful and just to answer their purpose. On the new system we should have an article on General Hamley's work by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and one on the cookery-book from M. Trompette. It is not certain that this is all pure gain. There is something to be said for the writer by profession, who, without being an expert, will take trouble to work up his subject, to learn what is said and thought about it, to penetrate to the real points, to get the same mastery over it as an advocate or a judge does over a patent case or a suit about rubrics and vestments. He is at least as likely as the expert to tell the reader all that he wants to know, and at least as likely to be free from bias and injurious prepossession.

Nor does experience, so far as it has yet gone, quite bear out Mr. Lewes's train of argument that the "first condition of all writing is sincerity, and that one means of securing sincerity is to insist on personal responsibility," and that this personal responsibility can only be secured by signing articles. The old talk of "literary bravoos," "men in masks," "anonymous assassins," and so forth, is out of date. Longer experience has only confirmed the present writer's opinion, expressed here from the very beginning: "Everybody who knows the composition of any respectable journal in London, knows very well that the articles which those of our own way of thinking dislike most intensely, are written by men whom to call bravoos in any sense whatever would be simply monstrous. Let us say, as loudly as we choose, if we see good reason, that they are half informed about some of the things which they so authoritatively discuss; that they are under strong class feeling; that they have not mastered the doctrines which they are opposing; that they have not sufficiently meditated their subject; that they have not given themselves time to do justice even to their scanty knowledge. Jour-

nalists are open to charges of this kind; but to think of them as a shameless body, thirsting for the blood of better men than themselves, or ready to act as an editor's instrument for money, involves a thoroughly unjust misconception."

As to the comparative effects of the two systems on literary quality, no prudent observer with adequate experience will lay down an unalterable rule. Habit no doubt counts for a great deal, but apart from habit there are differences of temperament and peculiar sensibilities. Some men write best when they sign what they write; they find impersonality a mystification and an incumbrance; anonymity makes them stiff, pompous, and over-magisterial. With others, however, the effect is just the reverse. If they sign, they become self-conscious, stilted, and even pretentious; it is only when they are anonymous that they recover simplicity and ease. It is as if an actor who is the soul of what is natural under the disguises of his part, should become extremely artificial if he were compelled to come upon the stage in his own proper clothes and speaking only in his ordinary voice.

The newspaper press has not yet followed the example of the new Reviews, but we are probably not far from the time when here, too, the practice of signature will make its way. There was an unwise cry at one time for making the disuse of anonymity compulsory by law. But we shall no more see this than we shall see legal penalties imposed for publishing a book without an index, though that also has been suggested. The same end will be reached by other ways. Within the last few years a truly surprising shock has been given to the idea of a newspaper, "as a sort of impersonal thing, coming from nobody knows where, the readers never thinking of the writer, nor caring whether he thinks what he writes, so long as *they* think what he writes." Of course it is still true, and will most likely always remain true, that, like the Athenian Sophist, great newspapers will teach the conventional prejudices of those who pay for it. A writer will long be able to say that, like the Sophist, the

newspaper reflects the morality, the intelligence, the tone of sentiment, of its public, and if the latter is vicious, so is the former. But there is infinitely less of this than there used to be. The press is more and more taking the tone of a man speaking to a man. The childish imposture of the editorial *We* is already thoroughly exploded. The names of all important journalists are now coming to be as publicly known as the names of important members of parliament. There is even something over and above this. More than one editor—the editors of the *Spectator* and of the *St. James's Gazette* are conspicuous instances, in very different ways—have boldly aspired to create and educate a public of their own, and they have succeeded. The press is growing to be much more personal, in the sense that its most important directors are taking to themselves the right of pursuing an individual line of their own, with far less respect than of old to the supposed exigencies of party or the *communiqués* of political leaders. The editor of a Review of great eminence said to the present writer (who, for his own part, took a slightly more modest view) that he regarded himself as equal in importance to twenty-five members of parliament. It is not altogether easy to weigh and measure with this degree of precision. But what is certain is that there are journalists on both sides in politics to whom the public looks for original suggestion, and from whom leading politicians seek not merely such mechanical support as they expect from their adherents in the House of Commons, nor merely the uses of the vane to show which way the wind blows, but ideas, guidance, and counsel, as from persons of co-equal authority with themselves. England is still a long way from the point at which French journalism has arrived in this matter. We cannot count an effective host of Girardins, Lemoignes, Abouts, or even Cassagnacs and Rocheforts, each recognized as the exponent of his own opinions, and each read because the opinions written are known to be his own. But there is a distinctly nearer approach to this as the general state of English journalism than there was twenty years ago.

Of course nobody of sense supposes that any journalist, however independent and however possessed by the spirit of his personal responsibility, tries to form his opinions out of his own head, without reference to the view of the men practically engaged in public affairs, the temper of Parliament and the feeling of constituencies, and so forth. All these are part of the elements that go to the formation of his own judgment, and he will certainly not neglect to find out as much about them as he possibly can. Nor, again, does the increase of the personal sentiment about our public prints lessen the general working fidelity of their conductors to a party. It is their duty, no doubt, to discuss the merits of measures as they arise. In this respect any one can see how radically they differ from the Member of Parliament, whose business is not only to discuss but to act. The Member of Parliament must look at the effects of his vote in more lights than one. Besides the merits of the given measure, it is his duty to think of the wishes of those who chose him to represent them; and if, moreover, the effect of voting against a measure of which he disapproves would be to overthrow a whole Ministry of which he strongly approves, then, unless some very vital principle indeed were involved, to give such a vote would be to prefer a small object to a great one, and would meet a very queasy monkish sort of conscience. The journalist is not in the same position. He is an observer and a critic, and can afford, and is bound, to speak the truth. But even in his case, the disagreement, as Burke said, "will be only enough to indulge freedom, without violating concord or disturbing arrangement." There is a certain "partiality which becomes a well-chosen friendship." "Men thinking freely will, in particular instances, think differently. But still as the greater part of the measures which arise in the course of public business are related to, or dependent on, some great leading general principles in government, a man must be peculiarly unfortunate in the choice of his political company if he does not agree with them at least nine times in ten." The doctrine that was good

enough for Burke in this matter may be counted good enough for most of us. Some of the current talk about political independence is mere hypocrisy and *blague*; some of it is mere vanity. For the new priest of Literature is quite as liable to the defects of spiritual pride and ambition as the old priest of the Church, and it is quite as well for him that he should be on his guard against these scarlet and high-crested sins.

The success of Reviews, of which our own was the first English type, marks a very considerable revolution in the intellectual habits of the time. They have brought abstract discussion from the library down to the parlor, and from the serious student down to the first man in the street. We have passed through a perfect cyclone of religious polemics. The popularity of such Reviews means that really large audiences, *le gros public*, are eagerly interested in the radical discussion of propositions which twenty years ago were only publicly maintained, and then in their crudest, least true, and most repulsive form, in obscure debating societies and little secularist clubs. Everybody, male or female, who reads anything serious at all, now reads a dozen essays a year to show, with infinite varieties of approach and of demonstration, that we can never know whether there be a Supreme Being or not, whether the soul survives the body, or whether the soul is more and other than a mere function of the body. No article that has appeared in any periodical for a generation back excited so profound a sensation as Mr. Huxley's memorable paper "On the Physical Basis of Life," published in this Review in February, 1869. It created just the same kind of stir that, in a political epoch, was made by such a pamphlet as the "Conduct of the Allies or the Reflections on the French Revolution." This excitement was a sign that controversies which had hitherto been confined to books and treatises were now to be admitted to popular periodicals, and that the common man of the world would now listen and have an opinion of his own on the bases of belief, just as he listens and judges in politics, or art, or letters. The clergy no longer have the pulpit to themselves, for the new Reviews became

more powerful pulpits, in which heretics were at least as welcome as orthodox. Speculation has become entirely democratized. This is a tremendous change to have come about in little more than a dozen years. How far it goes, let us not be too sure. It is no new discovery that what looks like complete tolerance may be in reality only complete indifference. Intellectual fairness is often only another name for indolence and inconclusiveness of mind, just as love of truth is sometimes a fine phrase for temper. To be piquant counts for much, and the interest of seeing on the drawing-room tables of devout Catholics and high-flying Anglicans article after article, sending divinities, creeds, and Churches all headlong into limbo, was indeed piquant. Much of all this elegant dabbling in infidelity has been a caprice of fashion. The Agnostic has had his day with the fine ladies, like the black footboy of other times, or the spirit-rapper and table-turner of our own. When one perceived that such people actually thought that the Churches had been raised on their feet again by the puerile apologetics of Mr. Mallock, then it was easy to know that they had never really fallen. What we have been watching, after all, was perhaps a tournament, not a battle.

It would not be very easy for us now, and perhaps it would not be particularly becoming at any time, to analyze the position that has been assigned to this Review in common esteem. Those who have watched it from without can judge better than those who have worked within. Though it has been open, so far as editorial good-will was concerned, to opinions from many sides, the Review has unquestionably gathered round it some of the associations of sect. What that sect is, people have found it difficult to describe with anything like precision. For a long time it was the fashion to label the Review as Comtist, and it would be singularly ungrateful to deny that it has had no more effective contributors than some of the best-known disciples of Comte. By-and-by it was felt that this was too narrow. It was nearer the truth to call it the organ of Positivists in the wider sense of that designation. But even this would not

cover many directly political articles that have appeared in our pages, and made a mark in their time. The memorable programme of Free Labor, Free Land, Free Schools, Free Church had nothing at all Positivist about it. Nor could that programme and many besides from the same pen and others be compressed under the nickname of Academic Liberalism. There was too strong a flavor of action for the academic and the philosophic. This passion for a label, after all, is an infirmity. Yet people justly perceived that there seemed to be a certain undefinable concurrence among writers coming from different schools and handling very different subjects. Perhaps the instinct was right which fancied that it discerned some common drift, a certain pervading atmosphere. People scented a subtle connection between speculations on the Physical Basis of Life and the Unseen Universe, and articles on Trades Unions and National Education ; and Professor Tyndall's eloquence in impugning the authority of miracles was supposed to work in the same direction as Mr. Frederic Harrison's eloquence in demolishing Prince Bismarck and vindicating the Commune as the newest proof of the political genius of France.

So far as the Review has been more specially identified with one set of opinions than another, it has been due to the fact that a certain dissent from received theologies has been found in company with new ideas of social and political reform. This suspicious combination at one time aroused considerable anger. The notion of anything like an intervention of the literary and scientific class in political affairs touched a certain jealousy which is always to be looked for in the positive and practical man. They think as Napoleon did of men of letters and savans : "Ce sont des coquettes avec lesquelles il faut entretenir un commerce de galanterie, et dont il ne faut jamais songer à faire ni sa femme ni son ministre." Men will listen to your views about the Unknowable with a composure that instantly disappears if your argument comes too near to the Rates and Taxes. It is amusing, as we read the newspapers to-day, to think that Mr. Harrison's powerful defence of Trades Unions fifteen years ago

caused the Review to be regarded as an incendiary publication. Some papers that appeared here on National Education were thought to indicate a deliberate plot for suppressing the Holy Scriptures in the land. Extravagant misjudgment of this kind has passed away. But it was far from being a mistake to suppose that the line taken here by many writers did mean that there was a new Radicalism in the air, which went a good deal deeper than fidgeting about an estimate or the amount of the Queen's contribution to her own taxes. Time has verified what was serious in those early apprehensions. Principles and aims are coming into prominence in the social activity of to-day which would hardly have found a hearing twenty years ago, and it would be sufficient justification for the past of our Review if some writers in it have been instrumental in the process of showing how such principles and aims meet the requirements of the new time. Reformers must always be open to the taunt that they find nothing in the world good enough for them. "You write," said a popular novelist to one of this unthanked tribe, "as if you believed that everything is bad." "Nay," said the other, "but I do believe that everything might be better." Such a belief naturally breeds a spirit which the easy-goers of the world resent as a spirit of ceaseless complaint, and scolding. Hence our Liberalism here has often been taxed with being ungenial, discontented, and even querulous. But such Liberals will wrap themselves in their own virtue, remembering the cheering apophthegm that "those who are dissatisfied are the sole benefactors of the world."

This will not be found, I think, too lofty, or too thrasonical an estimate of what has been attempted. A certain number of people have been persuaded to share opinions that fifteen years ago were more unpopular than they are now. A certain resistance has been offered to the stubborn influence of prejudice and use and wont. The original scheme of the Review, even if there had been no other obstacle, prevented it from being the organ of a systematic and constructive policy. There is not, in fact, a body of systematic political thought at work

in our own day. The Liberals of the Benthamite school, as was said here not many months ago,* surveyed society and institutions as a whole; they connected their advocacy of political and legal changes with carefully formed theories of human nature; they considered the great art of Government in connection with the character of man, his proper education, his potential capacities. Yet, as we then said, it cannot be pretended that we are less in need of systematic politics than our fathers were sixty years since, or that general principles are now more generally settled even among members of the same party than they were then. The perplexities of to-day are as embarrassing as any in our history, and they may prove even more dangerous. The renovation of Parliamentary government; the transformation of the conditions of the ownership and occupation of land; the relations

between the Government at home and our adventures abroad in contact with inferior races; the limitations on free contract and the rights of majorities to restrict the private acts of universities; these are only some of the questions that time and circumstances are pressing upon us. These are in the political and legislative sphere alone. In Education, in Economics for realization in Literature, the problems are as many. Yet ideas are hardly ripe. We shall need to see great schools before we can make sure of powerful parties. Meanwhile, whatever gives freedom and variety to thought, and earnestness to men's interest in the world, must contribute to a good end. The Review has been an attempt to do something in this direction. I may well hope that the energy and intelligence of my successor will enable it to do more.—*Fortnightly Review*.

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I AM spending a lazy holiday at the edge of a wood, and find life under a summer sky and in a summer temperature endurable, but nothing more. I recline on a mossy bank, and if not exactly *sub tegmine fagi*—for the tree overhead is a sturdy oak—I can yet appreciate the coolness of the shadow cast by the foliage above. A clear space in front allows the eye to wander at will over meadow-land and corn-field. Some idle cows, animated by like impulses to those which impel humanity, are congregated beneath the beeches in an adjoining meadow, and sweep with their tails the humming congregation of flies bent on annoying bovine existence, which placidly ruminates, insects notwithstanding. The humming of the flies forms well-nigh the only sound one can hear on this stillest of days, but now and then a rook overhead will adjudicate some domestic difficulty with a loud “caw,” and after a circling flight will once more sink to rest in the bosom of his family. Now and then a sleepy

chirp reminds one of bird-existence above, but the laziness of living nature on a warm summer day is, to say the least of it, remarkable. In the thicket and apple-orchard beyond, I could find busy life in all its forms. I could show you my coleopterous friends the burying-beetles, hard at work interring the mouse that has come somehow or other to an untimely end; and to watch them toiling in their cuirassed jackets is a procedure exciting our sympathy much in the same way as you pity a fatigued party of soldiers doing duty on a sweltering day. Bees, wasps, and flies, on their mission of pollen-distribution and flower-fertilization, are busy enough in their turn; but the heat is cogent argument against work, and, like the cows, one may profitably rest and ruminate.

To-day one's thoughts glance off at a tangent, excited by no very poetical stimulus perhaps, but by an incident which, however commonplace it may seem, nevertheless leads to the domain of the natural, and, I will add, is somewhat within the vein of poesy also. My stimulus has been the cawing of rooks,

* *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1882.

the humming of flies and bees, and the chirping of a grasshopper—also lazily inclined, if I may judge from the quiet and self-possessed manner in which it progresses between the grass-blades close by. From the hearing of such sounds, one's thoughts insensibly merge toward the diffusion of voice in lower life at large. The faint tinkle of a piano reaches my ear through the open window of the adjoining house. It is my hostess amusing herself with musical snatches, reveries, and reminiscences. Now it is a fragment of the last German waltz, musical, swinging, and so rhythmical that feet insensibly and automatically begin to describe imaginary circles, and the mind to conjure up visions of smooth waxed-floors, and gas-lights and whirling couples, keeping pace to the melody. Now, the waltz-phase has passed, and she strikes a sweeter chord. I should know these notes. Of course—the *Lieder ohne Worte*, most poetical of strains, wherein one can find sympathy and consolation for many troubles of body and mind, and from which one can weave words and phrases to suit the impassioned chords and the fleeting moods of the listener's mind. Just so. Mendelssohn has inspired me with a title at least. I shall take off the languor of laziness and hie me indoors; and while my good hostess is pleasing herself and unconsciously delighting me with Felix the divine, I will indite me a little article on the "Songs without Words" one may hear in halls with leafy canopies, and in cathedrals whose aisles are flanked by massive columns of gnarled stems, and whose roofs are formed by the blue vault of heaven itself.

In which classes of animals do we find sound to be produced in lower life? Such is a query not inappropriate in view of the nature and extent of the fields over which our inquiries may travel. Our starting-point will be found in the insects, and possibly, also, among the nearly related but zoologically distinct spiders. Upward we may travel through the mollusks, or shell-fish, without meeting with any distinct example of sound-producing organs. Arriving at the lowest confines of man's own sub-kingdom, we pass to the fishes, and find therein some few but notable

examples of sound-producing animals. The frogs, with a not unmusical croak—a sound expressive enough in ears which are open to hear—come next in order; and among the reptiles which succeed the frogs we find voice, it is true, but of indefinite type. Sweetest of all "songs without words" are those of the birds; and it is both curious and important to remark on the structural nearness of the birds to the reptiles—these two classes being related in a most intimate fashion in many points of structure and development. Above the birds come the quadrupeds, with voices high and low, for the most part unmusical and often harsh, but possessing as their crowning glory the songs with words of man. Thus we discover a wide field before us, in the investigation of the voices which speak in the unknown tongues of lower life. Let us see if the interest of the subject may be found to equal its extent.

There is little need, I apprehend, to preface our discussion with a discourse on elementary zoology, by way of informing readers that only in the vertebrates or highest group of animals do we meet with an approach to the vocal organs of man. Even in lower vertebrates themselves, as in many fishes, an organ of voice may be altogether wanting, and sounds, as we shall hereafter see, may be produced in fashions other than those in which man produces vocal sounds. What may have to be said of the voice of higher animals may be left for our after-consideration. We may begin our researches in a humbler vein, and investigate the "droning flight," the busy hum, and the lover's chirpings of insect life. We find a suitable text in the grasshoppers which chirp so loudly in the meadows around. A very curious order of insects is that which includes the grasshoppers, locusts, crickets, and earwigs as its chief representatives. They possess mouths adapted for biting, hinder wings which have straight ribs, and which are folded like fans, and, in the case of the first three insects, greatly elongated hind legs, conferring upon them a marvellous power of progressing by a series of leaps. As you hear the "cricket on the hearth" call to its mate, or the cricket of the field similarly attracting the

notice of Mrs. Grasshopper, you might well be tempted to believe that the insects possessed organs of voice analogous to those of higher animals. But the song of the cricket is truly one without words, inasmuch as it is produced by a mechanical process of mere friction, and not through any more elaborate mechanism, such as one expects to find in the vocal apparatus of higher life. It is well to remark that in all cases the specialized sounds emitted by insects are intended as "calls" to attract the notice of their mates. It is a notable fact that the female insects, in the majority of instances, do not possess the means for causing sounds, and when present in the latter this apparatus remains as a rule in an undeveloped condition. Aristotle of old was perfectly familiar with this fact as applied to the classic cicada; and a not over-gallant poet, Xenarchus, hailing from Rhodes, inspired possibly by the memories of many remonstrances from the female side of the house, seizes the naturalist's text, and declares—

Happy the Cicadas' lives,
Since all voiceless are their wives.

An observation of Mr. Bates, in his "Naturalist on the Amazons," clearly shows the purpose served of the "stridulation"—as the faculty of producing sound is named in insects. A male field-cricket, like some gay troubadour, has been seen to take up his position at the entrance of his burrow in the twilight. Loud and clear sound his notes, until, on the approach of a partner, his song becomes more subdued, softer, and all-expressive in its nature, and as the captivated and charmed one approaches the singer she is duly caressed and stroked with his antennæ as if by way of commendation for her ready response to his love-notes. Thus insect courtship progresses much as in higher life, although, indeed, the siren-notes belong in the present case to the sterner sex, and thus reverse the order of things in higher existence.

The sound-producing apparatus in these insects consists of a peculiar modification of the wings, wing-covers, and legs. Thus the grasshopper's song is due to the friction produced by the first joint of the hind leg (or thigh) against

the wing-covers or first pair of wings—a kind of mechanism which has been aptly compared to a species of violin-playing. On the inner side of the thigh a row of very fine pointed teeth, numbering from eighty to ninety or more, is found. When the wing-covers or first wings are in turn inspected, their ribs or "nervures" are seen to be very sharp and of projecting nature, and these latter constitute the "strings," so to speak, of the violin. Both "fiddles" are not played upon simultaneously; the insect first uses one and then the other—thus practising that physiological economy which is so frequently illustrated by the naturalist's studies. Some authorities, in addition, inform us that the base of the tail in these insects is hollowed so as to constitute a veritable sounding-board, adapted to increase the resonance of the song. And this latter faculty is still more plainly exemplified in certain exotic insects allied to the grasshoppers; these foreign relations having the bodies of the males distended with air for the purpose of increasing and intensifying the sound. Again, while, as already remarked, it is the gentlemen-insects which produce the sounds, there exist a few cases in which the lady-insects appear to emulate the violin-playing instincts of their mates.

The locusts are perhaps the most notable singers of their order. The locust's song has been heard distinctly at night at a mile's distance from the singers. In North America the katydid (*Cyrtophyllus concavus*), a well-known species of locust, is so named from the peculiar sound of the song, which closely resembles the words "katy-did-she-did," and a writer describes this insect as beginning its "noisy babble" early in the evening as it perches on the upper branches of a tree, "while rival notes issue from the neighboring trees, and the groves resound with the call of *katy-did-she-did* the livelong night." In the locusts, the two front wings (or wing-covers, as they are called, from their function of protecting the hinder and serviceable wings) produce the song. The right wing is the fiddle, the left serving as the bow. A special rib on the under side of the latter is finely toothed, and is rubbed backward and

forward over the upper ribs of the right wing, thus producing the chirp. When the crickets are examined, the disposition of the wing-covers is seen to resemble that of the locusts, but with the difference that both wing-covers have the same structure, each being alternately used as violin and bow. Of the grasshopper tribe, the locusts have perhaps attained to the highest pitch of musical efficiency; the grasshoppers themselves come next in order, while the crickets are the least-specialized and most primitive of all. It is a most noteworthy observation that in this group of insects a special organ of hearing is developed, the production of hearing powers thus taking place contemporaneously with the perfection of the song. Organs of hearing have been certainly discovered only in the insects under consideration. By some naturalists, the antennæ or feelers, borne on the head, have been credited with the performance of this function, but this view is problematical at the best. In the grasshoppers the "ears" consist of two organs, somewhat resembling drums in general conformation. These are found at the attachments of the last pair of legs. In the cricket and locust the hearing organs are found on the fore-legs. Thus it is both curious and interesting to find that the development of sounds and the production of ears to hear have taken place together in this group of insects, which geologically may claim to be one of the most ancient of the insect class. And the fact in question best illustrates to us that correlation between the varied ways and means of life which is so continually exemplified by the researches of workers in science byways.

We stray in pastures classical and especially Anacreon-wise, when we endeavor to investigate the biography of the cicada, whose marital happiness in the possession of a silent partner has already been remarked. Says Anacreon of the cicada :

There, all the muses hail a kindred being ;
Thee, great Apollo owns a dear companion ;
Oh ! it was he who gave that note of gladness,
Wearisome never.

The Greeks of old delighted, and the Chinese to-day find pleasure, in the song of cicadas, imprisoned in cages like

birds ; and as Kirby and Spence tell us, the emblem of music was a cicada sitting on a harp. This fashion of doing honor to the insect arose from the legend that Ennomus and Ariston, two rival Orpheuses, were contending for a prize in harp-playing. Ennomus broke a string of his harp during the competition, but a cicada, who, doubtless through a kindred interest in musical science, had been a spectator of the contest, flew to the instrument, and seating itself thereupon, supplied with its note the place of the missing string. Little can we wonder, of course, that Ennomus gained the prize in this legendary competition. The sound-producing apparatus of the cicada was formerly believed to consist of a special modification of the breathing-openings of these insects. The breathing organs of insects consist of a complicated arrangement of *tracheæ* or delicate air-tubes which ramify throughout their bodies and convey air literally to every portion of their frames. The air is admitted to this peculiar system of air-tubes by means of apertures placed on the sides of the body and named *spiracles* ; these openings being capable of closure at the will of the insect—a matter of absolute necessity for its safety during the rapidity of flight. The cicada sings during the day, and almost solely when the sun shines brightly. Virgil himself remarks of the insect that it sings, "sole sub ardente," and of the tropical species Mr. Bates remarks that "one large kind, perched high on the trees around our little haven, set up a most piercing chirp ; it began," continues our author, "with the usual harsh jarring note of its tribe, but this gradually and rapidly became shriller, until it ended in a long and loud note, resembling the steam whistle of a locomotive engine." Thus much by way of introduction to the cicada and its music.

Both sexes possess the musical apparatus, but that of the female is comparatively simple as compared with the "drum" of her mate, and is never used, as we have seen, for producing sounds. The apparatus in question is situated in the last joint of the cicada's chest and in the succeeding and front joints of its tail. Briefly described, the "drum" or "timbale" of the insect

consists of a tightly stretched membrane and other structures, capable of being affected, stretched, and otherwise manipulated, by certain muscles, along with certain cavities destined to increase the resonance of the notes; while we may not omit to mention the *spiracles* or breathing apertures as playing an important part in the production of the song. The drum is the song-producer, which, through its vibrations, gives origin to the characteristic sounds, and the accessory apparatus serves to increase the intensity of the notes. And the spiracles or breathing apparatus may be lastly noted to play an important part in this process, since they serve to maintain the necessary equilibrium between the external air, and the atmosphere imprisoned in the cavities already mentioned, as serving to increase and intensify the sounds. Abundant evidence testifies to the fact of the song of the cicada being used to allure the female insects, and voice is thus again witnessed as a means of courtship. Is there, after all, not a strong analogy betwixt the love-song and the low and tender accents of the lover's part as played by humanity, and the song of the cicada with its varying intonations and accents appealing as powerfully in favor of the attractive swain as in the world of thought and mind? And it seems, indeed, a laudable enough inference, not merely that rivalry in song is a stated and regular occurrence in cicada-life, but that, through such competition in voice, the weakest go to the wall, while the most musical insects come to the front in the "struggle for existence."

An array of mailed forms, including "the shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hum," next demands attention. In no beetle, and indeed in no other insects, do we meet with the perfection of vocalization seen in the grasshoppers and their relations. And with the beetle we approach more clearly to the region of "hums" and droning, and leave that of specialized sounds, such as we have been metaphorically hearing in the cicadas. To pass from the latter insects to the beetles, bees, flies, and their neighbors, appears to be a transition almost as wide as that between the articulate language or arithmetic of culture, and the scanty vocabulary of the savage or

the primitive mathematics of the tribe who can count ten as represented on their fingers and toes, but ask in amazement why there should be more things in the world. In the beetles the sound-producing organ is comparable to a kind of "rasp" which moves upon an adjoining surface. The site of the organ in question varies in different beetles. In some the rasps are situated on the upper surface of one or two of the tail-segments, and are rubbed against the hinder edges of the wing-covers. Sometimes the rasp is placed quite at the tip of the tail; and in some well-known beetles (such as the weevils) the rasps may be borne on the wing-covers and may produce the stridulating sound by rubbing against the edges of the joints of the tail. Among the sounds produced by beetles, the weird noise of the death-watch (*Anobium*) stands pre-eminent. The sound produced by these beetles resembles the ticking of a watch, and they may be made to respond by placing a watch close by their habitats. The female death-watches are known to tick in response to the sounds of the male insects. The noise is produced apparently by the insect raising itself on its legs and by its striking its chest against the adjoining wood. Thus the simple explanation of an insect call explains away the superstition expressed in Gay's line:

The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she died.

Butterflies and moths are known occasionally to produce sounds, which proceed in one or two cases at least from a drum-like membrane analogous to that seen in cicada. Mr. Darwin, indeed, mentions that one species (*Ageronia feronia*) "makes a noise like that produced by a spring catch, which can be heard at the distance of several yards." Among the bees, wasps, and other so-called *Hymenopterous* insects, the production of the humming noise forms a fact of interest in the history of the race. And one or two species possess a power of emitting sounds of more definite nature, which correspond to the "stridulation" of the grasshoppers and their kind. But it is a well-known and at the same time interesting fact, that bees are known to express emotional

variations by aid of their humming sound. "A tired bee," says Sir John Lubbock, "hums on *e'*, and therefore vibrates its wings only 330 times in a second." A bee humming on *a'* will, on the other hand, increase its vibrations to 440 per second. "This difference," says Sir John, "is probably involuntary, but the change of tone is evidently under the command of the will, and thus offers another point of similarity to a true 'voice.' A bee in pursuit of honey hums continually and contentedly on *a'*, but if it is excited or angry it produces a very different note. Thus, then," concludes this author, "the sounds of insects do not merely serve to bring the sexes together; they are not merely 'love-songs,' but also serve, like any true language, to express the feelings."

Every one must have noticed that the humming or buzzing of flies varies occasionally, and in accordance with the state of the insect; the sharp, high, excited "buzz" of the caught fly being markedly different from the placid hum of its ordinary existence. Landois maintains that a relatively low tone prevails during flight in flies; that the tone becomes higher when the wings are held to prevent their vibration; and that the highest tone of all is heard when all movement in the body of the insect is prevented. This last, he maintains, is that to which the term "voice," or, as we may put it, "song without words," may be applied. As such, it is produced by the *spiracles* or breathing-apertures of the fly's chest, and it may be heard when every other part of the insect has been removed. The low note of ordinary life is caused by the rapid vibration of the wings in the air—the sound of *r* being produced by 352 vibrations of the wings per second; while when held captive a fly will move its wings 330 times in the same space of time. The second sound, or that produced when the fly is held captive, by the wings, is caused, or at least is accompanied, by conspicuous movements of the joints of the tail, and by the frequent and rapid motion of the head against the front of the chest.

Such are the most prominent facts which entomology brings to view regarding the "voices" of insects. Spiders

of certain species are known to be attracted by music, a fact which, if of valid nature, would appear to reverse the order of the tarantula's famed but legendary procedure. And it is an unquestionable fact that some male spiders possess the power of making a rasping noise by rubbing the hinder part of the chest against the front of the abdomen or tail.

From the insect-class and from the great army of the invertebrates at large, we pass to the confines of the sub-kingdom which claims man as its head; and in the course of an orderly survey of the field before us we arrive at the fishes as the lowest of the vertebrate group. To speak of "sound-producing" fishes appears to be an anomalous proceeding, inasmuch as the silence of fish-existence is usually accepted as an article of unquestioning faith. But clear evidence exists that certain fishes do produce sounds of very definite character. Among those large-headed fishes the Gurnards, two, named the "Piper" and "Cuckoo" species, are so named from the notes they emit on being taken from the water. These sounds are due to the muscular movements of the "swimming bladder" of the fish, and are said to range over nearly an octave. Certain male fishes of the genus *Ophidium* are known to produce sounds by means of a curious chain of bones connected to the air-bladder by muscles; and the Maigres or Umbrinas (*Sciæna aquila*), one of the best known of Mediterranean fishes, are, perhaps, more celebrated for their accomplishments in the way of producing a drumming noise than in any other respect. Some authorities have declared that the Maigres produce flutelike notes, and the sounds are said to be audible in twenty fathoms of water. The male fishes alone make these noises, and Kingsley has recorded that the fishermen of Rochelle find it possible to take them without bait, by means of a skilful imitation of the noise. The Drummfish (*Pogonias*) of North American coasts obtains its name from the loud and persistent noises it makes, and certain other fishes, belonging to different species, imitate the latter fish in this respect. "To this fish (*P. chromis*)," says Dr. Günther in his recent work on "Fishes," "more especially is given the name of

'Drum,' from the extraordinary sounds which are produced by it and other allied Scœnoids. These sounds are better expressed by the word drumming than by any other, and are frequently noticed by persons in vessels lying at anchor on the coasts of the United States, where those fishes abound." "It is still a matter of uncertainty," adds Dr. Günther, "by what means the 'Drum' produces the sound. Some naturalists believe that it is caused by the clapping together of the pharyngeal teeth, which are very large molar teeth. However, if it be true that the sounds are accompanied by a tremulous motion of the vessel, it seems more probable that they are produced by the fishes beating their tails against the bottom of the vessel in order to get rid of the parasites with which that part of their body is infested." Dr. Günther's explanation of the production of the noise of the *Pogonias* necessarily destroys any connection between that sound and the mating instincts of these fishes. But in other cases, from the almost universal absence of the sound-producing power in the female fishes, we are forced to conclude that the faculty in question is used and designed as a means of attracting the latter to their mates.

Perched on a comfortable log of wood is a frog, surveying nature with the placid stare of contentment which as a rule amphibians preserve under the most trying circumstances of life. I know that Mr. *Rana Temporaria* (as he is designated in scientific circles) possesses a voice, but that he elects to let himself be heard, as a rule, only when it suits himself. You may get round your frog, however, by an ingenious physiological trick, much resembling the act of an unknown benefactor who knows you are bound to laugh when he tickles you under the arms. Did you ever hear of Goltz's experiment of the "Quak-ver-such?" No: then suppose that Mr. R. *Temporaria* *Clammyskin*, as he sits before you, could be deprived of the front lobes of his brain. The mechanism of the experiment is simple in the extreme. Draw your finger gently down the middle of his back, and when you touch a given part of *Clammyskin*'s surface, the frog, *minus* the front lobes,

will croak. He will not croak unless you stroke his back: but regularly, as if you touched the "croaking-stop," in the amphibian organ, he will emit his single note whenever your finger arrives at the stated spot. There is much that is obscure here, but the *rationale* of the inscrutable croak is at least clear. It is produced by an order of the part of the brain which governs the vocal organs of *Clammyskin*, and which part is stimulated unerringly and unvaryingly by the outward stimulus supplied by the touch of the finger. But when possessing his front lobes, the frog may still be made to croak by the application of gentle stimulus to his back, while naturally the male frogs are given to croak incessantly at the time of egg-deposition. The male voice asserts itself in a very marked manner over that of the female frogs, and in the scientific version of

A frog he would a-wooing go,

the croak counts for much, both as a sign of attractiveness in the wooer, and of his progress in his suit. When we have attained to such heights in the science of mind as may entitle the scientist of the future to write the "Comparative Psychology of the Frog's Wooing," and of the *Clammyskin* tribe in general, the language of the croak may prove to be more diverse and eloquent than we may now suppose to be possible. There can be no doubt, even in the present state of our knowledge, of the overwhelmingly powerful nature of the oratory prevalent in our ponds and ditches in the months of early spring.

Vocalization of the highest types now awaits a brief review; and perchance, by way of introduction, you may not object to be reminded of the nature of the vocal organs and of that curious machinery wherewith the mind finds outward expression in so many and varied ways. Every one knows that voice comes from a region situated somewhere near "Adam's Apple." To be sure, this is no very definite way of expressing the anatomy of the organ of voice, but it serves the purpose of localizing the faculty, at any rate. The human "larynx" or voice-organ, to be brief, exists at the top of the windpipe, as a kind of gristly box, composed of elastic and movable cartilages of which "Adam's

Apple" is both a prominent and important example. This gristly box is placed in the direct track of the air-currents passing to and from the lungs. Its entrance is guarded above by a little lid (the *epiglottis*) which prevents food-particles from "going the wrong way." Inside the box are two folds of mucous membrane, named the *true vocal cords*; other two folds (the *false vocal cords*) also exist, but the latter do not aid in the production of voice. By the varying alterations and degrees of tension produced upon these cords by means of special muscles, and primarily through the outward passage of air-currents from the lungs, voice and its variations are produced.

Such is an outline of a lesson in elementary physiology which may be more fully learned, to the advantage of all herein concerned, from a shilling primer such as we may see—thanks to the advance of true culture—in use in very many of our secondary schools. The vocal organs of birds are constructed on a type essentially similar to that of man; but were we to apply to a primer of zoology for further information concerning the bird-class and its voice-organs, we should be told that birds actually possess two such organs—one situated as man's is placed, at the top of the windpipe, and one at the root of the windpipe, just before that tube divides into two to supply the lungs with air. Thus birds have an upper larynx and a lower larynx; and it is the latter which is the true organ of voice. Of all points in the history of birds, none is more surprising than the extreme variations in their song. A warbler has just finished its trill, with a burst of sweet melody that makes me long for a repetition of the song; the memory of the skylark's chant is ever-present with us as a morning hymn; and the night closes with a varied concert from the wooded grove in front of the house. The notes of the ducks bring before us another phase of bird-voice, the sharp peean cry of the peacock resounds in our ears, and the clang of the swan reminds us of the harsh and discordant as well as the sweeter lays of bird-life. "Why do birds sing?" asked the naturalists of old, and each supplied a different answer to the query. Says Montagu, the

"business" of the male song birds "is to perch on some conspicuous spot, breathing out their full and amorous notes, which by instinct the female knows, and repairs to the spot to choose her mate." Once more the love-song theory appears to view, and finds its support in facts. Bechstein, careful observer and enthusiastic ornithologist, tells us that finches and canaries will choose the best singer as a mate; and the lady-nightingales are known to place the same high estimate on a fine flow of song. Then comes the "rivalry and emulation" theory, founded, to my way of thinking, upon the too lax notion that birds are bound to imitate the feelings of humanity, and which declares that birds sing for the sake of vanquishing their fellows, and that in every wood an "Eisteddfod" is held, with its exhibition of vainglory, jealousy, and emulation in the musical art. But emulation, if it exist, may be a part of the ordinary business of courtship, as one has every reason to believe it forms no small part of the phenomena of love-making in higher life, and the theory of rivalry in song may thus be included in the larger theory that birds sing because they mate, and mate because they sing.

Another important consideration remains to be noticed. It is a curious fact that the bird-songsters are all of the smallest size. Rarely, if ever, do we hear a melodious voice in a large bird; the Australian *Menuras*, or lyre-birds—so named from the shape of the tail-feathers—birds which may attain the size of a small turkey—being the most notable exception to the general rule above mentioned. Then, too, we shall find that the songs of birds may and do improve by culture. Sparrows will learn in time to sing most melodiously; and of course there is no end to the list of tunes or sounds a mocking-bird may acquire. In addition to true song, some birds may, as Darwin has it, practise "instrumental music." The turkeys "make a joyful noise" in their own fashion by scraping their wings on the ground, and the snipes, and grouse, "drum" with their wings, as also do the male goatsuckers or "nightjars."

Our study draws to a close. I promised at the outset that it could be nothing better than sketchy in its nature, and it

has been an easy matter to fulfil a promise of the kind in question. But outlines are preliminaries to complete pictures ; and if I have neither the courage nor the temerity to fill in the sketch, I am well content to have perchance paved the way for a fuller consideration of the questions regarding the origin of songs with words and songs without words which contribute so much to our rational and natural enjoyment, and I will add instruction in the ways of living things likewise.

The evening begins to draw nigh ; and already the singers of the day are leaving their leafy orchestra, and flitting homeward to rest.

That weird mammal the bat—vestige, as it seems to me, of the great flying Pterodactyls of the middle ages (of geology)—is abroad, looking after his interests in the way of gnats, moths, beetles, and such belated flies as may have innately determined that they "won't go home till morning," like certain rustic friends in the neighborhood, who thus declare on leaving "The Swan with Two Necks" in the village—but of whom a chief peculiarity is that once home they won't leave home for work when the morning comes, a fact explicable possibly on grounds connected with obscurity of the cerebral circulation. The bat sweeps round and round,

but is no singer of mine, although it squeaks when caught. Possibly under training the bat, like the mouse, might "sing"—and I heard a mouse sing sweetly behind a wainscot once upon a time. I hear a faint stirrage among the crows in the nests overhead, Mr. Crow possibly absorbing too much house-room, and Mother Crow expostulating on behalf of herself and progeny. The beetles are out for the evening, and now and then a late dragonfly wheels and sweeps along, regardless of certain active birds with wide gapes that hover near like aerial spectres. I hear a frog croak now and then—by way of assurance, I presume, that the Clammyskin family "never nods," but is invariably active and alive to the exigencies of life. The twilight deepens. There are sounds of stirring in the adjoining room. I hear my hostess play a prelude to a favorite ballad. She plays charmingly, and sings well ; this last the highest expression of vocal development, and one which served doubtless in days gone by to captivate the heart of my friend the host, as in reverse order the cricket's chirp enchants Miss Acheta, or as the sweet song of Mr. Nightingale tells of his love for the listening beauty. Very good. I shall wipe my pen. Now for "songs with words." Good-night.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

DREAMS.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

A DREAM flew out of the ivory gate
And came to me when night was late.
My love drew near with the proud sad eyes
And the fathomless look of soft surprise.
I slept in peace through the summer night
As I dreamed of her eyes and their depth of light.

A dream came out from the gate of horn
And flew to me at early morn.
I ran to the stable and saddled my steed,
We rushed through the dawn at a headlong speed ;
When I reached my love the sun shone bright,
And I found her dead in the morning light.

Temple Bar.

A GLIMPSE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE number of British subjects who visit the United States for pleasure is increasing every year, but the attractions of that country are so numerous that it is surprising how small is the proportion of travellers from our shores who find their way across the Atlantic. We do not speak of the multitude of tourists who have neither time nor health for so long a journey. They naturally resort to the neighboring capitals of Europe. They want immediate change from home pre-occupations, and this they find in visiting public galleries or spectacles, antiquarian remains, or historic monuments. They get rest and a certain amount of refined enjoyment, without acquiring or wishing for any special acquaintance with the people among whom they sojourn. They come back to the business of every-day life with some pleasant memories to muse over, and all the better pleased because there was nothing in their journey connected in any way with the thoughts that engage them in their own country. But for travellers less pressed for time, or less jaded in mind or body, the pleasures of a trip to America are as varied as they are real. Magnificent scenery, luxurious modes of travel, comfortable hotels, and a fine climate are no small advantages. For those who have not made a sea-voyage, and who are not incapable of enjoying one, the trip to New York is just long enough to give a delightful experience of the worlders of ocean with a very small degree of discomfort and danger.

Then there is more than luxurious existence and change of scene and variety of natural beauty to be enjoyed in this visit even by those who have not time or opportunity to make any study with American society properly so called. The mere superficial aspect of the people and the country is full of vivid interest for any one who is not too languid to care about history or politics or social organization. The first existence of this continent, so far as Western knowledge goes, is a part of our modern history; the growth of the States was closely connected with some of the most remarkable events, political and relig-

ious, in our own country. Their commercial enterprises are all interwoven with our own. Their laws and institutions are all built on political principles with which our constitutional history teems; their actual stage of political development is that toward which we are told the old European countries are gravitating. In the economic conditions of the country we can see with our own eyes the working on an enormous scale of many of those doctrines of political economy which have engaged the minds of the greatest thinkers, and for our own observation we have the aid of a widely-extended press, the advantage of a language with which we are familiar. No more vivid intellectual enjoyment has been offered to the human mind since the days when Athens saw the habits and laws of the old Hellenic races mirrored in the life of Sicily and Magna Græcia. All the institutions of the country, all the shibboleths we hear repeated in the press, recall some stage of our history. We are reminded at one moment of Magna Charta and Simon de Montfort, at another of the Puritan revolution. Virginia recalls the time of Elizabeth and the martial aristocracy of England; Maryland, with its great martial Catholic establishments, the alliances that proved fatal to the house of Stuart; Pittsburg, the scene of Washington's first military success, now the great manufacturing centre of the North, is a lasting monument of Chatham's most brilliant achievements. Each of the Northern States brings to mind some phase of that popular intellectual activity which, dating from the days of the Lollards, has presented itself in England under the various forms of dissent.

An active traveller, whose special delight is scenery, might turn the American railway system to such account as to visit all the great natural wonders of the United States in a couple of months. A less fatiguing and more interesting course will be to take some one tract of the States at a time, and observe something of the ways of the population as well as of the natural scenery around. A line running from Boston to Montreal

in Canada, from thence to St. Paul, then south by the valley of the Mississippi to the Ohio and east through the Alleghanies to Virginia, includes examples of all the important phases of American life except that of the Pacific coasts. We have within these limits one of the noblest of nature's works, the falls of Niagara, the fairy-like beauty of the Thousand Islands, the exciting passage of the Rapids, and these latter attractions are but adornments of the majestic current of the St. Lawrence, the greatest personality among the American rivers. The Hudson, with all its beauty, is an estuary, not a river. The Mississippi suggests a huge *dyke*, and we have to recall the thousands of miles it runs and the various climates it experiences before we realize that we are in the presence of the great father of waters; but on the St. Lawrence we are always conscious of the great effort of nature to carry the vast waters of the Northern lakes to the sea. Even within the limits above suggested the most picturesque aspect of the Mississippi may be enjoyed in Minnesota, where it rolls through a country that recalls some of the finest river scenery of Europe. At St. Louis it is already swollen to a mighty tide, and has acquired the character which it preserves for the next seven hundred miles to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico.

Preeminent as much of this scenery is among the marvels of nature, a still greater enjoyment is the observation of the people themselves, so variously occupied over this vast area in different stages of their work, the building up of the American nation. In such a circuit as we have suggested we could contrast the fresh enterprise of Minneapolis and St. Paul with the splendid repose of Cincinnati and the old settled towns whose position was won eighty years since. In the former we have all the excitement of a battle yet to be won. In the latter, spacious streets filled with an orderly and not hurried commerce, extensive suburbs with palatial villas, and a general disposition to turn to the more luxurious side of life, attest the success already achieved. But the strongest impression we receive in America is the almost fantastic contrast between traditional associations which

connect us with the people, and present habits and ways which mark them at once as a separate nation.

When the Englishman first looks at the waters of the Hudson dancing in the sun, the long smokeless streets, with their busy crowds certainly not of English people, his immediate impulse is to fall back on his earliest travelling companion, his scanty store of French, and to ask his way in that tongue. So strong is the impression of foreign locality which the climate and the aspect of the city give him, that it is some time before he becomes accustomed to expect to hear English from these tall, spare, keen-eyed men who talk so little, in so low a tone. When we meet Americans in Europe, their accent attracts attention; when we are among them, with climate and manners and dress and expression so different from our own, our surprise is to find them at home in our language. The spacious hall of the hotel is not reserved for the guests and the servants. It is filled by a busy crowd. Not that they are always moving about or talking. The men who sit in the armchairs against the wall or clustered round the pillars that support the dome, are not idle vacant-eyed loungers. They closely observe each passer-by, now and again glide through the crowd to claim an old acquaintance or to give attendance to a promised rendezvous. Loud talking is much more frequent among the women. In ordinary business the American is never noisy. He says little. It may be to the point or not, according to his good sense or honesty of purpose, but it is generally brief and always delivered in a quiet low key. As both good sense and honesty are leading characteristics of the American people, the exception here made to the general terseness of their ordinary communications is but an exception.

Hard as they work, they have, like other people, their social gatherings and their holidays. On these occasions no people are more chatty and sociable, as we know from our experience of them at this side of the Atlantic, as any traveller can prove for himself if he joins an excursion from Boston or Philadelphia; but before we are many days in the country we are struck by what Mr.

Carlyle would recognize as a great gift of silence, a characteristic which American writers have often noticed, but which can only be appreciated among the people themselves. The peculiar humors of American life have often been described; the American story-teller, the captain of the Mississippi steamboat, the bar frequenter, the professional politician, what Mr. Matthew Arnold would call the rowdy Philistine, have had many painters. What neither books nor our experience of Americans in Europe present to us are the habits and type of the working American, the merchant or trader in his daily life, whether in his ship or in his office, or travelling in search of custom or employment for his labor or his capital. His mind is so intently fixed on his object that he avoids all useless expenditure of thought or words. Restless he may be. He is seldom long in the same spot. He likes movement, even the motion of the rocking chair. He is never listless. Nothing escapes his vigilant eye; but it is a quiet, regulated vitality, too absorbed and earnest to be noisy. At the dinner-table of a great hotel you may occasionally hear a couple of veteran politicians discuss the signs of the times, or recall former struggles, or the young people of a family party may be encouraged by a few inquiries as to their tastes or plans of holiday; but generally, both with men and women, the meal-time is too important a part of their busy lives to be given up to idle conversation. The long, elaborate *menu* is scanned with close attention, a varied repast is ordered, and the rest of the time is devoted to its consumption. This is achieved with great rapidity, considering the number of dishes—say, for breakfast, various fruits, hominy, fish, meat, eggs, beside a variety of vegetables and cakes; but there is no greedy eagerness. It is an important piece of work steadily carried through, and once it is finished there is no loitering. The last mouthful swallowed and the finger-glasses used, the chairs are pushed back, and the guests glide swiftly off to the other occupations of life.

The lower part of New York abounds in fine scenery and memorable associations. As our steamer approaches the wharf after nightfall, one of those many

steamers which bring back holiday makers from the pleasure parks of Coney or Staten Islands, the lights gleaming on every side, reflected in the waters all around, remind us for a moment of the sea-encircled city of the Adriatic. In the morning sunshine, the width of these channels and the great navies riding in them recall us to modern commerce. The glade of tall trees in the Battery Gardens close by affords a pleasant contrast with the busy scene of the wharfs. Adjoining is the Bowling-Green, the centre of the city in colonial times. Its fine trees and quaint surroundings recall the days when Washington struggled with the Howes and the Clintons for the possession of the city.

We have hardly time to enjoy this locality before we become acquainted with some of those special traits which mark the American people all over the States. Within a few yards of this almost rural quiet we are in the Broadway and at the corner of Wall Street, the money market of the United States. The throng of eager business people traversing the streets reminds us of Lothbury rather than of the Rue Vivienne; but the scene becomes very different from either of these old-world quarters when we become familiar with the demeanor of the individuals who make up the stirring crowd. The sense of personal independence is already visible in a thousand ways, and when we get to see what this bearing means it has all the enjoyment of a new experience.

If we enter a shop, we do not find that deferential welcome which London offers; rather a critical, inquiring attitude, as of men—we think—who recollect that a chance customer like ourselves may be, perhaps, no better than he should be. We soon find that this undemonstrative observant demeanor only indicates the intention of the shopman to ascertain our wants as thoroughly and quickly as possible, and supply them without delay. There is no time lost in ceremony; our demands are met with promptness and quiet civility. The shopkeepers assume that we, like themselves, want to get through the work with as little delay as is consistent with finding what we want. The shopman—or clerk, as he is termed—and the

shoeblack are the merchant and the railway director and the statesman in an earlier stage, and they do their immediate business with thoroughness and confidence, like people who feel that they are bearing their part in the larger and higher conceptions of life, and will, if they do themselves justice, be one day as comfortable and important as any of their customers. In the American clerk or workman of to-day, whatever may have been the case in the past, there is no vulgar assertion of this equality. The people he has to deal with ordinarily never dream of disputing it. It is only in the case of a European, accustomed to the subservience of the productive or distributing classes here, that any embarrassment can arise. We soon learn that the absence of the deference we are accustomed to does not mean disrespect; it is an unconscious compliment. It is giving us credit for a knowledge of their social system; it assumes that we are aware there is no social inferiority between the wealthy merchant and landowner and the laborer or clerk; it attributes to us some of their own good sense to conclude that we want our business done, and done well, without loss of time.

Upon the lower order of laborers this influence is particularly beneficial—people who do the work of cabmen and porters, and what we call day laborers. Among these people there is a general absence of that roughness and rowdyism which mark the same class with us when their temper is disturbed. In the course of one's travels occasional disputes arise, and there is the usual amount of petty knavery; but nowhere do we meet with that insolence which almost invariably accompanies a dispute with the same class here. Bad language is hardly ever heard, even in the North-West. Certainly there is much less of it there than among the young men of fashion in New York, who seem to think that a certain amount of damning this and that proves a familiarity with European habits.

One noteworthy result of this spirit of self-respect is that the traveller is not called on to spend time and money in distributing largesses to small railway and hotel employes. Another effect which we can trace to the same root

idea, is an attention to personal tidiness much greater than among the same class with us. In a few weeks in the United States we see more shoe-blackening and brushing-up than perhaps in all the rest of our lives. Everybody does rough work now and again, and the fact that they do hard work is no reason why they should not make themselves tidy and comfortable when the work is over. A curious sight it is to walk down Broadway just as the shops and warehouses are about to close, when the assistants may be seen at the doorways waiting in a group round a shoeblack, who has been retained to complete their toilet before they start for their respective abodes—go “up town,” or, as we should say, “go west.” In the same way, hotels and railway trains and stations abound in convenient lavatories, and travelling is carried on with a consideration for cleanliness and appearance which is not general in Europe. This comes partly, no doubt, from the greater practice in travelling which the habits of the Americans give them, but is also in a great measure due to their disposition not to give way to circumstances. They are too conscious of their dignity and position as American citizens to be put out of countenance by material difficulties, and they gain the habit of making shift as best they can. Rough travelling, or coarse and dirty work, is nothing to be ashamed of; and the man who knows what cleanliness and order are, asserts his natural taste on the first opportunity.

Of the cosmopolitan world of New York the hurried traveller may be able to see but little. That little, however, will probably convince him that he has fresher fields of observation elsewhere. The fashion of the Atlantic cities has many attractions, but, with a dash and daring and lavishness all its own, it is strongly modelled on European habits. Perhaps its least interesting characteristic is the disposition to convince strangers that these Americans of the eastern cities are not as other Americans, but have European tastes and experiences. It is not that they are ashamed of their own country. The spirit of national pride in their present strength and the great career before them is never absent in any American, but one does frequent-

ly find among the wealthier classes a disposition to accept European ways simply because they are European, and without discriminating judgment as to whether they are nobler or better ways—ways that tend to make life more worthy or beautiful. Instead of treating their own social habits as a basis on which to superadd good things from other places, they strike a European as too apt to run after an imitation of European manners and customs, and the result is a contrast, an opposition to the home life of the country, instead of such an engrafting of the ways of old countries in harmony with the natural life of America as might give us much to learn from. As it is, a combination of business energy and restlessness, with close imitation of French and English ways, is not fascinating, and seems little likely to produce any good result for America or for the rest of the world.

In Chicago and the North-West we are away from this Europeanizing influence. There we have the American people carrying on with full vigor the work which they have been engaged in for some two hundred years under the lead of the New England populations. It is the younger sons of families from Massachusetts and Connecticut who settled Illinois, as they settled Ohio and Indiana long before, as they are settling Minnesota and Dakota now, and establishing themselves in Wyoming and Montana. Chicago has been founded a long time, and is a vast metropolis in its wealth and extent, but still it is the settler's city. It has preserved all the freshness and buoyancy of a new establishment. Its scheme is to be the big city of America, owing to its central position among the regions which are mines of agricultural wealth to be worked as soon as hands are found for the task. Chicago is not content to be the great commercial city of Illinois or the emporium of the lakes. It is to be the centre of all the United States territory between the Rocky Mountains and Pennsylvania, and as much of that country has yet to be filled, Chicago cannot assume yet her position as a city whose victories have been won. She is still provisional only, for a population to come, and thus in the midst of great wealth and conveniences of every kind,

crowded with majestic buildings, Chicago preserves for our observation all the notes of a people camping out. We have exchanges, theatres, fashionable quarters and suburbs, and of course innumerable lines of tramcars; but that is nothing, for there is hardly an American village without a line of tramcars, but from the newsboy to the wealthy merchant all are full of the one idea how Chicago is to be made what it ought to be, the commercial centre of the West. It has a great variety of inhabitants of the most remote nationalities; Russians and Poles, Frenchmen and Germans, Irish and Scotch, are neighbors in its wide suburbs; but the dominant influence is the enterprise and order of the Eastern States. Though there are plenty of elements of rowdiness, and so many changes have come over men's minds since the time of Roger Williams that every freedom is given to separate opinions or religious observances, still the energy and sober self-respect of New England prevail over all. The resolution of the old colonists who founded Providence and New Haven and Boston is animating this vast multitude in conditions so prodigiously different, with steam and electricity connecting it to all parts of the world, and an organized press stimulating the passion of notoriety. The old colonists belonged to one race, one creed, it might be said one congregation. The North-West opens its arms to all races, to all religions, be they ecclesiastical or simply subjective, but it is one with the Pilgrim Fathers in its resolution to win the earth and use it worthily, and with this purpose and love of toil comes a friendly brotherhood between these widely differing groups. They contribute information, they contribute help to each other with a ready aptness more touching than anything which more refined manners could present. They are all fellow-laborers together, and thus they have a unity of purpose and a common sympathy springing from that unity which enabled them to supply each other's wants without fuss or parade. In travelling by railroad or steamboat this may be observed at every turn, little civilities done by one passenger to another, arranging their packages, opening or shutting a window, calling atten-

tion to something mislaid so promptly and silently, and acknowledged only by a word, an appreciating glance, as almost to escape notice from the looker-on.

All their kindly acts come in the course
Of nature, not as efforts meant to please.

As regards women in particular, this vigilant helpful forethought of the American mind has special charms. There is hardly any subject on which more dreary nonsense is talked and written than on the position and demeanor of American women. Their beauty, we are told, is due to the life of ease and splendor which the wealth and intelligence and chivalry of their country produce. They are free from the family worries, from the financial anxieties, which vex the women of the Old World. Even the physical burdens which most women are subject to, riches and science have reduced to a minimum. All that is required of them is to be beautiful and receive the grateful homage of mankind. That there are plenty of handsome women who live in magnificent houses with almost absolute command of their own time as far as household duties are concerned, that they occupy themselves much with society, its amusements, and occasionally with various schemes for remodelling social habits—all this is true, but it only refers to a very small portion of the Eastern States, and a portion of which the present influence or the future development appears very uncertain. So far as this position of some American women in the Eastern States is not the usual concomitant of wealth, and has any connection with the special life of the country, it is due to what we see in a much more distinct and beautiful form in the simpler districts, the primitive vigor which the family relations still retain, and the consequent ready helpfulness of men toward women. The word "tender" suggests itself, but tender does not describe the demeanor and habits which make a great beauty of these half-populated regions. There is no self-consciousness about them, there is no posing, there is no particular satisfaction apparently in giving help to a woman rather than a man. These ways are only a part of the vigilant sense of com-

munity of interest which we see evident all around. All there are fellow-workers, the woman is the less strong, more naturally requires attention and aid, and she gets them with promptness, and without obtrusiveness, at every hand. No doubt in these Western States the women have a great deal of hard work, but it is work which the spirit of invention and the accumulations of the Eastern States have stripped of its more grievous characteristics. Machinery and the most various household appliances have come to the aid of the woman, and enable her without excessive physical toil to take an active part in the enterprise of her husband or her brother, and her sense of community with him is ever fresh and vigorous. Although most of the women are married, and children come in abundance, the cares of domestic life and the business of the husband occupy alike the attention of both parents, the woman ever vigilant and sympathetic, and taking some share, according to her power, of the actual work.

One of the most interesting of these Western towns is St. Paul, situated in the picturesque scenery of the Upper Mississippi. The site has been wrested from the Indians within living memory. In 1854 its population was three thousand. Now it is seventy thousand. Mills and great warehouses are rising on both sides of the river, and New England influences are more conspicuous than in Chicago. The great tide of European emigration has not yet flowed up to this place sufficiently to obscure the original settler spirit. In its main streets and suburbs handsome traps abound, and nearly all of them are driven by women. The men are busy in the mills and stores. The marketing, the communications between one point and another, all this is lighter work, and by a natural economy is left to their bright and active helpmates.

It is one result of the great productive activity of the people, that the accumulations which their industry has brought together fill their thoughts and are presented in their conversation much more frequently than among ourselves. Idle gossip here notes a man who has been a double-first, or has a beautiful place in Kent, or a fine gallery of pictures, or is

of noted descent, be it from some politician or soldier or lawyer. Many and various are the claims to attention put forward in the ordinary gossip of a watering-place, but in the States every one we notice is "immensely rich;" sometimes the adverb varies and it is "enormously rich;" or a more ambitious conversationist will tell you that the husband of the charming lady whom you sat next to at dinner is worth millions, but admiration of success in getting the reward of industry, an accumulation of dollars, becomes a sort of mental law. The men apply it, the women talk about it, and the word "rich," with various adverbs and qualifications, occurs in conversation almost as often as "doch" in a German dialogue. It would be hard to imagine how their conversation would go on without it. The traveller is struck with a baby's beautiful eyes. The lady sitting near sympathizes with his admiration, and her own fine eyes lighting up with unwonted animation, she adds in a voice thrilling with emotion, "Do you know that he is heir to millions?" Her sympathetic enjoyment of the baby's beauty and her admiration for the millions go quite well together in her mind. The sense of beauty is the natural outcome of a fine-toned sensitive nature, but it is stimulated by the consideration of practical results habitual to her nation. The physical appreciation of beauty is intensified by the idea of millions representing great labors and achievements, giving promise of still vaster and nobler exertions of human energy in the future. This tendency to dwell on the fact of riches would in an old country be offensive and degrading, for in Europe there are many other calls upon our time, many other ways marked for service and distinction beside material development. In the United States this language does not indicate avarice or cupidity. Misers are probably more rare than in Europe. The most magnificent donations for public purposes are made every day. Vulgar fawning upon wealth is comparatively unknown. This language is the natural outcome of two circumstances, the one accidental, the other closely connected with the moral grandeur of the people. The first is the ready means of acquiring wealth which the climate and the fresh

soil supply; the second is the nervous energy which impels every American, as it were by instinct, to push on, each to do his part and make the best of this splendid opportunity.

Another accident of American habits which we can only understand among the people themselves is their warm interest in everything relating to kings and nobles. In the mind of the Briton there is always lurking a genuine awe for hereditary rank. Sometimes it reacts in militant denunciation of all aristocracy, sometimes it is veiled in decorous subserviency, and by the Briton accordingly the American rush in pursuit of a live lord is regarded as the grossest flunkeyism. This is altogether a mistake. To the American the hereditary noble is the most foreign of foreign products. In his own country he can observe for himself almost anything else which goes to make up the public life of history. He is not a book man, he is not a philosopher. Books he uses, but his great reliance in the battle of life are his exceedingly acute faculties of observation, and he is glad of the opportunity to see for himself what sort of being this old-country institution produces. The noble captive receives hearty attention, generous hospitality; so would any other European whom the American took an interest in. In the attention paid to European rank there is nothing of that fawning, of that reverential attitude which we so often observe in the middle class at home. With a lord in chase the American may pass by ever so many accomplished and able commoners. But accomplished and able men he can observe in his own country. The hereditary noble is a piece of history for which he has to go abroad. If we want an analogue for this phenomenon which the Englishman so often mistakes for an indelicate presentation of the feeling so dear to his own heart, it is to be found in the objects to which a cultivated visitor would direct his attention in India or China. Such a visitor would be far more interested in the ways and mode of thought of any native gentlemen whom difficulties of language might enable him to become acquainted with, than in the best society which Anglo-Oriental rank and statesmanship could give him.

A great field of observation is the

general sentiment which pervades the religious bodies in America. The various communions of the United States are the offspring of the most rigid of dissenting bodies, and the taste for external religious observances is still powerful. Sunday in most American communities is observed as strictly as in an English country village or in Scotland. But notwithstanding the narrowness of their religious traditions, the confidence with which they claim from their neighbors acquiescence in many of their observances and opinions, the European observer is astonished at the comparative seclusion from public attention of doctrinal distinctions. The writings of Dean Stanley are favorite text-books in Presbyterian schools and colleges. The ordinary doctrines of Deism, a respect for Sunday and the Bible, are a common ground on which all the Christian sects are willing to meet without troubling themselves about details, and this latter point of respect for the Bible is rather a formal recognition of that ancient source of Christian teaching than any profession of personal study of the book. That intimate knowledge of the text of Scripture which we find so frequently among Presbyterians at home, and in one degree or another among most of the British dissenting communities, is not common in America. They have sufficient personal knowledge of the book to appreciate any amount of biblical literature, sermons, disquisitions on the Bible; illustrations of it are followed with attention; but there is nothing like the same familiarity with the actual text of Scripture which we find among many old-world communities with much less pretension to prosperity and well-being. That this comparative neglect of the letter of the Bible has produced the greater expansiveness of their religious opinions is not here suggested. In trying to explain that larger freedom of thought, while we are struck on all sides with the absence of higher speculative activity, we come round to the great cardinal fact which lies at the base of so many things in the habits and history of this people, their geographical position. The masters of a great continent richly endowed by nature, they are engaged in spreading over it a prosperous humanity, without social miseries,

without the bloodshed which mark the rise of nearly all other nations. This thought of the splendid career which nature has provided for the people fills the minds of all Americans, from the workman to the great financier. This continentalism, if we may be allowed to adopt a term in contrast with that insular feeling, with that contentment with a restricted idea from which the British mind too often suffers, finds expression among a comparatively unlettered people in big phrases that excite our derision. Allusions to the oceans which wash their continent, to the mighty rivers which traverse it, to the rising and the setting sun, to the expectant ages awaiting their efforts, sound empty mouthings to us, but they appeal to the American's large and generous pride in himself and his fellow-citizens. There is room for all in the great work which nature has assigned him. No man who is orderly can be his enemy or even his rival. The great nature around him bids him seek points of union, not of difference. The newness of his national birth, the dignity and splendor of his national career, the enormous influence which the mere size of the work he is now doing must have in modifying the future history of the world—all those considerations occupy his thoughts in preference to the subtleties of former times. His religion is an active moderating force upon his life, but he expects it to work in with the great purposes which fill his imagination, rather than to divert him from his proper business. Last autumn Dr. Beecher, reopened his church at Brooklyn with a sermon which illustrated the marvellous way in which this religious teaching connects itself with the habits and thoughts of the people. His text was from Matthew—"In this place is one greater than the temple." These famous words have served through many ages for those who would exalt spiritual above material things. In the mouths of the Mystics, in the mouths of the Trinitarians, they have had various significations. In the mouth of the Baptist orator they introduced a splendid panegyric upon individuality. All the mental habits of criticism, of self-assertion, of dauntless antagonism to aggressive authority which the practice of popular liberty, the

struggle of personal competition had formed, were elevated into a noble creed of moral independence. The great preacher seized the floating, half-formed thoughts of his vast congregation and gathered them into a mighty tide to carry his hearers onward toward a more exalted idea of their powers, their duties and responsibilities, to their country and their age. He appealed to their pride, their habits as free citizens of a great country, to make these old words from Galilee glow with a new meaning which should teach his hearers in their every-day life to cherish a sympathy with divine things. Before this idea of the great career of a citizen of the United States the energies it evokes, the habits of order and self-denial which it inculcates, the sympathies it brings into play—in face of all this the controversies of theology become questions of individual conscience. The general principle of liberty secures every respect for them, but still they are considerations for the individual rather than for the community.

This paper is not concerned with any study of American politics at the present time, but some observations of the Americans at home suggest a few remarks on the speculations we hear about American policy in Europe. These dissertations are largely founded on a study of the American press, and, although newspapers are so numerous and many of them so able, there is probably no country with Western institutions where newspapers are so little influential. One might travel all over the Eastern States without finding a single individual who regards a statement in type with that stupid simplicity so common in this country. Belief in the veracity of the newspaper is as little known as respect for the patriotism and wisdom of the public man. The American is much less of a reader of books than is generally supposed. He wants his newspaper to bring him the intelligence of the day, the state of the markets, and so forth. The political article helps him to judge how certain political combinations are working. If the paper adds a social essay or a scandalous family history, or a column of verse, these contributions supply him some mental entertainment. He may note the scandal,

but he never thinks of believing it because he has seen it in print.

The language of the press is no indication that Americans, in our times at least, are likely to vary from the characteristics which have hitherto marked them, a clear-sighted common-sense pursuit of their own interests, and a national pride too confident and deep-seated to be passionate. Washington's influence over the destinies of America was mainly due to the fact that his mind, notwithstanding special attributes arising from accidents of social position and training, was thoroughly characteristic of the people of his day, and it is not splendid range of imagination, generous enthusiasm, which have made Washington illustrious, but resolution, common sense, sublime patience. Notwithstanding all the changes which time and immigration have wrought and are working in the American people, these are still their predominant characteristics. Men who one day prophesy great effects from the Irish element among them, tell us the next that German influence will be in the ascendant, and will infallibly destroy American traditions. There is a certain jealousy of German ways among New England populations. In politics, however, the German immigrants rapidly follow New England teachings, and their adoption of American social habits is nearly exactly in proportion to their progress in wealth. In art, on the other hand, they are spreading through the States a most useful influence. However low we may place German standards of taste in many respects, in music they are supreme, and New England has no natural taste for music; but German influence is carrying a popular taste for music far and wide through the population of the North-West. With music will certainly come an artistic spirit which may give us great achievements in the future, an art and literature springing from the resources of the people developed in harmony with the influences of climate and tradition, and not a mere imitation of Europe.

The reader is not encouraged to visit the States in order to find new ideas in politics, philosophy, or art, but to enjoy the intellectual treat of observing the growth of a new people, and the

practical sufficiency with which they supply their political wants, while they secure a large enjoyment of individual liberty. Among the masses we find familiar knowledge of complex political ideas and the most widely diffused personal well-being. Not only are these millions well fed and well clothed, but they understand in one degree or another how by their individual industry and obedience to law they contribute to the prosperity of each other. We may not

be able to carry away from America any social inventions which we can apply elsewhere ; but apart from one's natural satisfaction at the sight of material happiness on the grandest scale, we can see with our own eyes that the America of to-day has secured for labor a comfort and dignity unexampled in the history of the world. Perhaps in the future she may go on to show how the enjoyment of riches may be made more noble and beautiful.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

NOTTINGHAM LACE: ITS HISTORY AND MANUFACTURE.

To say that the fine and delicate machine-made fabric which falls in soft folds before our windows, or forms the graceful cloud-like charm of a ball-dress, owes its origin to the useful but unbeautiful stocking, may at first sight seem as absurd as an attempt to trace the descent of a humming bird from a frog ; but that hosiery is the parent of lace is nevertheless perfectly true. It was by the many varied modifications of the stocking-frame that machine-made lace was first produced. Probably its earliest form was that of a figured lace-web—no doubt produced by an attempt at open weaving—which was made on a Nottingham hosiery-frame by a certain Robert Frost in 1769 ; just at the period when the rapid introduction of countless modifications and improvements in stocking-machines was inciting Nottingham to new discoveries which should prove profitable to their authors.

The idea of manufacturing a machine-made imitation of the costly and beautiful article known as hand-made or cushion lace (formed by a tedious process involving great waste of time and labor), had occurred to more than one thoughtful mind. Else, Harvey, Hammond, Lindley, Frost, and several others, had been for many years exerting great pains and ingenuity in the attempt to modify and add to the stocking-frame in such wise as to combine the manufacture of lace and net with that of the fancy hosiery, which was then occupying universal attention. To their efforts is undoubtedly due the first beginning of a trade whose productions and effects are now known all over the civilized world, and even in many of the still barbarous por-

tions of the globe ; but their chief success only amounted to the production of looped articles of considerable merit and good quality, and it was not until much later the twisted meshes were finally introduced and perfected. During the latter portion of the eighteenth century, the additional attention of a large number of mechanics was directed to the invention of a process by which these twisted meshes, without which no machine-made lace could satisfactorily imitate the bone or pillow lace, could be properly constructed. Very many changes and improvements took place in the frames, and a large book might be filled with an account of these, and of their inventors. Mr. Felkin, in his valuable work on the subject, endeavors to give a clear and impartial list of the names of those to whom is due the credit of these various improvements in the manufacture of lace ; but the task is a difficult one, as it is almost impossible to assign to many alterations their real originator, owing to the fact that many of the mechanics worked out their plans together, and that a change of any sort was instantly adopted and claimed by a large number of persons.

Hammond, popularly believed to be the inventor of bobbin^{net}, has no real claim to the honor. His net, though very saleable, possessed no single characteristic of the bobbin net. He is said to have taken his first idea from the huge border of his wife's cap, which met his absent and desponding gaze on an occasion when they had together been refused entertainment at a public-house on account of their lack of money. Hammond, inspired by a desire to gain

enough silver for the purchase of his coveted beer, went home and applied himself eagerly to the production of what he called "Valenciennes lace," though it bore no resemblance to that article; and it may interest promoters of the temperance movement to learn that it sold well and quickly, and enabled him to satisfy the end for which he invented it; indeed he spent in drink most of the money it brought him, and by this means probably shortened his days.

The great aim of the inventors of this period was to imitate by machinery the equal sides of the cushion-lace mesh, and upon this subject much ingenuity was expended. A mechanic, whose name has not come down to posterity, discovered a method of imitating the open-work in pillow-lace, by removing some stitches, so as to form holes, which were soon after surrounded by fine embroidery. Thus began lace-running, which has given employment ever since to thousands of women and girls. Warp-net, about 1820, became also ornamented, but this was effected by the improved process of ornamenting the net while in course of manufacture; and spotted, figured, and bullet-hole nets now came generally into notice, being rendered fashionable by Queen Adelaide, who appeared in public attired in a dress of white silk Nottingham net. The court eagerly followed the fashion, and thus the demand for warp-net became so great that the manufacture was much benefited and increased, until 1835, when the adaptation of bobbin-net machinery to the production of a far superior kind of ornamented net led to a heavy fall in the warp-net trade.

The warp-frame was first introduced to public notice about the year 1775, and was of great importance, from its plan of forming the looped stitches upon warp-threads. This invention, like most of those in the lace trade, has been claimed by more than one mechanic. One of the claimants was a Dutchman named Vandyke, in whose honor the name of "Vandyke warps" has been conferred upon a certain style of striped silk hose, made upon the warp-machine; but there is little doubt that the real inventor was a man named

ed the business by selling his discovery, which was afterward stolen from the buyer, and thus shared by all three persons. The warp-frame, in addition to other advantages, possessed large facilities for producing the much-desired open-work; and the many improvements which have since been made in the machinery, have endowed it with a wonderful versatility of production. It now manufactures both the heaviest and finest goods, and is equally valuable in making the most delicate articles of web-like lace, or the cheapest and coarsest exports for South America and Africa.

In 1810, a certain John Moore of Croydon invented a machine for forming a Mechlin mesh, by platting some of the threads. The process was too slow and laborious to be remunerative, and the lace thus manufactured was so exceedingly expensive as to be but little improvement in that respect upon the pillow-made article—a piece of plain net only forty inches wide being sold for five guineas a yard. This machine has long since disappeared, and with it its production, which, though one of the most perfect and beautiful articles of its kind, and the most complete imitation ever yet made of pillow-work in its mesh, was far too costly to obtain a general market, though it was at first employed as groundwork for Brussels lace; but its place has for many years been supplied by fine net of three-twist meshes.

Cotton was now rapidly taking the place of linen thread in pillow-lace making, in spite of the general prejudice against its introduction; but its far superior advantages in the matters of elasticity and cheapness overruled the popular objections to its use; and in time the Buckinghamshire, Honiton, and Northamptonshire lace-workers adopted it to the almost entire exclusion of its more elegant rival. The growth of lace-manufacture in Nottingham led to a demand for new and improved kinds of spun yarns; and a rapid improvement in this branch of manufacture was an immediate result, giving employment in 1831 to 9638 persons, of whom a large proportion were at work in Nottingham or its neighborhood. The untiring attempts to invent a machine which would produce twisted and trav-

ersed meshes in net were still most active. To understand the eagerness with which the pursuit of this discovery was carried on, it must be remembered that until this object could be effected the mesh was neither durable nor secure, and its utility was seriously imperilled. Until a safe firm mesh, similar to that formed upon a lace-pillow, could be produced by machinery, the imitation of cushion-lace by that made in the frames could never be really a success; so it is hardly a matter of wonder that this valuable secret was almost as earnestly sought after by mechanicians as if it had been the philosopher's stone. Nearly twenty artisans spent the better part of their lives in this search, in spite of the incredulous scorn with which their efforts were watched by the unsympathizing public; and several of the number fell victims to their zeal for knowledge and enlightenment—two dying from disease of the brain, brought on by overwork, and many others wasting their lives in that desolation of disappointment, discouragement, and long-deferred hope, which seems to be the inevitable portion bestowed by this world upon those of its children who have really its benefit at heart, and strive to the utmost of their ability to further any advancement, whether of art, literature, or science, which will tend to the advantage of mankind.

This great discovery, which had baffled so many a skilled mechanician, was at last mastered by a certain John Heathcoat of Duffield, near Derby, who in 1808, at the early age of twenty-four, constructed a frame for making "bobbin net," and so achieved what for years had seemed an impossible feat. His first machine was soon followed by another, more complete and elaborate, having been finished and perfected with wonderful care and accuracy, and being, perhaps, one of the most complex and ingenious inventions of modern times.

One of the chief causes of the high price of pillow-lace is the great waste of time and labor involved in the process of making. Any one who has watched a Honiton lace-worker will have been struck with the disproportion between the swiftness with which the hands of a practised worker "shift" her bobbins, and the tedious slowness with which the

smallest result is achieved. The reason is obvious; each plat, cross, or twist involves a distinct movement of the hands, and a consequent waste of time. To effect the completion of an entire row or breadth of lace by one concerted movement, was the aim of machine lace-makers, and this object was achieved for the first time by John Heathcoat's first patent of 1808, which, though only in use till the introduction, in the following year, of its more finished and improved successor, has still the honor of being acknowledged as the original bobbin net frame. The lace manufactured upon it was limited to the width of about three inches—the usual extreme breadth of cushion-lace; and when wider lace was required, these strips of lace were stitched together by means of a needle and thread. Heathcoat's patent of 1809 obviated this difficulty by an improvement in the machinery, by which lace of greater width was produced, thus presenting an advantage which could not fail to strike the most partial observer. His own account of the invention of these two ingenious machines, the introduction of which mark an era in the manufacture of lace, may perhaps interest those who have not already met with it, as given in Felkin's work on "Machine-wrought Hosiery and Lace":

"When I was a boy at Long Whatton, in Leicestershire, with my mother, a girl used to come in to see her, whose cousin had been employed at the factory of one Dawson, in London, whom she described as having made a fortune by making lace upon machinery. On one of these calls this girl turned round to me and said, jocularly, 'Why can't you do so too, John?' This fixed my attention so much, that although it occurred forty years ago, it returns to my recollection even now. I do not mean to attach too much importance to this incident, yet no doubt it had an influence in the direction of my thoughts and energies at a future period of life. Point net was then made, and the lace trade excited some interest. About the time I grew up toward manhood, warp piece-goods (not lace) were also beginning to be made. I worked for my bread, and I tried to invent. I did so by finding out a different mode of carrying the thread in the warp machine, to what was in ordinary use—viz., passing the thread over the needles on which the loops had been formed immediately above the threads, and also over the next needle, so as to form a kind of lace. But I soon learned that this had been discovered before, though I had then no knowledge of it.

The first warp machines were making 'Berlin,' and the person with whom I then worked altered one to make 'mitts,' of a lacy appearance, and approaching the lace fabric. A man about this time made four and six course warp. For a time it was supposed by many that the difference between pillow and machine lace was solely in the material used; but everybody soon knew that they were unlike in some other respects, and it was ascertained that the texture was different. I set to work to inform myself in what the peculiarity in the texture of pillow-lace consisted, and for this purpose obtained a sight of the process of making it. A pretty heap of chaotic materials I found it!—like peas in a frying-pan dancing about. After watching the progress of the work-women, and minutely examining the lace I found much difficulty from the circumstance that a thread which had been carried for a time lengthwise, sometimes became a traversing one, and *vice versa*. It was impossible, under the natural supposition that this was a part of the system, and not, as it really was, an irregularity, for me at first to trace the course of the threads so as to understand their ordinary and regular progress. At length I made out that one part were passed to the right hand, another to the left, and a third seemed to be independent of them, never deviating in their course, but always passing straight through the length of the piece. This part of the threads, I saw, might be put on a beam for a warp; and it was this discovery that simplified my subsequent progress in attempting to mechanize the processes of the pillow.

"In my first attempt mechanically to make bobbin-lace, the bobbins were arranged in a fan-like order on pinions; and thus radiating, they were made to twist round each other, and a row of pins forced up the crossing to close the mesh. These pins were fixed on a bar, but they spread out and contracted when brought in contact with the work, forcing up the twist and the crossing, until the meshes became of the right size and shape. By this arrangement and process only very narrow strips could be made. However, I constructed a machine to produce three such pieces at a time. Lord Lyndhurst, then Sergeant Copley, always said that this machine was far the most ingenious of any upon which lace was ever made.

"The value of lace is, however, so much enhanced by its being made of greater width, that I was determined to make it even a yard wide. At this time I had arrived at the important point, that having made lace as above described, I had satisfied myself my principles were sound and well based. But I now clearly found out that while half the threads must be active, the other half might be passive, and I therefore put the latter on a beam. Having thus fixed the warp, to accomplish my wish for making wider lace, I tried to bring the threads to twist in a narrower compass. I first tried a machine with the bobbins spread out, then I tried the flat bobbin. The first flat bobbin was a single tier. I carried up the threads by means of a steeple-top on the carriage. Great difficulty was experienced in getting bobbins and carriages thin enough; the space in which

they were to move being so limited. At last I was driven to the double tier, and thus obtained the requisite space.

"The stocking-frame has certain parts used in my bobbin-net machine; the point-net frame, the warp machine, the Vaucauson loom, even the old weaving-loom, and many others, have all one or more of those mechanical principles or arrangements used in my machine. I do not claim the invention of a bobbin itself, but I had great difficulties to surmount in getting one thin enough. The foundation of my invention was in getting rid of half the threads by the warp beam; but then came the inquiry how the rest were to be got to twist in the proper space. Were this now to be done, my impression is that so great was the difficulty, I should not attempt its accomplishment. I admit the merits of other men. . . . I allow them credit for the application of great and very useful ingenuity; but they have only modified the machine—not invented it. I illustrate the case thus: a child in his first successful effort to walk across a room does all, in fact, that a man does—neither so safely, so rapidly, or so well; but every element of locomotive power is there, and every muscle is in action—he walks as truly as a man."

Nor, indeed, should any one grudge to this ingenious and painstaking inventor the credit of having founded the manufacture of machine-lace, and helped to raise Nottingham to its position of importance among the manufacturing towns of Great Britain, by the construction of a machine described by Ure, in his "Dictionary of Arts," as "surpassing every other branch of industry by the complex ingenuity of its machinery. A bobbin-net frame is as much beyond the most curious chronometer, as that is beyond a roasting-jack."

A great check to the then fast-increasing prosperity of the Nottingham lace-manufacture was given by the Luddite riots, which for several years so discouraged all industry and commerce in the Midlands. Most people know the history of these trade-riots, and that they derived their name from their ring-leader, one Ned Ludd, a Leicestershire stocking-maker, who, tradition asserts, was told by his father to "square his needles"—a term used to describe the process of placing them in a straight row before his machine. Ludd, upon receiving this order, seized his hammer, and beat them to pieces; an act of playful humor which made his name a word for all frame-breaking in times to come. No one who remembers the

dreary years from 1811 to 1816 can recall without pain the utter misery and want which pervaded the manufacturing districts during that period. The prolonged heavy depression of trade produced the usual results among the laboring classes, who were no more careful or provident in those days than in these, and who, then as now, squandered their earnings in time of full work, and were startled to find themselves on the brink of starvation as soon as work ran short. Lace is not an article indispensable to the comfort or well-being of mankind, and is therefore more subject than manufactures of a more strictly useful character to the fluctuation of prosperity or adversity; and the general want of ready money felt all over England at that period, had the immediate consequence of reducing the demand for manufactures of a purely luxurious character, among which lace holds so conspicuous a position. The result was disastrous: thousands of operatives in and about Nottingham were thrown out of employment, and consequently deprived of all means of support for themselves and their families. True to the celebrated axiom of Dr. Watts concerning idle hands and the author of all mischief, the country was soon in a state of disorder and tumult. Strikes prevailed largely both in the lace and hosiery trades of Nottingham, and those who would not work themselves, refused to let others work on the masters' terms; and now the force of Ned Ludd's example began to show itself, in a general attack on the lace and stocking frames whose owners persisted in working them at the reduced wages. At first the more harmless method was adopted of simply removing the jack-wires from the frames, thus rendering work impossible, though without real injury to the machine. The jacks thus abstracted were generally stored safely in a churchyard, or some other secure hiding-place, and on their restoration to their respective frames, work could at once be resumed. This moderate and gentle check upon the "under-price" workers soon pallied upon their persecutors, however, and before long the more pronounced and aggressive system of total destruction seems to have come into general favor. Parties of masked and

disguised men began to pervade the town and country round about, and the most open and audacious attacks were made upon private property. Houses were entered, and frames destroyed beyond hope of repair. No lace or stocking maker was safe from the most bold and sudden outrages; and night after night the whole district was appalled by simultaneous descents made upon parishes miles apart by bands of Lud-dites, who made their way into the dwellings of frame-workers, and by force of numbers overpowered the inhabitants, and shattered their machines into useless fragments. A terror seemed to paralyze the whole country-side, and render it powerless to oppose the terrible and mysterious conspiracy. The very secrecy and silence which enshrouded them, rendered them half supernatural to the simple Nottinghamites; the frame-breakers were masked, armed, and answered to numbers, by which a sort of roll was called by the leader of each gang on the completion of their work of destruction.

A general panic prevailed. No man could tell whether his brother or son might not be among the dreaded Lud-dites. Men feared to trust their nearest neighbor or most familiar friend, and work was conducted by secrecy and stealth, with locked doors and trembling fingers, lest the next footstep which approached should mean loss of property or life. As the invaders grew more courageous with success, their desires were not satisfied with frame-breaking, but farmhouses were pillaged of money and food, in answer to the cry, "Why should we starve when there are provisions to be had for the taking?"

A large military force which occupied Nottingham was utterly powerless to cope with so secret and daring an organization; nor were they materially assisted by the local yeomanry. Meetings were largely held by the alarmed manufacturers, who expressed in abject terms their willingness to come to an agreement with their riotous work-people—*i.e.*, by a mounted messenger, who rode from village to village making proclamation; and one important firm of frame-owners, by a timely offer of an advance in wages, irrespective of the terms imposed by other makers—an offer impart-

ed in a style suggestive of the fiery cross of the Highlands—saved their three thousand machines from the destruction which would otherwise have befallen them that very night.

Nottingham is described as being at this time in a state of siege. The state of its trade may be imagined; and in spite of a penalty of death having been passed by special Act upon any one breaking a frame employed in any sort of manufacture, no fewer than one thousand stocking-frames and eighty lace-machines were destroyed before the capture and execution of the ringleaders of this riotous movement gave it its death-blow in 1817.

One of the most disastrous results of this rash and lawless outburst was the loss to Nottingham trade of seven hundred lace-machines belonging to Mr. Heathcoat, who, after a daring and ruinous attack upon his property near Loughborough, removed the whole of his manufactory to Devonshire, thus inflicting a blow to the growth and prosperity of the Nottingham market which it has never since recovered. Mr. Heathcoat died in 1861, after a career of useful industry and perseverance, which is beyond praise as an example of what a man may make of his life by a well-directed employment of his own talents. He greatly improved his original bobbin-net patent in later years, and added to it many inventions for ornamenting and figuring lace, and also for manufacturing the beautiful article known as silk net.

In 1813, another important addition to the bobbin-net—or, as it is popularly called, the “Old Loughborough”—machine, was introduced by John Levers of Sutton, who carried out Mr. Heathcoat's idea of arranging all his bobbins and carriages in one tier, and in order to effect this end, constructing them and their corresponding combs of one-half their original thickness. The necessity of this minute fineness of size, which had proved so great a stumbling-block to Mr. Heathcoat, was supplied to Levers by the ingenuity of one of his relations—a clever and accomplished worker in steel, whose experience and skill enabled him to overcome what had previously appeared to be an almost insurmountable difficulty. This invention gave a

new aid and impetus to the languishing trade in Nottingham, and a brilliant prospect of success opened before Levers. He had, however, neither the energy nor the steadiness of application needed to enable him to take advantage of it; and intemperance—that too general curse of the mechanic—effectually prevented his attaining the position which ought to have been his by right.

Levers's machine, though copied in most essential respects from that of Heathcoat, is far more delicate and complex in construction; and, from its capacity for the alteration of meshes, and its fine and finished mechanism, it is so suited to the production of fancy and ornamental work as to be a most valuable invention. Its movements are so rapid since the introduction of power-working, that the eye seeks in vain to follow its countless evolutions; and the skill required in managing it has caused it to pass under the care of only the best and most efficient class of workmen, to whom it affords, through the high standard of goods produced, a comfortable maintenance. A single machine of this kind sometimes produces £18,000 worth of goods in the course of the year—on learning which, one ceases to wonder at the fortunes so rapidly amassed by the Nottingham lace-manufacturers. Mechlin net has been made upon these frames since 1829, and is a very attractive and favorite article, in spite of its fragility.

The fancy branches of lace goods have, since that time, been steadily increasing. Several hundred varieties of nets and laces have been produced and largely supplied to the market, sometimes meeting with a degree of public favor which has continued to the present day, but oftener thrown aside after a run of a few months, in obedience to the inexorable dictates of changing fashion.

The next important step in the lace trade was the introduction of the Pusher machine, the invention of three Nottingham mechanics. This machine differed from the original bobbin-net frame in the movement of the bobbins, which were acted on separately by a “pusher” or governor, instead of, as previously, being moved in pairs. This difference, slight as it may appear, had the advantage of giving much greater scope to

fancy-working, through the improvement it occasioned to the cloth-work.

Steam-power was first applied to lace-manufacture by John Lindley, another self-taught genius, whose original experiments in invention were made with his own hair-comb and a series of cotton balls fastened to its teeth. His patient and courageous struggle with the difficulties of his position led to many important results; and his attempt to unite the lever and traverse warp machines in one, though useless in securing a co-operation of their widely different working-powers, was nevertheless of great value in simplifying the construction and operation of each, and in reducing their motions.

About 1820, the steam and water power which were becoming universally applied to bobbin-net machinery, had the effect of putting down the small frames hitherto worked by hand in laborers' cottages, and bringing the manufacture to a centre in the large factories which now sprang up rapidly in all parts of Nottingham. The immense increase in the amount of goods produced was immediately felt. Money began to pour into the town like a shower of gold, and the excitement and anticipation of the dazzling prospect opened before them raised the minds of the masters and operatives to the highest pitch of intoxication. In fact it was a regular mania, locally known as "the twist-net fever;" and for nearly a twelvemonth prudence and caution were thrown to the winds. Enormous speculations were indulged in; mechanics, who had never studied the working of a lace-machine, were engaged to construct frames of the most complicated character by eager speculators as ignorant as themselves; and the large wages offered and received were spent with a frightful prodigality. Companies were quickly formed, and buildings erected, never to be used; for when, in the following year, the consequences of this unnatural inflation took place, and the bubble burst, the universal despair and consternation were very great. Thousands were plunged into the deepest poverty; many actually died of starvation; some left the country, and others went hopelessly insane, or died by their own act. This sad state of affairs continued for some

years, and it was long before the lace-trade recovered from the shock, especially as even those old-established and steady houses which had weathered the storm, found their abilities of swift production too tempting to be resisted; and, in consequence, the supply so greatly exceeded the demand, that the market was again and again overstocked, and the prices suffered from the constant production.

The year 1832 saw another period of distress to Nottingham, when frame-breaking was once more revived, though not to any great extent; and the Reform riots, and burning of Nottingham Castle, the property of the Duke of Newcastle, capped the climax of this season of want and misery.

In 1835, however, the application of the Jacquard principle to lace-manufacture gave it a fresh start, and from that time until very lately, the progress and prosperity of the trade were almost uninterrupted. The Jacquard apparatus is arranged on a system of perforated cards, so ingenious and elaborate as to render a clear description almost impossible; and probably no account could improve upon that given by Mr. Felkin, which is as follows:

"It is by means of bars attached to springs or levers placed at the ends of the machine, that the various sets of warp threads, whether those sets be fifty or five hundred, are made to move laterally; each bar being of steel, and as long as the machine is wide; and each pierced with holes answering exactly to the particular threads in the pattern, which are, by being passed through these holes, to be guided by the bars to take the place assigned to them in the formation of the pattern. The levers or springs which pull or push the bars to or from the end of the machine, were themselves selected formerly by nobs on wheels or cylinders with irregular surfaces, but are now almost universally by a Jacquard apparatus. This may consist of a four- five- or six-sided roller; each side being perforated with as many holes as there are movable pins or levers placed in a frame above the rolling cylinder. A number of oblong pieces of card-board, from fifty to five hundred, it may be, are connected together in an endless chain, and so arranged as to size, that when one of these cards is laid on one side of the cylinders, and the latter is made to revolve, the whole series will be brought successively in contact with the cylinder, each one lying temporarily on the flat upper side. Every card is pierced with holes varying in number and position, according to the pattern of the lace to be produced, but never more in number

than the pins or levers above, and these holes are so cut as to coincide exactly with those of the cylinder. The cylinder has an up-and-down motion given to it on the presentation of the face of each fresh card, bringing it in contact with the pins, so that wherever a hole occurs in the card, it permits the pin opposite to it to penetrate into the cylinder; but where a blank occurs, by the card not being perforated opposite to a particular pin, the pin cannot enter the cylinder, but is driven upward. As the pins or levers act on the bars that move the threads in the machine, when any of the pins are driven upward, some bars of the thread apparatus are moved laterally; the disposition of the holes in the cards determining the order and number of shiftings of the threads. The number of cards employed depends on the number of successive movements requisite to form one complete pattern. In a store curtain, ten or twelve thousand cards may be required. The arbitrary selection of bobbin-threads is brought about by acting upon the angular or raised parts on the surface of carriages by instruments called, from the duty they perform, pushers, stumps, selectors, etc.—and so moving some carriages while others rest, or causing them to remain inactive while the others are in motion. By these operations, brought about from below or above the combs, the power of the machine to diversify the course of the threads is evidently greatly increased. . . . So long as the machinery works steadily and correctly the workman may be a mere spectator, but he must be a vigilant one. His eye must ever and anon pass from side to side of his machine, noticing the thousands of threads, bobbins, carriages, points, and guides passing in rapid motion before him.”

To attempt to describe or explain the whole process of lace-manufacture in even one single branch of the trade is generally acknowledged to be an impossibility. From the long practice needed to acquire the requisite amount of dexterity at any one portion of the manufacture, workmen are kept so exclusively to their special part of the work that they have neither time nor ability to investigate other divisions of the process: hence it is very rarely that even the cleverest artisans either know or comprehend the workings of other machines than those upon which they are themselves engaged. The secrets of the trade are jealously guarded from other manufacturers, and even those outsiders who can by no possible means be suspected of a desire to injure the business by an appropriation to themselves, are seldom able to master the difficulties of this most complicated and involved of all modern manufactures. And, indeed, it has frequently been con-

fessed by those most skilled in the lace-market, that they are unable to explain in writing a process so elaborate and so clouded in technicalities, as to render its comprehension by the general public a hopeless attempt.

Perhaps the most intelligible and most interesting part of the whole manufacture is the designing-room attached to each factory where the drawings for new patterns in lace are invented and carried out. The fine Government School of Art in the town affords every facility for the education of lace-designers, for whom there are special classes at a reduced scale of payment, and the effect of this wise provision has made itself felt in the wonderful improvement in the taste and execution of lace-designs during the last few years. This branch of talent commands the highest remuneration, and many thousands of pounds are annually earned by skilled draughtsmen. Every variety of pattern is produced, from the neat dots and lines of spotted quillings, to the masterpieces of curtains which took medals at all the recent exhibitions. One of these latter presented the unique design of a French window, from which the curtains were gracefully looped back, displaying a broad landscape of sky and sea, the latter adorned with sailing craft—a realistic pattern which, however little it might commend itself to the taste of Sir Charles Eastlake, was nevertheless a marvel of ingenuity, and a striking example of the perfection and completeness to which the lace-manufacture of Nottingham has been brought since the days of Robert Frost's first figured lace-web.

In other lines of the trade this is perhaps even more observable when one notices the almost endless variety of edgings, insertions, etc., in the most exact and minute imitation of Buckingham, Valenciennes, Brussels, and other laces. Perhaps the manufacture of Valenciennes has been carried to the greatest perfection, and the admirable taste and finish of this class of goods cannot be too highly praised. For a long time the chief difference between pillow and machine-made Valenciennes lay in the edge or purl; cushion-lace is necessarily uneven and irregular at the edge, where the threads are twisted around a border pin to form the minute

loop seen on almost all cushion-work, and even imitated by the needle in point-lace. The slight deviations in the pricked pattern, a shade too much or too little tension on the bobbins, and various other causes, all tend to render exact similarity of outline a matter of impossibility; while in the machine, the exactness of the movements and the unchanging arrangement of the bobbins and carriages, produce an accuracy not to be obtained by the most careful efforts of "the free maids who weave their web with bone." Hence, when otherwise puzzled to distinguish the imitation from its copy, those learned in lace had only to examine the edge of the article under inspection to satisfy themselves as to its value. But this was one of those rare cases when accuracy is not the one thing desirable; and the crowning stroke of perfection may be said to have been given to the trade when some inventor produced a machine constructed to form irregularities in the lace it supplied, and to copy even the defects of its original model. The effect was beyond what could have been anticipated, and is such as to deceive all but the most competent judges of lace goods.

Of course these irregularities must have a certain method of arrangement, and a close scrutiny will betray that they occur again and again at regular intervals; but they are so ingeniously disposed, and there is such infinite variety in their size and position, that not only the casual observer, but the more experienced dealer, is sometimes at a loss. It has often been remarked by Nottingham shopmen, that the greatest care is required in keeping their real Valenciennes lace goods strictly apart from their machine-made; for if, by any chance, a piece of the latter should find its way among similar patterns of the former, it would certainly be sold as real; or, if any doubt should happen to be thrown upon its true character, it would need the verdict of a really competent judge of lace to decide the question. The natural consequence of this imitation will at once be perceived; it is taken advantage of by unscrupulous persons, who make an enormous profit out of lace which they buy at almost fabulously low prices from the machine, and sell as hand-made productions; and

there is no doubt that a large proportion of the Valenciennes lace sold at high sums in London shops, and throughout the provinces, has its origin in Nottingham frames.

A very good story, and, what is more, an authenticated one, is told of the wife of a well-known and respected Nottingham manufacturer, who, being with her husband in Paris, and occupied with the colossal shopping which such visits seem inevitably to entail, fell in love with a lace *fichu* of exquisite fineness and delicacy, which was offered to her for the moderate sum of 240 francs. She would instantly have purchased it, had she not been deterred by various mysterious signs of dissuasion from her husband, which surprised her not a little, as she knew him to be a judge of good lace, and wondered, therefore, at his lack of appreciation of this beautiful specimen. She examined the *fichu* again, half doubtfully, but it was soft in texture and beautiful in design—a very cobweb in execution, and anything but dear. She cast one beseeching glance at her husband, but he was grave and inflexible; so with a sign of resigned regret she turned away, and the moment they left the shop her disappointment broke forth:

"John! why did you keep me from buying that lovely thing? And only £10; I am sure you could not think that dear? Why did you not let me have it?"

"You are quite right, my dear;" was the reply of the unmoved John. "We consider that a very superior article; and the reason I did not want you to buy it, is because it came from one of my own frames, and I can let you have as many of the same kind as you like, for fifteen shillings apiece!"

The lace trade in Nottingham gives rise to a number of other manufactures, all connected with, and, in greater or less measure, dependent upon it. Cotton yarn, and silk spinning, machine-making in all its branches of bobbin, carriage, comb, guide, point and needle making, and the setting up of frames; bobbin winding and clearing; the making of paper boxes or *cartons*, for the reception of the finished goods;—beside the many large houses engaged in bleaching, dressing, gassing (a curious

and interesting process, whereby the loose threads and the floss, or fibre, of lace goods are singed away by the application of the flames of carburetted hydrogen gas), and starching and dressing. Beside all these settled lines of business, there is an almost incredible number of women and children employed in their own houses, "clipping" lace—*i.e.*, cutting off loose threads—and "drawing," separating the breadths by removing the connecting thread with which they are "whipped" together; "scolloping," "carding," or mending. Frequently every member of a large family is engaged in some part of the lace making or finishing; and even the younger ones, or "half-timers," earn a few shillings a week toward the general fund for supporting the household. The wages commanded by good workmen at a time of brisk trade sometimes amount to several pounds weekly, which are, unfortunately, too often spent in the most reckless extravagance, without a thought of provision for the hard times which are but too likely to follow. During a season of prosperity, the families of these operatives enjoy every sort of unwonted luxury: dress well, and sit down daily to better dinners than many poor curates can afford; and it has been said by a prominent manufacturer that his best lace-hands drive to their work every morning in hansom cabs, smoking better cigars than he himself can afford.

The importance of the artisan class in Nottingham is shown very strikingly by the variety of public arrangements for their health, instruction, amusement, and comfort; such as the recreation grounds, free library, mechanics' institute, etc.; while no inconsiderable addition to the improvements of the town is the branch of the South Kensington Museum, established some few years ago in the Town Exchange, but recently removed to the Castle, which has been restored for that express purpose, and forms the finest provincial museum of arts and sciences in the United Kingdom. Great attention is, of course, paid to the lace department in this collection; and the specimens of lace, both pillow and machine-made, occupy a considerable space.

The lace-workers are noticeably free from the stunted and half-fed appear-

ance characteristic of operatives in many other trades; their occupation is healthy and light, and except for the high temperature required in some departments of the trade—such as lace dressing and drying—and the consequent risk to health from the frequent changes of heat and cold, the manufacture is one of the least injurious in existence. The lace girls of Nottingham used to be a proverb for their beauty not a great many years ago; and though no longer perhaps in a position to lay claim to that distinction, through the injury to the complexion and *physique* arising from the closer association in large factories—also from continued intermarriage in the town-bred mechanic class—their healthy well-fed appearance and tasteful attire in times of good trade are proofs of the high position which should be taken by so healthy a manufacture. The numerous factories and warehouses in the town and suburbs present a light and cheerful appearance in times of activity, with the hum and bustle of machinery, and the streams of operatives pouring out and in at the hours of work and recess. The strict sanitary laws prevent overwork, and rigorously confine the work-hours to a limited number; except in the case of those factories working, as is sometimes the case, double hours—*i.e.*, by night as well as by day, when two distinct sets of operatives are employed; and the attention of the masters to the physical and moral well-being of their work-people is, in many cases, very praiseworthy—several warehouses having chapels attached to them, where a short morning service, specially suited to the need of the operatives, is held daily.

This is the pleasant side of the Nottingham lace-trade. The other is more sternly presented to view in times of bad trade, when, instead of working double hours, many factories stand silent and empty, and more have but a small number of machines working to fill the few orders which are eagerly sought for; when, in place of the merry groups of work-girls, in their bright dresses, one sees anxious serious faces, and the look of hopeless gloom beginning to rest upon those whose weary search for work from day to day still meets with the same lack of success; when some are growing

heart-sick and discouraged, and some despairing and reckless, and the one cry in every mouth is—"Heaven help us all! what shall we do if the times don't mend?"

Such a dark cloud has but very recently rested upon Nottingham and its lace-trade; and though the sun has begun to shine again, some traces of the storm still linger. The terrible crisis of 1876-78, caused partly by the overstocking of the American market, partly by the depression in trade arising from a caprice of fashion, is still too fresh in the minds of many to need recapitulation. Fashion decreed that lace should cease to be worn, and the trade was almost paralyzed; thousands reduced to the verge of starvation, and dozens of manufacturers ruined. Perhaps the havoc so made alarmed the fickle dame—perhaps she had no reason at all, save whim—at all events, by as sudden a

transition, within the last two years lace once more has risen high in public favor; edgings, scarfs, etc., were demanded in a quantity which taxed the utmost powers of frames and workers to comply with it, and the trade has regained a good measure of its old prosperity for the time being. That a fashion which finds food for a population of many thousands of persons may continue to flourish, must be the wish of every one interested in the fortunes of Nottingham; and to this end let us all join in hoping that the time may be long in coming when ladies again discard as unworthy of their favor so beautiful, so tasteful, so inexpensive, and so becoming an accessory to their toilets, as that afforded by the various designs and exquisite workmanship of that world-renowned article of manufacture, the Nottingham lace.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



A VENETIAN MEDLEY.

BY JAMES ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS AND FAMILIARITY.

It is easy to feel and to say something obvious about Venice. The influence of this sea-city is unique, immediate, and unmistakable. But to express the sober truth of those impressions which remain when the first astonishment of the Venetian revelation has subsided, when the spirit of the place has been harmonized through familiarity with our habitual mood, is difficult.

Venice inspires at first an almost Corybantic rapture. From our earliest visits, if these have been measured by days rather than weeks, we carry away with us the memory of sunsets emblazoned in gold and crimson upon cloud and water; of violet domes and bell-towers etched against the orange of a western sky; of moonlight silvery breeze-rippled breadths of liquid blue; of distant islands shimmering in sunlit haze; of music and black gliding boats; of labyrinthine darkness made for mysteries of love and crime; of statue-fretted palace fronts, of brazen clangor and a moving crowd; of pict-

ures by earth's proudest painters, cased in gold on walls of council chambers where Venice sat enthroned a queen, where nobles swept the floors with robes of Tyrian brocade. These reminiscences will be attended by an ever-present sense of loneliness and silence in the world around; the sadness of a limitless horizon, the solemnity of an unbroken arch of heaven, the calm and grayness of evening on the lagoons, the pathos of a marble city crumbling to its grave in mud and brine.

These first impressions of Venice are true. Indeed they are inevitable. They abide, and form a glowing background for all subsequent pictures, toned more austere, and painted in more lasting hues of truth upon the brain. Those have never felt Venice at all who have not known this primal rapture—or who perhaps expected more of color, more of melodrama, from a scene which nature and the art of man have made the richest in these qualities. Yet the mood engendered by this first experience is not destined to be permanent. It contains an element of unrest and unreality which vanishes upon familiarity. From

the blare of that triumphal buordon of brass instruments emerge the delicate voices of violin and clarinette. To the contrasted passions of our earliest love succeed a multitude of sweet and fanciful emotions. It is my present purpose to recapture some of the impressions made by Venice in more tranquil moods. Memory might be compared to a kaleidoscope. Far away from Venice I raise the wonder-working tube, allow the glittering fragments to settle as they please, and with words attempt to render something of the patterns I behold.

II.

A LODGING IN SAN VIO.

I HAVE escaped from the hotels with their bustle of tourists and crowded tables-d'hôte. My garden stretches down to the Grand Canal, closed at the end with a pavilion, where I lounge and smoke and watch the cornice of the Prefettura fretted with gold in sunset light. My sitting-room and bedroom face the southern sun. There is a canal below, crowded with gondolas, and across its bridge the good folk of San Vio come and go the whole day long—men in blue shirts with enormous hats, and jackets slung on their left shoulder; women in kerchiefs of orange and crimson. Bare-legged boys sit upon the parapet, dangling their feet above the rising tide. A hawker passes, balancing a basket full of live and crawling crabs. Barges filled with Brenta water or Mirano wine take up their station at the neighboring steps, and then ensues a mighty splashing and hurrying to and fro of men with tubs upon their heads. The brawny fellows in the wine-barge are red from brows to breast with drippings of the vat. And now there is a bustle in the quarter. A *barca* has arrived from S. Erasmo, the island of the market-gardens. It is piled with gourds and pumpkins, cabbages and tomatoes, pomegranates and pears—a pyramid of gold and green and scarlet. Brown men lift the fruit aloft, and women bending from the pathway bargain for it. A clatter of chaffering tongues, a ring of coppers, a Babel of hoarse sea-voices, proclaim the sharpness of the struggle. When the quarter has been served, the boat sheers off diminished in its burden.

Boys and girls are left seasoning their polenta with a slice of *zucca*, while the mothers of a score of families go pattering up yonder courtyard with the material for their husbands' supper in their handkerchiefs. Across the canal, or more correctly the *Rio*, opens a wide grass-grown court. It is lined on the right hand by a row of poor dwellings, swarming with gondoliers' children. A garden wall runs along the other side, over which I can see pomegranate trees in fruit and pergolas of vines. Far beyond are more low houses, and then the sky, swept with sea breezes, and the masts of an ocean-going ship against the dome and turrets of Palladio's Redentore. This is my home. By day it is as lively as a scene in *Masaniello*. By night, after nine o'clock, the whole stir of the quarter has subsided. Far away I hear the bell of some church tell the hours. But no noise disturbs my rest, unless perhaps a belated gondolier moors his boat beneath the window. My one maid, Catina, sings at her work the whole day through. My gondolier, Francesco, acts as valet. He wakes me in the morning, opens the shutters, brings sea-water for my bath, and takes his orders for the day. "Will it do for Chioggia, Francesco?" "Sissignore! The Signorino has set off in his *sandolo* already with Antonio. The Signora is to go with us in the gondola." "Then get three more men, Francesco, and see that all of them can sing."

III.

TO CHIOGGIA WITH OAR AND SAIL.

THE *sandolo* is a boat shaped like the gondola, but smaller and lighter, without benches, and without the high steel prow or *ferro* which distinguishes the gondola. The gunwale is only just raised above the water, over which the little craft skims with a rapid bounding motion, affording an agreeable variation from the stately swan-like movement of the gondola. In one of these boats—called by him the *Fisolo* or Sea Mew—my friend had started with Antonio, intending to row the whole way to Chioggia, or, if the breeze favored, to hoist a sail and help himself along. After breakfast, when the crew for my gondola had been assembled, Francesco and I

followed with the Signora. It was one of those perfect mornings which occur as a respite from broken weather, when the air is windless and the light falls soft through haze on the horizon. As we broke into the lagoon behind the Rendotore, the islands in front of us, S. Spirito, Poveglia, Malamocco, seemed as though they were just lifted from the sea-line. The Euganeans, far away to westward, were bathed in mist, and almost blended with the blue sky. Our four rowers put their backs into their work, and soon we reached the port of Malamocco, where a breeze from the Adriatic caught us sideways for a while. This is the largest of the breaches in the Lidi, or raised sand-reefs, which protect Venice from the sea; it affords an entrance to vessels of draught like the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. We crossed the dancing wavelets of the port, but when we passed under the lee of Pelestrina the breeze failed, and the lagoon was once again a sheet of undulating glass. At S. Pietro on this island a halt was made to give the oarsmen wine, and here we saw the women at their cottage doorways making lace. The old lace industry of Venice has recently been revived. From Burano and Pelestrina cargoes of handmade imitations of the ancient fabrics are sent at intervals to Jesurun's magazine at S. Marco. He is the chief *impresario* of the trade, employing hundreds of hands, and speculating for a handsome profit in the foreign market on the wretched price he gives his workwomen.

Now we are well lost in the lagoons—Venice no longer visible behind; the Alps and Euganeans shrouded in a noon-day haze; the lowlands at the mouth of Brenta marked by clumps of trees ephemerally faint in silver silhouette against the filmy, shimmering sky. Form and color have disappeared in light-irradiated vapor of an opal hue. And yet instinctively we know that we are not at sea; the different quality of the water, the piles emerging here and there above the surface, the suggestion of coast-lines scarcely felt in this infinity of lustre, all remind us that our voyage is confined to the charmed limits of an inland lake. At length the jutting headland of Pelestrina was reached. We

broke across the Porto di Chioggia, and saw Chioggia itself ahead—a huddled mass of houses low upon the water. One by one, as we rowed steadily, the fishing boats passed by, emerging from their harbor for a twelve hours' cruise upon the open sea. In a long line they came, with variegated sails of orange, red, and saffron, curiously checkered at the corners, and cantled with devices in contrasted tints. A little land-breeze carried them forward. The lagoon reflected their deep colors till they reached the port. Then, slightly swerving eastward on their course, but still in single file, they took the sea and scattered, like beautiful bright-plumaged birds, who from a streamlet float into a lake, and find their way at large according as each wills.

The Signorino and Antonio, though want of wind obliged them to row the whole way from Venice, had reached Chioggia an hour before, and stood waiting to receive us on the quay. It is a quaint town, this Chioggia, which has always lived a separate life from that of Venice. Language and race and customs have held the two populations apart, from those distant years when Genoa and the Republic of St. Mark fought their duel to the death out in the Chioggian harbors, down to these days, when your Venetian gondolier will tell you that the Chioggoto loves his pipe more than his *donna* or his wife. The main canal is lined with substantial palaces, attesting to old wealth and comfort. But from Chioggia, even more than from Venice, the tide of modern luxury and traffic has retreated. The place is left to fishing folk and builders of the fishing craft, whose wharves still form the liveliest quarter. Wandering about its wide deserted courts and *calli*, we feel the spirit of the decadent Venetian nobility. Passages from Goldoni's and Casanova's *Memoirs* occur to our memory. It seems easy to realize what they wrote about the dishevelled gayety and lawless license of Chioggia in the days of powder, sword-knot, and *soprani*. Baffo walks beside us in hypocritical composure of bag-wig and senatorial dignity, whispering unmentionable sonnets in his dialect of *Xe* and *Ga*. Somehow or another that last dotage of St. Mark's decrepi-

tude is more recoverable by our fancy than the heroism of Pisani in the fourteenth century. From his prison in blockaded Venice the great admiral was sent forth on a forlorn hope, and blocked victorious Doria here with boats on which the nobles of the Golden Book had spent their fortunes. Pietro Doria boasted that with his own hands he would bridle the bronze horses of St. Mark. But now he found himself between the navy of Carlo Zeno in the Adriatic and the flotilla led by Vittore Pisani across the lagoon. It was in vain that the Republic of St. George strained every nerve to send him succor from the Ligurian sea; in vain that the lords of Padua kept opening communications with him from the main land. From the 1st of January, 1380, till the 21st of June the Venetians pressed the blockade ever closer, grappling their foemen in a grip that if relaxed one moment would have hurled him at their throats. The long and breathless struggle ended in the capitulation at Chioggia of what remained of Doria's forty-eight galleys and fourteen thousand men. These great deeds are far away and hazy. The brief sentences of mediæval annalists bring them less near to us than the *chroniques scandaleuses* of good-for-nothing scoundrels, whose vulgar adventures might be revived at the present hour with scarce a change of setting. Such is the force of *intimité* in literature. And yet Baffo and Casanova are as much of the past as Doria and Pisani. It is only perhaps that the survival of decadence in all we see around us forms a fitting framework for our recollections of their vividly described corruption.

Not far from the landing-place a balustraded bridge of ample breadth and large bravura manner spans the main canal. Like everything at Chioggia, it is dirty and has fallen from its first estate. Yet neither time nor injury can obliterate style or wholly degrade marble. Hard by the bridge there are two rival inns. At one of these we ordered a sea dinner—crabs, cuttlefishes, soles, and turbot—which we ate at a table in the open air. Nothing divided us from the street except a row of Japanese privet-bushes in hooped tubs. Our banquet soon assumed a somewhat unpleasant similitude to that of Dives,

for the Chioggoti, in all stages of decrepitude and squalor, crowded round to beg for scraps—indescribable old women, enveloped in their own petticoats thrown over their heads; girls hooded with sombre black mantles; old men wrinkled beyond recognition by their nearest relatives; jabbering, half-naked boys; slow, slouching fishermen with clay pipes in their mouths and philosophical acceptance on their sober foreheads.

That afternoon the gondola and sandolo were lashed together side by side. Two sails were raised, and in this lazy fashion we stole homeward, faster or slower according as the breeze freshened or slackened, landing now and then on islands, sauntering along the sea-walls which bulwark Venice from the Adriatic, and singing—those at least of us who had the power to sing. Four of our Venetians had trained voices and memories of inexhaustible music. Over the level water, with the ripple plashing at our keel, their songs went abroad, and mingled with the failing day. The barcaroles and serenades peculiar to Venice were, of course, in harmony with the occasion. But some transcripts from classical operas were even more attractive, through the dignity with which these men invested them. By the peculiarity of their treatment the *recitativo* of the stage assumed a solemn movement, marked in rhythm, which removed it from the commonplace into antiquity, and made me understand how cultivated music may pass back by natural, unconscious transition into the realm of popular melody.

The sun sank, not splendidly, but quietly in banks of clouds above the Alps. Stars came out, uncertainly at first, and then in strength, reflected on the sea. The men of the Dogana watch-boat challenged us and let us pass. Madonna's lamp was twinkling from her shrine upon the harbor-pile. The city grew before us. Stealing into Venice in that calm, stealing silently and shadow-like, with scarce a ruffle of the water, the masses of the town emerging out of darkness into twilight, till San Giorgio's gun boomed with a flash athwart our stern, and the gas-lamps of the Piazzetta swam into sight; all this was like a long enchanted chapter of romance. And

now the music of our 'men had sunk to one faint whistling from my friend of tunes in harmony with whispers at the prow.

Then came the steps of the Palazzo Venier, and the deep-scented darkness of the garden. As we passed through to supper, I plucked a spray of yellow Banksia rose, and put it in my button-hole. The dew was on its burnished leaves, and evening had drawn forth its perfume.

IV.

MORNING RAMBLES.

A STORY is told of Poussin, the French painter, that when he was asked why he would not stay in Venice, he replied, "If I stay here, I shall become a colorist!" A somewhat similar tale is reported of a fashionable English decorator. While on a visit to friends in Venice he avoided every building which contains a Tintoretto, averring that the sight of Tintoretto's pictures would injure his carefully trained taste. It is probable that neither anecdote is strictly true. Yet there is a certain epigrammatic point in both; and I have often speculated whether even Venice could have so warped the genius of Poussin as to shed one ray of splendor on his canvases, or whether even Tintoretto could have so sublimed the prophet of Queen Anne as to make him add dramatic passion to a London drawing-room. Anyhow, it is exceedingly difficult to escape from color in the air of Venice, or from Tintoretto in her buildings. Long, delightful mornings may be spent in the enjoyment of the one and the pursuit of the other by folk who have no classical or pseudo-mediæval theories to oppress them.

Tintoretto's house, though changed, can still be visited. It formed part of the *Fondamenta dei Mori*, so called from having been the quarter assigned to Moorish traders in Venice. A spirited carving of a turbaned Moor leading a camel charged with merchandise remains above the water-line of a neighboring building, and all about the crumbling walls spout flowering weeds—sapphire and snapdragon and the spiked campanula, which shoots a spire of sea-blue stars from chinks of Istrian stone.

The house stands opposite the Church

of Santa Maria dell' Orto, where Tintoretto was buried, and where four of his chief masterpieces are to be seen. This church, swept and garnished, is a triumph of modern Italian restoration. They have contrived to make it as commonplace as human ingenuity could manage. Yet no malice of ignorant industry can obscure the treasures it contains—the pictures of Cima, Gian Bellini, Palma, and the four Tintoretto's, which form its crowning glory. Here the master may be studied in four of his chief moods: as the painter of tragic passion and movement, in the huge *Last Judgment*; as the painter of impossibilities, in the *Vision of Moses* upon Sinai; as the painter of purity and tranquil pathos, in the *Miracle of St. Agnes*; as the painter of Biblical history brought home to daily life, in the *Presentation of the Virgin*. Without leaving the *Madonna dell' Orto*, a student can explore his genius in all its depth and breadth; comprehend the enthusiasm he excites in those who seek, as the essentials of art, imaginative boldness and sincerity; understand what is meant by adversaries who maintain that, after all, Tintoretto was but an inspired Gustave Doré. Between that quiet canvas of the *Presentation*, so modest in its cool grays and subdued gold, and the tumult of flying, ruining, ascending figures in the *Judgment*, what an interval there is! How strangely the white lamb-like maiden, kneeling beside her lamb in the picture of St. Agnes, contrasts with the dusky gorgeousness of the Hebrew women despoiling themselves of jewels for the golden calf! Comparing these several manifestations of creative power, we feel ourselves in the grasp of a painter who was essentially a poet, one for whom his art was the medium for expressing before all things thought and passion. Each picture is executed in the manner suited to its tone of feeling, the key of its conception.

Elsewhere than in the *Madonna dell' Orto* there are more distinguished single examples of Tintoretto's realizing faculty. The "*Last Supper*" in San Giorgio, for instance, and the "*Adoration of the Shepherds*" in the *Scuola di San Rocco* illustrate his unique power of presenting sacred history in a novel, romantic framework of familiar things.

The most commonplace circumstances of ordinary life have been employed to portray in the one case a lyric of mysterious splendor; in the other, an idyl of infinite sweetness. Divinity shines through the rafters of that upper chamber, where round the low large table the Apostles are assembled in a group translated from the social customs of the painter's days. Divinity is shed upon the straw-spread manger, where Christ lies sleeping in the loft, with shepherds crowding through the room beneath.

A studied contrast between the simplicity and repose of the central figure and the tumult of passions in the multitude around may be observed in the "Miracle of St. Agnes." It is this which gives dramatic vigor to the composition. But the same effect is carried to its highest fulfilment, with even a loftier beauty, in the episode of Christ before the Judgment-seat of Pilate, at San Rocco. Of all Tintoretto's religious pictures that is the most profoundly felt, the most majestic. No other artist succeeded as he has here succeeded in presenting to us God incarnate. For this Christ is not merely the just man, innocent, silent before his accusers. The stationary, white-draped figure raised high above the agitated crowd, with tranquil forehead slightly bent, facing his perplexed and fussy judge, is more than man. We cannot say perhaps precisely why he is divine. But Tintoretto has made us feel that he is. In other words, his treatment of the high theme chosen by him has been adequate.

We must seek the Scuola di San Rocco for examples of Tintoretto's liveliest imagination. Without ceasing to be Italian in his attention to harmony and grace, he far exceeded the masters of his nation in the power of suggesting what is weird, mysterious, upon the border-land of the grotesque. And of this quality there are three remarkable instances in the Scuola. No one but Tintoretto could have evoked the fiend in his "Temptation of Christ." It is an indescribable hermaphroditic genius, the genius of carnal fascination, with outspread downy rose-plumed wings, and flaming bracelets on the full, plump arms, who kneels and lifts aloft great stones, smiling entreatingly to the sad,

gray Christ seated beneath a rugged pent-house of the desert. No one again but Tintoretto could have dashed the hot lights of that fiery sunset in such quivering flakes upon the golden flesh of Eve, half-hidden among laurels, as she stretches forth the fruit of the Fall to shrinking Adam. No one but Tintoretto, till we come to Blake, could have imagined yonder Jonah, summoned by the beck of God from the whale's belly. The monstrous fish rolls over in the ocean, blowing portentous vapor from his trump-shaped nostril. The prophet's beard descends upon his naked breast in hoary ringlets to the girdle. He has forgotten the past peril of the deep, although the whale's jaws yawn around him. Between him and the outstretched finger of Jehovah calling him again to life there runs a spark of unseen spiritual electricity.

To comprehend Tintoretto's touch upon the pastoral idyl we must turn our steps to San Giorgio again, and pace those meadows by the running river in company with his Manna-Gatherers. Or we may seek the Accademia, and notice how he here has varied the "Temptation of Adam by Eve," choosing a less tragic motive of seduction than the one so powerfully rendered at San Rocco. Or in the Ducal Palace we may take our station, hour by hour, before the "Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne." It is well to leave the very highest achievements of art, untouched by criticism, undescribed. And in this picture we have the most perfect of all modern attempts to realize an antique myth—more perfect than Raphael's "Galatea" or Titian's "Meeting of Bacchus with Ariadne," or Botticelli's "Birth of Venus from the Sea." It may suffice to marvel at the slight effect which melodies so powerful and so direct as these produce upon the ordinary public. Sitting, as is my wont, one Sunday morning, opposite the "Bacchus," four Germans with a cicerone sauntered by. The subject was explained to them. They waited an appreciable space of time. Then the youngest opened his lips and spake: "Bacchus war der Wein-Gott." And they all moved heavily away. *Bos locutus est.* "Bacchus was the Wine-god!" This, apparently, is what a picture tells to one man.

To another it presents divine harmonies, perceptible indeed in nature, but here by the painter-poet for the first time brought together and cadenced in a work of art. For another it is perhaps the hieroglyph of pent-up passions and desired impossibilities. For yet another it may only mean the unapproachable inimitable triumph of consummate craft.

Tintoretto, to be rightly understood, must be sought all over Venice—in the church as well as the Scuola di San Rocco; in the "Temptation of St. Anthony" at St. Trovaso no less than in the Temptations of Eve and Christ; in the decorative pomp of the Sala del Senato, and in the Paradisal vision of the Sala del Gran Consiglio. Yet, after all, there is one of his most characteristic moods, to appreciate which fully we return to the Madonna dell' Orto. I have called him "the painter of impossibilities." At rare moments he rendered them possible by sheer imaginative force. If we wish to realize this phase of his creative power, and to measure our own subordination to his genius in its most hazardous enterprise, we must spend much time in the choir of this church. Lovers of art who mistrust this play of the audacious fancy—aiming at sublimity in supersensual regions, sometimes attaining to it by stupendous effort or authentic revelation, not seldom sinking to the verge of bathos, and demanding the assistance of interpretative sympathy in the spectator—such men will not take the point of view required of them by Tintoretto in his boldest flights, in the "Worship of the Golden Calf" and in the "Destruction of the World by Water." It is for them to ponder well the flying archangel with the scales of judgment in his hand, and the seraph-charioted Jehovah enveloping Moses upon Sinai in lightnings.

The gondola has had a long rest. Were Francesco but a little more impatient, he might be wondering what had become of the padrone. I bid him turn, and we are soon gliding into the Sacca della Misericordia. This is a protected float, where the wood which comes from Cadore and the hills of the Ampezzo is stored in spring. Yonder square white house, standing out to sea, fronting Murano and the Alps, they call

the Casa degli Spiriti. No one cares to inhabit it; for here, in old days, it was the wont of the Venetians to lay their dead for a night's rest before their final journey to the graveyard of S. Michele. So many generations of dead folk had made that house their inn, that it is now no fitting home for living men. San Michele is the island close before Murano, where the Lombardi built one of their most romantically graceful churches of pale Istrian stone, and where the Campo Santo has for centuries received the dead into its oozy clay. The cemetery is at present undergoing restoration. Its state of squalor and abandonment to cynical disorder makes one feel how fitting for Italians would be the custom of cremation. An Island in the lagoons devoted to funeral pyres is a solemn and ennobling conception. This graveyard, with its ruinous walls, its mangy riot of unwholesome weeds, its corpses festering in slime beneath neglected slabs in hollow chambers, and the mephitic wash of poisoned waters that surround it, inspires the horror of disgust.

The morning has not lost its freshness. Antelao and Tofana, guarding the vale above Cortina, show faint streaks of snow upon their amethyst. Little clouds hang in the still autumn sky. There are men dredging for shrimps and crabs through shoals uncovered by the ebb. Nothing can be lovelier, more resting to eyes tired with pictures than this tranquil, sunny expanse of the lagoon. As we round the point of the Bersaglio new landscapes of island and Alp and low-lying mainland move into sight at every slow stroke of the oar. A luggage-train comes lumbering along the railway bridge, puffing white smoke into the placid blue. Then we strike down Cannaregio, and I muse upon processions of kings and generals and noble strangers, entering Venice by this water-path from Mestre, before the Austrians built their causeway for the trains. Some of the rare scraps of fresco upon house fronts, still to be seen in Venice, are left in Cannaregio. They are chiaroscuro allegories in a bold bravura manner of the sixteenth century. From these and from a few rosy fragments on the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, the Fabbriche Nuove, and precious fad-

ing figures in a certain courtyard near San Stefano, we form some notion how Venice looked when all her palaces were painted. Pictures by Gentile Bellini, Mansueti, and Carpaccio help the fancy in this work of restoration. And here and there, in back canals, we come across colored sections of old buildings, capped by true Venetian chimneys, which for a moment seem to realize our dream.

A morning with Tintoretto might well be followed by a morning with Carpaccio or Bellini. But space is wanting in these pages. Nor would it suit the manner of this medley to hunt the Lombardi through palaces and churches, pointing out their singularities of violet and yellow panellings in marble, the dignity of their wide-opened arches, or the delicacy of their shallow chiselled traceries in cream white Istrian stone. It is enough to indicate the goal of many a pleasant pilgrimage; warrior angels of Vivarini and Basaiti, hidden in a dark chapel of the Frari; Fra Francesco's fantastic orchard of fruits and flowers in distant S. Francesco della Vigna; the golden Gian Bellini in S. Zaccaria; Palma's majestic S. Barbara in S. Maria Formosa; San Giobbe's wealth of sculptured frieze and floral scroll; the Ponte di Paradiso, with its Gothic arch; the painted plates in the Museo Civico; and palace after palace, loved for some quaint piece of tracery, some moulding full of mediæval symbolism, some fierce impossible Renaissance freak of fancy.

V.

ON THE LAGOONS.

THE mornings are spent in study, sometimes among pictures, sometimes in the Marcian Library, or again in those vast convent chambers of the Frari, where the archives of Venice load innumerable shelves. The afternoons invite us to a further flight upon the water. Both sandolo and gondola await our choice; and we may sail or row, according as the wind and inclination tempt us.

Yonder lies San Lazzaro, with the neat red buildings of the Armenian convent. The last oleander blossoms shine rosy pink above its walls against the pure blue sky, as we glide into the little har-

bor. Boats piled with coal-black grapes block the landing-place, for the Padri are gathering their vintage from the Lido, and their presses run with new wine. My friend and I have not come to revive memories of Byron—that curious patron saint of the Armenian colony—or to inspect the printing press, which issues books of little value for our studies. It is enough to pace the terrace, and linger half an hour beneath the low broad arches of the alleys pleaded with vines, through which the domes and towers of Venice rise more beautiful by distance.

Malamocco lies considerably further, and needs a full hour of stout rowing to reach it. Alighting there, we cross the narrow strip of land, and find ourselves upon the huge sea-wall—block piled on block of Istrian stone in tiers and ranks, with cunning breathing-places for the waves to wreak their fury on, and foam their force away in fretful waste. The very existence of Venice may be said to depend on these *murazzi*, which were finished at an immense cost by the Republic in the days of its decadence. The enormous monoliths which compose them had to be brought across the Adriatic in sailing vessels. Of all the Lidi, that of Malamocco is the weakest; and here, if anywhere, the sea might effect an entrance into the lagoon. Our gondoliers told us of some places where the *murazzi* were broken in a gale, or *scioccale*, not very long ago. Lying awake in Venice, when the wind blows hard, one hears the sea thundering upon its sandy barrier, and blesses God for the *murazzi*. On such a night it happened once to me to dream a dream of Venice overwhelmed by water. I saw the billows roll across the smooth lagoon like a gigantic Eager. The Ducal Palace crumbled, and San Marco's domes went down. The Campanile rocked and shivered like a reed. And all along the Grand Canal the palaces swayed helpless, tottering to their fall, while boats piled high with men and women strove to stem the tide, and save themselves from those impending ruins. It was a mad dream, born of the sea's roar and Tintoretto's painting. But this afternoon no such visions are suggested. The sea sleeps, and in the moist autumn air we break tall branches of the seeded

yellowing samphire from hollows of the rocks, and bear them homeward in a wayward bouquet mixed with cobs of Indian corn.

Fusina is another point for these excursions. It lies at the mouth of the Canal di Brenta, where the mainland ends in marsh and meadows, intersected by broad renes. In spring the ditches bloom with fleurs-de-lys. In autumn they take sober coloring from lilac daisies and the delicate sea-lavender. Scores of tiny plants are turning scarlet on the brown moist earth; and when the sun goes down behind the Euganean hills, his crimson canopy of cloud, reflected on these shallows, muddy shoals and wilderness of matted weeds, converts the common earth into a fairyland of fabulous dyes. Purple, violet, and rose are spread around us. In front stretches the lagoon, tinted with a pale light from the east, and beyond this pallid mirror shines Venice—a long low broken line, touched with the softest roseate flush. Ere we reach the Giudecca on our homeward way sunset has faded. The western skies have clad themselves in green, barred with dark fire-rimmed clouds. The Euganean hills stand like stupendous pyramids, Egyptian, solemn, against a lemon space on the horizon. The far reaches of the lagoons, the Alps, and islands assume those tones of glowing lilac which are the supreme beauty of Venetian evening. Then, at last, we see the first lamps glitter on the Zattere. The quiet of the night has come.

Words cannot be formed to express the endless varieties of Venetian sunset. The most magnificent follow after wet stormy days, when the west breaks suddenly into a labyrinth of fire, when chasms of clear turquoise heavens emerge, and horns of flame are flashed to the zenith, and unexpected splendors scale the fretted clouds, step over step, stealing along the purple caverns till the whole dome throbs. Or, again, after a fair day, a change of weather approaches, and high, infinitely high, the skies are woven over with a web of half-transparent cirrus-clouds. These in the afterglow blush crimson, and through their rifts the depth of heaven is of a hard and gem-like blue, and all the water turns to rose beneath them. I re-

member one such evening near Torcello. We were well out at sea between Mazzorbo and Murano. The ruddy arches overhead were reflected without interruption in the waveless ruddy lake below. Our black boat was the only dark spot in this sphere of splendor. We seemed to hang suspended; and such as this, I fancied, must be the feeling of an insect caught in the heart of a fiery-petalled rose. Yet not these melodramatic sunsets alone are beautiful. Even more exquisite, perhaps, are the lagoons, painted in monochrome of grays, with just one touch of pink upon a western cloud, scattered in ripples here and there on the waves below, reminding us that day has passed and evening come. And beautiful again are the calm settings of fair weather, when sea and sky alike are cheerful, and the topmost blades of the lagoon grass, peeping from the shallows, glance like emeralds upon the surface. There is no deep stirring of the spirit in a symphony of light and color. But purity, peace, and freshness make their way into our hearts.

VI.

AT THE LIDO.

Of all these afternoon excursions, that to the Lido is most frequent. It has two points for approach. The more distant is the little station of San Nicoletto, at the mouth of the Porto. With an ebb-tide, the water of the lagoon runs past the mulberry gardens of this hamlet like a river. There is here a grove of acacia trees, shadowy and dreamy, above deep grass, which even an Italian summer does not wither. The Riva is fairly broad, forming a promenade, where one may conjure up the personages of a century ago. For San Nicoletto used to be a fashionable resort before the other points of Lido had been occupied by pleasure-seekers. An artist even now will select its old-world quiet, leafy shade, and prospect through the islands of Vignole and Sant' Erasmo to snow-touched peaks of Antelao and Tofana, rather than the glare and bustle and extended view of Venice which its rival Sant' Elisabetta offers.

But when we want a plunge into the Adriatic, or a stroll along smooth sands, or a breath of genuine sea-breeze, or a

handful of horned poppies from the dunes, or a lazy half-hour's contemplation of a limitless horizon flecked with russet sails, then we seek Sant' Elisabetta. Our boat is left at the landing-place. We saunter across the island and back again. Antonio and Francesco wait and order wine, which we drink with them in the shade of the little *osteria's* wall.

A certain afternoon in May I well remember, for this visit to the Lido was marked by one of those apparitions which are as rare as they are welcome to the artist's soul. I have always held that in our modern life the only real equivalent for the antique mythopoeic sense—that sense which enabled the Hellenic race to figure for themselves the powers of earth and air, streams and forests, and the presiding genii of places, under the forms of living human beings—is supplied by the appearance at some felicitous moment of a man or woman who impersonates for our imagination the essence of the beauty that environs us. It seems, at such a fortunate moment, as though we had been waiting for this revelation, although perchance the want of it had not been previously felt. Our sensations and perceptions test themselves at the touchstone of this living individuality. The keynote of the whole music dimly sounding in our ears, is struck. A melody emerges, clear in form and excellent in rhythm. The landscapes we have painted on our brain no longer lack their central figure. The life proper to the complex conditions we have studied is discovered, and every detail, judged by this standard of vitality, falls into its right relations.

I had been musing long that day and earnestly upon the mystery of the lagoons, their opaline transparencies of air and water, their fretful risings and sudden subsidence into calm, the treacherousness of their shoals, the sparkle and the splendor of their sunlight. I had asked myself how would a Greek sculptor have personified the elemental deity of these salt-water lakes, so different in quality from the *Ægean* or *Ionian* sea? What would he find distinctive of their spirit? The Tritons of these shallows must be of other form and lineage than the fierce-eyed youth who blows

his conch upon the curled crest of a wave, crying aloud to his comrades, as he bears the nymph away to caverns where the billows plunge in tideless instability.

We had picked up shells, and looked for sea-horses on the Adriatic shore. Then we returned to give our boatmen wine beneath the vine-clad pergola. Four other men were there, drinking, and eating from a dish of fried fish set upon the coarse white linen cloth. Two of them soon rose and went away. Of the two who stayed, one was a large, middle-aged man; the other was still young. He was tall and sinewy, but slender, for these Venetians are rarely massive in their strength. Each limb is equally developed by the exercise of rowing upright, bending all the muscles to their stroke. Their bodies are elastically supple, with free sway from the hips and a Mercurial poise upon the ankle. Stefano showed these qualities almost in exaggeration. The type in him was refined to its artistic perfection. Moreover, he was rarely in repose, but moved with a singular brusque grace. A black broad-brimmed hat was thrown back upon his matted *zazzera* of dark hair tipped with dusky brown. Its flakes, cut square, and falling wiffully, reminded me of the lagoon grass when it darkens in autumn upon uncovered shoals, and sunset gilds its sombre edges. Fiery gray eyes beneath it gazed intensely, with compulsive effluence of electricity. It was the wild glance of a Triton. Short blonde mustache, dazling teeth, skin bronzed, but showing white and healthful through open front and sleeves of lilac shirt. The dashing sparkle of this animate splendor, who looked to me as though the sea-waves and the sun had made him in some hour of secret and unquiet rapture, was somehow emphasized by a curious dint dividing his square chin—a cleft that harmonized with smile on lip and steady flame in eyes. I hardly know what effect it would have upon a reader to compare eyes to opals. Yet Stefano's eyes, as they met mine, had the vitreous intensity of opals, as though the color of Venetian waters were vitalized in them. This noticeable being had a rough hoarse voice, which, to develop the parallel with a sea-god, might have screamed in

storm, or whispered raucous messages from crests of tossing billows.

I felt, as I looked, that here, for me at least, the mythopoeia of the lagoons was humanized; the spirit of the salt-water lakes had appeared to me; the final touch of life emergent from nature had been given. I was satisfied; for I had seen a poem.

Then we rose, and wandered through the Jews' cemetery. It is a quiet place, where the flat gravestones, inscribed in Hebrew and Italian, lie deep in Lido sand, waved over with wild grass and poppies. I would fain believe that no neglect, but rather the fashion of this folk, had left the monuments of generations to be thus resumed by nature. Yet, knowing nothing of the history of this burial ground, I dare not affirm so much. There is one outlying piece of the cemetery which seems to contradict my charitable interpretation. It is not far from San Nicoletto. No enclosure marks it from the unconsecrated dunes. Acacia trees sprout amid the monuments, and break the tablets with their thorny shoots upthrusting from the soil. Where patriarchs and rabbis sleep for centuries the fishers of the sea now wander, and defile these habitations of the dead—

Corruption most abhorred
Mingling itself with their renowned ashes.

Some of the grave-stones have been used to fence the towing-path; and one I saw, well carved with letters legible of Hebrew on fair Istrian marble, which roofed an open drain leading from the stable of a Christian dog.

VII.

A VENETIAN RESTAURANT.

At the end of a long glorious day, unhappy is that mortal whom the Hermes of a cosmopolitan hotel, white-chokered and white-waistcoated, marshals to the Hades of the *table-d'hôte*. The world has often been compared to an inn; but on my way down to this common inn I have, not unfrequently, felt fain to reverse the simile. From their separate stations, at the appointed hour, the guests like ghosts flit to a gloomy gas-lit chamber. They are of various speech and race, preoccupied with divers interests and cares. Neces-

sity and the waiter drive them all to a sepulchral syssition, whereof the cook too frequently deserves that old Greek comic epithet—*ἄδου μάγειρος*—cook of the Inferno. And just as we are told that in Charon's boat we shall not be allowed to pick our society, so here we must accept what fellowship the fates provide. An English spinster retailing paradoxes culled to-day from Ruskin's handbooks; an American citizen describing his jaunt in a gondola from the railway station; a German shopkeeper descanting in one breath on Baur's Bock and the beauties of the Marcusplatz; an intelligent aesthete bent on working into clearness his own views of Carpaccio's genius; all these in turn, or all together, must be suffered gladly through well-nigh two long hours. Uncomforted in soul we rise from the expensive banquet; and how often rise from it unfed!

Far other be the doom of my own friends—of pious bards and genial companions, lovers of natural and lovely things! Nor for these do I desire a seat at Florian's marble tables, or a perch in Quadri's window, though the former supply dainty food, and the latter command a bird's-eye view of the Piazza. Rather would I lead them to a certain humble tavern on the Zattere. It is a quaint, low-built, unpretending little place, near a bridge, with a garden hard by which sends a cataract of honeysuckles sunward over a too-jealous wall. In front lies a Mediterranean steamer, which all day long has been discharging cargo. Gazing westward up Giudecca, masts and funnels bar the sunset and the Paduan hills; and from a little front room of the *trattoria* the view is so marine that one keeps fancying one's self in some ship's cabin. Sea-captains sit and smoke beside their glass of grog in the pavilion and the *caffè*. But we do not seek their company at dinner-time. Our way lies under yonder arch, and up the narrow alley into a paved court. Here are oleanders in pots, and plants of Japanese euonymus in tubs; and from the walls beneath the windows hang cages of all sorts of birds—a talking parrot, a whistling blackbird, goldfinches, canaries, linnets. Athos, the fat dog, who goes to market daily in a barchetta with his master, snuffs around. "Where are Porthos and Aramis, my

friend?" Athos does not take the joke; he only wags his stump of tail, and pokes his nose into my hand. What a Tartufe's nose it is! Its bridge displays the full parade of leather-bound brass-nailed muzzle. But beneath, this muzzle is a patent sham. The frame does not even pretend to close on Athos' jaw, and the wise dog wears it like a decoration. A little further we meet that ancient gray cat, who has no discoverable name, but is famous for the sprightliness and grace with which she bears her eighteen years. Not far from the cat one is sure to find Carlo—the bird-like, bright-faced, closed-cropped Venetian urchin, whose duty it is to trot backward and forward between the cellar and the dining-tables. At the end of the court we walk into the kitchen, where the black capped little *padrone*, and the gigantic white-capped *chef* are in close consultation. Here we have the privilege of inspecting the larder—fish of various sorts, meat, vegetables, several kinds of birds, pigeons, tordi, beccafichi, geese, wild ducks, chickens, woodcock, etc., according to the season. We select our dinner, and retire to eat it either in the court among the birds beneath the vines, or in the low dark room which occupies one side of it. Artists of many nationalities and divers ages frequent this house; and the talk arising from the several little tables turns upon points of interest and beauty in the life and landscape of Venice. There can be no difference of opinion about the excellence of the *cuisine*, or about the reasonable charges of this *trattoria*. A soup of lentils, followed by boiled turbot or fried soles, beefsteak or mutton cutlets, tordi or beccafichi, with a salad, the whole enlivened with good red wine or Florio's Sicilian Marsala from the cask, costs about four francs. Gas is unknown in the establishment. There is no noise, no bustle, no brutality of waiters, no *ahurissement* of tourists. And when dinner is done we can sit awhile over our cigarette and coffee, talking until the night invites us to a stroll along the Zattere or a *giro* in the gondola.

VIII.

NIGHT IN VENICE.

NIGHT in Venice! Night is nowhere else so wonderful, unless it be in winter

among the high Alps. But the nights of Venice and the nights of the mountains are too different in kind to be compared.

There is the ever-recurring miracle of the full moon rising, before day is dead, behind San Giorgio, spreading a path of gold on the lagoon which black boats traverse with the glow-worm lamp upon their prow; ascending the cloudless sky and silvering the domes of the Salute; pouring her vitreous sheen upon the red lights of the Piazzetta; flooding the Grand Canal, and lifting the Rialto higher in ethereal whiteness; piercing but penetrating not the murky labyrinth of *rio* linked with *rio*, through which we wind in light and shadow, to reach once more the level glories and the luminous expanse of heaven beyond the Misericordia.

This is the melodrama of Venetian moonlight, and if a single impression of the night has to be retained from one visit to Venice, those are fortunate who chance upon a full moon of fair weather. Yet I know not whether some quieter and soberer effects are not more thrilling. To-night, for example, the waning moon will rise late through veils of scirocco. Over the bridges of San Crisostomo and San Gregorio, through the deserted Calle di Mezzo, we walk in darkness, pass the marble basements of the Salute, and push our way along its riva to the point of the Dogana. We are out at sea alone, between the Canallozzo and the Giudecca. A moist wind ruffles the water and cools our forehead. It is so dark that we can only see San Giorgio by the light reflected on it from the Piazzetta. The same light climbs the Campanile of St. Mark, and shows the golden angel in a mystery of gloom. The only noise that reaches us is a confused hum from the Piazza. Sitting and musing there, the blackness of the water whispers in our ears a tale of death. And now we hear a plash of oars, and gliding through the darkness comes a single boat. One man leaps upon the landing-place without a word and disappears. There is another wrapped in a military cloak asleep. I see his face beneath me, pale and quiet. The *barcaruolo* turns the point in silence. From the darkness they came. Into the darkness they have gone. It is only an ordinary incident of coast-

guard service. But the spirit of the night has made a poem of it.

Even tempestuous and rainy weather, though melancholy enough, is never sordid here. There is no noise from carriage traffic in Venice, and the sea-wind preserves the purity and transparency of the atmosphere. It had been raining all day, but at evening came a partial clearing. I went down to the Molo, where the large reach of the lagoon was all moon-silvered, and San Giorgio Maggiore dark against the blueish sky, and Santa Maria della Salute domed with moon-irradiated pearl, and the wet slabs of the Riva shimmering in moonlight, the whole misty sky, with its clouds and stellar spaces, drenched in moonlight, nothing but moonlight sensible except the tawny flare of gas-lamps and the orange lights of gondolas afloat upon the waters. On such a night the very spirit of Venice is abroad. We feel why she is called Bride of the Sea.

Take yet another night. There had

been a representation of Verdi's *Forza del Destino* at the Teatro Malibran. After midnight we walked homeward through the Merceria, crossed the Piazza, and dived into the narrow Calle which leads to the Traghetto of the Salute. It was a warm moist starless night, and there seemed no air to breathe in those narrow alleys. The gondolier was half asleep. We called him as we jumped into his boat, and rang our soldi on the gunwale. Then he arose and turned the *ferro* round, and stood across toward the Salute. Silently, insensibly, from the oppression of confinement in the airless streets, to the liberty and immensity of the water and the night, we passed. It was but two minutes ere we touched the shore, and said good-night, and went our way, and left the ferryman. But in that brief passage he had opened our souls to everlasting things—the freshness, and the darkness, and the kindness of the brooding, all-enfolding night above the sea.—*Fraser's Magazine*.



THE WORK OF RIVERS.

THERE is no series of actions occurring in the physical world around us of greater importance in the eyes of the geologist than the work of rivers. The high value which science is led to place upon the action of running-water as a geological agent, is by no means difficult to understand. We require firstly to bear in mind that the geologist endeavors to explain the past history of the earth by an appeal to its existing condition. The present of the earth is, in his view, the key to its past. This is the underlying principle of every detail of modern geology; and it is this method of explaining the past by an appeal to the existing circumstances of the earth, that constitutes what is known in geology as "uniformity." The geologist thus assumes that the actions and operations of nature have been of uniform character, and that when differences have existed between the earth's past and its present, they can be proved to be differences, not of kind, but merely of degree. Thus he maintains, and with every show of reason, that rivers have always acted in the past as

they act now; that rain and the sea have worn and wasted the land in the æons of long ago, as they wear and waste it still; and that volcanic eruptions, earthquake-action, and the rise and sinking of land, have served to modify the earth's surface in the past, as they are certainly seen to alter the contour of the land to-day.

In the work of modifying the earth, rivers have always held a prominent place. The early geologists invariably assumed that rivers were powerful agents in producing change, although they did not credit them with their full power as disclosed by modern research. Even Job speaks of the "waters wearing the stones," and of the "mountain being moved out of his place;" and the observation shows us that in patriarchal days, the power of running-water to "erode," or to eat out and wear away the earth's crust, was a recognized feature of physical history. But it has certainly been left for the modern geologist to show the full capabilities of rivers to effect changes upon the earth's surface; and to note the part they play in that

well-nigh universal action, named "denudation." This action, as the etymology of the word indicates, is one of "laying bare" the surfaces of the earth. But it is likewise something more. The "laying bare" of rock surfaces is only the prelude to them being wasted and worn, and to their being carried off, slowly or the reverse, to the sea and to lakes, there to form the rocks and foundations of the future.

In this work of denudation, there are employed a large number of natural agencies, which act ceaselessly upon the world's substance. There is hardly a feature of the land—hill, valley, river-course, basin, cliff—which does not represent either the direct or indirect result of the process of denudation. In this work of "wear and tear," the sea, of course, plays an important part. The ceaseless action of the waves affects the coasts, occasionally in an alarming fashion, by sweeping away large tracts of valuable land. The atmosphere also is ever at work, denuding the land by the action of the oxygen and carbonic acid gas which it contains; while ice, frost, and snow exercise a powerful effect upon the earth, whether in loosening the soils by the action of frost, or in the shape of the glacier, slowly cutting and carving its way from the mountain-tops to the valley below.

To rivers, however, must be ascribed the chief part in this action of "denudation," which it must be borne in mind is hardly a phase of pure "waste," inasmuch as the matter worn away from the land is being re-formed into rocks in the quietude of the lake-beds and in the abysses of ocean. Geologists have made elaborate calculations of the amount of waste matter which various rivers wear and bring down from the lands through which they flow, to the sea which receives them. It is obvious that the power of any river, however, will depend upon a variety and combination of circumstances; and it is needful to take these into account in estimating the river's work. For example, the river that has to operate upon soft material will naturally possess a more evident effect on the district through which it runs, than that which flows over a rocky course. And similarly, the river which has a steep and precipitous

course, interspersed with waterfalls, must act more powerfully on the land than the winding and slow-flowing river, whose meanderings are in fact due to the lack of force to sweep obstacles away.

On the basis afforded by such considerations, calculations of a river's work may be made with some degree of certainty. Thus it has been estimated that the Mississippi reduces the level of the country through which it flows at the rate of one foot in six thousand years. Supposing that this rate of wear and tear could be made to extend over the whole surface of North America, the average height of which is seven hundred and forty-eight feet, the continent would be reduced to the level of the sea in four and a half millions of years. This latter period, which seems, humanly speaking, of well-nigh inconceivable duration, is, in geological eyes, a mere fraction of the estimated total duration of the earth itself. Various rivers are found to wear the land at a greater rate than others, according to the circumstances detailed above. In the case of the Po of Europe, for example, the wear and tear are nine times as great as in the case of the Danube; and in the Mississippi, the rate is only one-third of that exercised by the seething and tumultuous Rhone. The latter river, according to the best calculations, removes one foot of *rock* in one thousand five hundred and twenty-eight years; the same work being accomplished by the Ganges in two thousand three hundred and fifty-eight years; by the Po in seven hundred and twenty-nine years; by the Danube in six thousand eight hundred and forty-six years; and by the Nith in four thousand seven hundred and twenty-three years. At the above rate, the Ganges would remove the Asiatic continent in five millions of years; assuming the average height of the continent above sea-level to be two thousand two hundred and sixty-four feet. Similarly, Europe would be worn down by the Po to the water-level in less than a million of years, provided the whole continent were denuded as rapidly as the Po-valley is worn to-day.

Some highly interesting statistics have been given regarding the amount of water and of sediment of all kinds which

various rivers bring down to the sea. In the Tay of Scotland, for instance, it is assumed that the area of drainage is two thousand five hundred square miles ; the annual discharge of water being one hundred and forty-four billions of cubic feet ; and the sediment amounting to nearly fifty millions of cubic feet per year. The Clyde is credited with bringing down nearly nine millions of cubic feet of sediment per annum ; while the Forth, with a drainage area of four hundred and fifty square miles, is estimated to carry to the sea nearly five and a half millions of cubic feet. Our own British Islands are estimated to possess an average height above the sea of six hundred and fifty feet ; and it has been calculated that as things are, our rivers will have worn our territory down to sea-level in about five and a quarter millions of years. Sir Charles Lyell calculated that the amount of matter brought down by the Ganges in one year would "raise a surface of two hundred and twenty-eight and a half square miles, or a square space, each side of which should measure fifteen miles, a height of one foot." Another estimate gives the work of the Ganges as equal to the collection of an amount of matter which would exceed in weight and bulk forty-two of the great Pyramids of Egypt. To transport a mass of solid matter from the higher country of the Ganges to the sea, equal to that brought down by the river in the four months of the wet season, would require a fleet of over eighty ships, each carrying fourteen hundred tons ; the whole fleet sailing "down the river every hour of every day and night for four months continuously." These calculations, based on data which cannot be questioned, serve to show the rapid rate at which the earth's surface is being worn down by the rivers of the world. And the action loses nothing of its significance when we reflect that the action of the merest brook does not differ in kind from that of the largest river. For brook and river alike run seaward or lakeward ; each laden with matter from the land, and each in its own way serving to alter, modify, and reduce the land-surfaces to which it serves as a drain.

The influence of waterfalls, as serving to aid the wearing action of the

river through the increased velocity of the water, has already been alluded to. The most notable example of the effects of running-water when associated with cascades, is found in the celebrated Falls of Niagara. These consist, as most readers know, of two cascades, having a small island (Goat Island) intervening, and presenting a total breadth of nine hundred and fifty yards. The height of the falls is one hundred and forty and one hundred and sixty feet respectively. About six hundred and seventy thousand tons of water are shot over the verge of Niagara every minute. The river itself flows over a comparatively flat table-land, in the course of which Lake Erie forms a well-marked basin. Near the Falls, it rushes over an uneven and rocky bed of limestone, and exhibits a striking difference from its comparatively quiet and even upper course. Now it is a matter of common observation that every waterfall tends to cut its way backward or toward the source of the river ; and an examination of the Niagara Falls shows that the water after leaving the Falls passes through a comparatively narrow limestone gorge, extending to Queenstown, where this limestone overlooks a plain. Sir Charles Lyell calculated that Niagara wears away the limestone cliff over which it falls at the rate of one foot yearly ; hence, as Queenstown lies some thirty-five thousand feet down the river, it may be assumed that it has taken that number of years for the Falls to cut their way backward from their original position at Queenstown to their present site. Evidence is not wanting to show traces of river-action at a height of nearly three hundred feet above the present ravine in which the Niagara flows. Hence Sir Charles Lyell concluded that the river once ran between the present Falls and Queenstown at a height of some three hundred feet above its present level—that is, before the gorge was excavated, and at a time when the Falls were situated at the latter place.

One of the most remarkable examples of river-action, both as regards the extent of the water's work and its uniformity, is found in the Rio Colorado of the Western American States. This area has been thoroughly and scientifically

explored by the Survey of the United States Government, and the results of the examination testify anew to the power of running-water as an agent in modifying the earth's crust. In part of its course the Rio Colorado runs through rocky ravines of immense extent named "cañons." The Grand Cañon of the Colorado is in itself a magnificent spectacle. It is a chasm two hundred and seventeen miles in length, and with an average depth of one mile, or five thousand two hundred feet. This cañon cut through rocks, is only one among many through which the river finds its way, and at the bottom of which it appears to the observer above as a mere silver streak. What, let us ask, would have been the opinion of the geologists of former years, had the query been put to them concerning the means whereby these great gorges have been excavated? The answer would have borne that the river merely occupied the gorges which had been formed for it by some eruptive force. But an examination of the cañons shows this opinion to be untenable in the face of facts. Everywhere there are to be seen traces of the river-action on the sides of the cañons; at all points, the geologist is met by evidences of the plain fact that the river has actually eroded and worn out the gorges it has come to occupy.

Are there any circumstances in connection with the Rio Colorado River, it might be asked, which serves to explain the powerful nature of its action on the rocks? The answer to this question is of the most interesting kind, since it serves to illustrate a new circumstance in river-action, and one which renders it highly powerful in its effects on the earth's surface. The Colorado is undoubtedly a fierce torrent. Within the cañons it has a fall or slope of between seven and eight feet per mile, which is twenty times as great as that of the Ohio and Mississippi. But running-water alone will hardly accomplish a work of such magnitude as the Colorado has evidently been able to effect. Hence, when the geologist surveys the Colorado more closely, he notes that its work and power are largely due to the quantity of sand and like *débris* it carries down, and which borne along

with its currents, serve like a natural saw or file, to wear and eat out the rocks over which it runs. The immense power of sand borne by running-water, as an agent in eroding rocks, is thus clearly demonstrated. But the sand must be present in proper quantity, that its work may be thoroughly accomplished. There must neither be too much nor too little sand in the river, if its work is to be thoroughly performed. Too much sand will block up its currents and impede its work, will lie in its bed, and will thus protect the rocks, instead of contributing to their wear. Too little sand will be swept onward and leave no impression on the river-course. Hence, it is when the river, as is the case with the Colorado, possesses just that modicum of sand which it can keep moving with dire effect to the rocks, that the wear and tear proceed most quickly, and that the work of water is seen at its best. Curiously enough, a tributary of the Colorado illustrates the case of a river which cannot erode its course because of the great amount of sand which it carries. This is the river Platte, which has a fall equal to that of the Colorado, but which is *overloaded* with sand. Hence its action on its course is feeble as compared with that of the Colorado, and its work can never, as things are, compare with that of its neighbor-stream, which has silently but effectually hewn out the land into the great gorges, which are among the most wonderful of nature's gigantic works.

It is evident that rivers, entering lakes and seas, will deposit therein the *débris* and waste derived from the land. As has already been shown, this waste matter will be deposited as sediment, to form the rocks of the future; but when it is placed in lakes or in shallow waters anywhere, its effects are seen in the "silting" or filling-up of lakes, and in the formation by rivers of tongues of land, which may jut out to sea for long distances. We know, for example, that the Rhone has formed new land in the lake of Geneva, at the river-estuary, by the deposition of solid matter in the lake. An old town, called Port Valais, which about eight hundred years ago was situated close by the borders of the lake, is now placed a mile and a

half inland, through the river-deposits having come to intervene between it and the lake. So also the Italian Adria, which in the time of Augustus was a seaport—giving, in fact, the name to the Adriatic Sea—"is now," says Lyell, "about twenty Italian miles inland. Ravenna was also a seaport, and is now about four miles from the main sea." But by far the most interesting case of the formation of river-land is that of the Mississippi. If we look at a map of North America, we shall be able to see the "delta" of the Mississippi stretching seaward into the Gulf of Mexico, as a long tongue of land through which flows the river, and which allows the river to pass to the sea by three chief mouths. The South-West Pass is the broadest and deepest mouth; Pass à L'outré points eastward; and in the middle is the South Pass. This river brings down débris in a year sufficient to build a mass one mile square, and two hundred and sixty-eight feet thick. Each "pass" has a "bar" at its mouth, and the obstruction to traffic which once existed may be conceived, when it is mentioned that in 1859 fifty-five vessels were blocked at the South-west Pass, the freight of those bound outward being seven million three hundred and sixty-seven thousand three hundred and thirty-nine pounds; while several had been waiting for weeks in the hope of getting to sea. It was little to be wondered at that the commerce of New Orleans was found to be seriously impeded by the state of matters at the mouth of the Mississippi. The advance of the tongue of land it may be mentioned takes place at the rate of about a hundred feet per annum at the South Pass; whereas at the South-west Pass, which latter is the chief entrance to the river, the river-sediment gains at the rate of three hundred feet yearly.

The problem how to keep one or more of the "passes" open for traffic, so as to allow vessels to enter or leave the river

at all states of the tide, has been solved by the ingenuity and enterprise of an American citizen, Captain James B. Eads, whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity as a true benefactor of his own and other lands. Seizing upon the idea that the river keeps its own course clear so long as the rush of water, confined between banks, is great, Captain Eads resolved to simply extend the banks of the South Pass, so as to secure the requisite flow and force of water. After much opposition, Eads at length obtained government consent and permission in 1875 to carry out his scheme. He thereupon constructed a series of "jetties" or extensions of the river-banks of the South Pass, by means of willow-frames, which were duly sunk in the river, and which the river itself filled and coated with sediment, thus rendering the whole structure solid. The work was completed on July 9, 1879, with the result that a new channel thirty feet deep, seven hundred feet wide at its surface, and two hundred feet wide at bottom, had been constructed. This channel is kept clear by the "scour" of the river itself; the Mississippi has thus been rendered navigable at all states of the tide, and a great commercial success has been attained through a persevering study of the conditions wherewith nature secures her own ends in the matter of river-action.

The study of rivers is thus seen to be fraught with instruction and interest, not only for the general reader, but for the student of the earth's structure and history. Many an interesting chapter in the world's history can be written by aid of the geological information supplied by the river and its work; and there can be no better introduction to geological science itself than a study of river-action, as a preliminary to the understanding of some of the changes which this world of ours is ever undergoing.—*Chambers's Journal*.

MOSLEM PIRATES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

ACROSS the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea two irreconcilable enemies, Moslem and Christian, have glared at each other for centuries: to the north

Spain, France, Italy; to the south, Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli. The waves that wash those shores have many a time been dyed with the blood of the

valiant and the helpless, the strong soldier and the trembling child. They have been the liquid battle-plain for belted knight and turbaned Turk during many troubled years, and along the coasts of Italy from Villafranca to Sicily there are few miles of territory which have not at one time or another been scorched and ravaged by African fire and sword.

There are no pages of European history more full of wild romance and stirring adventure than those which record the deeds of the Moslem pirates in the Mediterranean; and of all these pages those which embrace the period from 1500 to 1560 are by far the most important and interesting. Not that a fierce maritime warfare between the Turks and Christians did not exist long before; but during this period piracy on the part of the former took a more powerful development, by reason of the protection afforded to these lawless marauders by the Sultans of Turkey, who invested sundry of them with important dignities, and even with sovereignty. Within those sixty years the Ottoman emperors made use of the pirate chiefs to forward their own ambitious aims in Northern Africa, and to drive out the native Arab dynasties. But they proved to be implements which as often cut the hand that wielded them as those against whom they were directed.

Perhaps not the least singular circumstance connected with the piratical wars of the Mediterranean is the fact that their latest and ablest historian is a Roman Dominican monk. Padre Alberto Guglielmotti, of the Order of Preachers, is the author of a series of valuable works all dealing with marine matters, and especially and peculiarly with the Papal navy. Perhaps to the general reader the very phrase "Papal navy" may appear almost incongruous. Yet a Papal navy once existed, and its captains and sailors were among the most valiant and skilful of all those who manned and navigated the fleets of the Mediterranean. Still more incongruous does it appear to think of a cowed friar in his cell inditing treatises and narratives about naval doings, which not only manifest the most complete mastery of technical details, but have as breezy a salt savor of the sea in them as Dibdin's

songs! The phenomenon is partly accounted for when we learn that Padre Guglielmotti is a native of Civit  Vecchia, and that his boyish reminiscences include listening with eager delight to the yarns of an old sailor who was wont to sit on the quay on holiday afternoons and recount his adventures. But Padre Guglielmotti's natural bent and aptitude for maritime things have been cultivated by assiduous and intelligent study. On navigation, gunnery, and fortification, on marine topography and meteorology (especially as regards the phenomena to be observed in the Mediterranean), this Dominican monk speaks with science and authority. One is tempted to exclaim, "What a fine sailor wasted!" But it must be remembered that for thousands of stout fellows able to take part in doughty deeds afloat, all the seaports in Italy could perhaps not furnish one other able to chronicle them as the Padre Alberto has done for us. He brings to the performance of his task some valuable elements which are supplied by the learned leisure of a cloistered life; and a mass of very varied erudition is fused, so to speak, into homogeneity by the glow of a strong and steady enthusiasm.

The leading incidents of the piratical warfare waged by the Mussulmen against the Christians in the Mediterranean are to be met with scattered throughout the pages of many chroniclers and historians. Jacopo Bosio in his well-known history of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem,*—known later as the Knight of Malta—records many of them; as does Agostino Giustiniani in his "Annals of Genoa," Pietro Bembo in his "Rerum Venetarum Histori ," Guerrazzi in his "Life of Andrea Doria" (the latter, despite its power and eloquence, not always to be relied on in detail), and many others. But Padre Guglielmotti has for the first time collected and co-ordinated these scattered records into a historic whole, and has added to them much valuable original thought, and many hitherto inedited documents, the fruit of his diligent researches. The work we are now alluding to is entitled "La Guerra dei Pirati, e la Marina

* *Storia della sacra religione et illustrissima milizia di San Giovanni Gerosolimitano*. In fol. Roma, 1594-1602.

Pontificia, dal 1500 al 1560." It is rare to meet with a book so interesting at once in matter and manner. The author's character and tone of mind might furnish as valuable a study to the psychologist as his facts afford to the historian. He is endowed with a freshness and vigor of imagination which enables him to realize to his own mind the events he chronicles, almost as forcibly as if he had witnessed them. One result of this power is that he writes of distant incidents with a lively personal interest, which the majority of mankind are unable to feel even for the passing life around them. Three hundred and fifty years have not fossilized the men of the Cinque Cento for Padre Guglielmotti. He loves and hates them with the heartiness worthy of Doctor Johnson. As a counterpoise, he has a genuine love of truth, and would not willingly misrepresent even a Barbary pirate! But his manifestations of impartiality are such as an honest man might display toward his neighbor and contemporary in the flesh; and they neither have, nor affect to have, any Jove-like air of serene tolerance, or scientific imperturbability. For him humanity is still warm and palpitating in parchment chronicles of three centuries ago.

The year 1500 of our era was the Jubilee year. Rome was full of pilgrims from all parts of Europe. Her hosteleries were overflowing; the ports of her maritime territory were populous with foreign vessels; the sea in those days was a more frequented highway than the land; and the concourse of travellers arriving from the different coasts and islands of the Mediterranean accumulated a mass of testimony as to the vexations, injuries, and alarms inflicted on their respective countries by the Mussulmen pirates. At the same time, the traditions of the ancient crusades against the infidel were revived and warmed by all the religious exercises, the public preachings, and the visits to famous sanctuaries, which belonged to the Jubilee year. The Borgia Pope, Alexander VI., who then sat on the throne of St. Peter's, proposed an alliance of Christian princes and peoples against the Turk. Almost every European nation had vital cause to desire the overthrow

of the Mussulman power. The shores of France and Spain were constantly exposed to piratical ravages. Venice waged a fierce war in the waters of the Levant to defend her possessions. Even the inland countries of Hungary and Poland were engaged in a struggle against the hordes of Bajazet. Italy, from Genoa to Reggio on the Mediterranean, and from Venice to Taranto on the Adriatic, had suffered by the fire and sword of the barbarians. The most sanguine hopes were excited in the public mind by the announcement that the sovereigns of France and Spain (at that date Louis XII., and Ferdinand V., surnamed the Catholic) were about to put out all their strength against the common foe. Matters went so far in the councils of Rome, that the Pope nominated as Captain-General of the Christian armies Pierre d'Aubusson, Grand Master of Rhodes; and the Papal master of the ceremonies composed the formula of prayers to be recited on the distribution of the crosses, and the blessing of the common standard of the league.

At the same time active preparations went on to provide the contingent of twenty galleys which the Pope had promised as his contribution to the Mediterranean fleet. The captain of the Papal navy at this time was Lodovico del Mosca, of a noble Roman family, now extinct. For a long period it had been customary for the Papal Government to keep a squadron of war galleys cruising along the coast of the Roman and Tuscan Maremma, and a considerable way to the south toward Naples, for the protection of Italian commerce against the pirates. The number of these vessels was, in 1500, increased from three to twelve; namely, three galleys, three brigantines, three low coasting barges, two galleons, and a vessel called *balniere* or *baloniere*, which was a long rowing boat, something like the canoes used by the natives in Siam. Thanks to the seamanship and vigilance of Captain del Mosca, and his colleague, Lorenzo Mutino (also a Roman), the great mass of pilgrims who came by sea reached Rome without accident or spoliation; and there was abundance of provisions in the ports of the State and the hosteleries of the city. During the whole time

of the Jubilee, Mosca's little squadron was incessantly cruising along the coast from Cape Argentaro to the Circæan Promontory, and among the little islands off the Tuscan and Neapolitan shores. The name of Mosca was a word of fear to the pirates, who prudently kept out of his way, and left the seas free to peaceable folks bent on piety or profit. Beside fulfilling these, his normal duties, Lodovico del Mosca busied himself in preparations for the great allied campaign against the Turk, which was then in prospect. Under his supervision six new galleys were at once put on the stocks in Cività Vecchia. Moreover, he was quick and vigilant enough to make an excellent bargain for his sovereign the Pope by buying, at a very low price, all the artillery which King Frederick of Naples, then flying from his kingdom, had collected at Ischia. It is said to have been worth fifty thousand ducats, and was purchased for thirteen thousand !

The two captains, Mosca and Mutino, shipped the guns and munitions at Ischia, and brought them up the Tiber to the Ripa, whence they were conveyed by land through the Campo di Fiori to the Castle of St. Angelo. The procession greatly excited the public interest and curiosity, and the line of march was crowded with spectators. "There were thirty-six great bombards, with eighty carts pertaining to them ; some drawn by horses, some by buffaloes, harnessed singly, or two, four, and even six together ; two wagons laden with arquebusses for ship's boats ; nine with about forty smaller bombards (*bombardelle*) placed three, four, or six on each wagon ; twelve with ordinary pieces of artillery ; as many more for the service of twelve big guns ; thirty-seven carts with iron balls ; three with gunpowder ; and, finally, five laden with nitre, darts, and bullets. Splendid artillery of excellent workmanship and great power, escorted by 2000 men under arms, without mentioning the companies who marched before and after each wagon." Thus Padre Guglielmotti. He points out that, according to this irrefragable evidence, the ancient bombards were still highly valued at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and that this was about their latest period.

Thence forward, cannon bored in proportion to the weight of the balls came into use. And while on the subject of mediæval artillery, we may mention a curious etymology maintained by our author. In a previous work he mentions the first example of the use of the word *mitraille*—in Italian *metraglia*—to express a quantity of projectiles fired off together, in the year 1453. Guerrazzi writes it in Italian with an *i*, and it is precisely this orthography which has blinded him to the true etymology of the word. In his "Life of Andrea Doria" Guerrazzi writes : "Cartouches filled with ball received the name of *mitraglia*, the etymology of which word is unknown to us." Had he written *metraglia* he would more easily have perceived the derivation of the word from the Italian verb *mettere*, to send, to emit. Of course its ancestor a little further removed is the Latin *mittere*. But, as Padre Guglielmotti well observes, the desinenace in *aglia* is not Latin, but belongs to the idiosyncrasy of the Italian language, which as other examples of it ; as *pedonaglia*, foot-soldiery, *nuvolaglia*, a mass of clouds, expressing the agglomeration of a number of similar objects.

With all these preparations, and others on a great scale made by Louis XII., King of France and Seigneur of Genoa, and by Ferdinand the Catholic King of Spain, mighty results were expected from the Christian alliance against the Turk. The French King had prepared a fine fleet and army under the command of Count Philip of Cleves Ravenstein ; while the troops of his Most Catholic majesty were led by the famous Gonsalvo of Cordova, surnamed the Great Captain. But these Christian princes were more intent on their own aggrandizement than on effectually protecting their peaceable subjects from piracy and rapine. Both looked with greedy eyes on Naples ; and both used the war against the Turks as a pretext for collecting sea and land forces, and taking Frederick of Naples by surprise. In fact, Count Philip of Cleves Ravenstein, without taking counsel either with the Venetians, or with the Grand Master of Rhodes, entered the Archipelago, making a mere pretence of waging war on the Ottoman

Government. He assaulted Mitylene, bombarded it without effect, put about to the westward, and lost on the voyage the flagship on which he himself was, and soon afterward another of his biggest ships with nearly all her crew. Similarly the army of the Spanish king, under the command of Gonsalvo, having united itself with the Venetians off Cephalonia, disembarked, and made a great show of besieging the chief fortress of the island; but always half-heartedly, and in readiness to weigh anchor and make off at a moment's notice, according to the secret instructions of the Spanish Court. The flight of King Frederick from Naples, and the quarrel between France and Spain as to the division of the spoil, are well known, and form no part of our present subject, except in so far as they offer irrefragable proof of the real ends covered by the pretext of war against the Turks and the pirates. Even Cæsar Borgia used the same pretence to cloak for a moment his ambitious aims in Tuscany. He gave out that he was about to collect forces, by land and sea, against the Moslems; and he was the more readily believed because all the littoral populations knew by bitter experience how needful such an enterprise was. But, instead of succoring the dwellers on the Marenman coast, Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Valentino, and Commander-in-chief of the Papal armies, used both men and ships to despoil the Lord of Piombino of his territories, including the island of Elba. In June, 1501, the squadron under the command of Mosca was summoned from Cività Vecchia to blockade Piombino; and in the following August, Giacopo d'Appiano, Lord of Piombino, fled to France, and the garrison surrendered to Borgia.

And, meanwhile, what were the foes to whose tender mercies the commerce, the property, the liberties, and the lives of inoffensive populations were left almost defenceless? It has been stated that the special characteristic of the period from A.D. 1500 to 1560 was the elevation of pirate chiefs by the Porte to positions of great power and dignity. They were made rulers over Tunis, Tripoli, Tangiers, Alexandria, and over the larger islands from the Ionian Sea to Jerba; and were, moreover, appointed

admirals, or commanders of squadrons, of the Ottoman Empire. These men were almost without exception the most truculent ruffians imaginable, recruited from the scum of the galleys. Some of them were renegades, and all were treacherous and rapacious, to the injury of Moslem as well as Christian, when it suited their purpose. The names by which many of them were known in the Mediterranean, and whose very sound struck the inhabitants of its smiling shores with panic terror, are curious and suggestive. Among them were *Barbarossa*, or Redbeard; *Il Giudeo*, the Jew; *Scirocco*, Southeaster (a stormy wind in those waters, the *creber procellis Africus* of Virgil); *Il Moro*, the Moor; *Cacciadiavoli*, Hunt-the-devils, etc. Except when these names describe personal qualities or peculiarities—as in the case of *Il Giudeo* and *Barbarossa*—they were corruptions of Moslem appellations. Thus *Camalì* was the Italian version of Kamâl-raïs; *Curtogalì* was Kurd-ogly; the terrible title of Cacciadiavoli was, thinks De Hammer, partly corrupted from Cassim or Quâsim; *Oruccio* was Oürudje; *Ariadeno* (Barbarossa) a transformation of Kair-ed-Din; *Dragut* was Toghûd; *Lucciali*, Uluge-Aly, etc.

That these desperadoes should for more than half a century have infested the waters and desolated the shores of the Mediterranean, Adriatic, and Ionian seas, is only to be explained by the discords and jealousies which divided Christian princes and rulers. France and Spain played off the Turk against one another in their struggle for supremacy in the peninsula. Meanwhile ruin and misery befel the littoral populations, and thousands of Christian men, women, and children languished in cruel captivity. Their "Most Christian" and "Most Catholic" Majesties were, indirectly, purveyors of slaves to the Sublime Porte and to all the petty tyrants of Northern Africa. A brief notice of the *facta et gesta* of some of the leading pirates will be the best means, compatible with the space at our command, of illustrating what an intolerable scourge Moslem piracy had become in the sixteenth century.

Kamâl-raïs, called by the Italians Camalì, in the year 1502, ruled over Santamaura or Leucadia, one of the

most important of the Ionian Islands, and from that centre, with a powerful fleet, devastated the neighboring shores, and crippled maritime commerce. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the metropolis of the island (to which it gives its name, Santa Maura) was a strongly fortified place. It was surrounded by a strong wall, flanked by massive turrets, furnished with a large quantity of artillery, and strengthened beside by a rectangular castle of oblong shape, protected by five large round towers, and four smaller square ones. At the foot of the escarpments were deep moats filled with sea-water. Between the island and the coast of Acarnania there is only a very narrow canal, over which, by means of sundry little islets and rocks, a bridge was carried, connecting it with the mainland. A curious memorial of the condition of the fortress of Santamaura in those days exists in the church of the Frari at Venice, where, on the monument to Benedetto Capello, a view of it is sculptured in bas-relief. In the same church, too, the commandant of the Papal fleet who directed the expedition against Camali, which we are about to describe, lives again on the canvas of Titian. The commandant, or Commissary, as was his official title, was no other than Giacompo Pesaro, Bishop of Pafo; and he is represented in Titian's magnificent picture as kneeling before St. Peter, who regards him benevolently for his services to Christendom against the Turks. The custom of employing ecclesiastics in military enterprises was not peculiar to the Papal Court. As late as the days of Louis XIV., Bishops and Cardinals commanded French ships of war.

Bishop Pesaro, then, having joined his forces with those of the Venetian Republic, proceeded to the Ionian Sea for the purpose of attacking Camali. The General of the Venetian forces was Benedetto Pesaro, the Bishop's brother. It was desired to surround the island of Santamaura by the combined fleets; but this being impossible by reason of the bridge already described, the two commanders agreed that the Roman vessels should hold the channel between the island and the mainland, cutting off all communication on that side, and that

the Venetians should invest the place from the side of the open sea as far as the port of Demata. On August, 23d, 1502, the Roman Commissary, with twelve galleys, favored by a south wind, glided in rapidly between the island and mainland, until they came to the shallow water at the extremity of the narrow canal. Here twelve pirate galleys awaited them, hoping either to take them by surprise, or at least to conquer them singly as they issued into the narrow channel. But the Romans, prudent as well as valorous, came on cautiously, taking frequent soundings, and keeping close together in a double line. As soon as they came in sight of the enemy, they pushed forward with such vigor of oars and such a furious fire from their big guns, that the Turkish galleys fled precipitately toward the shore; the pirates, throwing themselves into the water, escaped by swimming or wading; and their twelve ships were abandoned as a prey to the victors. On the other side the Venetians came up and landed their infantry and several pieces of artillery of large calibre; while the Romans, who had also landed after securing the pirate galleys, attacked the castle and cut the water conduits. The garrison, consisting of 400 Spahis, 100 Janissaries, and 2000 natives, nearly all pirates, made a desperate resistance. On the mainland, on the side of the Epirus, appeared 1000 cavalry soldiers with a handful of infantry, sent to the assistance of the garrison by the Turkish governor. But no sooner did they show themselves at the head of the bridge across the canal, than they were assailed by such a tremendous fire of grape-shot from the Roman ships as compelled them to make off precipitately, and they were seen no more. This circumstance discouraged the garrison, and after a seven days' siege, and the making of an important breach in the fortress, they came out to the gate to discuss the terms of capitulation. The place could no longer be defended, and must be yielded up; but they demanded to go out with their lives and property. The Venetian general was willing to give fair terms to the regular soldiery of the fortress; but considering the pirates to be outside the pale of honorable warfare, he desired they should be left to

be dealt with at his discretion. The pirates, being almost as furious against the regular Turkish soldiers as against the enemy, began to make a tumult, and threatened to proceed to violent excesses; whereupon, exasperated by their insolence, the Christian soldiery rushed past the gate and took the place by storm. A number of Christian prisoners—natives of Puglia, Sicily, and Calabria—found within it were released from their chains, and the leading pirates were hanged by the neck from the battlements; among them was Kamál-raïs, called by the Italians Camali. "So much for the first!" says Padre Guglielmotti.

But poetical justice of this striking sort by no means overtook all the Moslem Corsairs. Curtogali (Kurd-ogly), for example, met with a different fate.

In 1516 there reigned over the country called by the Romans Byzacena (part of Tunis) from Algiers to the confines of Tripoli, Abu-Abd-Allah-Mohammed, of the dynasty of the Hafsids, a Moslem of Berber race, and entirely independent of the Ottoman Empire. This prince was on friendly terms with the Genoese. He had signed treaties of friendship and commerce with them, and favored their trade, their coral-fisheries, their storehouses, because they brought important revenues to his exchequer, and helped to supply his markets to the great satisfaction of the native population. Things being thus, Curtogali, with a piratical squadron, appears on Abdallah's coasts, and demands hospitality. Now Curtogali was a notorious pirate; but he was also, none the less for that, in favor with the Sultan of Turkey, by whom he was subsequently advanced to high honors. Abdallah received him very willingly for several reasons: because he was a Musulman, because he was welcomed by the populace, and because, according to the precepts of the Koran, the pirate delivered up to him, as ruler of the country, a clear fifth part of the spoil wrested from Christian vessels. Curtogali was soon established at Biserta (the ancient Hippo-Zarythus, called by the Arabs Benzert) almost as an independent prince, with thirty ships and a horde of nearly six thousand robbers at his command. Benzert is situated on a

promontory of the Tunisian coast just opposite the mouth of the Tyrrhene Sea. From this point Curtogali could strike with his right hand at Trapani in Sicily, with his left at Cagliari in Sardinia, and swoop straight forward upon the Tiber, Rome, Naples, Tuscany, and Liguria. Within three months he had already seized upon a Genoese guardship, devastated a part of the Ligurian coast, taken eighteen Sicilian vessels laden with corn, and threatened the Tuscan Maremma with an ever-increasing swarm of galleys manned by the most formidable and desperate corsairs. Pope Leo X. issued stringent orders to the governors of all the Papal provinces to raise troops, occupy roads and bridges, patrol the shore, keep up a constant correspondence by day and night between the points most open to attack, and, in short, take the most active measures for the defence of the country against their dreaded foes. Dreaded in the fullest sense of the word they were. The mere menace of their coming sufficed to keep whole provinces in agitation. The city of Rome itself was alarmed; prayers were put up in all the churches, and the Pontiff with his court, and a large body of secular and regular clergy carrying the most sacred relics, went on foot in public processions from church to church to implore the divine protection against the pirates.

Meanwhile, however, Abdallah, ruler of Tunis, continued to harbor and favor Curtogali. Padre Guglielmotti has an amusing description of Abdallah's conduct and state of mind. "He desired," says our author, "peace with all, and prosperity for his own interests. Friendly to the merchants with their commerce, friendly to the pirates with their spoils. Let all hold firmly by the law; the former contentedly paying the custom dues, the latter cheerfully handing over a fifth part of their robberies, and Abdallah, their common friend, would ever continue in peace with them all. Outside of his ports the merchants and the pirates might fall together by the ears if they would; that was no reason for him to trouble his head. On the contrary, he would joyfully await them on their return either with custom dues, or tribute of the fifth, as the case might be." A delightful programme; only

that the Genoese, with whom, as has been said, Abdallah had made solemn treaties, did not wholly appreciate this lofty impartiality to the detriment of their commerce. They consequently resolved to assail Curtogali under cover of the Papal banner, and so as not openly to manifest hostility against the ruler of Tunis. Their ships, together with those of the Pope and a strong contingent belonging to the Knights of St. John, attacked Biserta on August 4th, 1516, set free a number of Christian prisoners, and gained a rich booty from the pirate ships, which were found laid up in the port, the crews having taken themselves off at the approach of the allied fleet. Thence the latter cruised along the African coast as far as Jerba; and having burned many of the enemies' vessels, taken a large share of spoil, and captured three brigantines, they returned triumphantly at the end of the month to the Italian harbors.

The result of these exploits was that Abdallah, perceiving that his policy of "each of you for yourselves, and all of you for me," was no longer tenable, made fresh treaties with the Genoese, promising to favor their commerce, and to protect their merchant vessels against all and sundry, along the coasts of Tunis. And so Genoa gained some advantage from her spirited effort. Not so Rome. Curtogali, finding that Abdallah's interests were seriously involved in keeping faith with the Genoese, relinquished all present hope of attacking their vessels from Tunisian ports. But all the more ferociously did he direct his projects of vengeance against Rome. To this end he conceived a plan of singular audacity, and one which, if carried out, might strangely have changed several pages of European history. This plan was nothing less than to kidnap the Pope, and carry him off prisoner! And it was, moreover, within an ace of succeeding. Here is Padre Guglielmotti's account of the matter, founded on contemporary documents:

"Pope Leo, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and still a young man, was accustomed every autumn to leave Rome with a few familiar friends and followers, and to put aside grave thoughts, and give rest to his weary

mind, by the pleasures of hunting and fishing, which he pursued throughout the country and on the shore. One of his favorite resorts for this purpose was the Castle of the Magliana, five miles distant from Rome on the banks of the Tiber. It is now a squalid and deserted ruin. . . . But in the days of Pope Leo it was a sumptuous edifice, as I have seen for myself in the designs of Sangallo, and as all may read in the documents of that time . . . From thence the Pope was wont to ride out privately to Porto, Ostia, Ardea, or Laurento, to descend to the shore, and embark in a little fishing-boat, and to divert himself, now at sea with net or hook, now on land with hound and hawk. In this year (1516) he left Rome on the eighteenth of September, and remained out of it two months, visiting the cities of the Maremma and hawking and fishing in various places." (Roscoe in his "Life of Leo X." falls into some inaccuracies respecting this excursion. In the first place he says that the Pope, after hearing of the death of his brother, Giuliano de' Medici, at Florence, "retired to Civit  Lavinia," as though seeking privacy in his grief; and secondly he asserts that the Pope left Rome "a few days after he had received intelligence of this event," which occurred in March. Now we have the irrefragable testimony of Paris de Grassis in his diary that the Pope left Rome on September 18th.) Padre Guglielmotti goes on: "Leo proceeded to Palo, and along the shores near the mouth of the Tiber, and to the suburban cities, as far as the Laurentian coast below Civit  Lavinia. At this latter place Curtogali lay in ambush awaiting him, with eighteen ships, and his men partly on board, and partly ashore, to catch the Pope between them. By good fortune some one got scent of the plot, and the whole company drew bridle in time, turned about, and fled at full gallop to Rome, which they reached in safety on October 28th. Paris de Grassis, who knew all, although he was not of the hunting-party, says no explicit word of this adventure. He merely writes of hunting, fishing, and a sudden return to the city. This was then a cowardly and vile plot. Such it is proved to be by the testimony of sundry historians, and by

the conspiracy discovered six months later.”*

There seems to be no doubt that Curtogali had a secret understanding with some traitor or traitors in the Papal Court. Nor is this at all inconceivable to those who know how, as Padre Guglielmotti says, the most ardent passions, the fiercest struggles between France and Spain, independence and servitude, nobles, and populace, Sienna and Florence, and many more, all were focussed, so to speak, around the “fatal house of Medici.” Curtogali disappointed in his enterprise of kidnapping the Pope, vented his fury on the surrounding country.

Six years later we find this pirate chief commanding a division of the Turkish fleet which was sent against Rhodes, then the seat and stronghold of the Knights of Jerusalem. Guglielmotti's account of that famous siege—although necessarily much compressed—is very interesting. But we have not space to do more than allude to it here. Our present business is with Curtogali. On December 20, 1522, the place capitulated, on the 24th the Turks made a triumphal entry into Rhodes. The Sultan Soliman rode a magnificent courser, and was surrounded by a brilliant staff with all imaginable “pride, pomp, and circumstance.” But the Moslem sovereign was not insensible to the sorrowful position of his vanquished adversaries. As he rode on to take possession of the fortress which the Grand Master, Prince Philippe Villiers l'Ile Adam, had so long ruled over and so valiantly defended, Soliman said in a low voice to those nearest to him, “It weighs upon me somewhat that I should be coming hither to-day to chase this aged Christian warrior from his house.” The two great antagonists desired to see each other. They met, Philip surrounded by his knights, and Soliman by a guard of Janissaries. The old Christian and the young Turkish warrior were so struck and impressed by each other's aspect, and doubtless by the rush of thoughts which their meeting under such circum-

stances gave rise to, that for a few moments they remained silent, gazing at each other without uttering a word. The first to break this singular and impressive pause was our acquaintance Curtogali, and thereupon ensued the usual speeches, and compliments, and ceremonies between the Turkish and Christian leaders. But although cloaked with some chivalric courtesy, the defeat of the knights was none the less hard and bitter to endure. At the commencement of the following year, they left the island, never to return. The last to embark was the old Prince, Philippe Villiers. He was closely followed by his herald, who, at a sign from the Grand Master, raised his trumpet to his mouth and blew the strain familiar to the knights called “Salute and Farewell.” That very same trumpet of the last adieu is still preserved in the museum at Malta, mute for evermore. Of Curtogali we here take leave. Our last view of him is as Prince or Governor of Rhodes, triumphant over his Christian enemies, and high in power among his Moslem countrymen.

The story of “Il Giudeo,” the Jew, contains some touches of humanity rare in these bloody chronicles, and the end of it is strangely pathetic. This man was, as his name implies, a Jewish renegade. He was born at Smyrna, and acquired great riches by his piracies. The Arabs called him Sinam, the Turks Ciefut Pasha, and the Italians Il Giudeo. After the conquest of Rhodes, the pirates infested the Mediterranean like a pack of hungry wolves; and Il Giudeo surpassed them all in astuteness and in an intimate knowledge of every creek and hiding-place along the coasts and among the islands. Monte Argentaro, Elba, Ponza, he knew them all, and could play at hide-and-seek among them with his swift, treacherous galleys. He had a fleet of thirty-four of them, and ravaged the coasts of Sicily, Naples, and the Roman States. For the most part he was successful and almost unmolested in his marauding expeditions. But once three ships belonging to the Knights of Rhodes, and commanded by Captain Paolo Vettori, made a raid upon the robbers and captured some pirate galleys off Gianutri, a tiny islet of the Tuscan Archipelago. But this was a

* The conspiracy of Cardinal Petrucci and others of the Roman Curia to poison Leo, and for which Petrucci and some subordinate instruments of his attempted crime suffered death.

comparatively inimportant check to Il Giudeo. None the less for it did he scour the Mediterranean to his own great profit and the terror of the littoral populations. In 1533 we find him triumphantly carrying off from near Messina three vessels belonging to Andrea Doria, laden with silk—a very rich prize. In 1535 he defended La Goletta with a body of 6000 picked Turkish troops against the Christian armies commanded by Charles V. in person. The Moslems made a valorous defence, but were overpowered and compelled to fly to Tunis, where Barbarossa was then reigning, having forcibly seized that kingdom from the descendant of the ancient Berber dynasty of the Hafsî. Within the city of Tunis at that time were upward of 10,000 Christian slaves taken by the pirates. These were Spaniards, French, Germans, and, more numerous than all, Italians; people of both sexes and all ages and conditions, merchants, soldiers, knights, sailors, priests. These unfortunates, on the first approach of the Christian army, had been huddled into some underground caverns called the *Gune*, originally intended for storing grain. Barbarossa, seeing the fortune of war go against him, absolutely proposed to massacre all these helpless wretches, and was with difficulty dissuaded from his atrocious intention. Il Giudeo chiefly opposed it, and it was mainly owing to his intercession that the prisoners' lives were saved. This of La Goletta was a great and important victory for the Christian arms. Beside putting the enemy to flight and confusion, the Christians captured all the Moslem ships, without losing one on their side. Among the prisoners taken was Il Giudeo's favorite child, a boy of ten years old, who is stated to have been serving as a sort of cabin-boy on board one of the captured Moorish vessels. The child fell to the share of the Prince of Piombino, who caused him to be baptized, had him educated in all the accomplishments of a gentleman of that day, and brought him up in his own house, "where he lived honored and beloved by all."

Meanwhile Il Giudeo was advanced to even greater honors by the Sultan. Escaped from the disaster of La Goletta

and of Tunis, he was nominated Admiral of the Fleet of the Red Sea; the principal scope of which was to harass and oppose the Portuguese, whose progress in the Indies was giving umbrage to Soliman. Il Giudeo's headquarters were at Suez. He was enormously wealthy, powerful, and honored. But the terrible pirate had a heart. It is evident that his apostasy had not cancelled the strong parental affection so characteristic of his race, and of the teachings of the Hebrew religion; and he never ceased to lament the loss of his son. Nearly ten years after the disaster of Tunis, Barbarossa—another celebrated and especially truculent Moslem pirate—attacked the island of Elba, which was a possession of the Prince of Piombino. Barbarossa threatened to ravage the island with fire and sword, if Il Giudeo's son were not given up to him. This act appears to have been dictated less by friendship for his comrade in piracy than by greed of gain. There is little doubt that he expected the prince to pay a heavy ransom for the youth to whom he had become attached. Only a short time previous, the Republic of Genova had been compelled to the humiliation of buying him off from destroying Savona. However, the young man at once declared himself willing to go and see his father, as was right and dutiful, but stipulated spontaneously that the dominions of his benefactor, the Prince of Piombino, should be respected. Accordingly the baptized son of Il Giudeo set out for Egypt where his father anxiously awaited him. But when one day he appeared before him, a handsome, elegant cavalier, richly attired, and surrounded by a train of servants and attendants, the old man embraced his long-lost son in such a paroxysm and transport of joy, that "his heart burst and he fell dead." The circumstance is well attested by Bosio, Mambrino, Jovius, etc. And, as Padre Guglielmotti remarks, Il Giudeo was probably the only one of the dreaded company of Moorish pirates to whom it could possibly have happened.

Barbarossa's adventures were perhaps more varied and startling than those of any of his compeers, or at least more of them have been chronicled and particularized. But he was also superior to

the majority of his compeers in intelligence as well as daring. The son of a renegade Greek of Mitylene, he and his brother Oürudge early embarked in the career of piracy, beginning in great poverty—so much so that their first attempts were made in a wretched little cockle-shell of a boat, armed at the expense of some speculator (perhaps we should now say “contractor”) in that line of business; they speedily amassed riches, and made themselves feared and famous. Kair ed-Din, corrupted by the Italian *cinquecentisti* into Ariadeno, and nicknamed from the color of his hair Barbarossa, was the leading spirit of the two. He was of middle height and herculean strength, with a red and very thick beard. His lower lip hung down and made him lisp in his speech. He was proud, vindictive, and treacherous. Nevertheless, he could on occasion assume considerable affability of manner, and his smile is said to have been peculiarly sweet. He spoke several languages with fluency, and Spanish by preference. At once courageous and cautious, he had a penetrating eye for the choice of his subordinates, among whom were numbered at various times such ornaments of the piratical profession as Cacciadiavoli, Il Giudeo, Hassan Aga (a Sardinian renegade), etc. He made a careful and fruitful study of the naval constructions of his time, and greatly improved the build and armament of the corsair vessels, making them lighter and fleetier than heretofore; for, as he was accustomed to remark to his lieutenants, a greyhound is better for the chase than a mastiff. In short, he was evidently no vulgar desperado, intent on petty plunder, but a leader of men, endowed with keen perceptions, cool daring, and Napoleonic unscrupulousness. It does not appear, however, that he made any pretence of carrying Mussulman “civilization” into Christian countries. He simply robbed and ravaged because he wanted booty and slaves. But the world has progressed since A.D. 1530, or so. We have seen that the Republic of *Genova la Superba* was induced to buy him off on one occasion. He plundered Calabria, Campania, and Nice; and in 1536 (*regnante* Pope Paul III. Farnese) he caused such a panic along the whole of the Italian

Mediterranean coast, that the Pontiff made a journey in person to hasten the armaments and defences of the Maremma, to visit the citadels, to comfort the people, and to encourage the troops and their leaders. In twenty-seven days he visited Nepi, Viterbo, Montefiascone, Orvieto, Gradoli, Capodimonte, Acquapendente, Toscanella, Corneto, Cività Vecchi, and Cere. And then he turned his attention to the walls of Rome. Guglielmotti maintains that the modern fortifications of Rome and the works of Sangallo and Castriotto, in the part of the city called the Borgo, and at the Vatican, had their origin in the necessity for being prepared against the Turks, and especially against the terrible Barbarossa. One of Barbarossa's exploits was to disembark in the Island of Procida, in the Gulf of Naples, and from thence to burn, harry, and ravage the mainland in all directions. He bombarded Gaëta, he destroyed Sperlonga, he seized Fondi, a town in the present province of Caserta in the kingdom of Naples. And at this latter place he nearly succeeded in a pet plan of his, which was to carry off Giulia Gonzaga, widow of Vespasian Colonna, and reputed the most beautiful woman in Italy, and make a present of her to Sultan Soliman! The lady had the narrowest escape possible, being one of the first persons in the town to be aroused from sleep by the approach of the pirates, and hurrying away half-dressed. The town was sacked, and later the pirates burned Terracina, and finally they appeared on the Roman shores at the mouth of the Tiber. Such was the terror of the populations that contemporary writers are almost unanimously of opinion that Barbarossa might have captured Rome itself had he made the attempt. This, however, was not in his schemes. Having taken in stores of fresh water, and wood from the neighboring forests, he made off straight for Tunis. Here Muley-Hassan, the legitimate sovereign, was very far from suspecting what awaited him. But Barbarossa, with perfect frankness and absence of any diplomatic fashions whatsoever, turned the Tunisian monarch out of his dominions, and installed himself as ruler instead! After twelve years more of a brilliant and prosperous career, this re-

markable personage died in his bed at Constantinople, and was buried (July 1546) on the shores of the Bosphorus at Therapia. To this day the ruins of his tomb are to be seen there, picturesquely overgrown with moss and ivy.

The above are only a few brief pages from the varied chronicles of Mediterranean piracy, which are curiously and intimately connected with the history of European politics throughout the sixteenth century. And in our own times

the geographical position of that famous Barbary coast has again made it important in the councils of Europe. Nay, to go further back by many centuries, the Italians of to-day discover that Cato's warning about Carthage is not yet obsolete; and that the fresh figs from Tunis are more quickly transported to their coasts by steam navies nowadays than they could be carried in the Roman galleys a hundred and fifty years before Christ.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ATHEISTIC SCIENTISTS.

BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THERE is a sort of men whose faith is all
 In their five fingers, and what fingering brings,
 With all beyond of wondrous great and small,
 Unnamed, uncounted in their tale of things;
 A race of blinkards, who peruse the case
 And shell of life, but feel no soul behind,
 And in the marshalled world can find a place
 For all things, only not the marshalling Mind.
 'Tis strange, 'tis sad; and yet why blame the mole
 For channelling earth?—such earthy things are they;
 E'en let them muster forth in blank array,
 Frames with no pictures, pictures with no soul.
 I, while this dædal dome o'erspans the sod,
 Will own the builder's hand, and worship God.

Good Words.

THE "LADY MAUD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I WAS awakened by Hunter. It was quite dark, for the moon had gone. I rose and went into the open air, and found the sky cloudless as I had left it, and the stars shining brightly. Some of the stars upon the horizon were so large and clear that they looked like the riding-lamps of ships lying close off shore, or lighthouse lamps. There was breeze enough to keep the water shivering, and the temperature was as chilly as an October night in England.

After a while I felt the darkness and the silence very oppressive. The sea made a peculiar moaning noise at the other side of the island, and the wind murmured with a complaining note among the trees where the hut stood. I

felt then, as I had often felt before when on board ship, that at sea loneliness is never a keener sense than on a quiet, fine night. Wrapped in shadow, the deep is a mystery, and the glorious stars, instead of cheering, chill the mind by their measureless distance, and by the soul-subduing wonder of the black and spacious heights they illustrate.

Along the beach where the breakers ran were thin lines of blue fire, and beyond, again, the phosphorus flashed and faded in the invisible swell as it coiled noiselessly along the ebony surface of the water. However, I fixed my thoughts upon the work that the sun would rise upon, and while I moved to and fro, plotting and planning and thinking over our wants when in the boat, and on what course I should steer

her, the east grew pale, and very quickly the dawn came. In that ashen light the sea and the island and the gray heaven of fainting stars made an indescribably melancholy spectacle. But soon the east became of a delicate rose-color, that swiftly brightened into a radiant pink; and then, as with a bound, the sun soared out of the sea, the heavens grew blue, the water sparkled like silver, and another brilliant, beautiful tropical day was born.

My spirits revived with the sun, and after glancing at the boat to see that she was all right, and running my eye over the beach to observe if any more wreckage had washed up, I set to work to collect a quantity of brushwood, and piling a portion of it in the fireplace that had been built, I unscrewed one of the magnifying lenses in the telescope, and very soon had a blaze. Then, to economize time, I went down to the boat, taking with me the shells we had used as drinking vessels, and baled her out. When she was dry I thoroughly overhauled her, and found her perfectly sound, with those exceptions I have elsewhere mentioned. I returned to the beach, and having selected a piece of planking fit to serve for a rudder, I fetched the chopper and a knife, and fell blithely to work to fashion a rudder. This, to be sure, was a very trifling job, and I had finished it, and was turning over the spikes in the carpenter's chest, to select a couple of them to bend into pintles, when Tripshore and Hunter came out of the hut, and before they reached me all the others appeared.

Hunter had forgotten what his work was, and when I reminded him, he at once returned to the hut and set to work to empty the beef-cask.

Tripshore and I then started upon rigging the boat. First we carried the topsail-yard down to her, fitted it with stays, and shaped one end of it with the chopper, so as to step it. The yard-arm sheave-hole was the very thing for halliards, and happily plenty of gear had washed ashore with the sails and yards to serve us with material for stays and rigging. When we stepped the yard we found it suited the boat to a hair. We securely set it up, meaning to rig the boat with a single lug, which, having regard to the hoist of her mast, would be

sail enough, and returned to the wreckage on the beach, to choose a piece of timber that we could split, and then fish the pieces, to form a gaff or yard.

However, feeling very hungry, we knocked off before tackling this job, and went up to the hut for breakfast. I shook hands with Sir Mordaunt and the ladies, and looking about me, asked where Hunter was.

"Why," said the baronet, "he has rolled the beef-cask to the well, to test it by filling it."

"Couldn't he have done that with salt water?" I asked.

"He asked me to explain," continued the baronet. "He said that after washing the salt out of the cask he would fill it. If it didn't leak, then, by lashing a couple of planks or spars, one on each side, to it, you and Norie and he and Tripshore could carry the cask full of water across the island, which would save the delay and labor of going to and fro to fill it with the kettle. If, on the other hand, it leaked, then he said he could repair it as well there as here."

"The man's no fool," said I. "That notion of carrying the cask full, direct from the well, shows forethought, for it certainly would take us all day, journeying to and fro, to fill it with the kettle. But how is he going to fill it? He's left the kettle behind." And I pointed to the kettle, that stood near the hut.

"He emptied Carey's work-box, saying that would do to bale out the water from the well."

I burst into a laugh. "After that," said I, "who will doubt that necessity is the mother of invention?"

As I said this I caught sight of Hunter coming round by the bushes. He was purple in the face with heat, and flourished the work-box as he came.

"Well, Hunter," I cried, "how have you got on, my man?"

"The cask's sound," he replied. "It's full o' water, and don't drain a drop."

"Capital!" I exclaimed.

"There'll be northern to do," said he, "but to lash a piece o' timber on either side, and bring the cask along, full, as it is. And the supporters 'll do to fix it in the boat with; ye'll have to keep it end up, and a few planks and a

piece o' sail-cloth 'll save it from sloping."

We all heartily praised his foresight. I asked Mrs. Stretton if we could have breakfast.

"Yes," she answered, in her simple way, and her fine, rich voice. "That kettle is full of turtle, Mr. Walton, ready to eat."

But before breaking our fast we knelt down, to offer up thanks to God for his merciful protection. I make no excuse for recording these prayers. They cheered us greatly. They reminded us of the Friend to whom we had been taught all our lives that no appeal is ever made in vain. They made us look up and feel that, desolate, shipwrecked, destitute as we were, yet with God to help us we should be as strong, our prospects as bright and sure, as though we were in a situation to supply all the means necessary to liberate us from this imprisonment. I particularly noticed that none of us were more earnest at these times than Tripshore. He had been an ocean sailor, and in spite of landmen's theories about Jack, I never knew a real sailor—I mean a genuine seaman, who has knocked about in big ships and looked danger in the eye, and knows the sea as a child knows its mother's face—who had not a veneration for God in his soul, who had not in his heart all the makings of an honest religious man, no matter how he covered up his instincts and assumed the indifference which he dropped when alone, or when a call was made upon his inner nature.

We made a good breakfast, for the turtle was excellent eating, though for salt we had nothing better than the brine in which the beef was pickled. We wanted water, however, and drew lots who should fill the kettle. It fell to Norie, who trudged off cheerfully, and was back before we had finished our meal.

If I was sure of finding no other audience than sailors, I would go closely into the preparations we made for leaving the island; but landmen cannot follow sea terms, and there is no other language in which a man can write about the sea than the language sailors themselves use.

As regards the rigging of the boat, we

had pretty well all we wanted to our hands. Hunter joined us, having done with his cask, and before the sun had reached the meridian we had fitted the boat with a rudder and tiller, shaped some planks into the likeness of oars, fashioned a yard and bent a sail to it, and knocked the started thwart into its place.

This brought us to the dinner hour, and when we went to the hut to get something to eat, I found that Mrs. Stretton had cooked several pieces of beef, and that Miss Tuke and Carey had, between them, packed the biscuits in the maid's box, and stored all the best of the flour in the tinned-meat cases, which receptacles were compact, and to our purpose. I forgot Norie's share until we had done dinner, when Sir Mordaunt, taking my arm, led me round to the side of the hill, where I saw a rude cross firmly set up over the grave, and upon the cross-piece, in bold letters, "Agnes Brookes," with the date of her death. I put my hand upon the cross, and found it as firm as a tree.

"Norie has done his work very well," said I.

"He has, and I am deeply obliged to him," replied Sir Mordaunt. "The task has occupied him the whole morning. It was tedious work. He was forced to use a piece of rock for a hammer, as the chopper was constantly in use among you on the beach. I shall quit this island with a very different heart from what I should have left it had we sailed away and left her lying as she was first buried, without a stone to mark her grave."

He spoke with the tears coursing down his cheeks, and grasping my hand, he thanked me for the sympathy I had shown him, and the readiness with which I had complied with his wishes.

I left him while he knelt down to say a short prayer, for the time of our embarkation was close at hand, and I hoped to have put the island out of sight before the sun was gone. I called to Norie and the men, and told them that our next business was to go across the island and fetch the beef-cask. They were ready to accompany me, so arming ourselves with some seizings and a couple of pieces of timber, we marched across the island to the well.

We found the cask standing full of water as Hunter had left it. It was as tight as a shell, and on tasting the water I perceived that Hunter had carefully cleansed the cask of the salt. We lashed the pieces of timber to it, and the four of us stooping at once, we got the bars upon our shoulders and raised the cask, and away we went with it, keeping step, and presently landed the cask on the beach close to the boat.

But after we had put the cask down, and I had looked from it to the boat, I found myself glancing at the sherry-cask under the trees. It was a smaller cask by several gallons, but much stronger, and fitter for the storage of water.

"I doubt," said I to the others, "if there'll be room in the boat for both casks. Yonder cask should hold as much water as we are likely to need."

"I have been thinking of that, too, sir," said Tripshore. "The little 'un 'll be the better cask for us."

Both Hunter and Norie were of the same opinion.

"Then," said I, "I'll tell you what we'll do. This rain-water is not over sweet: we'll leave about a third of the sherry in the cask there, and fill it up with water, and that will make a refreshing drink."

This was thought a good notion; so we went to work and let run about two-thirds of the sherry, filled up the cask with water, and fitting in the head of it, which had been knocked out, got the cask into the boat, and securely lashed it amidships. We then brought down all the provisions we meant to take with us; fixed the little tell-tale compass to the after-thwart, put the telescope into the boat, took in some cloths of canvas to serve as a spare sail, and all being ready, we hauled the boat round to a point where the women could step aboard.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, the sun fiercely hot, and a little breeze blowing from the eastward. After the women were in, we put the dog aboard, and then the rest of us entered. I had been greatly afraid that all this freight would sink the boat very deep; but when we were all in I

was rejoiced to perceive that, in consequence of the boat's beam, the point of immersion was not so high by a streak as I had feared.

I took the tiller, and on either side of me sat Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton. Sir Mordaunt sat next his niece, and Norie next the widow. Carey occupied a thwart just abaft the mast. The dog was in the bows, and the men forward, working the paddles to bring us clear of the reef.

In this manner we went along until we had got the westernmost point of the reef under our stern. The men then threw in their paddles and hoisted the sail. There was a pleasant little breeze, as I have said, and the moment the boat felt the pressure, she began to run, making a pretty tinkling sound of water along her sides, and leaving two thin lines of foam and bubbles astern of her, and rolling over the swell very buoyantly.

I had made up my mind at starting to try for the land that was in sight, and accordingly headed the boat for the direction in which it bore, steering by the compass, for the land was invisible from the level of the water. I then asked Norie to lend me his pencil, and being without paper, drew a rude chart upon the after thwart; that is, I made a mark to signify the island we were leaving, and set down N. E. S. and W. around it, according to the indication of the compass.

Miss Tuke asked me what I was doing.

"We shall require to know the bearings of the island we were wrecked on," I replied; "for unless we get them it will be a thousand to one if ever we shall be able to recover the remains of Lady Brookes."

Sir Mordaunt instantly pricked up his ears.

"How will that help us, Walton?" he asked eagerly.

"If I mark off our courses," I replied, "then, should we be picked up by a vessel, or make inhabited land, we shall be able to calculate by the latitude and longitude of the vessel, or the land, whereabouts our island is. Of course we cannot hope to be quite accurate, because we shall have to guess our rate of sailing. But we shall be sufficiently

near the mark to render the search for the island easy to any vessel you may send for the coffin."

He was much touched by this proof of my anxiety to help the wish that lay so close to his heart. But Sir Mordaunt Brookes was a man for whom I had a sincere affection, and there was little, indeed, I would not have done to serve him.

After I had made my scrawl on the thwart, we sat all of us for a while in silence, looking at the receding island and the passing water. It was a most perfect tropical day, both sea and sky of a dark, unspeakably pure azure, and wind enough to propel the boat along at about four land-miles an hour. But the sun was terribly fierce, and scarcely endurable. Sir Mordaunt wore Tripshore's hat, and Tripshore had on a woman's straw hat that had come ashore in Carey's box. Norie had twisted a kind of a turban cap for himself out of a piece of canvas, and was the best off of us all, as the stuff was white, and kept his head cool. But to sit in that boat without any protection, for the sun was almost directly overhead, was like leaving ourselves to be slowly roasted alive; and unable to stand the heat any longer, I called Hunter and Tripshore aft, to spread the spare sail as an awning, which, after some trouble, they succeeded in doing, by setting up a couple of paddles as stanchions, and making the clews of the sail fast to them.

This shade afforded us indescribable relief, and helped us to pluck up our spirits, which really swooned in us with the heat.

"Look what a little bit of a rock that island is!" exclaimed Miss Tuke, pointing astern. "What a hard destiny, that with all this wide sea around us, we should have struck upon that tiny spot!"

"Ay," said Sir Mordaunt, "but it would have been a harder destiny had we struck without being able to land upon it."

"Are you pretty comfortable, Mrs. Stretton?" said I, turning to the poor woman by my side, who sat with her hands on her lap, and her fine eyes fixed upon the sea.

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Walton," she answered. "Will you let me ask, if

the island you are aiming for is not inhabited, how you will steer?"

"To the southward and eastward," I said; "because we were bound to be well to the north when we struck, and by steering south and east we can hardly fail, even if we miss the populated islands, to drive into the channels where we shall encounter ships."

"Which channel do you suppose will be the nearest?" asked Norie.

"I wish I knew. I have the names of three channels in my head—Crooked Island Passage, Mariguana Passage, and the Caicos Passage—but how they bear, and which one is nearest, I have no more idea than that dog."

"By heading as you propose, Walton," said Sir Mordaunt, "is there not a chance of your missing the land, or drifting out of the track of ships?"

"No," said I, "because by so steering we're bound, if we keep going on long enough, to run down one of the West India islands."

Foot by foot as we went, the island we were quitting grew smaller and smaller, and its features became indistinguishable in a kind of hazy yellow. The land for which we were trying was visible over our bows, but it was still too far off to make sure of, even with the glass, though my belief was, after a long inspection of it, that it was no more than a cay, similar to the one we had left, but bolder and larger.

Such minute objects as those two specks of land presented heightened rather than impaired our sense of the vast surface of water on which we floated. In such weather as this we were no doubt as safe in that boat as if we had been aboard a thousand-ton ship; and yet it was impossible to cast our eyes upon the water within a few inches of the gunwale, and then follow the mighty space of gleaming blue to where it met the heavens, without a shudder at the nearness of the great deep. I remember saying to Tripshore, who sat forward, I could not imagine that these wide waters were never traversed by vessels.

"But, sir," said he, "if, as you have all along reckoned, we're in the thick of the Bahama clusters, there's ne'er a vessel as 'ud have any business here."

This was true, and very soon after he

had made that answer, the reason why this sea was desolate was vigorously brought home to me by an exclamation from Hunter, who had been hanging his head over the side ; for looking to see what had made him call out, I found that the boat was at that moment gliding over a reef that might have been one or ten fathoms below us, for aught I could tell, though it seemed to be within arm's length, so exquisitely transparent was the blue water. The reef was white, and gleamed like silver set in dark blue glass. It was evidently very precipitous, and no more than a narrow shelf, for when we had passed it by a boat's length we could see nothing but the fathomless blue under the side. In the course of time that submerged reef would raise its head and become an island, with trees and vegetation. It was wonderful to see land, so to speak, in the very making of it.

The sun was fast approaching the sea by the time we had neared the island we were heading for ; but long since we had discovered with the help of the glass that it was no more than a cay, uninhabited, with a high rise of land, hard upon forty feet tall, at the northernmost point of it. We could see the sandy beach and the flat land stretching from the foot of the rise, covered with brushwood and trees ; and what was more, we could perceive the water all round it studded with reefs, upon which the swell broke in flashing floods of foam, that were blood-red in the rich evening sunshine.

"There's no use going any nearer," said I.

"No, sir, we're near enough," cried Tripshore. "Any one of them reefs would rip the bottom of this boat out of her."

Without another word I eased off the sheet and put the helm up, and presently we had the island on our quarter, and the sun beyond, a great red shield going down without a cloud, and the water beneath it a sheet of molten gold, the extremity of which seemed to touch our boat's side.

Whilst daylight remained we served out supper. We also took down the sail we had used as an awning, and spread it at the bottom of the boat for the women to lie on when they felt dis-

posed to sleep. Before I ate my allowance of food I gave the tiller to Norie, and stood up against the mast with the glass, with which, taking advantage of the singular brightness and clearness of the atmosphere at this hour of sundown, I carefully swept the water line, but failed to detect any other object than the island astern and a fragment of the island we had quitted quivering on the horizon in the north-east. The others watched me eagerly as I ran the glass round the sea, but nothing was said when I exclaimed that there was no vessel to be seen. Indeed, if I could judge their feelings by mine, they were too deeply glad to be in this boat, and sailing away from the island, to find a cause in the vacant sea-line for worrying their hearts. Only a few hours ago our prospects were horribly dark. We were, so to say, locked up on a desolate rock. In their misery and abandonment my companions had sanctioned Hunter's mad scheme ; and now here we were in a brave stout boat, a beautiful heaven above us ; we were well stocked with provisions, and in respect of accommodation, not much more inconvenient than in the hut.

We watched in silence the going down of the sun. It was a noble sight, and full of unspeakable pathos to people in our situation, and to the half-despondent, half-hopeful temper we were then in. The breeze followed us, and the sun was on our right. I wondered when that sun set again where we should be. It had shone that day over our beloved country, it had looked upon dear friends and dear scenes, and now it was going down upon our little boat, a speck, unseen by any eye but God's, upon the golden surface of this glorified western ocean. I believe all our thoughts ran somewhat in this way, for, as I have said, none of us spoke whilst the orb was sinking. Even the two seamen looked toward it in rapt postures, and when the last flashing fragment of it vanished, we all drew a deep breath and turned to gaze at one another, and I observed that Mrs. Stretton was crying, but very silently, and in a way that made us see that any notice taken of her would pain her.

"We shall have the moon with us for the greater part of the night," said I ;

"and that beautiful sky cannot deceive us. It is full of good promise."

"How fast are we sailing, Mr. Walton?" asked Miss Tuke.

I answered about three and a half miles an hour.

"How short the twilight is!" cried Norie. "Look behind you, Walton. The sky is full of stars. The darkness in the east and that brightness in the west give you night and day side by side."

"Couldn't you spin a yarn, Mr. Walton?" said Tripshore. "There's northern like stories and songs to keep the heart up."

"But our hearts are not down, Tripshore," I replied. "Our chances are too good for that. Can you sing?"

"A trifle," he said. "But if it's to be singing, I'd rather not be first."

"Well, I'll break ground by telling an adventure," said I; "and when I'm done you'll give us a song."

"Right, sir."

I reflected a bit, and then spun them a yarn about an adventure I met with at a little Chinese village up the Yellow River. Three or four of us, being ashore, had missed our way, and coming to this village, endeavored to obtain beds for the night, but were everywhere repulsed. Being determined not to lie in the fields, we forcibly took possession of a little house, and went to bed in it. In the middle of the night I and one of my companions, who lay with me on the top of a mattress, felt it moving, and getting up and tumbling it over, we found the owner of the house and his wife under it, half dead with fear and suffocation.

When we dragged them out, they made such a noise that a crowd of the villagers came to the house. We feared for our lives, but there was no light, and we had to grope our way. I missed the way, and coming to a door, opened it, and put out my hand to feel, and stroked my fingers down a Chinaman's face, the door I had opened being a cupboard, and the man in it hiding there in terror of us. I made them laugh with my description of the horror I felt when I stroked down this naked face. I took it to be a dead man, but not being sure, half closed the door to prevent him coming out, and felt for

him again, till I came to his bit of a nose, which I pulled until he screeched out, on which I scrambled across the room, and coming to a door, made out of the house by a back way, and ran for my life.

This story put Norie in mind of a hospital adventure, and when he was done Tripshore sang. He had a strong voice and a correct ear, and his song was a sailor's song, the melody of which was the windlass chorus, "Across the Western Ocean." Hunter and I knew the air, and guessing at the words, we helped Tripshore by joining in at the end of every verse.

By this time the night was all about us, the moon brightly shining, and the great stars flaking the sea with their trickling silver. These crystalline reflections were made exceedingly beautiful by the play of the phosphorus in the sea. The mysterious fires rolled with the swell, and resembled puffs of green steam. The water broken by the boat's stem tinkled through our voices like the bubbling of a fountain, but so strongly phosphorescent was the sea that our wake was a line of fire; and when Miss Tuke leaned over to look at it, I saw it shining in her eyes and shimmering upon her face, as though phosphorus had been rubbed over her skin.

Our story-telling and singing not only killed the time, but did us good by distracting our thoughts from our position. I kept the ball spinning as long as I could, and then we fell into general conversation, in the midst of which, and whilst the seamen in the forward part of the boat were arguing upon the bearings of the island we had left, and whilst Norie, who had taken a seat next to Miss Tuke, was talking with her in low tones, I found myself asking Mrs. Stretton what would be her plans when she arrived at Kingston.

"I hardly know, Mr. Walton. I feel like an ocean stray. Besides, I may not be able to get to Kingston, for, should we be picked up by a vessel, we can scarcely suppose that she will be bound to that place."

"Have you no friends in Ireland?" I asked.

"Yes, but they are poor. They will be able to do nothing for me."

"You have other friends who are

not poor," said Sir Mordaunt, gently. "Your future need give you no anxiety."

She held her peace, perhaps scarcely understanding him. But I did. Indeed, I had all along suspected that if our lives were preserved my great-hearted friend would stand by this poor woman whom he had been instrumental in rescuing from a horrible death.

I thought the hour would now be about nine, or even later, and counselled the women to lie down and take rest whilst the boat ran quietly. There was room for all three of them to lie upon the sail in the bottom of the boat, and as Miss Tuke hung back, I got Carey to set the example. She crouched down and got under the thwarts, and when she had stretched herself along the sail she said she was very comfortable. Then Mrs. Stretton lay down, and, after a little persuasion from her uncle, Miss Tuke crept under the thwarts. So there were the three of them, snug enough. The end of the sail rolled up furnished them with a pillow, and the other end was turned over them. The thwarts, overshadowing their faces, protected them from the moonlight and the dew.

As for us men, there was nothing for it but to sleep as we could. The seamen and I divided ourselves into watches, as we had done on the island, it being arranged that I should steer and keep a lookout for the first two hours. These fellows made no trouble about sleeping. Tripshore put his back against the mast, folded his arms, dropped his head, and was asleep in a few moments. Hunter was bothered at first to pose himself comfortably. He tried first one place, then another, until at last he hit upon a posture that pleased him—in the eyes, with his face looking aft, and the dog bolstering him on the right side, and in a short time he was as motionless as the other.

But neither Sir Mordaunt nor Norie could go to sleep for some time, though the doctor closed his eyes and kept his head hung. Sir Mordaunt, indeed, did not try to sleep for a while, but sat close against me, speaking in whispers. We had much to talk about—our cruise, our shipwreck, Lady Brookes' death, our present position, and our chances of preservation. At last weariness mas-

tered him, his voice failed him, and he began to nod, and soon, by his regular breathing, I knew he was asleep.

The breeze held steady; a little more weight had come into it before Sir Mordaunt fell asleep, and the sail pulled well. The narrow furrows of the sea ran in short flashes of foam and broke up the starlight in the water, but gave instead a brilliant surface of phosphoric radiance. On our starboard beam the ocean was a tremulous field of moonlight, but the horizon in the north was very dark, though the lustre of the moon made the sky pale to a long distance beyond the zenith. The water seethed at the boat's stem, and the sobbing sounds caused by the eddies in the wake were very mournful for me, a solitary listener, to hearken to. Indeed, it was a solemn time. It was not only the thoughts of the narrow planks which lay between us and eternity, nor the speculation as to the future, that was forever active in me. It was the being surrounded by sleepers; it was looking into the bottom of the boat and seeing the glimmering faces of the women in the darkness there; on one side of me the baronet, with the moonlight shining on his hollow countenance, in which all the anguish of the past few days had left an imprint cruelly visible, even in that colorless light; on the other side Norie, who had met misfortune as a gallant man should, helping us all as heartily as was in his power, peacefully resting, with his chin upon his breast and his arm hanging idly down; and forward the figures of the two men and the dog, dark as bronze statues, and as motionless. I say, it was the looking first at those silent and unconscious beings, and then away at the leagues of sea, and the serene stars, and the silver moon, poised in the silvery blue ether, that made this watch of mine as solemn to me as a long prayer. The sense of loneliness no pen could express. The slumber of the people about me heightened it. Now and again one would mutter softly; once there came a laugh from the bottom of the boat; frequently I would hear a deep sigh, that sounded above the mild complaining of the wind in the sail and the delicate hissing of the passing water.

Again and again I stood up to search

the water, and shortly before I called Tripshore I thought I saw a darkness on the sky over the starboard bow ; but when I pointed the telescope at it I could see the stars there shining down to the very level of the deep.

But the bright moon was very comforting. It enabled me to see all my companions, and to command a wide expanse of water, which was like giving the soul breathing room, for nothing is more terrible than darkness to persons placed as we were. It seems to cloak and muffle up the instincts, and fold up the spirit as though it were death's mantle. Besides, I could watch the compass, and know how we were heading.

I held my place longer than two hours, as I believe, wishing Tripshore to get all the refreshment he could out of his spell of sleep ; but I grew so drowsy at last that, lest I should unconsciously fall asleep myself, I was forced to arouse him. I had to awaken Norie, to hold the tiller, whilst I went forward to call Tripshore, not choosing to sing out to him and disturb the others. But before doing this I made a calculation of the distance run since we had left the island, and scribbled the figures down on the thwart.

At the first touch the seaman started up. I whispered to him that his watch had come round ; and then telling him to keep the boat dead as she was going, to look smartly about for ships, and to call me if the wind drew ahead or the weather changed, I took his place, and speedily fell asleep.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN I opened my eyes again, the dawn was just breaking, and I discovered, to my wonder, that I had slept right through the night. No one had aroused me. My limbs were as stiff as broomsticks, from having been kept in one posture for so many hours, and my clothes were saturated with dew. I gaped with something of astonishment at the scene of sky and ocean, for it was not easy to immediately realize our position. And then again the sight my eyes encountered was very striking for a man whose senses were struggling out of the cocoon of sleep to behold ; for the dawn in the east lay in the sky like a sheet of

delicately green grass, faintly illuminated at the water line, and melting into blackness as it approached the zenith. But the rest of the heavens were wrapped in night, and the sea was of a pitchy black, even under the dawn, which made the horizon stand out against it with fearful distinctness.

But, even as my eye rested on that strange, cold, pallid green light, it changed its color into primrose, the sky brightened into sapphire and gold, and the sun showed his flaming head.

Hunter was at the helm, and Tripshore asleep in the bows of the boat, but the sun woke him up ; and as I sat rubbing my legs, to get the blood to circulate, and looking around me, Sir Mordaunt called good-morning to me, and then Norie ; and glancing at the bottom of the boat, I perceived that everybody was awake.

I scrambled off my perch and helped the women on to their feet, and was glad to learn that they had all managed to get some sleep. Then, taking the glass, I planted my back against the mast and searched the sea, that was now brightly illuminated by the soaring sun, but to no purpose : there was nothing to be seen.

The breeze that was propelling us when I fell asleep still blew, the water was smooth, and the morning had broken with a cloudless sky. Both Hunter and Tripshore told me there had been no change of wind or weather in their watches, and when therefore I made a calculation to jot down upon the thwart, I reckoned that we could not have run less than forty miles from the time of our leaving the island.

"It is impossible," I exclaimed, "that we can go on sailing very much longer without sighting land. That we have not made land sooner, I can only account for by supposing that the island on which we were wrecked must be lying further to the eastward than we have imagined."

"In that case, ought we not to steer more to the westward, Walton ?" asked Sir Mordaunt.

"I hardly think so," I replied. "Our object is to meet with ships, and not to box ourselves up among a mass of reefs and cays and uninhabited islands."

"Is the compass right, sir, d'ye think?" inquired Hunter.

"Yes," I said, "judging from the bearings of the stars, and the rise and set of the sun."

"Oh, Mr. Walton," cried Miss Tuke, "I hope we shall not have to pass another night in this boat!"

"Courage, Ada, courage!" exclaimed the baronet. "See what a beautiful day has come. Let us think of ourselves as a pleasure party blown out to sea further than we intended to go. There is no danger; a little patience, my love, and all will be well;" and he looked at her, lightly shaking his head, and smiling mournfully.

I glanced at her, to see how she bore all this hard usage of the sea. Her roughened hair, her pale face full of deep anxiety and grief, her apparel creased and defaced by the wet and the wear and tear of shipwreck did not in my sight, at all events, in the least degree impair her beauty. Indeed, I could not help thinking that all this disorder of attire, and the wild sparkle in her pretty eyes, and the restlessness of her movements and glances, gave her charms a character that accentuated them with a fresh and fascinating picturesqueness. Norie appeared to share in this opinion, for he would frequently look at her with fervent admiration.

Mrs. Stretton, on the other hand, was much more passive. She gazed dreamily at us with her fine dark eyes as we conversed, yet was always quick to give a smile to any of us who met her glance. She had a rougher appearance than Miss Tuke, owing to her black hair, which, as I have elsewhere said, was remarkably abundant, and hard to stow away without combs and hairpins and such things. She, too, was very pale, but her lips were red and healthy, and her eyes clear and shining.

Of the women, indeed, Carey endured these trials the worst. She had been a plump, piquant little woman aboard the "Lady Maud;" but now her cheeks were fallen in, her eyes sunk and the hollows dark, her lips pale and dry and tremulous, and the expression of her face was haggard, like that of a sick person. I should have supposed that a woman in her station of life would have borne hardship very much

more stubbornly than Miss Tuke. But the truth is, and most men's experience confirms it, the more thoroughbred a woman is, the more effectually can she cope with and support trouble. I would rather any day be in peril with a lady, with no experience whatever of hardships, than with a woman of mean extraction, who has had to rough it, who has had to work, and who therefore you might imagine would be a great help in time of danger, or when hearty activity or the negative virtue of fortitude was wanted.*

Carey's box, that had already done service as a baler, was now used as a washbasin. I filled it with salt water, and the women refreshed themselves by bathing their hands and faces. We men cooled ourselves by splashing up the water over the side. This done, I served out some salt beef and biscuit.

I had taken Hunter's place, and was steering the boat, eating with one hand and balancing the tiller with the other. The seamen were forward, Hunter feeding the dog. I was pointing to the figures I had scribbled upon the thwart, and Sir Mordaunt was calculating with me the distance we had traversed, when I was startled by a vehement cry from Tripshore, and, raising my eyes, I saw him standing with his arm around the mast, and pointing to the sea over our bows.

"Sail ho!" he yelled.

At this magic sound the whole of us sprang to our feet as one person. The sun being well on the left of us, the horizon ahead was beautifully clear and the sea a soft violet, and upon it, quite visible to the naked eye, was a speck of white.

I snatched up the glass and pointed it.

"Yes," I cried, "it is a sail!"

Miss Tuke clapped her hands, and gave a loud hysterical laugh.

"Which way is she standing, sir?" shouted Tripshore.

"I can't tell you yet," I replied.

"She will be a square-rigged vessel, I believe, for what is showing of her canvas is square."

"Let me look at her," exclaimed Sir

* Lady Brookes' behavior may be quoted against me, but it will be remembered that she was an invalid.

Mordaunt, in a voice quivering with excitement.

I gave him the glass. He crossed over to the mast, to rest the telescope against it, and took a long, long look, but could make no more of the object than I.

"But it *is* a sail, uncle?" cried Miss Tuke.

"Certainly it is," he replied; "but it is impossible to tell which way she is going."

The glass was passed from hand to hand.

"Let us finish our breakfast," said I, sitting down again. "Though that vessel should pass without noticing us, it is enough that we have seen her to prove that we are in navigable waters at last. There will be other vessels about, though we should miss yonder one: be sure of that."

They all seated themselves except Tripshore, who had the glass, and kept it fixed on that small white spot; but though Sir Mordaunt and Miss Tuke pretended to eat, I saw that the sight of that sail had taken away their appetite. They could not remove their eyes from the horizon where that gleaming speck was.

I dare say my own emotions were not less strong than theirs, but I perceived the need of assuming an unconcerned demeanor, so that, if the vessel passed away from us, I should be able with a good face to say that her disappearance signified no more than another spell of patience for us, and that other sails would be showing before sundown. Nevertheless, I was looking, too, all the time, at that distant sail, and every moment growing more and more puzzled by its steadiness and appearance.

"If yonder is a ship," I exclaimed at last, "she is bound to be coming or going our way. We are heading a steady course, and should have noticed by this time if she is crossing our hawse. But she's mighty slow if she's coming our way, and if she is steering as we are, what manner of vessel must she be to let a boat like this overhaul her?"

"What do you make of her, Tripshore?" called out Sir Mordaunt.

"Why sir," he answered, "it looks to me as though that bit of white is the

main-royal or topgallant-s'l of a ship heading south."

"But do we rise it?" I asked.

"No sir. All that it does is to grow bigger, without rising," he answered.

I told him to pass me the glass, and I took another steady look. The object was unquestionably a ship's sail—apparently, as Tripshore had said, the main-royal of a ship; it was square, and white as silver; it was certainly bigger too than it was when I had first looked at it, which struck me as most extraordinary, for the enlargement of the sail proved that we were approaching it, and I could not conceive how it was that other portions of the vessel did not show themselves.

"No use speculating," said I; "we must wait and see."

There was a light swell rolling up from the westward, that made the water look like a waving sheet of dark blue shot-silk; the sea was crisped with little foamy ripples, which ran along with us; but the sun had gathered its fires fast, and was pouring them fiercely down upon our unsheltered bodies; whilst the atmosphere seemed almost breezeless, in consequence of our being dead before the wind. At intervals a number of flying fish would spark out of the melting glass-like blue of the water, and scatter in prismatic flashes. A frigate-bird came up out of the north, and hovered at a height of about thirty feet over the boat, balancing itself on its exquisitely graceful wings for a minute or so, and then fled and vanished like a beam of light. But we took no notice of these things, nor of the stinging heat of the sun, our thoughts being chained to that sail ahead, that was slowly enlarging its form, but never rising, so as to exhibit other sails beneath it.

"That's no ship, sir," said Hunter, breaking a long silence.

"It looks like a small lugger-rigged boat," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt.

"It certainly is not a ship," said I.

We waited and watched. The sail was a most clear object now, and with the naked eye we could see that it was well on this side the horizon—indeed, the blue water-line rose beyond it.

On a sudden Tripshore let drop the glass to his side, and, looking around, motioned to me with his head. I

quitted the helm, and clambered over to where he stood.

"Look!" said he, in a low voice, with a note of horror in it. "You may see what it is now."

His manner startled me. I took the glass hurriedly, and levelled it.

"My God!" I cried, "what a meeting!"

It was the raft we had sent adrift on the preceding day! The sail was full, the strange machine was swarming along steadily, at the masthead was the piece of inscribed plank, forming a cross upon the water, and with his back to the mast sat the dead messenger.

My blood ran cold. It was a dreadful object to encounter upon that lonely sea. And now that it was come, the disappointment stung me like the very fang of death. I looked round upon my companions with a hopeless face.

"What is it?" cried Miss Tuke, instantly remarking my looks.

"The raft we sent afloat yesterday," I answered.

She hid her face in her hands. Sir Mordaunt sat looking at the thing with stony eyes, but neither he nor Mrs. Stretton nor Carey made any observation. The raft was right ahead, and in a short time we should be up with it. To us, who knew what its freight was, it was bad enough to have even the sail of it in sight; but to come within eye-shot of the corpse, that would by this time be a most loathsome object, was a thing that would have been unendurable to our shaken and agitated and weary hearts. Interpreting my companions' thoughts by my own, I returned to the helm, and headed the boat into the west. This brought the wind abeam; the little craft felt the increased pressure and buzzed along sharply, riding over the swell, that was now dead ahead, like a cork.

I whispered to the baronet that the corpse would have been too shocking an object for the women to see.

"Yes," he answered, under his breath; "and for us too. I could not have borne it. But I hope, now that the raft can no longer serve our purpose, it may speedily go to pieces. The inscription will set people hunting for us."

"If we are rescued, the news will soon get about," I answered.

We drew rapidly away from the forlorn and dismal fabric, yet it excited a fascination that constrained me to keep on stealing glances at it. The condition of mind to which our shipwreck had reduced me was well qualified to furnish a wild and ghastly significance to that dead seaman sailing along out there. I could not dispossess my imagination of the idea that he was following me with his eyes, and I figured a kind of blind upbraiding in them for leaving him in that mocking, unconsecrated plight. I had the face before me as I had seen it when we sent the raft adrift. It was a dreadful memory to come into my mind at such a time, and a foolish disposition to shed tears assured me of what I had not before suspected, that our hardships and anxieties had lamentably reduced my strength, and that, if we continued in this state much longer, those weakly women there would be able to boast of much more physical stamina than I.

I believe this very thought was in my head when I was aroused from the miserable reverie into which I had sunk by Hunter shouting, "Sail ho!" at the very top of his voice. I started up savagely, maddened for the moment by the fear of another disappointment. The man was pointing into the north-west, and Mrs. Stretton and Miss Tuke, clinging to each other, looked wildly in that direction, while Sir Mordaunt and Norie stood peering, with their hands shading their eyes.

"Do you see her, sir?" shouted Hunter. "It's no raft this time! See how she rises!"

I looked, and saw a sail—this time no raft indeed, as Hunter had said, but a vessel swiftly rearing her white canvas above the blue, inch by inch, foot by foot, so that, watching her with the glass, I saw her fore course come up until the arching foot of it was exposed, and then the glimmering top of the black hull quivered in the refractive light upon the water-line.

She was heading dead for us. Until we were sure of this, no one spoke; but when I cried out the news, Tripshore and Hunter and Norie uttered a loud hurrah! Miss Tuke clasped her

hands above her head, and gave a long, mad laugh; Mrs. Stretton sobbed as if her heart would break; Carey fell a dancing in the bottom of the boat; and Sir Mordaunt threw his arms round my neck, and with his head lying on my shoulder, breathed like a dying man.

I broke away from my poor friend, and bawled to Hunter to lower the sail and stop the boat's way; and, whipping a handkerchief out of Norie's pocket, I fastened it to one of the paddles, and bade Tripshore stand up in the bows of the boat and wave the signal.

The vessel came down upon us fast. What her rig was I could not yet see. She had a main skysail set, and a coil of foam sparkled at her glossy sides, and ran up the sea behind her in a flashing white line. We had cheered, and given way to the passion of excitement and rapture that the sight of her had kindled in us; but we grew silent very soon, and watched her coming breathlessly. I knew her people could not fail to see us. But would they heave-to? Would they attempt our rescue? We had to find that out, and the waiting was such mental agony as there are no words to convey any idea of.

One of the most moving memories which my heart carries of our shipwreck, is the faces of my companions turned toward the approaching vessel. Expectation had so wrought upon their lineaments as to harden them into the severity and immobility of marble; they looked to have been petrified at the very moment when their staring eyes, their parted lips, the forward posture of their heads, showed that the hope and the fear in them were at their greatest height.

Suddenly Tripshore turned his gapping face aft, and cried, in a hoarse voice of triumph, "She'll heave-to, sir!" And, as he said this, the vessel, with her mainsail hanging in the leech-lines and her skysail halliards let go, slightly shifted her helm, and went past us at a distance of about five times her own length, drawing out as she passed into a small handsome barque of about three hundred and fifty tons, with a clipper bow and elliptical stern, a low free-board, and a white netting round her short raised after-deck. From this

point, that was apparently the roof of a deck cabin, several men were watching us, and forward a small crowd of heads overhung the bulwarks. As soon as she was to leeward of us, she put her helm down, swung her foreyards, and lay hove-to.

"Out with your paddles, men!" I shouted; and, in a fury of impatience, Tripshore and Hunter threw over the rude oars, and the boat went slowly toward the barque. As we approached, we were hailed by one of the men on the poop,

"Boat ahoy! What boat is that?"

I was overjoyed to be addressed in English, for I had feared from the appearance of the vessel that she was a foreigner. I put my hand to the side of my mouth, and shouted back:

"We are the survivors of the passengers and crew of the schooner yacht 'Lady Maud,' that was lost four days since on a cay about sixty miles distant from here. We have been adrift since yesterday. Will you take us on board?"

He waved his hand, and answered, "Yes, yes; come alongside. But is that another boat out there?" pointing in the direction where we had last seen the raft.

"No," I cried. "I will explain what that is when we get aboard."

A rope was flung to us, the gangway unshipped, and some steps thrown over. All hands had assembled to see us arrive. The first to be handed up was Miss Tuke; she was followed by Mrs. Stretton and Carey; then went Sir Mordaunt and Norie, the rest of us following with the dog. On gaining the deck a giddiness seized me, and I had to keep fast hold of the arm of the man who had helped me up the steps, to save myself from falling. It was, in truth, the effect of a wild hurry of conflicting emotions; but a short stern struggle subdued the sensation, and glancing around at the men, who were staring at the women and ourselves with open mouths, I asked for the captain.

"I'm the master, sir," said a quiet-looking, sunburnt man, who stood close to the gangway.

I grasped his hand and shook it, and then, without further preface, told him our story, briefly indeed, though I gave him all the facts.

"Well sir," said he, when I had done, glancing at Sir Mordaunt very respectfully, "you've had a hard time of it, and I'm glad to have come across you. This barque is the 'Princess Louise,' from New Providence to Porto Rico. I hope Porto Rico isn't out of your way?"

"No," I answered. "We should be able to get to Europe from Porto Rico without trouble."

"Certainly," said he. "But we sighted a small boat out yonder. Does she belong to your people?"

I told him that she was a raft we had sent adrift from the island, with a board at the mast-head inscribed with the circumstances of our shipwreck; but I said nothing about the dead man on it. I then begged him to tell us what reckoning his vessel was now in, explaining that Sir Mordaunt Brookes was anxious to have the bearings of the rock on which we had been wrecked, that he might recover the remains of his wife for interment in England.

"Can you give me your course, and distance run?" said he.

I answered that it was jotted down on the after-thwart in the boat. He at once went over the side into the boat, entered the figures in a pocket-book, and returned.

"We'll get the bearings of your island fast enough presently," said he. "That's a good boat of yours—too good to send adrift. Here, Mr. Swift," he sung out to a man I afterward learnt was his chief mate, "get that boat cleared out, will you, and slung aboard. You can stow her on the booms. And swing the fore-yards as soon as that job's done. Bo'sun, take charge of these two men"—indicating Tripshore and Hunter—"and see that they get something to eat at once. Will you follow me, ladies and gentlemen?"

He led the way into the cabin, or deck-house. We hobbled after him, for, owing to our confinement in the boat and the want of space to stretch our limbs, we had some ado to work our legs properly. The cabin was a very plain interior, with a table amidships, flanked by hair sofas, and a row of five small berths on the port side. We sat down, not because we were weary, but because we found exercise an awkward

and inconvenient effort. The captain, whose name was Broach, went to the cabin door and bawled to the steward, who was among the men on deck, to put some beef and biscuit and claret upon the table. He then entered the berth, and returned with a large chart of the Bahamas and West India Islands, which I saw Sir Mordaunt devouring with his eyes, proving where his heart was.

"Yesterday," said Captain Broach, "we were in such and such a position, and our position now would be here," said he, putting his finger on the chart. "You say you have been running fifty miles to the south'ard and east'ard." He measured the distance, and exclaimed, "Here you are; here are two cays. It is one of these, gentlemen."

"It will be the one to the norrard," said I.

"Then," said he, writing down the position of the island on a piece of paper, and handing it to the baronet, "this will be the latitude and longitude of it, sir."

I reflected, and then addressing Sir Mordaunt, "Those bearings," said I, "prove that Purchase was heavily out in his latitude *as well* as his longitude."

He motioned, with an imploring gesture. "For God's sake, don't recall the man!" said he. "I desire," he continued, turning to the skipper, "that you will look upon us as passengers, for whose accommodation and entertainment you will charge as you think proper; though," he said, extending his hand for the other to shake, and speaking with great emotion, "no recompense we can make you will express our gratitude for the prompt and generous help you have given us."

"Say nothing about it, sir," answered the skipper, in a blunt, sailorly way. "It seems hard that shipwreck should befall gentlemen like you, to whom the sea is no business; and I am very sorry indeed for the ladies"—giving them a low bow. "Now, steward, bear a hand with the grub, man! Shove it on the table, *can't* ye?"

We had not long before eaten our breakfast in the boat, and even had we not already broken our fast, I question whether the emotions which kept our hearts hammering in our breasts would

have left us any appetite for the victuals on the table. But Captain Broach begged us so heartily to eat, that we made a show of munching, just to please him. He said he had but the cabins we saw. One of them was his, and the next one the mate's, and the third abutting on that the second mate's and carpenter's. "But," said he, "if you don't mind a squeeze, I think we can manage. The ladies will have that cabin—pointing. "There are two bunks in it, and we can lay a mattress on the deck." And then he arranged for me to share the mate's cabin, Norie the second mate's and Sir Mordaunt would have a cabin to himself.

This was a very good arrangement, and so the matter was settled.

We then inquired how long it would take to reach Porto Rico.

"I give the 'Louise' four days," he answered, "reckoning fine weather and breezes after this pattern. When I tell you that we left New Providence the day before yesterday at six o'clock in the evening, you'll believe the barque has got heels."

He sat talking with us, asking questions, and, with every answer we made him, growing more and more respectful. He told Sir Mordaunt that he would find no difficulty in chartering a small vessel to fetch Lady Brooke's body; indeed, he said, it would give him pleasure to see to that himself, for he knew a man at San Juan who owned a trading sloop, a fast vessel, that would not keep Sir Mordaunt waiting. He also told us that steamers from Liverpool, Southampton, Spain, and the United States touched Porto Rico—how often he could not say, but often enough to serve our end.

"And now," said he, "there's Mr. Swift and myself—I'll say nothing about the second mate—plain sailors, with kits not good enough for a man to go to court in; but such as our togs are, gentlemen, you're heartily welcome to the loan of them till you can get better. I'm only sorry," addressing Miss Tuke, "that we can't accommodate you ladies in that way. But we're all men aboard the 'Louise,' and so you'll please take that as our excuse."

He called the steward, to see to our cabins and supply our wants, and, bestowing a regular all-round bow upon

us, he went on deck, where we could hear the men singing out as they braced round the yards and got way upon the barque.

My story is as good as ended. You have had our shipwreck, and now our rescue. But there still remains a short length of line to coil down, and I may as well leave the yarn clean and ship-shape.

Imagine that two days have passed. In that time we have slept well, eaten well, pulled ourselves together. We have all of us knelt down in the cabin, and offered up hearty and earnest thanks to Almighty God for His merciful preservation of us; and now we are looking about us with tranquil hearts, which have already grown used to this new condition of life, waiting with patience for the hour when the cheery cry of "Land oh!" shall bring us within reach of the scores of things our destitute condition demands; now and again talking of the dead; of the yacht that the sea had scattered as the wind scatters chaff; and of our sufferings and anxieties and painful struggles on the little island. The weather remained beautiful—a constant wind blowing, though shifting occasionally to the northward and then hauling back again to the eastward, the sea calm and frosty with the breaking heads of the tiny surges, and a heaven of stainless, glorious, tropical blue.

It was the night of the second day, dating from our rescue. I had been conversing with Mrs. Stretton and Mr. Swift, the chief mate of the "Princess Louise," who, it turned out, had known Captain Stretton and the vessel he commanded. In another part of the deck were Norie and Miss Tuke and her uncle. The moon was standing over the sea, shedding little or no radiance upon the sky, but whitening the water under it with lines of light which looked like silver serpents, as the swaying of the swell and the fluttering of the ripples kept them moving.

I left Mrs. Stretton and the mate, and walked to the end of the short poop. The wheel was just under me, and the figure of the fellow who grasped it was so motionless that he and the wheel and the yellow binnacle-card were

more like a painting than real things. I stood drawing at a cigar, enjoying the tobacco with unspeakable relish after my long enforced abstinence, and contemplating the beautiful dreamlike picture of the barque lifting her heights of glimmering canvas into the dark air, blotting out a whole heaven of stars with her dim and ghostly cloths, amid the hollows of which, and among the delicate gear and rigging, the soft tropical breeze was whispering in notes that sounded like faint and distant voices singing. The eastern sky was glorious with stars, of such magnitude and beauty as you never behold in our northern climes, with a fine sharp whiteness, though here and there the smaller stars shone in delicate blues and in rose-color, like the reflection of a bright flame in highly polished metal. It was a night for solitude. The seething of the thin line of foam at the vessel's sides, the occasional clank of the wheel-chains, the mysterious song of the wind up in the darkness among the pallid sails there, the leagues of black water, the star-laden sky, and the moon clothing with the beauty of her soft, white, misty light a large circumference of the dark heavens, combined to produce a deep sense of peace in the heart, not without melancholy, but infinitely soothing, and to make one almost dread the intrusion of commonplace sound.

My thoughts were full of the past, and let me say of the future likewise. A low, soft, girlish laugh from the group at the other end of the deck had set my fancy rambling, and in the short time I was permitted to stand there musing, the thoughts which swept through my mind—a commingling of shipwreck and ocean perils, and of fancies very much nearer heaven than any the deep could yield me—made a wild and singular panorama of visions.

But my reverie was interrupted by Sir Mordaunt coming up to me. He stood at a little distance, peering, as if he was not sure, and then said, "Is that you, Walton?"

"Yes," I answered.

"What a perfect night, is it not?" he exclaimed. "It makes our shipwreck seem no more than a dream. We might still be on board the poor 'Lady Maud,' and all the anguish we

have suffered and escaped, a nightmare."

"We are lucky," said I, "to have fallen into such kind hands. But I am rather puzzled to know what I shall do when we reach Porto Rico. Is there a consul there?"

"Oh," said he, "I have arranged with Captain Broach to obtain the funds we shall require. Don't let that trouble you."

"And Mrs. Stretton? Shall you send her to Kingston?"

"I will wait till I am ashore, to talk to her. I have a scheme—but I am not yet resolved. She shall find me her friend. She is strangely mixed up in the cruellest experience that ever befell me, and the sufferings she has passed through give her the strongest claims upon my sympathy. By the way," he continued, "I have a piece of news for you. It scarcely took me by surprise. Norie has proposed to Ada, and she has accepted him."

"Indeed!"

"I say I am not surprised, because I knew all along that he admired her. But I did not know that she was in love with him. Did you?"

"No."

"At the beginning of our cruise, don't you remember that she used to snub him?"

I said nothing.

"But," he said, "I am sure he will make her happy. I shall be glad to see her settled. I had hoped to have her as a companion now that I am alone," said he, in a shaky voice; "but a husband is better than an uncle for a girl, and I cannot question, from her manner of speaking to me just now, that she is really attached to the doctor."

I kept my voice very well, and I am sure that he had no suspicion of the truth. Between that girl and me there had been little passages full of encouragement on her part. I held my peace while Sir Mordaunt talked on, coming presently to his wife, and speaking of her with tears in his voice, if not in his eyes.

Then, taking my chance, I crossed over to where Miss Tuke and Norie were standing, looking at the waning moon—a blushing emblem of my own idle dream—and addressing the girl

with as much cordiality as I could infuse into my manner, I said that Sir Mordaunt had told me of her engagement, and that I would not lose a minute in offering her and Norie my sincere congratulations.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Walton," said she; and Norie added that he felt sure the news would give me pleasure.

And so ended a little business that everybody will smile at but I. But I relate it, because I doubt if the story of my shipwreck would be quite complete without it.

I put on a wooden face for the rest of the time, determined that Miss Tuke at all events should not suppose I considered myself jilted. But this matter hastened my departure from San Juan, where we arrived in due course. Sir Mordaunt begged me to stay until his wife's remains had been removed, and then accompany him and the others to Europe; but I told him I was anxious to get home, and an opportunity for leaving Porto Rico occurring three days after our arrival, I took leave of my companions, bidding poor Mrs. Stretton a tender farewell, in the full belief that I should never see her again.

Two months after my return to England, I received a long letter from Sir Mordaunt. He told me that he had brought his wife's remains with him, and that they were now interred in the family vault at ——. Also (I should perhaps be surprised to hear), Mrs. Stretton had consented to come and take charge of his establishment, as housekeeper. He asked me to spend a fortnight with him, but I had other engagements, and could not get away.

Not very long after the receipt of this letter, came an invitation to attend Ada Tuke's marriage. I could not go, though I would gladly have been present, if only to sustain the character of indifference I had assumed. However,

I took care to call upon the bride and her husband on their return from abroad when passing through London, and, time being on my side, my impersonation could not have been better had my indifference been honest; and I was sure the bride went away convinced that any suspicions she might have had that I had been fond of her were altogether unfounded. Norie is now in practice in a town in the north of England, and I believe doing very well. Sir Mordaunt gave his niece five thousand pounds and a house of furniture, and I don't doubt they need all they can get, for the little Nories threaten to make a big family.

I often visited Sir Mordaunt, and when I first went down to his house I was pleased to find Tripshore installed there as a sort of all-round man, having no special duties, but lending a hand generally. He told me that Tom Hunter had left San Juan before the others, with a present from Sir Mordaunt of fifty pounds in his pocket, but what had become of him he did not know. Tripshore and the noble dog who had saved our lives were great friends, and always together, I heard. The fine animal knew me at once, and it curiously delighted me to be remembered by him.

On every occasion of my visit to — I had the pleasure of shaking Mrs. Stretton by the hand and complimenting her on her looks. The baronet would tell me that she managed his household capitally, and that if she left him he would miss her as he would his right hand. His references to the late Lady Brookes gradually grew less frequent, while his praise of the shipwrecked widow improved in strength and quality; so that, exactly three years from the date of his arrival in England, I was not surprised to get a letter from him, in which he said that Mrs. Stretton had become Lady Brookes.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

FAITH AND UNFAITH.

BY C. KEGAN PAUL.

IN looking back to the beginning of any great schism of thought it is often difficult to understand why so vast importance attached to what now seem trifles;

the parties which opposed each other with the utmost vehemence said much the same thing, "only in slightly different words." The strifes of the school-

men are held to be mere phrases ; it is hard for one who is outside the pale of all churches to see wherein lies the essential variance between the Catholic and the Lutheran doctrine of the Eucharist ; a devout Churchman or Wesleyan of these days does not easily understand the grounds of separation in the last century, or, indeed, the precise point at which the "Methodists" ceased to be a stricter section within the Established Church. The currents of thought are like those of rivers rising in the same watershed ; no reason is evident why they should not take the same direction, only when their later course is considered we see how wide was the ultimate distance involved in their earliest channels.

The wish, on the one hand, to change, and, on the other, to refuse all change of that which has once been defined, is instinctive. There are in the one case the dim stirrings of life, such as take place in the spring long before the feelings are conscious of alteration in climatic conditions, or

Even as the prisoned silver dead and dumb
Shrinks at cold winter's footfall ere he come ;

in the other the mind is no less sensitive.

Without in any degree underestimating the great controversies in the early centuries of our era, while the rule of faith was forming, or those others when the scholastic philosophy issued from the shock of opposing forces, we may safely assert that from the time that the Church arose to develop the monotheism of Judæa and supplant the religions of heathendom, no such event took place in the Western, or civilized world, as that which on its secular side is called the Renaissance, and on the religious side the Reformation. To the movement the Church could not, and did not, as a whole, object. The new learning, if it were true, could not only not conflict with truth, but would throw many side lights on it. Sciolism and stupidity, the dark shadows which attend the light of knowledge, were alone to be disliked and dreaded. The greatest and holiest minds recognized the need of reform in high places and in low ; in the luxury of popes and the laxity of friars much called for amendment, somewhat for radical change and destruction. Perhaps this could not have come wholly from within. Outside

resistance and criticism are always good for the criticised, if not for the critic, just as now the very fact of living in the light of opposition makes the Catholic Church in England show more fairly, morally and socially, than, let us say, in Madeira. But however this may be, the Renaissance and the Reformation had hardly begun, when the Church instinctively felt that liberty would soon grow into license, and separation would become destruction. Erasmus made merry over pilgrimages, and Ulrich von Hutten over the meagre Latinity of certain monks ; but though they fell out among themselves, and though no one would ever have attempted to justify much of what is told, not untruthfully, in the *Peregrinatio religionis ergo*, or the amazing ignorance of Pfefferkorn in the *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*, the Church looked askance on both reformers, and almost as much on him who remained within, as on him who definitely withdrew from, the pale of salvation. Assault on dogma was implicitly involved in opposition to abuses even when the assailants were unable to recognize that they doubted dogma at all. Each party soon called the other anti-christian, but there was a difference in the meaning with which the term was used. The Protestants asserted that the pure teaching of Jesus had been overlaid by a multitude of useless ceremonies, and that, if these were stripped off, the underlying truth would again be manifest, while, as regarded the hierarchy, they thought they recognized the mystical opponent of Jesus of whom the Revelation had spoken. But they could not mean that Christ was nominally or implicitly assailed by a Church which had his image on every altar, claimed to preserve his body in every tabernacle, to consecrate and consume it daily, whose whole ecclesiastical year was founded on the life of Christ, whose very saints, even if, as their enemies said, they had taken his place, were saints only in, and because of, their relation to him. But the Catholics meant far more than this ; that the new spirit of revolt had implicitly in it the denial of Christ, and ultimately of God ; that if the premisses of the reformers were accepted, then logically followed the downfall of all faith in Christ, in God, and in the supernatural, and of

course the utter abandonment of the name and office of a Church. In the material destruction of roods, in the denial of the doctrine of the Mass, this was, they thought, involved, and that which was to their enemies a figure of rhetoric was to them a very bald but terrible truth when they used the word anti-christian.

Yet even then, and in the heat of controversy, it was scarce seen whereunto the difference would grow. The Protestant parties expected to keep to the end large portions of faith and ritual which gradually dropped off them; the Catholics scarce thought that the revolt would be of long duration. And many, while they held the dangerous and unrighteous nature of the new tenets, no doubt hoped that these would not issue in their logical consequences, just as now those who most assert the antinomian character of the utilitarian philosophy are among the most ready to admit that its adherents are moral, law-abiding, and excellent men.

But now that we can regard the controversy with the cumulative experience of three hundred years, we see how wide is the divergence of those opinions which seemed parallel at their first separation; that, while the Church is one and the same, Protestantism is not one; it has divided into a thousand parties, but the tendency in all is to get rid of such dogma as it once possessed, and more and more to denounce the outward semblance and the inward spirit of the organization from which it sprang. The Church of England alone stands as an apparent exception, all the more remarkable because a large portion, perhaps even a numerical majority, among its clergy have in the last fifty years gradually recurred to the outward likeness of many Catholic forms, and reasserted many long-neglected doctrines. But this reaction is far more apparent than real; to render them a reality there must be authority and discipline. It is notorious that the men who carry reaction furthest scoff at discipline, since their bishops, as a rule, will have nothing to do with either their teaching or their practice, nor is there any central authority to decide who goes right in the bewildering maze. The people at large, even those who attend the churches in which ritual is most car-

ried out and dogma most asserted, regard the whole matter in the light of a pleasing imitation, and look on it as provisional, longing for the time when Christendom once more shall be united, by which they mean when they themselves can see their way to joining the Church of Rome. For no one seriously thinks that Rome will yield to them, recognize their orders, and allow married priests to officiate, nor would they make any concession whatever to the sects, who, without very large allowances, for which it is fair to say they do not ask, could play no part in a united Christendom.

But if we take all the other Protestant sects, and the still large portion of the English Church which is not reactionary, we find as a fact that dogma has faded to a very few articles, and that these are always diminishing in number and importance. The creeds are recited in the English Church, but few doctrines are, save in the high churches, dwelt on with any insistence; in the nonconformist churches the creeds are not even recited, and the very notion of a body of all-important doctrines, each one in close interdependence on the others, is rapidly vanishing. While in all, no doubt, the excellence of a moral life is studiously upheld, enforced by scriptural precept and example, supernatural aid is almost disregarded, or at least is vaguely described as the help of the Holy Spirit. How that aid is given and applied is left to each believer. He is to discover in himself the workings of that which is never defined to him; an uncertain form of words of little meaning takes the place of elaborate sacraments which of old fortified the Christian at every turn. Grace has become a sound instead of a reality, whereof the channels were once so visible that the invisible current seemed almost apparent to the senses. In the broad church portion of the Church of England, and in some of the sects outside of it, there is an increasing tendency to approximate to the theology known as Unitarian. Almost all the chapels which belonged to the old Presbyterian Church in England, to those clergy which separated themselves on the enforcement of the Act of Uniformity, have become Unitarian by insensible gradations, and in America the gulf between the sects once known as orthodox

and unorthodox is so little apparent that the interchange of pulpits between their ministers is not unusual.

The Unitarian body is by no means stationary, and among the leaders of thought in that community the teaching grows less and less dogmatic, tending to restrict itself to the simple enunciation of theism, and the need of a life morally correct and intellectually graceful. There are next to no Unitarian poor.

The disintegration of dogma has gone further than persons generally suppose. 'The adherents of all' sects would be startled at the vast number of those who hold no form of religion at all, or who, if they attend worship, do so as an act of compliance, or for a season of rest, and not on any grounds of faith. There is no need to do more than assert that which is to some a commonplace, and which others can easily verify for themselves if the inquiry is not too painful. None who have marked the swift change and abandonment of faith during the last quarter of a century, the tolerance extended to those who but a few years ago would have been ostracized, the acceptance, as commonplaces of criticism, of statements which would not long since have been counted as daring infidelity, can doubt that opinion is still changing with increasing swiftness. All that lies between the Catholic Church and extreme free thought is whirling and surging, but gradually setting into two streams, the one recurrent, the other dashing rapidly to some unknown cataract, whose roar is heard by almost all, however smoothly glides their bark.

Those who are called on to take part in the strifes between the churches may for a while shut their eyes to the fact, but few thoughtful men whose attention is drawn to it will refuse to grant that ultimately, later or sooner, the great contest of thought must be fought, not between two varying forms of the Christian faith, nor between the Protestant sects and unbelief, but between that historic church of which the sects are but children, however they may deny their parentage, and the modern spirit, call it by what name we will. It is not fairly to be called the spirit of unbelief or atheism, for it is not dogmatic, and atheism is dogma as much as theism,

but it is a spirit of patient waiting, and content not to know. If pressed, and obliged to define itself, it says frankly that whatever may be guessed or hoped, nothing can be concluded, accurately and positively, of which the senses cannot take cognizance, nothing beyond what is material and physical. Minds penetrated by this spirit have no desire to force the contest prematurely, which, indeed, none can hasten, which will come only, like all that is, when the time is ripe; yet none the less are they content to see the two lines distinctly forming themselves for the great battle of Armageddon, and think it well when one or another who has wavered decides to range himself under either banner. Such an one, though separated by a vast intellectual distance from the Roman position, may yet admire the pomp of that august army which comes on as of old, with banners flying and censers waving, chanting its olden hymns of faith; nor refuse his sympathy, even if it be not entire, to the phalanx to which he intellectually rather belongs, of men who do not much strive nor cry, nor let their voices be heard in the streets, but prepare their way in the lecture-room, the laboratory, and the library; yet who, when need is, their faces set like flints, advance without pomp, but with unshrinking steadiness, to the overthrow of what they hold as superstition.

Such an one may do more than this. He may attempt to clear the ground for others, if it seem to him that he has in any degree succeeded in doing so for himself. For it is a singular fact, in this controversy more than in any other, that the magnitude of the issues involved blinds men to the logical outcome of their own opinions. Many who deem themselves to be in an intermediate position are totally unaware that it is already carried, and that they are bound by all rules of reasoning to take one or the other side. They assail the historic church with unmeasured vituperations, while their own principles, or what they take to be such, implicitly involve the admission of their adversaries' dogmas; the extremest opinions of Rome are to be justified by, and deduced from, the premises they themselves admit. Or, on the other hand, the orthodox will occasionally make liberal concessions

which involve the denial of what they hold most dear, will reject this or that miracle, not on grounds of insufficient evidence, but for rationalistic reasons which may equally apply to those which they accept, and the like.

I am of course aware that a vast number of persons do not think that a strict logical process is needful in matters of faith, who bear, like Canute, their chairs to the edge of the sea of theological change, tuck up their feet on the rail, and shut their eyes, and, because they feel dry, deny the fact that the water has passed them and is around them, believing that they have controlled the flood because it has not actually washed them away. And there are those also who can deliberately shut their minds, and clasp them with a clasp, and, having once determined on a rule of life which then seemed to them sufficient, have never again paid any attention to controversies which do not affect their practical life. Happier they, perchance, than those whom an inner impulse drives ever to weigh, to sift, to accept or reject all that is presented to them, or to which they can reach, yet perchance also not happier, for it may be there is no real evil but stagnation, which is but another name for death.

To aid in clearing my own mind, and, if it may be, to enable others in some degree to do so too, I wish to show that on Christian premises, by which are here understood those accepted by the majority of Christian folk, the very dogmas of Rome which often give most offence, and are considered most extreme, are not only to be justified, but maintained, with even greater ease than those which find less opposition, and to ask whether it be not a logical necessity that whoso denies them should deny much more, or, accepting them, should at least not judge harshly those who go on to beliefs which are implicitly involved in them. Such an inquiry has at least the advantage of dealing with grave and momentous issues, and leaves on one side minor points, on which are often sharp wranglings by which nothing of profit can be decided. If, for instance, the subject-matter of difficulty or discussion be whether the Being who created heaven and earth can be localized in a wafer and consumed by the

faithful; or whether the same Being have given to men who stand in a certain relation to him the power of changing, or seeming to change, the usually unvarying course of nature; if he have endowed fragments of their bodies, or relics of the Passion of Christ, with abnormal virtues of healing and restoration; if from the merits of those who live holy lives there be laid up such an overplus of goodness as avails to cancel the temporal punishment of sinners unconnected with them save by the general bond of a common humanity, how mean and petty become the disputes about vestments, or jurisdiction, or the excellence of an Establishment! If it can be shown that the majority of religious persons assert that which involves much of what they most abhor, the strifes between the churches are as naught; the one church for adhesion is that which carries out accepted premises most fully or the rejection of the conclusion necessitates rejection of all that involves it.

There is perhaps no dogma which has called forth more indignant remonstrance from its opponents than that of the mass, and in this the one point that Christ, whole and entire, God, the Saviour of mankind, is, so to speak, localized in the wafer or bread consecrated by the priest. This doctrine may be stated with refined metaphysical subtlety; it may take the crude yet poetical form in which it appears in the legend of the Holy Grail, when the knights of Arthur's Round Table saw the Fair Child who came "and smote himself into the bread," so that the on-lookers saw the very act of transubstantiation by which the wafer became the Flesh of God. Or, again, it may assume a form ghastly and grotesque, in the tale of those mediæval Jews who, stealing the sacred particle to mock and insult the Christian faith, and lancing it with their knives, saw flow forth from the pierced wafer red streams of sacred blood. Nor can it be said that this mode of stating the doctrine is, even in these days, alien to the feeling of clergy or laity of the Catholic Church, since this very miracle and its consequences have been taken as the subject of a series of modern painted windows in the cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels. But whether stated in subtler or grosser

terms, the doctrine is one and the same, and it may not inaptly be stated as the localization of the Infinite.

Now we are not concerned to deny or to minimize the enormous difficulties involved, but simply assert that it is not more difficult than the ordinary admissions of ninety-nine out of every hundred believing Christians. We need not enter into Athanasian niceties of the distinction between the nature and offices of the Father and the Son. Enough that the Son is stated to be God, infinite and incomprehensible. But if God be infinitely great, he is also infinitely little; size has nothing to do with the question, and in fact one of the commonplaces about Almighty God is his care for the smallest of his creatures, and the manifestation of his power in the minute finishings of his work. It is brought to our notice by a thousand writers from Job to our own day that he has made the firmament and the blade of grass, the behemoth and the gnat.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings,

runs the children's hymn; and Pope, the Catholic poet, says precisely what every Christian would admit, that the power of God is "as perfect in a hair as in a heart." But unless a man be prepared to go much further than this he might be only a pantheist, and the charge of teaching pantheistic doctrine has been freely brought against Pope and others who, as Wordsworth, have seen God revealing himself in nature. To assert that he is everywhere would at first seem to be the very contradictory of such a dogma as that under consideration. Yet the mind of man has not felt the doctrines destructive the one of the other. The Bible, to which all appeal, asserts, from its first page to its last, that in some sense and in some modes God, who is everywhere, is present more particularly in certain places. The same notion has descended to, and become emphasized in, modern days. The majority of persons who go to church would certainly give as one of their reasons for doing so, that God is in a special manner there, and that his presence hallows the altar yet more. On what principle do they decline to go a step

further, and to admit that it may have pleased him to place himself, in a still more special mode, and under certain conditions, in the sacrament, in that which Christ gave as the express sign of his abiding with the church? Once let it be granted that he is in any degree and under any conditions localized, the size of the particle is naught, and he who framed the exquisite meshes of the fly's wing, or the microscopic fibres of the lichen, may choose the smallest spot in which to show his greatest and divinest power.

And if any say that the localization of the Deity may be granted, but not the change of the substance of bread into the substance of flesh, with which in this case it is intimately and to many minds inseparably linked, it lies with them in contradicting this to define what substance is, since he who declares himself a believer in fully admits with those who deny transubstantiation that the outward semblance, species, and accidents of bread and wine remain wholly unchanged.

Or we may take the point of relics, whether of Christ or of the saints. When an eager controversialist laughed at Cardinal Newman because he did not at once refuse credence to the statement that a healing virtue still attaches to an oil said to have flowed from the bones of St. Walburga, his standing as a clergyman would scarce have permitted him categorically to deny the story in the Book of Kings, that a dead man was raised to life so soon as his body touched the bones of Elisha, into whose sepulchre it had been lowered. If the new dispensation be, as all Christians maintain, superior to the old, a saint living under the graces and gifts of the gospel might be expected to have more, not less, inherent virtue than a prophet-dervish of the former faith. If it be claimed for the holy coat at Trèves, for the sacred thorn of Paris, for fragments of the true cross, that miracles are wrought by their agency, objectors have scarce an obvious right still to believe the statement in the Acts of the Apostles that to the sick were borne handkerchiefs and aprons which had touched the body of Paul, that healing might and did result; or that other, how folk too weak to walk were carried into the

streets, that the shadow of Peter passing by might fall upon and invigorate them. The question in each case would be one of evidence, whether the relic were indeed what is asserted, and assuredly for some miraculous fragments the evidence that they are what they profess to be is overwhelming. There is less room for doubt than in the case of many an authentic historical record at which to cavil would be the very wantonness of scepticism. If, then, there be likelihood that any relic associated with Jesus be indeed what is claimed, then from it might still flow the same virtue that healed the sick woman when she touched his garment's hem; for surely it would be the extremest materialism to maintain that a kerchief or a robe had efficacy only while warm from the living bodies of those who wore them. Again, conversely, if miraculous agency be admitted at all, and evidence show that any have been healed by such and such relics, the miracles would go far to prove the authenticity of the relics by placing them in the same category with those sacred garments which once were the channels of healing. If, it may be asked, the bones of Elisha have a sanative or even a life-giving power, why not the bones of St. Walburga; if the hem of Christ's garment, why not the holy coat of Trèves; if the sacred spittle, why not the holy blood in the treasury at Reichenau, or that which was spilt on the sacred thorn? And if one of these relics, or a link said to be of Peter's chain, have done as much as is claimed for Peter's shadow, will not the admitted fact prove, or go far to prove, the asserted fact, at least to the same extent that the typical miracles are proved? I admit the enormous difficulty; it is not my business to obtain credence for either, but to point out that the rejection or admission of one class may involve the admission or rejection of the other.

The doubt may of course be pushed back yet further, to the point of asking whether there be such a thing as miraculous interposition at all. Though it is not easy to frame any satisfactory definition of miracle, that is fairly complete which is usually accepted—an interruption or reversion of the ordinary

laws of nature, whether this take place by the suspension of those laws, or by the interposition of a law that is higher and overrides the lower. Indeed, a God who never wrought miracle would seem to many in the position of a God who had deliberately abdicated his functions, or rather to be no God at all. For such is the imperfection of human intellect that we can only think of the sovereign ruler of all under the figure of an earthly monarch, and it would seem to us that one who set the affairs of his government in motion, to retire to an inner chamber, whence indeed he could see all that happened, but never interfered nor communicated with his subjects, would be but a poor ruler, a *roi fainéant* without even the semblance of an authority he had ceased to wield. We may go further, and assert, without danger of serious contradiction, that whoever has ceased to believe in miracle has lost all true faith in a personal God. He may keep, if he pleases, the name, but "a stream of tendency" or even an undefined "power which makes for righteousness" can but be called God in a sense alien to that which has been put on it and analogous names since human consciousness first woke to the conception of a Being like to but greater than ourselves. Unless he were like us, he could not expect us to be like him, while the thought of one whose goodness is the explanation and model of human virtue is to many that which alone makes moral life possible. And if God be living and personal, and the church a living body sanctioned, even framed by him—premises taken for granted by the enormous majority of professing Christians—it is absurd to suppose that the organs, so to speak, of miracle became atrophied at some date not precisely fixed, and that the Being who once acted through organs and agents, has now ceased to act at all in any true manner. Once more we are not here asserting nor denying a personal God, the ruler of the world, but if there be such he must act, and if he have not retired from governing must show that he governs. The difference between the maker of a machine which continues to ply its appointed task mechanically and even brutally, and the intelligent upholder of a living organism such as the church is usually

assumed to be, is the gift of miracles. And this the Catholic Church claims as her constant birthright, potentially wherever there are relics of her Master and his followers, or traces of their special presence and interest, actually in the daily mystery of the mass, and indeed in all sacramental graces.

Two doctrines, closely connected one with the other, act on many persons as red rags on a bull—purgatory and indulgences. It is difficult to see what harm the first of these can do to any one. We all remember the facetious remark of the Catholic bishop in Ireland to his Protestant rival, who declined to accept the doctrine of purgatory, "Faith, you may go further and fare worse;" and it is a curious fact that the stoutest opponents of the cleansing fire are those who earnestly uphold the doctrine of hell—of course for others and not for themselves. Unless, however, it be maintained that the mere pronouncement of a shibboleth is to free the soul from sin, and make it fit for the joys of heaven, the very conception of a penal involves that of a purgatorial fire. For there are surely those who, as the Scotch proverb has it, are "ower bad for blessing and ower guid for banning," for whom there must needs be a time in which to purge themselves before they rise to the clear vision of eternal day, a place or state in which pardonable offences may be pardoned, and the earthly dross be burned away from the pure gold of the immortal soul. Purgatory is logically involved in the thought of hell and, in the thought of heaven; the true alternative to it is not the immediate severance between the sinner and the saint, the transference of the one to eternal torment, the other to eternal delight, but the *ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον* of the Greek poet, the sleep that knows no waking. For who is fit for hell or heaven? Even of the evil, a Catholic theologian, who did not mince his words nor take a rose-colored view of the future state, has said that Judas is the only soul of whose damnation we are quite certain, and surely there are many believers at least equally hopeful. On the other hand, it was no Catholic, but one of the strictest of Scotch Protestants, the great Edward Irving, who objected thus vehemently to that shibbo-

leth of the saving power of Christ. In his "Discourse on Judgment to Come" he says:

Now what difference is it whether the active spirit of a man is laid asleep by the comfort of the holy wafer, and extreme unction to be his viaticum and his passport to heaven, or by the constant charm of a few words sounded and sounded, and eternally sounded, about Christ's sufficiency to save? In the holy name of Christ and the three times holy name of God, have they declared aught to men, or are they capable of declaring aught to men, which should not work upon men the desire and the power of holiness? Why then do I hear the constant babbling about simple reliance and simple dependence upon Christ, instead of most scriptural and sound-minded calls to activity and perseverance after every perfection? And oh! they will die mantled in their vain delusion as the Catholic dies, and when the soothing voice of their consolatory teacher is passed into inaudible distance, Conscience will arise with pensive Reflection and pale Fear, her two daughters, to take an account of the progress and exact advancement of their mind.

By all means let those who please deny purgatorial fire and purgatory of any kind, but in consistency the joys of heaven must vanish at the same time, with the dismal hell appointed for those who sin in a different manner to the assessor of it, and for the holders of a different faith. Where in such a case would be the hope and comfort of many a Christian?

Ever since, and even before, Luther nailed his theses on the church door at Wittenberg, the very name of indulgences has been a by-word among men. Catholics themselves have often had to speak of them with bated breath, and in a Protestant country the word is little seen. Every Catholic is quite aware that his doctrine is capable of the most complete defence, or he would not profess to hold it, but he would fully admit that the traffic in indulgences, developed to so large an extent for financial reasons, to supply the money needed for St. Peter's in Rome, and carried to an excess by vulgar monks who turned pedlars with these as their wares, has brought discredit on the doctrine itself, as well as on its abuses. But this, however natural, is unfair. What is really held by the Roman Church is briefly this: for the sake of good deeds, done either by a man himself or by some other person, certain penalties of misdeeds

may be, under conditions, set aside ; or to speak technically, an indulgence is a "remission of the punishment still due to sin after sacramental absolution, this remission being valid in the court of conscience and before God, and being made by an application of the treasurer of the church on the part of a lawful superior." As in the social so in the moral code, a transgression may be of the slightest or of the gravest character. We may offend against social law by neglecting to raise our hat to a lady, or by running away with our neighbor's wife. For the one transgression the penalty may be that the lady forgets to ask us to her next evening party, for the graver offence are the law-courts, possibly a heavy money fine and exclusion from all decent society. So, in the same way, an offence against the moral law may vary from an indulged tendency to lie too long in bed, or to be drowsy in church, to the gravest sins of which poor human nature is capable ; and the church draws a very intelligible distinction between mortal and venial sin, making also a difference between two kinds of punishment which fall on the offender and the two kinds of forgiveness needed. The one punishment is temporal, and, if we may say so, trivial, the other spiritual and eternal, and it is to the passing punishment, whether in this world or the next, that an indulgence can alone apply.

Now if it be a shocking thing that for the remission of temporal punishment men should be entitled to draw on a store of merits not their own, or on their previous good deeds, the objector, if consistent, must refuse to accept any kind of vicarious merit, and apply his law of stern and unflinching morality to all cases in which aught is done for another's sake, or in remembrance of the past. Some years ago there was an usage at Eton, which seemed to the present writer, when only a boy of thirteen, exactly, though perhaps unintentionally, framed on the lines of ecclesiastical indulgences. The "Remove" was a part of the school in which geography and history were especially studied, and the making of maps was a weekly exercise, to which an importance was attached beyond their real value as a means of teaching. The masters of this

form, and, as far as I remember, of this form alone, were in the habit of giving what were termed "exemptions" for well-executed maps. A small piece of the corner of the map which deserved praise was torn off, signed with the master's initials, and handed to the artist. Perhaps a day or two afterward the same boy was accidentally late for school, and ordered to write out fifty lines of Virgil as a punishment. When the time came for producing the lines, he presented instead his "exemption," which was accepted without a word ; his previous merits had gained him an indulgence. I have some impression, though my memory in this serves me but imperfectly, that the transfer of exemptions was at least tacitly allowed, even if not directly sanctioned, but I speak under correction. If it so chanced that a graver fault had been committed than the mere venial offence of being late for school, talking in class, or the like, and that the offender then presented an exemption, not only was it not received in lieu of punishment, but the very pleading the excuse was held to deepen the fault ; and here, on a lower ground, was all the distinction between mortal and venial sin. We read in the papers that the same school has lately been granted an extra week of holidays on account of the marriage, that is to say, the "merits," of the Duke of Albany. If there be nothing immoral in giving boys a holiday because some one else is married, or in forgiving a trivial misdeed for the sake of previous good conduct, we fail to see the moral iniquity of remitting temporal punishment of sin on account of the merits of the saints, or of a devotion sedulously performed. And this is all that was ever claimed for indulgences, rightly understood. The acts are, it is true, on altogether different planes, but the principle is the same, and a principle is independent of magnitude, it "shuns the lore of nicely calculated less or more." And if indeed there be no such thing as the application of the merits of one to the needs of and her, a far larger fabric than was at first contemplated must crumble under the blast of displeasure, for surely the whole Christian religion stands on no other foundation, and it must be remembered that objections to the intrinsic

morality of the whole "scheme of Revelation," as it is called, have been based on the simple fact of its vicarious character.

To pass to another subject. The elder Quakers, strict Jews, and Mohammedans are consistent in the objections they raise to the use of images, holding as literally binding on all the order to make no representation of any creature. But apart from such stern Puritans, it is hard to see how any possessor of a book of photographs, or who hangs in his room the portraits of relatives who tend him no longer on earth, or the great and wise who have helped to nurture his mind, can reasonably object to such aids to thought and devotion as hang and stand in the churches. If in rude and barbarous countries the symbol is now and then in danger of being mistaken for the thing signified, it may possibly be a question whether the authorities in that place or country would not do well to minimize, as far as in them lay, the devotion paid to such sacred objects. But it is difficult to see on what grounds they should be bound to do even so much as this, unless the whole theory that the divine power is exhibited through material symbols is to break down. So long as any graces and gifts are so given, there can be no reason why to this or that sacred emblem God may not have attached them in a special manner, and just as he is often understood to grant a large portion of his spirit to one marred and uncomely like St. Paul, so it were not unlike his usual dealings that the image or picture specially chosen by him should be not the work of a Michael Angelo or a Fra Angelico, but some rude doll or daubed canvas, into which the simple workman had put more piety than art. So long as in things of everyday life some special human interest may centre in this or that portrait quite apart from the artistic merits, a special sacred interest may be given to some particular portrait of Christ or his saints, and the same power which directs the affections, on the hypothesis that devotion and piety are the gifts of God, may grant in answer to that devotion corresponding benefits. The whole cultus of images seems a part of that sentiment which flows out in all portraiture of those we

love. It is absurd to deny to the deepest affections that which is useful and praiseworthy when applied to the more shallow and fleeting.

The whole claims and powers of the priesthood appear to be involved in the very conception of a church, as a church is involved in that of a living and ruling God. Of all the absurd notions which ever obtained large sway over the human mind, perhaps the most singular is that a Supreme Being, who for ages had spoken to men by direct communication, or by ministers and prophets having a special gift of his own Spirit, who at the last sent his Son with a message, should, when he recalled that Son, have simply put the record of all these transactions in a book and given to none any authoritative power of interpretation. Conceive a codification of the laws of the realm, without judges to declare, interpret, and administer, or a work on medicine which, without training, without study of physiology or anatomy, every one should understand as he pleased; yet an uninterpreted Bible is more incoherent, more monstrous than either of these. It unfolds to the un instructed eye contradictory statements, and upholds for admiration and pattern states of society and theories of morals wholly alien to our own, and to others approved by itself. But the claim of the Catholic Church, that in all points of faith it has divine guidance, and therefore speaks with authority, is intelligible, and it would seem involved in the very idea of a living, active, yet unseen and unheard ruler, that there should be some interpreter of his will to men. From another point of view the priesthood is the organized and orderly ministry of those powers which belong to the church as a whole. If it should be maintained that the church is another name for collective humanity considered on its religious side, in such a conception may lie the reconciliation of opinions which now are widely separated. Considered in this light, should the priest declare the forgiveness of the penitent, his absolution has in the first place its human side. He expresses the judgment of humanity that the sin is not one which should shut out the penitent from the fellowship or the kindly rela-

tions of men. If men are hard and merciless, unforgiving and unjust, Man is not so; the ultimate judgment is of the best of the race; humanity is the ideal man. And in this aspect—we do not forget that there is another—the absolution of God pronounced by the priest is the ratification of the absolution of man. "Hath no man condemned thee? Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

We may, it is true, take a wholly different view of the human race and of the world. We may assert that all we see and know is an assembly of men, how placed here we know not, from whom deriving their being we cannot tell, yet probably elaborated by the slow toil of the ages from creatures infinitely below our present state. We may trace their development from the first organic blastules, themselves resultant from chemical changes of which we know nothing in organic matter, till, after ages the very enumeration of which makes the brain reel, "at the last arose the man." Then dismissing all thoughts of their origin, we may see these beings gradually casting off habits which are called evil because they make fellow life and society impossible. We may see them striving ever upward, pressing forward to some absolutely unknown goal, forming to themselves visions of what it may be, bright and beautiful, or dark and hateful, to dismiss them with a sigh, and acquiesce in their ignorance once more. So far as any man dare to speculate on the days to come, he may foresee that this collective humanity of which he forms a part has in the future a grander outlook, grander possibilities, than have ever yet been realized. If the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change, and no end comes within the ken of the wildest speculation, he may be content not to know. So also he may be ignorant of the destiny of each separate unit of the great whole, but think it most probable that each having fulfilled his term of years is resolved mentally and bodily into the elements from which he came, leaving his imperishable part, the few good deeds he has done, and the few noble thoughts which have been his, to be used up again, transmuted and

carried forward by those who shall come.

And such are conceptions which satisfy many. But those whom they do not satisfy, those who cling to the words of the old beliefs, "*Credo in unum Deum*," will surely and increasingly find more than they thought enwrapped in the notion of a God, of a church, of a priesthood. A larger number of men will constantly be constrained to admit, at least in some metaphysical and transcendental sense, the very dogmas of the Church Catholic they have most spurned. If, admitting the postulates of Christianity, they admit also the spirit of criticism, they may find themselves denying such fundamental principles as *omne majus continet in se minus*, and that there is no escape of a logical conclusion from given premises. He who begins to deny that a God who is infinitely great is also infinitely little, to scoff at the efficacy of relics, to scruple at the power of multiplication which may exist in portions of the true cross, as under sacred manipulation loaves and fishes multiplied by the lake of Galilee, may find that his criticism leads him far, first to the denial of biblical stories, then to that of the whole supernatural guidance of life and the universe.

And if such be the case, the morality which is now based on the supernatural may fail him, and leave him stranded and wrecked on the rocks of his passions, unless he shall have replaced it by a morality founded on naturalism, not on supernaturalism; on evolution, and not on revelation. This scheme of morals is as yet hardly formulated; it is, perhaps, as yet too early to judge or to prophesy whether it will ever become a rule of life for the ignorant, the sorrowful, and the humble.

No doubt for many years to come there will be those who walk on some middle way, accepting a portion, yet rejecting much of what once was undoubted by all but a bold and eager minority. Men are not yet guided wholly by logic or by reason; their prejudices, their fancies, and their wills are equally to be considered in the calculation of what any may do. Yet the conflict is becoming more apparent, the issue is narrowing, and it has seemed

not out of place that one who feels the enormous importance of the struggle of faith and unfaith, the difficulty of accepting either hypothesis, but mainly

the impossibility of accepting the Catholic solution, should state in a few clear words what seems to him this great dilemma.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

A MYSTERY OF THE PACIFIC.

FAR away in the South Pacific Ocean, stretching from the coast of Asia for thousands of miles to the east, there extends a vast series of archipelagoes and island groups, partly, without doubt, the remains of a former continent now merged beneath the waves. Here is the far-famed Coral Sea, with its countless islets, and calm lagoons; and here are numberless volcanic islands, rich in luxuriant vegetation, where Nature seems to have been especially prodigal of her gifts, but which are ever the sport of the terrible subterranean forces that act with such fearful potency throughout all this region. Till comparatively recent times, little was known for certain with respect to the islands of the Pacific. Mendana and other pioneers of exploration had, it is true, shed some light on the subject; but the tales of early travellers were mixed up with many wild improbabilities and exaggerations. Dim stories floated about of the savage nature of the South Sea Islanders, and of the exploits of Dampier or of the Spanish buccaners. Tales, too, of the fabulous wealth to be derived from trading in the Pacific, found ready listeners everywhere; and the public credulity on the subject was too clearly shown in the history of the South Sea Bubble.

Of late years, through the discoveries of gallant explorers, we have learned more of the true facts of the case, and many old illusions have been dispelled. But, as has been so often said, truth is stranger than fiction; and the facts to which we are about to draw attention will yield in their wonderful nature to none of the strange and fantastic tales with which sea-captains were formerly wont to astonish the credulous at home.

In the far East, forming, as it were, the outpost of the South Sea groups, is a solitary volcanic island called Easter Island. It is thirteen hundred miles east of Pitcairn, the next island in the series, and, with the exception of Salas-y-Gomez, a small rock without inhabitants

or vegetation, there is no land between it and South America, which lies more than two thousand miles to the east. Easter Island is only eleven miles by four broad; yet in this small space is crowded perhaps the most wonderful and mysterious collection of remains of a prehistoric people to be found on the earth. At the south-west end are nearly a hundred houses, built of stone, with walls five feet in thickness. The inside of the walls is lined with upright slabs of stone, painted in black, white, and red, with figures of animals and birds, and with other designs. The houses are roofed in with overlapping slabs of stone. In some of the houses, numbers of univalve shells have been found. Near these wonderful ruins, the rocks are carved into fantastic shapes or faces, most of the sculptures being now almost overgrown with bush and underwood. The present inhabitants know nothing whatever of these houses, which, existing as they do in such large numbers, seem to point inevitably to a former race of natives of far higher civilization.

We can understand that a former race may have erected the houses and carved the sculptures mentioned above, wonderful as they are compared with the huts of the existing natives. What follows is, however, more difficult of explanation. On nearly every promontory are erected huge stone platforms, facing the sea, and presenting a front sometimes nearly three hundred feet long and from twenty to thirty feet high. The stones composing these platforms are often six feet long, and are fitted together without cement. The top of the platform is generally about thirty feet broad; and the structures being built on sloping ground, the wall facing the interior of the island is only about a yard high. Another terrace, a hundred feet broad, is levelled landward, and ends also in a wall of stone. On these immense platforms are great pedestals of stone, on which once stood gigantic

statues, which, however, are now all thrown down and partially mutilated, with the exception of those on the platform near the crater of Otouli, which are still erect. Some of these images were thirty-seven feet high; but the average height was about sixteen or seventeen feet, other statues being much smaller. The heads of these sculptured images are flat, and were formerly capped by crowns of red tufa, a stone that is found only at a crater called Terano Hau, near which have been found a number of crowns ready for removal to the statues. The faces are square, and are said to be of a disdainful expression, the lips thin, and the eye-sockets remarkably deep, perhaps to admit of the insertion of eyeballs formed of obsidian, which is also found on the island.

Captain Cook, who during his second voyage visited Easter Island, remarks that the shade of one of these statues was sufficient to shelter all his party—nearly thirty persons. He believed them to be burying-places for certain tribes or families. But whatever may have been the original intention of the sculptors, the present natives can have had nothing to do with the execution of these wonderful monuments. They possess, however, small wooden carved figures, but totally different in features from the stone images. We are forced to the conclusion that the houses, platforms, and statues are all relics of a remote age. The natives have a tradition that they formerly migrated to their present abode from one of the islands of the Low Archipelago; but this throws little light on the subject. How, in any age, could a people furnished only with a stone chisel—for the Polynesians are still in the Stone epoch—have carved such statues by hundreds and built such enormous platforms? And the difficulty is immensely increased by the small size and complete isolation of the island. At present, Easter Island remains the greatest mystery of the Pacific—one of the great mysteries of the world.

The ruins of Ponapé, however, are scarcely more easily explained than those we have been describing. Ponapé is one of the Caroline Islands, and is about fourteen miles long by twelve in width. On the bank of a creek in the Metalanien harbor stands a massive wall

three hundred feet in length and about thirty-five feet high. It is built of basalt, the stones being in some cases twenty-five feet long. On passing through a gateway in this wall, a court, inclosed by walls thirty feet high, is reached. This court is now almost hidden in parts by luxuriant vegetation; but on investigation, a terrace eight feet high and twelve broad is found to run round the inside of the inclosing wall. Low walls running north and south divide the court into three parts, in the centre of each of which is a closed chamber fourteen feet square, roofed over with basaltic columns.

The labor of building these structures must have been enormous, for there are no basaltic rocks within ten miles, with an intervening country thickly wooded and precipitous. Such an exploit is evidently entirely out of the power of the present savage inhabitants. The theory that the buildings were the work of Spanish buccaneers is also untenable. No adequate explanation has yet been offered; but, as in the case of Easter Island, we seem driven to the hypothesis of an ancient civilization extending over some parts at least of the Pacific. Admitting this, we might suppose that Easter Island was chosen, possibly expressly on account of its isolation, as the sanctuary of the religion of some confederacy or group of tribes, who might by their joint labors have produced the mighty structures which now baffle the archæologist. On the same supposition, the buildings at Ponapé might be considered to have been the temple of the gods of some powerful nation. But all this is mere conjecture. If there ever was such a civilization, which way did it spread? Was it from the West or from the East? And in either case, how can we account for its spontaneous growth in such an isolated region and under conditions so unfavorable? These are questions which we cannot hope to answer; probably they will always remain unanswered. The past history of the South Seas is veiled in deep obscurity. Could we but gain an insight into the remote past of this quarter of the globe, perhaps a picture would be revealed, by the side of which the tales of Montezuma and the Incas of Peru would sink into insignificance.—*Chambers's Journal.*

"DAME AUTUMN HATH A MOURNFUL FACE."

SUMMER is dead : too soon her radiant shape
Beneath a humid pall of leaves is laid ;
Too soon is fled the swallow, to escape
The biting wind, and winter's cruel shade.

Summer is dead : the weeping forest tree
Repeats the cry amid its falling leaves ;
Past is the cheerful hum of laden bee,
Vanished the mellow glory of the sheaves.

Now do grim shadows usher in the night,
That follows fast upon the shortened day ;
More boldly doth the night-bird wing her flight,
And croak defiance to the moon's wan ray.

Now doth the peasant, hastening sadly home,
Trembling, recall come half-forgotten tale ;
How in the chill of evening, elf and gnome
Sporting, hold revel high on hill and dale.

Up from the deep moist bosom of the earth,
Autumn arising shakes her dewy hair,
And leaves the sedgy marshes of her birth
To soar aloft ; a creature wondrous fair !

But pale and sad : one slender hand upholds
Above her head a veil's translucent sheen,
That falling, wraps within its silv'ry folds
Her limbs, whose charm thus hidden, yet is seen

A weird light flickers faintly round her head,
And sparkles on the tinted gossamer
Of delicate wings, that to the breeze outspread
Support her flight, yet scarcely seem to stir.

Yet tears are in her eyes, ah ! mournful tears ;
A shadow dims her pale brow as of pain ;
Telling of faded hopes in vanished years,
Of mirth and joys that may not come again.

So have I heard her from her couch arise,
When night is full of murmurs, and the sound
Of the chill air that rustles as she flies,
And the dead twigs that crackle to the ground.

And thus she floateth, brushing from the bough
The russet leaves that sadly linger there ;
And wreathes them into chaplets for her brow,
Or plucks the drooping flowerets for her hair.

And while the pattering rain-drops on the grass,
Fall with a ceaseless monotone, the night
Enwraps her, and the stars behold her pass
Through the bleak darkness in her silent flight.

GEORGE ELIOT'S CHILDREN.

BY ANNIE MATHESON.

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."

So spake a great novelist, whose sayings are often more bitter and more epigrammatic, but seldom perhaps more true. And this is to be valued not as a mere chance utterance, but as the central idea of the beautiful prose idyl in which it occurs, and to which George Eliot has given the name, not of the bright-haired saving messenger, but of the old weaver whom she rescues, "Silas Marner."

In George Eliot's other writings it might be easy to find more passion, more subtlety, more so-called spiritual fervor; a more obvious humor and a wider and more varied range of dramatic power; but perhaps there is not one of them which is so classic in its unity, simplicity, and self-involved completeness as "Silas Marner." It is, to steal a phrase, "a pure chrysolite."

Here is a story which thrills us not so much with the love of lovers as with that eternal love which finds expression in the caresses of little dimpled hands, the kisses of baby lips, quite as truly as in the discipline of that vicarious joy and sorrow which go to make the loves and friendships of men and women. It is as if the little child who stood in the midst of it had inspired its writer with such a white heat of creative genius that the simple materials embraced within its flame had been crystallized into consummate and unlabored beauty.

Possibly time alone will determine the moral value of George Eliot's teaching; and time itself, by introducing new and complex conditions, will make its own verdict of difficult and doubtful interpretation. There are those who maintain that the subtle analysis of motive, and still more the minute diagnosis of passion, must of necessity be unhealthy reading. There are those on the other hand who assert that George Eliot is a great moral teacher, and that though she does not, like a great living poet, expressly formulate her intention of

teaching the world the existence of "original sin," there are other doctrines of at least equal importance which George Eliot brands into the very souls of those who come under her influence. "Is there any other writer of our day," they say, "who has so effectually taught us that 'the wages of sin is death'—moral death, and that the value of life lies not in sordid happiness, but in loving sacrifice; to say nothing of that much-needed conviction that 'good carpentry is God's will,' and that 'scamped work of any sort is a moral abomination'?"

But whatever view be taken of George Eliot's ethics, he must be a daring man who will deny that she is possessed of genius; and she has that rare gift of genius, a creative and sympathetic imagination in regard to children. George Eliot's children are not the mere creatures of her fancy. They are not impossible cherubs, or wingless fairies, or idealized precocities. When we are told that "'the little uns'* addressed were Marty and Tommy, boys of nine and seven, in little fustian tailed coats and knee-breeches, relieved by rosy cheeks and black eyes; looking as much like their father as a very small elephant is like a very large one," and are in the following sentences assured, concerning their baby sister, that "Totty,† having speedily recovered from her threatened fever, had insisted on going to church to-day, and especially on wearing her red and black necklace outside her tippet," we have an instinctive feeling that Tommy and Marty and Totty are made of real flesh and blood, and that though we may not nowadays meet little tail-coats and knee-breeches every Sunday, yet we have most of us seen chubby-faced boys and innocent self-important Totties on their

* "Adam Bede," p. 160.

† "Adam Bede."

way to church any number of "Sabbath-day mornings."

And then there is that delightful small man, Job Tudge, of whom more anon; and the energetic young Benjamin Garth, who sang the refrain to his brother Alfred's declaration that Mary was "an old brick, old brick, old brick!" Those who are in all the secrets of Mr. Gilfil's love story will perhaps remember

"Tommy Bond, who had recently quitted frocks and trousers for the severe simplicity of a tight suit of corduroys, relieved by numerous brass buttons. Tommy was a saucy boy, impervious to all impressions of reverence, and excessively addicted to humming-tops and marbles, with which recreative resources he was in the habit of immoderately distending the pockets of his corduroys. One day, spinning his top on the garden-walk, and seeing the Vicar advance directly toward it, at that exciting moment when it was beginning to 'sleep' magnificently, he shouted out with all the force of his lungs—'Stop! don't knock my top down, now!' From that day 'little Corduroys' had been an especial favorite with Mr. Gilfil, who delighted to provoke his ready scorn and wonder by putting questions which gave Tommy the meanest opinion of his intellect."

"Well, little Corduroys, have they milked the geese to-day?"

"Milked the geese! why, they don't milk the geese, you silly!"

"No? dear heart? why, how do the goslings live, then?"

"The nutriment of goslings rather transcending Tommy's observations in natural history, he feigned to understand this question in an exclamatory rather than an interrogatory sense, and became absorbed in winding up his top."

"Ah, I see you don't know how the goslings live! But did you notice how it rained sugar-plums yesterday?" (Here Tommy became attentive.) "Why, they fell into my pocket as I rode along. You look into my pocket and see if they didn't."

"Tommy, without waiting to discuss the alleged antecedent, lost no time in ascertaining the presence of the agreeable consequent, for he had a well-founded belief in the advantages of diving into the Vicar's pocket. Mr. Gilfil called it his wonderful pocket, because, as he delighted to tell the 'young shavers' and 'two shoes'—so he called all little boys and girls—whenever he put pennies into it they turned into sugar-plums or ginger-bread, or some other nice thing. Indeed, little Bessie Parrot, a flaxen-headed 'two shoes,' very white and fat as to her neck, always had the admirable directness and sincerity to salute him with the question—'What zoo dot in zoo pottet?'"

George Eliot was doubtless aware how much more tenderly we should think of the pipe-smoking old parson after we had caught this glimpse of him among the children of his flock. Here, as in real life, is a touchstone of character.

And how wonderfully, in a few rapid strokes, we have the vivid individuality of the two children before us.

As for the immortal Tom and Maggie, I am persuaded that they are secretly delighted in by the very critics who decry them; and among those who find fault with the portraiture of their after life there are surely few indeed who would not admit that in describing their childish days George Eliot's drawing is nearly faultless.

But the master hand which, in "The Mill on the Floss," and elsewhere, pictured for us a "brother and sister" who had

"the self-same world enlarged for each

By loving difference of girl and boy,"

has given us other and less noticed sketches of those more ordinary little mortals, who, not possessing Maggie's passion or Tom's indomitable will, are yet as lovable as they are commonplace, and grow as thick as daisies in the common paths of life.

There are Milly Barton's children, for instance. Milly's farewell to them is too sacred in its simple pathos to be rudely snatched from its context and held up for admiration here, but it is tragic in its realistic truth. The passive courage and self-restraint of the pale little Patty, the sympathetic tears of the younger children, who cried "because mamma was ill and papa looked so unhappy,"* but thought that "perhaps next week things would be as they used to be again;" and the misery of the infantine Dicky, who had so lately stroked his mother's hand as "too yovely," and who, knowing nothing of the irrevocableness of death, was yet suddenly pierced with the idea that his mother "was going away somewhere"—all are untainted by the faintest touch of melodrama or maudlin exaggeration. Therefore they touch us to the quick.

And at the opposite pole of experience we find the red cheeked Jacob and Addie, the pride and joy of the Israel-

* "Scenes of Clerical Life," p. 75.

* "Scenes of Clerical Life," p. 63.

ish pawnbroker. They are drawn with merciless accuracy; yet, despite a certain coarseness and vulgarity in their moral fibre (in startling contrast with the refined and sensitive nobleness of another Jewish child in the same story), they are so alive with all the self-importance and exuberant energy appropriate to their age and surroundings, that we love them for their very absurdities, and are refreshed by the unconscious humor which is so large an element in all young animal existence, and which Kingsley delighted to regard as an evidence of some responsive faculty in the Creative Mind. That man must indeed be dead to this exquisite pleasure who can read without mirth the mingled pathos and fun of that passage in "Daniel Deronda," in which the Jewish seer, trying with unselfish enthusiasm to teach Jacob his religion of the future, is surprised to see that small but imitative Israelite suddenly vary the performance by standing on his head and licking up a bit of money. It is irresistible; though in the midst of our laughter our sympathies are somewhat painfully divided between the broken-hearted grief and indignation of the dying man, noble in his touching innocence and childlike unworldliness, and the minor woes of the earthly-minded, but very human little boy, who is finally overcome with tears in the presence of the awful warnings and denunciations which follow, naturally failing altogether to perceive why his humble mimicry of acrobatic street performances should be greeted with such a torrent of eloquence against the greed for filthy lucre.

There is a parallel passage in "Felix Holt,"* in which Felix bids little Job put out his tongue, and frightens him into sudden weeping by a passionate dissertation on the possible future sins of that unruly member. But in laughter-provoking freshness this fails altogether in comparison with Jacob's behavior, though it is forever memorable as following on that lovely little incident in which Job precipitates Esther's fate by inquiring, when he sees the tears in her eyes, whether she has "tut her finger."

Then, too, there is Mr. Jerome's grandchild.

"It is a pretty surprise," says George Eliot, "when one visits an elderly couple, to see a little figure enter in a white frock with a blond head as smooth as satin, round blue eyes, and a cheek like an apple blossom. A toddling little girl is a centre of common feeling which makes the most dissimilar people understand each other; and Mr. Tryan looked at Lizzie with that quiet pleasure which is always genuine."

"Here we are, here we are!" said proud grandpapa.

"You didn't think we'd got such a little gell as this, did you, Mr. Tryan? Why, it seems but th' other day since her mother was just such another. This is our little Lizzie, this is. Come an' shake hands with Mr. Tryan, Lizzie; come."

"Lizzie advanced without hesitation, and put out one hand, while she fingered her coral necklace with the other, and looked up into Mr. Tryan's face with a reconnoitring gaze. He stroked the satin head, and said in his gentlest voice, 'How do you do, Lizzie; will you give me a kiss?' She put up her little bud of a mouth, and then retreating a little and glancing down at her frock, said—

"Dit id my noo fock. I put it on 'tod you wad toming. Tally taid you wouldn't ook at it."

"Hush, hush, Lizzie, little gells must be seen and not heard," said Mrs. Jerome; while grandpapa, winking significantly, and looking radiant with delight at Lizzie's extraordinary promise of cleverness, set her upon her high cane chair by the side of grandma, who lost no time in shielding the beauties of the new frock with a napkin."*

For such little wayside flowers George Eliot always finds a place in the dusty highways of life. But it is not to be wondered at that many readers pass them by unheeded. Even forget-me-nots are not always remembered; and George Eliot's children are never thrust upon our notice as angels or prigs would be. We are not asked to admire the superhuman beauty of their plumage, or the superhuman wisdom of their utterances. They are real children, and

"not too bright or good

For human nature's daily food."

Nor are we, in their case, too often invited to investigate "the very pulse of the machine."

They are usually kept well in the background, as modest and well-behaved children should be, and still more such frank and "pushing" specimens of humanity as the precocious Jacob Cohen.

George Eliot does not generally give them a conspicuous place in her stories,

* "Felix Holt," p. 205.

* "Scenes of Clerical Life," p. 236.

though "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner" might, at the first glance, seem to contradict this statement. She does not label them, "This is a remarkable and deeply interesting little girl," or, "This is an unusual and exceedingly original little boy." She does not hold them up to notice and say by implication, "Look at my marvellous creative power—I have imagined and described an altogether exceptional child!" She has far too much of the real instinct of an artist. She does not insist on the beauty of what is accidental, still less of what is abnormal. Her children are just such as we might ourselves meet any day. And, perhaps, in many instances we pass them by in the novels with almost as brief a glance as we should give them in the street. They are there, but they never weary us. They must be looked for and remembered if they are to be loved.

It has been a large part of George Eliot's mission, perhaps, to teach the poetry of the commonplace, and to prove to an unbelieving world that the Ideal and the Real are one; that a disembodied ghost is no whit more wonderful, rather, perhaps, less so, than the ghost embodied in the shape of an unhappy Bulstrode, or even a Mrs. Vincy with pink cap-ribbons. And where shall we find more mystery in the lot of imprisoned spirits than in the lives of these little pilgrims from the unseen, for whom the veil is often still a little lifted.

Doubtless, George Eliot's loving and vivid remembrance of her own early years is, in large measure, the secret of her genius in this direction. She has herself said, "We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no children in it."* But many would echo that, and honestly feel its truth, who are nevertheless altogether deficient in that kind of imaginative sympathy and illuminating memory which seem to have enabled this great novelist to enter into the hidden experiences of child nature. There is a whole mine of wisdom in what she writes concerning Maggie's impetuous and remorseful grief anent her shorn locks.

"Ah, my child, you will have real troubles to fret about by and by," is the consolation we

have almost all of us had administered to us in our childhood, and have repeated to other children since we have been grown up. We have all of us sobbed so piteously, standing with tiny bare legs above our little socks, when we lost sight of our mother or nurse in some strange place; but we can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sufferings of five or ten years ago. Every one of those keen moments has left its trace, and lives in us still, but such traces have blent themselves irrecoverably with the firmer texture of our youth and manhood; and so it comes that we can look on at the troubles of our children with a smiling disbelief in the reality of their pain. Is there any one who can recover the experience of his childhood, not merely with a memory of what he did and what happened to him, of what he liked and disliked when he was in frock and trousers, but with an intimate penetration, a revived consciousness of what he felt then—when it was so long from one midsummer to another? What he felt when his schoolfellows shut him out from their game because he would pitch the ball wrong out of mere wilfulness; or on a rainy day in the holidays, when he didn't know how to amuse himself, and fell from idleness into mischief, from mischief into defiance, and from defiance into sulkiness; or when his mother absolutely refused to let him have a 'tailed' coat that 'half,' although every other boy of his age had gone into tails already? Surely if we could recall that early bitterness, and the dim guesses, the strangely prospective conception of life that gave the bitterness its intensity, we should not pool-poo the griefs of our children."*

This follows immediately on the description of Maggie's discomfiture under Tom's contempt and ridicule.

"He hurried down stairs and left poor Maggie to that bitter sense of the irrevocable which was almost an everyday experience of her small soul. She could see clearly enough, now the thing was done, that it was very foolish, and that she should have to hear and think more about her hair than ever; for Maggie rushed to her deeds with passionate impulse, and then saw not only their consequences, but what would have happened if they had not been done, with all the detail and exaggerated circumstance of an active imagination. Tom never did the same sort of foolish things as Maggie, having a wonderful instinctive discernment of what would turn to his advantage or disadvantage; and so it happened, that though he was much more wilful and inflexible than Maggie, his mother hardly ever called him naughty. But if Tom did make a mistake of that sort, he espoused it and stood by it; he 'didn't mind.' If he broke the lash of his father's gig whip by lashing the gate, he couldn't help it—the whip shouldn't have got caught in the hinge. If Tom Tulliver whipped a gate, he was con-

* "Mill on the Floss," p. 33.

* "Mill on the Floss," p. 56.

vinced, not that the whipping of gates by all boys was a justifiable act, but that he, Tom Tulliver, was justifiable in whipping that particular gate, and he wasn't going to be sorry. But Maggie, as she stood crying before the glass, felt it impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom, and Lucy, and Martha, who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles would laugh at her—for if Tom had laughed at her, of course every one else would. . . . Very trivial, perhaps, this anguish seems to weather-worn mortals who have to think of Christmas bills, dead loves, and broken friendships; but it was not less bitter to Maggie—perhaps it was even more bitter—than what we are fond of calling antithetically the real troubles of mature life."

There is here the same vibrating throb of pained memory as in that earlier passage in the same story, in which George Eliot says, doubtless with a bitter intensity of meaning :

"We learn to restrain ourselves as we get older. We keep apart when we have quarrelled, express ourselves in well-bred phrases, and in this way preserve a dignified alienation, showing much firmness on one side, and swallowing much grief on the other." *

But as we look at the bright or sad faces of Tom and Maggie, Eppie and Aaron, the boy Daniel and the little Pablo, of Totty and Marty, and Job and Patty, and Dorcas's children, and the rest, we feel that there are other elements beside a burning recollection in the power which calls them into being. The great artist, who never had a child of her own, seems to have thrilled with tenderness for all inarticulate and half articulate forms of being. Children, like the birds and the beasts, have often an overflowing abundance of language, but it is language which is wholly inadequate to express the blind longings and aspirations, the wounded ambitions, the moral perplexities, the hungry craving for boundless love, with which many a sensitive child is burdened. In this deepest sense childhood is always more or less dumb, even when most noisy and talkative. He who would understand a child must not only listen for his words, which indeed are often somewhat futile, but must learn to read the unwritten speech of eyes and hands and feet, and watch with observant sympathy not only the tears and

smiles, but the gay caresses and appealing gestures and quick blushes, which it is possible to ignore or to misinterpret. George Eliot evidently delights in them, and has described them with the same delicate touch as the movements of the little flying things for whom she spares a line or two in the "Spanish Gipsy":—

"A fountain near vase-shapen and broad-lipped,
Where timorous birds alight with tiny feet,
And hesitate and bend wise listening ears,
And fly away again with undipped beak."

No one who has watched such birds with observant affection can miss the delicate truth of the description.

And there is the same light but veracious touch in her delineation of the bird-like movements of young human creatures—whether they have, like little Aaron Winthrop, "got a voice like a bird," or only, like little Job Tudge, the gentle timorousness of those harmless feathered things. What could be more perfect than this :

"Dolly sighed gently as she held out the cakes to Silas, who thanked her kindly, and looked very close at them, absently, being accustomed to look so at everything he took into his hand—eyed all the while by the wondering bright orbs of the small Aaron, who had made an outwork of his mother's chair, and was peeping round from behind it.

"There's letters pricked on 'em," said Dolly. 'I can't read 'em myself, and there's nobody, not Mr. Macey himself, rightly knows what they mean; but they've a good meaning, for they're the same as is on the pulpit-cloth at church. What are they Aaron, my dear?'

"Aaron retreated completely behind his outwork.

"Oh go, that's naughty," said his mother, mildly. 'Well, whatever the letters are, they've a good meaning; and it's a stamp as has been in our house, Ben says, ever since he was a little un, and his mother used to put it on the cakes, and I've allays put it on too; for if there's any good, we've need of it i' this world.'

"It's I. H. S.," said Silas, at which proof of learning Aaron peeped round the chair again." *

The good Dolly then proceeds to give Marner a little theological advice :

"But now, little Aaron, having become used to the weaver's awful presence, had advanced to his mother's side, and Silas, seeming to notice him for the first time, tried to return Dolly's signs of good will by offering the lad a bit of lard-cake. Aaron shrank back a little,

* "Mill on the Floss," p. 31.

* "Silas Marner," p. 70.

and rubbed his head against his mother's shoulder, but still thought the piece of cake worth the risk of putting his hand out for it.

"Oh, for shame, Aaron," said his mother, taking him on her lap, however; 'why, you don't want cake again yet a while. He's wonderful hearty,' she went on with a little sigh—'that he is, God knows. He's my youngest, and we spoil him sadly, for either me or the father must allays hev him in our sight—that we must.'

"She stroked Aaron's brown head, and thought it must do Master Marner good to see such a 'pictur of a child.' But Marner on the other side of the hearth, saw the neat-featured rosy face as a mere dim round, with two dark spots in it.

"And he's got a voice like a bird—you wouldn't think," Dolly went on; 'he can sing a Christmas carril as his father's taught him; and I take it for a token as he'll come to good, as he can learn the good tunes so quick. Come, Aaron, stan' up and sing the carril to Master Marner, come.'

"Aaron replied by rubbing his forehead against his mother's shoulder.

"Oh, that's naughty," said Dolly, gently. 'Stan' up, when mother tells you, and let me hold the cake till you've done.'

"Aaron was not indisposed to display his talents, even to an ogre, under protecting circumstances; and after a few more signs of coyness, consisting chiefly in rubbing the backs of his hands over his eyes, and then peeping between them at Master Marner, to see if he looked anxious for the 'carril,' he at length allowed his head to be duly adjusted, and standing behind the table, which let him appear above it only as far as his broad frill, so that he looked like a cherubic head untroubled with a body, he began with a clear chirp, and in a melody that had the rhythm of an industrious hammer—

"God rest you, merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day."

What little brown-plumaged bird was ever more daintily described than this brown-headed, cherubic creature, with the clear chirp and the shy, noiseless movements, at once self-satisfied and coy?

The child heroine, Caterina, is throughout compared to "a little unobtrusive singing-bird, nestling so fondly under the wings that were outstretched for her, her heart beating only to the peaceful rhythm of love, or fluttering with some easily stifled fear," until it "had begun to know the fierce palpitations of triumph and hatred." But the intense and skeptical melancholy of that passage in which we are asked, "what were our little Tina and her trouble in this mighty torrent, rushing from one

awful unknown to another? Lighter than the smallest centre of quivering life in the water-drop, hidden and uncared for as the pulse of anguish in the breast of the tiniest bird that has fluttered down to its nest with the long-sought food, and has found the nest torn and empty," is belied by the main current of the tragedy. Rather, does not every event in the sad and beautiful story impress us more and more deeply with what would seem in those days to have been the writer's own conviction, that there is One who "watches over His children and will not let them do what they would pray with their whole hearts not to do."* Mr. Gilfil at last believed that "they had been carried through all that dark and weary way that" Caterina "might know the depth of his love. How he would cherish her—his little bird with the timid bright eye, and the sweet throat which trembled with love and music! She would nestle against him, and the poor little breast which had been so ruffled and bruised should be safe for evermore."† He tells her, "You have seen the little birds when they are very young and just begin to fly, how all their feathers are ruffled when they are frightened or angry; they have no power over themselves left, and might fall into a pit from mere fright. You were like one of those little birds."‡ This brave, blunt parson, who, neither to his dear love in the days of his courtship, nor to Dame Fripp§ in the days of his pipe-smoking, gray-haired bachelorhood, is at all given to "improving the occasion" or quoting texts, does no go on to say in so many words that not a sparrow can fall to the ground "without our Father;" but is not that the meaning of the whole story?

And if in later years George Eliot makes Mrs. Transome say that "God was cruel when he made women," she never lets us forget that what Mrs. Transome called "cruelty" was for her a just retribution, perhaps also a cleansing hell. In this soft and effeminate age, who shall say that we did not need the lesson!

But the mention of Mrs. Transome

* "Scenes of Clerical Life," p. 173.

† Ibid, p. 169.

‡ Ibid, p. 173.

§ Ibid, p. 72.

must take us back to the children ; and the interview between her little grandson and Job Tudge cannot be omitted :

"By this time young Harry, struck even more than the dogs by the appearance of Job Tudge, had come round dragging his chariot, and placed himself close to the pale child, whom he exceeded in height and breadth, as well as in depth of coloring. He looked into Job's eyes, peeped round at the tail of his jacket and pulled it a little, and then, taking off the tiny cloth cap, observed with much interest the tight red curls which had been hidden underneath it. Job looked at his inspector with the round blue eyes of astonishment, until Harry, purely by way of experiment, took a bon-bon from a fantastic wallet which hung over his shoulder, and applied the test to Job's lips. The result was satisfactory to both. Every one had been watching this small comedy, and when Job crunched the bon-bon, while Harry looked down at him inquiringly and patted his back, there was general laughter except on the part of Mrs. Holt, who was shaking her head slowly, and slapping the back of her left hand with the painful patience of a tragedian whose part is in abeyance to an ill-timed introduction of the humorous."

If Eppie stands next to Tom and Maggie in importance among George Eliot's children, surely this quaint little Job is not far off. If he is not, like Eppie, the child-angel sent to lead back a lost soul into the light, or, like Maggie and Caterina, destined to become the passionate heroine of a tragedy, at least his small forefinger touches with magic efficacy the tangled threads of another love-story :

"Job was a small fellow about five, with a germinal nose, large round blue eyes, and red hair that curled close to his head like the wool on the back of an infantine lamb. He had evidently been crying, and the corners of his mouth were still dolorous. Felix held him on his knee as he bound and tied up very cleverly a tiny forefinger. There was a table in front of Felix against the window, covered with his watch-making implements and some open books. . . .

"This is a hero, Miss Lyon. This is Job Tudge, a bold Briton whose finger hurts him, but who doesn't mean to cry. . . .

"Esther seated herself on the end of the bench near Felix, much relieved that Job was the immediate object of attention. . . .

"Did you ever see," said Mrs. Holt, standing to look on, "how wonderful Felix is at that small work with his large fingers ? And that's because he learnt doctoring. It isn't for want of cleverness he looks like a poor man, Miss Lyon. I've left off speaking, else I should say it's a sin and a shame."

"Mother," said Felix, who often amused

himself and kept good-humored by giving his mother answers that were unintelligible to her, 'you have an astonishing readiness in the Ciceronian antiphrasis, considering you have never studied oratory. There, Job—thou patient man—sit still if thou wilt ; and now we can look at Miss Lyon.'

"Esther had taken off her watch, and was holding it in her hand. But he looked at her face, or rather at her eyes, as he said, 'You want me to doctor your watch?'

"Esther's expression was appealing and timid, as it had never been before in Felix's presence ; but when she saw the perfect calmness, which to her seemed coldness, of his clear gray eyes, as if he saw no reason for attaching any emphasis to this first meeting, a pang swift as an electric shock darted through her. She had been very foolish to think so much of it. It seemed to her as if her inferiority to Felix made a great gulf between them. She could not at once rally her pride and self-command, but let her glance fall on her watch, and said, rather tremulously, 'It loses. It is very troublesome ; it has been losing a long while.'

"Felix took the watch from her hand ; then, looking round and seeing that his mother was gone out of the room, he said, very gently, 'You look distressed, Miss Lyon ; I hope there is no trouble at home' (Felix was thinking of the minister's agitation on the previous Sunday). 'But I ought perhaps to beg your pardon for saying so much.'

"Poor Esther was quite helpless. The mortification, which had come like a bruise to all the sensibilities that had been in keen activity, insisted on some relief. Her eyes filled instantly, and a great tear rolled down while she said in a loud sort of whisper, as involuntary as her tears,

"I wanted to tell you that I was not offended—that I am not ungenerous—I thought you might think—but you have not thought of it."

"Was there ever more awkward speaking ?—or any behavior less like that of the graceful, self-possessed Miss Lyon, whose phrases were usually so well turned, and whose repartees were so ready ? For a moment there was silence. Esther had her two little delicately-gloved hands clasped on the table. The next moment she felt one hand of Felix covering them both, and pressing them firmly ; but he did not speak. The tears were both on her cheeks now, and she could look up at him. His eyes had an expression of sadness in them, quite new to her. Suddenly little Job, who had his mental exercises on the occasion, called out, impatiently,

"She's tut her finger !"

"Felix and Esther laughed, and drew their hands away ; and as Esther took her handkerchief to wipe the tears from her cheeks, she said,

"You see, Job, I am a naughty coward, I can't help crying when I have hurt myself."

"Zoo soodn't kuy," said Job, energetically, being much impressed with a moral doctrine which had come to him after a sufficient transgression of it.

"Job is like me," said Felix, 'fonder of preaching than of practice.'

Job's foster-mother, Mrs. Holt, is certainly a wonderful creature. Mrs. Poyser has been more talked about, but even Mrs. Poyser's shrewd witticisms are scarcely so exquisitely humorous as Mrs. Holts's loquacious and egotistic stupidities. Except perhaps Mrs. Tulliver's interview with Mr. Wakem, it would be difficult to find anything at once so credible and so absurd as that long conversation with Mr. Lyon, in the course of which Mistress Holt assures him that :

" 'When everybody gets their due, and people's doings are spoke of on the house-tops, as the Bible says they will be, it'll be known what I've gone through with those medicines—the pounding, and the pouring, and the letting stand, and the weighing—up early and down late; there's nobody knows yet but One that's worthy to know; and the pasting o' the printed labels right side upward. There's few women would have gone through with it; and it's reasonable to think it'll be made up to me; for if there's promised and purchased blessings, I should think this trouble is purchasing 'em. For if my son Felix doesn't have a straight waistcoat put on him, he'll have his way. But I say no more. I wish you good morning, Mr. Lyon, and thank you, though I well know it's your duty to act as you're doing. And I never troubled you about my own soul, as some do who look down on me for not being a church member.' "

And what mere sensation-monger would have chosen this morally obtuse old Pharisee as the woman who would not the less take soft and tender care of "the orphan child"?

Yet we feel instinctively that though Dolly Winthrop is one of nature's aristocracy and a saint among women, even Dolly's motherly delight in Silas Marner's little "angil" is not one whit more genuine than Mrs. Holt's affection for little Job.

The mention of Dolly Winthrop takes us back to the point from which we started, and the divine mission of the little child who was sent to Marner :

" 'Anybody 'ud think the angils in heaven couldn't be prettier,' said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. 'And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags,—and the poor mother—froze to death; but there's them as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open?'

" 'Yes,' said Silas, meditatively; 'yes—the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where.'

* * * * *

" 'Ah,' said Dolly, with soothing gravity, 'it's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we can do arter all—the big things come and go wi' no striving o' our'n—they do, that they do; and I think you're in the right on't to keep the little un, Master Marner, seeing as it's been sent to you.'

This is pretty enough, but it is, if possible, surpassed by the description of Eppie's first and last punishment—

"She had cut the bond which held her to Marner's loom, and had wandered off alone while he was busy weaving, frightening him into the belief that she had perhaps fallen into the stone pits, whereas she was all the while discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

"Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and make her remember. The idea that she might run away again and come to harm, gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole—a small closet near the hearth.

" 'Naughty, naughty Eppie,' he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—'naughty to cut with the scissors, and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole.' He half-expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry. 'Opy, opy!' and Silas let her out again, saying, 'Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black naughty place.'

"The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—

though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

"In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, 'Eppie in de toat-hole!'

"This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. 'She'd take it all for fun,' he observed to Dolly, 'if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble, I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of.'

"'Well, that's partly true, Master Marner,' said Dolly, sympathetically; 'and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep 'em out of her way. That's what I do wi' the pups as the lads are allays a-rearing. They *will* worry and gnaw—worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so as they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em; it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets 'em on, that's what it is.'

"So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience: and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut for her she knew nothing of frowns or denials . . . there was love between the child and the world—from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red ladybirds and the round pebbles."

It had been intended to reserve the last word for the two Tullivers, but Maggie and Tom are known and remembered wherever George Eliot's books are read; and, without entering

upon grave discussions which would perhaps be out of place in this essay, it would be impossible to unravel their story:

"Its threads are Love and Life, and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom."

No word has been said of Tessa or Tessa's children, though several of the most charming scenes in "*Romola*" are occupied with them, and there is one magnificent passage in the Epilogue in which *Romola*, warning Lillo against a life of easy self-pleasing, sums up in a few words the very heart and life of George Eliot's more conscious teaching, a doctrine in startling contrast with some more subtle and unspoken influences which vibrate through her work.

But it would be difficult to tear so long an extract from the context; let us leave the Epilogue and turn rather to the Proem.

I have tried to let George Eliot's innocent boys and girls speak for themselves, unspoiled by overmuch commenting on my part; and now that the bright procession has passed before us, it is with no surprise that we hear her expressing the thought which lies deep within our own hearts also, as she says to us: "The little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between love and duty; and men still yearn for the reign of peace and righteousness—still own *that* life to be the highest which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice"*—*Macmillan's Magazine*.



A GLIMPSE OF MEXICO.

BY F. FRANCIS.

SAN FRANCISCO is rapidly forsaking the "dandy rig" of the gambler, and assuming the sober garb of commercial propriety. Stocks have gone "all endways." The old times when fortunes were made and lost in a day, when a man might go to bed a pauper and wake a millionaire, or wake a millionaire and go to bed a pauper, have vanished. Nor is it probable that they ever will return. Those were times! Refer to them in the presence of any one who knew them in their golden prime and mark how his eyes will glisten. How

eagerly will he launch forth upon a sea of anecdote! how he will revel in the train of recollections thus induced!

"Dog gone if I know the place!" said an old fellow to me when I was last there. "Ye never see a shot fired from year's end to year's end now. No, sir. Why, it isn't often ye even hear a champagne cork drawn. 'Steard of the chink of gold, ye hear nothing but the scratching of pens. All the boys are gone, and there's only store clerks and society

* "*Romola*"—The Proem.

men—bummers we call 'em—t' associate with. Ye never saw such a change in all your life. I'll be dog if the women's half as pretty as they were. Hell! 'Tain't no sort of a place to what it used to be. No, sir."

Nevertheless, to the stranger it will seem that a spirit of princely extravagance still characterizes the inhabitants of the Golden City. With his last ten-dollar piece the true San Franciscan will dine sumptuously, take a box at the theatre, or a drive out to the Cliff House. His last twenty-five cents will be invested in a good cigar. The veriest "dead beat" who asks you for money in the street would feel insulted by a tender of coppers. The Californian will starve rather than pinch. Fortunately, he has only to work to be rich. There is no fight for existence there. No man need jostle his neighbor. Such being the case, men accept greater risks and experience losses with less concern than is the case in Europe.

Returning to San Francisco after an absence of twelve months, I discovered that several men who during my previous visit had appeared to possess bottomless purses, had vanished from the club circle.

"Where is A.?" I asked.

"A. ? Oh, he's got a mine down in Arizona. When the bottom tumbled out of that Pole Star silver mine A. had to skin out of this."

"And what has become of B.?"

"Well, one of the boys met him prospecting down in New Mexico the other day. Said he was carrying his own pack, dead broke. B. will be up again though. He's a ruffler. You'll hear of him soon."

"Has C. gone too?"

"Yes. Soon after you left, they knocked Golcondas higher 'n a kite. C. was a large holder. They do say he's prospecting a new mine down in Tombstone County, and it's likely to turn out a Bonanza. Hope it will, anyhow."

Among these incogniti was a prince of good fellows, at whose hands I had formerly experienced the warmest hospitality. I determined to go south and visit him at his new mine in Sonora. In due course the Southern Pacific Railway landed me at Tucson. Thence the

journey had to be continued by stage. I was driven to the Metropolitan Hotel, to the proprietor of which, Mr. Maloney, I had a message of introduction.

"What time does the stage start for Magdalena?" was my first inquiry.

"Magdalena? Well, I guess you'll have to wait here till Saturday now. Stage went out this morning at eight o'clock," said the bar-keeper. It was nine o'clock on Tuesday. I had seen enough of Tucson *en route* from the station to prompt an impolite apostrophe to my ill-luck. The bar-keeper did not seem to realize any misfortune in a delay of four days at Tucson.

"Take a drink?" said he. "Thar's worse places than Tucson. Thar's places where you can't get a drink."

I took a drink. The bar-keeper joined me.

"Is Mr. Maloney in?" I inquired.

"Mr. Maloney has not long gone to bed. The boys was having a little game of 'freeze-out' last night. I guess he'll be about again at midday."

I was assigned a bedroom, or rather a loose box, in the quadrangle of bedrooms at the back of the saloon. After breakfasting, I strolled out to look at the town. Until, twelve months previously, the railway reached it, Tucson was an unimportant dove village. Now it is growing rapidly. Edifices of brick are springing up. Practically it is the gateway betwixt Mexico and the Western States, and in a few years it will be a considerable town.

Under the shop awnings in the main street loitered a crowd of handsome, bearded, bronzed miners from the neighboring mining districts. To and fro flitted a few busy store-clothed store-keepers and clerks. Here and there a knot of men might be seen examining some specimen of quartz. Here and there a couple of leather-breeched cowboys, ostentatiously "heeled,"* rode past on their Mexican-saddled bronchos. Yonder a chain-and-ball gang of convicts slowly advanced, sweeping the dusty road.

In a place of this kind the barber's shop, next to the drinking saloons, is the chief place of resort. The barber, in importance, ranks second only to the

* Armed.

artistic mixer of cool drinks. He is hail-fellow-well-met with every one. Especially cheery and amusingly ceremonious is Figaro if he happens to be a colored man. His memory is prodigious. Men enter that he has not seen for months, and with whom he is perhaps only slightly acquainted. Yet will he resume the conversation precisely where it was terminated. He will remind his visitor exactly of what he said and what his projects were when he last was shaved, and he will persistently inquire how far those assertions have been verified and those intentions fulfilled. Having posted himself up to the latest date in all that concerns the victim of his curiosity, he proceeds in return to furnish him with biographical sketches of such later passages in the lives of his friends as may have escaped his knowledge.

Returning to the hotel I found that Mr. Paul Maloney had arisen. I also found a card of invitation from (I think it was) the Union Club, awaiting me. Being somewhat dubious as to the nature of a club in Tucson, I interrogated Maloney on the subject.

"Do you care to play monte?" he asked, weighing the card in his hand.

"Not particularly."

"Well."

That "well," drawled out and sustained, and the look that accompanied it, told me quite as much about the club as I desired to know. Paul and I cemented our acquaintance with cocktails.

Conversation at any time, on any topic, or with any person in Tucson, invariably led to this ceremony. Cocktail drinking has a peculiar charm of its own which lifts it above drinking as otherwise practised. Your confirmed cocktail drinker is not to be confused with the ordinary sot. He is a true artist. With what exquisite feeling will he graduate his cups, from the gentle "smile" of early morn to the potent "smash" of night. The analytic skill of a chemist marks his swift and unerring detection of the very faintest dissonance in the harmony of the ingredients that compose his beverage. He has an antidote to dispel, a tonic to induce every mood and humor that man knows. Endless variety rewards a single-hearted devotion to cocktails; while the refine-

ment and artistic spirit that may be displayed in such an attachment, redeem it from intemperance. It becomes an art. It is drinking etherealized, rescued from vulgar appetite and brutality, purified of its low origin and ennobled. A cocktail hath the soul of wit, it is brief. It is a jest, a bon-mot, happy thought, a gibe, a word of sympathy, a tear, an inspiration, a short prayer. A list of your experienced cocktail drinker's potations for the day forms a complete picture, fraught with every nuance of delicate shading. Nothing is so delightful in nature as the effects created by liquid. Why should this not be so in human nature too?

At length the four days passed, and seated in the corpulent, dropsical old coach with its team of four wheelers and for leaders, we rumbled slowly out of Tucson.

The passengers were a Mexican dame with a baby, a Mexican man, a miner and myself. There was a coachman, and a second whip who sat beside him, with a short but powerful weapon. Thus armed he made short excursions from the box-seat to the ground, while the coach was in motion, and fought it out with any refractory member of the team as he ran along. Collecting a pocketful of the wickedest stones he could find, he would then return and pelt the bronchos from his proper elevation. Another of his duties was to disentangle the team when, as not unfrequently occurred, so many of the leaders faced the wheelers that further progress became impossible. It also fell to his lot to tie the coach together when its dissolution was imminent. In the performance of his various duties, this individual displayed considerable agility, ability, and resource.

The Mexican dame was frightful. It was evident that the baby was her own. Nor was the family likeness the only proof of their relationship. It was a musical baby. Mother and infant left us at the end of the first stage. The male Mexican slept all day. Toward evening he awoke and reduced himself to a state of complete intoxication with mescal. The miner never opened his lips until the following morning, just before we entered Magdalena, when we happened to pass a jackass rabbit.

"Next jackass rabbit we see, I'll be dog durned if I don't shoot him," said he.

He forthwith produced one of the largest Colt's revolvers that is made and cocked it. But we did not see another rabbit, so I missed this exhibition of his skill. He subsequently proved to be an Englishman.

By the pace at which we proceeded during the night, I judged that the Mexican's bottle of *mascal* was not the only one we had on board. The jolting was terrific. Beside encountering the regular ruts and inequalities in the ground, we struck every now and then full gallop against a loose boulder, or the projecting surface of a rock, the shock of which brought our heads in stunning contact with the brass-capped nails that studded the roof of the coach. I was sometimes in doubt whether my neck was broken or not. When Magdalena was reached my scalp was raw, and every angle I possessed was bruised.

Stage travelling in Mexico, if this was a fair sample of it, is neither luxurious nor speedy. Owing to the irregularity with which the coach is conducted, it is impossible for relays to be in attendance. Not until the coach arrives is a man sent out to drive in fresh horses from the country. As they roam free over the broad mesas, they may be miles from home, consequently it is no unusual occurrence, for the best part of a day to be wasted before they are found. Outward bound, we were singularly fortunate in this respect. On the return journey our delays were all prolonged, in some cases exceeding even five or six hours. The wattled sheds and huts at which these intervals are passed are of the filthiest description.

Some of the teams were curiously mixed. One consisted of three donkeys, two mules, and three bronchos. Most of them were partly composed of mules. Some were poor, others remarkably good. Particularly noteworthy was the performance of a level team of sturdy bronchos, that we picked up late in the afternoon, and that of a fine team of mules which took us into Magdalena on the following morning. The stages were about sixteen and eighteen miles respectively. With the exception of a few short stoppages occasioned by

trouble with the harness, these distances were covered at full gallop, notwithstanding which, the teams pulled up almost as fresh as they started.

In one instance a deficiency of stock necessitated the lassoing of a horse that had never been broken. He fought gallantly, and an exhibition of singular brutality ensued which lasted nearly half an hour. In the corral,* however, there was no escape for him, and eventually he was thrown half-strangled on the ground, when the lasso was loosened, and a few minutes were given him for recovery. Not until these tactics had been thrice repeated did he allow himself to be harnessed. Once in the collar, he had to go with the rest. I must do our driver the justice to say that he handled the ribbons with admirable skill and audacity. To add to the interest of the trip, it was expected that we should be stopped by cowboys. These knights-errant had lately "gone through" the coaches with great regularity, and in anticipation of an encounter our driver and his aide were armed to the teeth. Fortunately, neither our wealth nor valor was called into requisition.

With demoniacal yells and a furious cracking of whips, we dashed into Magdalena and pulled up in the Square. It was Sunday. The good people were just issuing from the church. Mexican maidens in white or brilliant robes trooped out in twos and threes, and hand in hand went laughingly homeward. And here I feel the scribbling traveller's temptation to romance. A fanciful picture of some dark-eyed beauty, with proud Castilian features, and playful dignity and grace of manner, would fit my tale so well. You would be none the wiser. In a Mexican sketch one expects a pretty woman, even as one looks for lions in African and elephants in Indian scenery. But I will be conscientious. I was so disgusted myself that I would have you also somewhat disappointed. Expect, therefore, no glowing description of female loveliness from me. Good-looking women doubtless exist in Mexico, but I have only been a few miles over the border, and have not seen them. A hazy

* Pound or enclosure.

recollection of flowers, in connection with this scene of church-going damsels, haunts me. But whether they were worn in the hair, or in the dress, or simply carried, I no longer recollect. Men in their colored zarapas and broad-brimmed hats chatted and smoked the eternal cigarette. Old women in black robes loitered about and gossiped. The commandante and a few officials sat on one of the old stone seats. A few miners loafed before the American hotel, the name of which I forget, as also that of the plump, jovial, masterful hostess and her tame English husband. Here I breakfasted, and in the afternoon went out to the mine—a distance of about twenty-three miles.

Past the Sierra Ventana (so called on account of the hole or window by which a shoulder of it is perforated) and over wave after wave of rolling country sparsely scattered with mesketis-bush we rode, my guide and I, toward some ruddy hills in the distance. And dusk had fallen and night had come, when we ascended the mountain spur on which the mine was situated. The stalwart form of my friend, whom I will call by his nickname, Don Cabeza, came out of the cottage. Not expecting me, he took me for a new mining hand.

"Buenas noches, señor," said I.

"Buenas noches."

"Habla V. Castellano?"

"No hablo so much as all that comes to."

Then I burst out laughing.

"Why——! If it isn't Francis!"

What a warm-hearted greeting he gave me! How hospitably he spread the best of everything he had before me! and even would he have relinquished his bed to me, had I allowed him to do so. I had a quantity of news for him, but much as he longed to hear it, he insisted on its narration being deferred until I should have slept and rested.

There is much that is very admirable in the character of these Western men. I speak not of the "store clerks and society men or bummers" for whom my old Frisco friend had such undisguised contempt, but of those who came in early days to California. They are lost in a crowd of a different type and of a later date now; wherever you find one

though, you will find a large-hearted, generous man, with nothing "small or mean" in his whole character. In the better stamp of old Californian there is less of the snob than in any man in the world. He cares very little for what Pall Mall would call "good form," but he cares a great deal for what is manly and unselfish, and in carrying out these views he is as fearless of what others may think or say as he is of what they may do.

Those days were very pleasant up at the mine. Lazy? Well, yes; I fancy everything in Mexico is more or less lazy. We were so entirely out of the world; the trip moreover was so utterly disconnected with anything that came before or followed it, that, when I look back upon it, it stands out in solitary relief.

The Santa Ana was a new purchase; Don Cabeza was prospecting it. It promised well, but as yet he had not commenced to work it on a large scale. A dobe cottage of three rooms had been built for him and the foreman, and here we lived. Below us, in wattled huts, dwelt the Yaqui miners and their families. A little removed from the cottage was an open bough-thatched arbor, in which we took our meals. Betwixt this and the cottage was a stunted tree that served various purposes, beside being shady and ornamental. Lodged in the first fork was our water-barrel. The coffee-grinder was nailed to its trunk. In a certain crevice the soap was always to be found. Upon one bough hung the towels; the looking-glass depended from another. One branch supported the long iron drill that, used as a gong, measured with beautifully musical tones the various watches of the miners. Amid the roots, the axe in its leisure moments invariably reposed. Our tree, in short, was a kind of dumb-waiter, without which we should have been lost.

The country teemed with quail and jackass rabbits. We bought an old Westley Richards shot-gun in Magdalena, and did great slaughter among them. Deer were reported to be numerous, but during my stay we saw none. A great part of our time was spent in cooking. The China boy, nominally *chef*, was so wondrously dirty

that, one day we rebelled and degraded him to the post of scullion ; and, being rather proud of our culinary skill, we undertook the preparation of the meals ourselves. Jerked beef, bacon, quails, jackass rabbit, beans, and rice were the articles we had to work upon. Don Cabeza mixed the introductory cocktail, and took charge of the jerked beef and beans ; the quails and jackass rabbit fell to my care ; bacon was a neutral property ; the rice we left to the Celestial. Most elaborate, at least in the titles, were the *menus* we produced. One Mexican dish that the Don used to prepare, of jerked beef pounded and fried with a little butter and a few chopped chillies, was worthy of note. Jerked beef and jackass rabbit ! We laughed as we compared these frugal meals with the extravagant breakfasts and dinners of a year ago at " March-and's," the " California," and the " Poodledog " in San Francisco. And, by the way, if you are known at either of the above restaurants, you can be served there with a dinner that neither the "Trois Frères " nor " Bignon's " could easily excel.

Every now and then, some Yaqui men or women would come up from their little colony below to purchase something from the storeroom which, owing to the distance from town, it was necessary to keep for their benefit. Great was the mirth of the women to see Don Cabeza and me cooking. They said we were " loco " or mad. Good-tempered creatures were these Yaquis and easily pleased, for they regarded it as a signal compliment if I sketched one of them.

I never could understand why time sped so rapidly at the mine. There was really nothing to do there. So far as I was concerned this was fortunate, for, had there been, I never should have found time in which to do it. *Poco tiempo* is a phrase very easily adopted in this land of idleness and procrastination. Before morning had fairly broken, evening approached. And what evenings they were !

In the rear of the cottage, the spur led up to rocky cañons and gaunt ridges ; before it, vast mesas stretched like a sea away to a far-off horizon of mountains that, in the distance, looked as soft as

low down clouds. Behind these purple ranges we lost the sun at night, when it sank to rest a molten mass of glowing, gleaming, iridescent fire, blinding to gaze upon. Swiftly it passed beyond ken, and sable shadows fell and dimmed the landscape. With imperceptible process they knit its distances together, shrouding the intervals in mystery and obscurity, till nought but the deceptively near sky-line was clearly visible. And above it like a halo on the mountains, the glow of orange deepening into red still suffused the heavens with subdued illumination. Thus on the one hand might be seen, high set in a fathomless depth of blue, amid glittering cohorts of stars that were far and near twinkling and fixed, blue and white and red and yellow, the silver beauty of a crescent moon ; on the other the lingering glory of the vanished sun. The effect was curious.

The foreman went early to bed and was early abroad. Not so Don Cabeza and I. When the mocking-bird in the mesketis-bush had ceased its plaintive song, and silence fell upon the land, we would light our largest pipes, endue us in our easiest garments, and sit (he on a carpenter's bench, I in a barrow) smoking and yarning, yarning and smoking, without thought of time, through the still watches of those enchanting southern nights. How many and what pleasant hours did we spend thus ! But then Cabeza possessed a shrewd, crisp vein of wit, and an inexhaustible fund of experiences, yarns, anecdotes, and arguments. No more amusing fellow to sit and smoke with ever breathed.

Occasionally we went into Magdalena for stores and letters. Magdalena can boast of a past of some prosperity ; a more important future lies before it. At present it bears the stamp of dilapidation, poverty, and squalor that characterizes most Spanish towns. Probably not a dozen of the inhabitants are unincumbered with debt, nevertheless everybody, even to the beggar in the street, possesses from two or three to ten or a dozen mines. It sounds absurd to hear a fellow in rags discoursing glibly about his mines. Still more absurd is it to know that many of them are really of great value. The iron safe, however, is only to be opened by a

golden key, and a coined dollar in Magdalena is worth a fortune underground. Little doubt exists that, when the railways now entering from the States are completed, and capital and energy pour into the country, enormous wealth will be found hidden in its veins of quartz. The hills around Magdalena give evidence of gold, silver, and galena ore in every direction. Nor is gold wanting in the river-beds and valleys. All that is required is energy and capital.

Scarcity of water circumscribes the relative area of country suitable for cultivation ; but where it is to be obtained its effect is magical, and the fertility of the land becomes almost incredible. Not a tithe of that which is eligible is cultivated, for the indolence of the natives is remarkable. Even such ordinary vegetables as potatoes and onions are scarcely to be obtained. A zarapa, a handful of beans, and a little tobacco suffice for all the Mexican's requirements. If his vocabulary were limited to "Porque?" and "Poco tiempo," it would not inconvenience him.

Northern Sonora derives its chief support from cattle. In most instances the ranches are of large extent, but poorly stocked. Formerly they were in better condition, but they suffered severely from Apache raids, from which it is said that they have never entirely recovered. The Indians drove off or killed all but the very poorest animals, and the ranches have been restocked by the slow process of breeding from those they left. Latterly a few bulls and stallions of a better class have been imported from the States. It is difficult to obtain a title to rancho property here. The rancho usually belongs to all such members of the family as choose to remain and live upon it. In some cases, therefore, the proprietors have become very numerous, and as families are not more apt to agree upon any given point in Mexico than they are elsewhere, a vast amount of bribery and diplomacy is required to effect a purchase.

One day the Don and I came into Magdalena with the avowed intention of hiring a cook. The foreman, and Charley the Chinese boy, had been despatched once or twice unsuccessfully on the same errand, but Cabeza said :

"I guess if we go ourselves, and they see how real nice we are, they'll all want to come." Accordingly we enlisted all the storekeepers in the place in a search for "a real way-up cook who can make chile-con-carne, tamales, and all the best Mexican dishes, beside understanding American cookery." "And say," Cabeza would conclude, in giving his directions, "she's got to be a beautiful woman too, because we're good-looking ourselves and we don't like to see homely women about the place."

Having posted our requirements in the various stores, we went off to the American hotel, where, by dint of making desperate love to the plump hostess, we succeeded in obtaining a sack of potatoes and half a sack of onions—part of a consignment she had lately received from Hermosillo. She had just been engaged in a battle royal with the waiter, whom she had demolished with the kitchen coal-shovel. She was inclined, therefore, to be very affable and good-humored, nay, she even volunteered, for a consideration, to come out to the mine and cook for us herself.

"You want a boss cook and a beauty, Don Cabeza, eh? Well, I guess I'm both. What'll you give me to come out to the mine and cook?"

The Don was equal to the occasion.

"The fact is, Mrs.—, if we got you out there we should lose the only pleasure we have ; we should never be able to get away, to come in here and see you," said he.

In the principal square in Magdalena stood the church ; near it were the ruins of a still more ancient edifice. To the latter, called the Church of San Francisco, a legend was attached. I give it as it was related to me by a miner.

"Wal see, San wa'n't always a saint, San wa'n't. They do say he was 'customed sometimes to go on the scoop, on a bend as it were. However, he changed over in time and come to be a Bishop. This here district was in his claim. Wal, happened once when the Bishop was prospecting round, to see that the sky pilots on his claim was all at work, that the outfit banked up here for the night. Next morning, when they was all hitched up and ready for a

start, they come to hoist old San on his mule and couldn't prize him up anyhow. They put on fresh hands and tried all they durned knew, but San he'd kind o' taken root, and thar he sat like an oyster on a rock, and weighed as heavy as a ton of lead. "Boys," says he at last, "ye can let up hauling, soon as ye durned please. Guess I'll stay right here. Waltz in now an' put up a church right away." And thar he stopped sure 'nough. An' that's how this here church an' town come to be built; least, so folks say hereabout. But they do lie here, too," he added reflectively after a pause.

I was making a sketch of this ruin one day, when the hostess of the American hotel came up and looked on.

"Why, if that ain't the old church! Say, are you a drawing-master?" she asked.

"Yes," said I, mendaciously. "Do you think I could get any pupils about here?"

"Don't know; guess they don't go much for drawing here. You might get a few girls if you were cheap."

After the dusty and dirty town, we returned to the prettily situated dobe cottage at the mine with renewed pleasure. At length the time came for me to depart. The horses were driven in from the mesas; the near fore cart-wheel (which, when not in use, was invalided and kept in water, to prevent the wood shrinking from the iron tire) was fixed on; the old cart was lined

with blankets, and we started one night after dinner to drive into Magdalena for the last time.

The day had been oppressive, but now there was a refreshing softness in the air. At every pace as we jogged along, hares lolloped across the road or played amid the scattered mesketis-bush on either side of it. Occasionally the howl of a distant coyote might be heard. Night-hawks and owls flittered silently to and fro, and "shard-borne beetles," drowsily sang as they wheeled in the dreamy welkin. The stars, the stillness, and the silken winds combined to work a charm. Night wore her richest jewellery, sang low her softest melody, whispered her sweetest poem, and showed her beauty all unveiled even by the lightest fleece of silver cloud. Until I saw these Mexican skies I never knew how much more beautiful night was than day. For every star you dimly distinguish here, a thousand are clearly visible there. Their number and refulgence startle you. Were I to live in Mexico, I should be strongly tempted to rise at sundown and go to rest at dawn.

Once more the corpulent coach looms into view. Once more am I uncomfortably ensconced therein. With a torrent of Spanish invective and a terrific cracking of whips, we slowly start. The coach turns round a corner and I catch a last glimpse of Don Cabeza, with his hat off in the road, waving a kindly adieu to me.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE RUSSIAN BAYARD: PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL SCOBELLEFF.

BY W. KINNAIRD ROSE.

Too often the panegyrics pronounced by great sovereigns over departed servants or devoted adherents must be relegated to the category of "insincerities heard around open graves." But never were more transparently truthful sentiments given expression to than those wrung from the heart of the Czar of all the Russias when informed of the demise of the Russian Bayard, General Scobeleff, and contained in the message which his Imperial Majesty dispatched to the General's sister, the

Princess Bielozelsky. "I am," said the Czar, "deeply shocked and afflicted at the sudden death of your brother. His loss for the Russian army is one which it is hard to repair, and it must be deeply lamented by all true soldiers. It is very painful to lose the support of such a man." But beside being endowed with the highest military genius, Scobeleff's influence was commanding in the development of the living question of Pan Slavism. Nor was it remote upon the curiously mixed and ever-

changing current of general European politics. His loss to his imperial master, to whom he was personally deeply attached, is a great blow at the present critical moment in Russia, but it is a greater to the national or Panslavistic party, the realization of whose aspirations is the guarantee for reform in the Great Eastern Empire and the saving countercheck to the spread of the demoniac principles of Nihilism.

The idol of a race numbering between eighty and ninety millions; the unconfessed dread of another and rival nationality; the admiration of all imbued with the military instinct; the tenderly beloved of those who had the rare felicity of his friendship; the object of passionate devotion on the side of the thousands who had come under the magnetic influence of him whom Carlyle would have described as kingly; all this, and more, was General Scobelev, and a nation's tears and the stirred emotions of two continents testify to the greatness of the personality which a few days ago made his exit from the world's stage, and to the deep feeling which the sad and abrupt close of a heroic career has excited.

In describing him as the Russian Bayard I am only making use of a happy predictive phrase which a prince of the empire employed in conversation with me three years ago. Scobelev's military genius has been universally admitted and of late generally confessed, but few, at least in Western Europe, were aware of his wide and varied culture, his chivalrous character, his burning love of country and race, of his deep and earnest religious convictions, of the almost womanly tenderness of affection which he had for the inner circle of his friends. And the purpose of these personal reminiscences is to present General Scobelev in the light in which he appeared to me throughout a somewhat prolonged intercourse.

Michael Dimitritch Scobelev was born on the 29th September, 1843, and had thus barely attained his thirty-ninth year. He did not come of an old or noble Russian family, though his father was a general, and had won considerable reputation as a cavalry commander in the campaign against Turkey in 1854.

Baron Stuart, Russian minister at Bucharest, himself, as his name indicates, of Scotch descent, informed a common friend that the elder Scobelev was the grandson of a Scotch emigrant to Russia, Scobie by name. I remember asking young Scobelev as to the truth of this report, whereupon he replied, "I believe there is something in it, but I make little account of genealogical trees. Mere family never made a man great. Thought and deed alone, not pedigree, are the passports to enduring fame."

Young Scobelev's general education was received mainly at home, on the paternal estate of Spasskaje and at Moscow, under the superintendence of his mother, and with the assistance of a tutor of French nationality. Scobelev was warmly attached to his tutor, who remained as a friend of the family, at Spasskaje, till the close of his brilliant pupil's too short life. I had frequent opportunities of meeting with this excellent man. Possessing little of the sprightliness of his race, he was reserved, shy, and unobtrusive in the presence of strangers, but *en famille* frank and animated in conversation, which displayed, though not pendantically, his profound learning and varied reading. It was easy to see under what influence Scobelev had developed the taste for letters which he had inherited from his mother.

Carlyle has somewhere said that every student and reader of history who strives earnestly to conceive for himself what manner of fact and man this or the other historical name can have been, never rests till he has made out what the man's natural bearing and face was. Let me present a portrait of the Russian Bayard. About six feet two inches in height, well proportioned, square shouldered, he had a firmly knit body, muscular and lithe rather than stout, clean limbs, with free and graceful movement. His hand was not large, but sinewy, with the nervous grip denoting ready decision and warmth of heart. A woman would have described his face as handsome, and it was manly in every lineament. With short-peaked, fair, almost golden, whiskers, the clean shaven chin and well-cut mouth, almost covered by a long mustache,

indicated great firmness of purpose and strength of will. His nose was large, straight, finely moulded, and not too prominent. The flexible nostrils dilated in the excitement of battle or animated discourse; this and the flashing light of his bright blue eyes being the only indications of the volcanic energy of the man. His forehead was lofty, rounded rather than broad, and his head, covered with short silky golden hair, of a fine dome shape. On foot his tall and graceful presence, his free, open, and courteous manner, riveted attention. One felt instinctively that he was face to face with a king among men. He was the best horseman I ever saw bestride a thoroughbred, and his splendid personal bearing at the head of a column of cavalry or the central figure of a brilliant staff fully realized one's idea of the knightly character. His mount was a white or light gray thoroughbred. In a campaign he had always three remounts of these white chargers, which were bred on his own estate at Spasskaje. His attachment to his horses was as that of an Arab, and next to cruelty to men, nothing roused him more than inattention or cruelty to his equine favorites. He admired the English thoroughbred as the most perfect of the equine species, and declared that the best cavalry horses in the world were a cross between it and the horse of the Ukraine. From his white uniform and white charger he received among his Turkish foes the name of Aak Pasha. Wherever the fire was hottest or the combat most deadly there was the Aak, or White Pasha, and Scobelev came to be regarded by the superstitious Turkish soldiery as a species of demon with a charmed life.

This reputation, by the way, was not confined to the Turkish army, though with the simple Russian soldiers his charmed life was believed to be due to the special interposition of Saint Demetrius. A sister of mercy who was a nurse in one of the field hospitals in the ravine close to the Lovacha road at Plevna told me that a wounded soldier whom she was tending had solemnly assured her that nothing could hurt the General. The bullet which had shattered his arm had, he said, first passed clean through the General, but as

usual without injuring him in the slightest.

An apocryphal story comes from Paris that General Scobelev was extremely superstitious, and that the reason why he always rode a white horse was "that a gypsy had foretold he would never come to harm while mounted in that fashion." What I have related above completely disproves the gypsy fable, and nothing could be farther from the truth than the allegation that so robust-minded a man was superstitious, taking that word either in its grosser or its more spiritual acceptation. But, like every other generous or high-minded man, he regarded the superstitions of a simple and ignorant people more with compassion than with contempt, and on more than one occasion, touching on this very subject, he expressed to me the hope that superstitious observances, which he wisely insisted degraded both individuals and nations, would by and by be eradicated by the spread of education. During the hundreds of years of Turkish rule in Bulgaria, the dominant authorities sternly prohibited the public display of the cross—the symbol of the Bulgarians' faith. Immediately after the Russian occupation, with childish delight they hung up crosses of wood, of flowers, of grasses, across the highways, on trees, on houses, in fact everywhere. I remember directing the General's attention to this patent fact and rather admiring the feeling which prompted the act. He neither approved nor condemned the practice; it was, he said, but the natural and simple expression of the faith of a deeply religious people. On another occasion, eighteen months after the battle of Senova, I accompanied General Scobelev on a farewell visit which he made to the scene of the bloodiest battle of the war. In the gathering twilight he said to me, "Are you afraid to sleep over the graves of twenty-five thousand men?" The question had never occurred to my own mind. At home, as a matter of choice, I certainly would not have selected a grave-yard as a bivouac, but in Bulgaria one had to submit to many little inconveniences. Besides, neither at home nor abroad had I ever seen a ghost, and as an answer to his somewhat quaint

inquiry I was about to repeat aloud this latter thought, when the General added, "There are thousands of men, even brave men, who would not do it, and few women in the world would have the courage. But we have no belief in the old ballads which tell us that the dead rise at twelve o'clock at night and bemoan their untimely fate."

Again during the investment of Plevna I paid a visit to the late Mr. McGahan, the war-correspondent of the *New York Herald*, in a peasant's little house, where he was laid up from the effects of a fall from his horse. I found there our common friend, General Scobelev, with whom I strolled in the courtyard after chatting for a time with the disabled and genial American. We came upon the good woman of the establishment, engaged in what appeared to her a deeply important task. Her husband was sitting on the ground, shaking with aguish fever, and she was leaning over him—in one hand a rod of wood, over which was hung a skein of yarn, and in the other an open knife. Touching the poor patient's head and shoulders and arms, etc., with the rod, she tapped the latter with the knife, and uttered the while what seemed certain set phrases. The General, who knew Bulgarian perfectly, informed me that the woman was performing an incantation, and he asked her the purpose of her mysterious procedure. She replied that it was to drive away the fever, adding that she had cured a former husband in a like manner. When this was explained to me, both of us laughed heartily at the naïve remark, and the General said that she would have a much better chance of preserving this husband if she were to consult a doctor. With thoughtful kindness the General afterward sent a Russian army surgeon to prescribe for the patient.

Genial good-nature and a remarkable warmth of heart were eminently characteristic of this chivalrous soldier. I remember seeing him cast his cloak over a wounded linesman who had had his leg shattered by a shell on the vine-clad slopes leading from the ravine to the Green hill at Plevna; and at a subsequent date, when McGahan was hurt, he sent him his only remaining wrap.

When the 16th Division, of which he then held command, was quartered in and around Slivno, I accompanied him one day in his round of inspection. And here is an exact report of the visit written at the time to a little friend in England, "General Scobelev carefully goes over the soldiers' quarters, to see that the men are comfortable and that their food is good. He tastes their broth, and millet porridge, and bread and meat, and woe be to the contractor who supplies bad stuff. When we made our unexpected entrance into the yard which constituted the kitchen of the regiment, we found a lot of hungry little boys and girls whose parents had been killed by the Turks. They were hanging about quietly watching the soldier-cooks with hungry eyes, and hoping that they might come in for a little bit of the dinner. The soldiers, when they saw the General, whom they all love and admire, were not very sure that they were doing what would be approved of in giving a share of their dinner to the poor starving orphans. So they tried to screen them when they drew themselves up to salute the General. General Scobelev, however, observed the urchins, and at once surmised what they had come into the yard for. And he said to the soldiers, 'Do you give some of your dinner to these ragged children?' They saluted, and said, 'Yes, your Excellency.' 'Do they come every day?' again asked the General. 'Yes, your Excellency,' was the answer of the soldiers. Then the General, quite moved, dropped his angry tone and said, 'That is right, my men; a brave soldier is always a kind comrade; and a kind man is always a brave soldier. Never forget,' he added, 'to share your little with the poor and the starving.' The soldiers thereupon gave a hurrah, and Scobelev instructed his aide-de-camp to distribute some money among the little things."

Some time before the last-recorded incident I was travelling with General Scobelev from Philippopolis to Kazanlik, when our carriage broke down at Kalofer. During our enforced stay the General, as was his wont, went in and out among the inhabitants, making kindly inquiries as to their lot in life. A woman who had taken to her home

two children, orphaned during the massacre at that place by the retreating Turks on Gourko's first advance across the Balkans, was earnestly commended for her disinterested behavior by the General, who added that "it was the duty as well as the privilege of the poor to help each other at a time when God sent misfortunes upon them." I wished to offer a little money to the woman, but the General, speaking in English, forbade it, stating that it might take the edge off the very proper feeling which had manifestly prompted her good action, and blunt the spirit of independence which he was glad to observe was the rule among the peasants of Bulgaria. But the General himself comforted the hearts of a crowd of children who had collected by a free distribution of sugar—the whole stock of which he had purchased from a little store in a half-ruined house.

Closely connected with this aspect of Scobelev's character was his deep religiousness. His religion was broader than creed and deeper than form, with its roots, mayhap, in the pietistic side of human nature so strongly developed in the members of all the branches of the great Slavonic race. Naturally conforming to the orthodox Greek Church, which he thought, with his friend Aksakoff, peculiarly suited to the genius of the Slav people, he was so little of a fanatic as to recognize that religion did not consist in either belief in Church or confessions of faith, nor in profession, but in a lofty conception of duty, discharged as earnestly as the strength of the hour permitted. The sum of his doctrine seemed to be, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," leaving the rest with God. And it was in this light—not the blind fatalism of the Turk, but the assured faith of the Christian—that I heard his remark on being driven out of the Green Hill redoubts after the disastrous assault on Plevna in September, 1877. "I have done my best; I could do no more. I blame nobody; it is the will of God." Nothing could have been finer than the high-strung fervor and the clear-ringing emotion of a soul stirred to its depths, with which he recited to me on the battle-field of Senova a poem by, I think,

Aksakoff, in which the entrance to the tomb is, at a distance, pictured by the imagination as terrible, but when encountered in a holy cause loses all its terrors, and becomes the entrance to heaven itself. I was forcibly reminded of Wolfe declaiming Grey's "Elegy in a Churchyard" on the eve of the assault upon Quebec.

Nor shall I ever forget a solemn service for the repose of the souls of the dead which was held on the same battle-field of Senova by the General and a score of companions. Scobelev's chaplain chanted the mass, with a simple dragoon for clerk. "Every head was uncovered" (so I noted at the time); "the party stood in respectful groups around a monumental column with its cross—the General to the right of the priest. The sun shone in unclouded splendor, nature seemed hushed for the moment, and the white mists floated hazily about the head of St. Nicholas—the highest peak of the Balkans. I have witnessed the gorgeous ceremonial of continental Catholic cathedrals—have taken part in the rich ritual of Anglican churches—have listened to the sonorous mass in a Greek cathedral—have worshipped in the simple chapels of Presbyterian Scotland—but have never been present at a more impressive religious service than that on the battle-field of Senova. Creeds and forms were forgotten in the solemnity of the act and the earnestness and devotion of the worshippers; and as the trembling accents of the priests, with the deep but sweet responses of the dragoon-clerk, were borne on the still morning air, one could not but hope that 'all was well' with the thousands of brave men who had perished in the discharge of duty. As the service progressed the General wept like a child, and among the small but deeply moved congregation there were few dry eyes, albeit these hardy and sometimes rough warriors are seldom used to the melting mood."

Scobelev's intercourse with his parents was peculiarly touching. It is seldom that there is such perfect confidence and mutual regard between father and son as existed in the case of the older and the younger Scobelev. An incident which illustrates the father's fondness for his famous son occurred in

my presence. It happened two or three days after the successful crossing of the Danube by the Russians at Zimnitza—at which the younger Scobelev had fought as a volunteer, carrying rifle and bayonet, and leading the charge up the steep slopes of Sistova. The mighty river was as yet unbridged, and it became necessary to strengthen the force of cavalry in Turkish territory. The engineers, for the purpose of building the bridge of boats, had taken possession of the pontoons which had been previously employed in ferrying across the few detachments of horsemen then on the Sistova side. Young Scobelev suggested that the cavalry should swim across, and he offered to demonstrate the practicability of his scheme. No sooner said than done. He mounted his white charger, wound his way down the scarp of clay cliffs at Zimnitza, across the small bridge which spanned a creek to the island of Ada, and then, entering the river, the gallant horse, guided by Scobelev's skilful hands, made for the further shore. The bold experiment was watched with breathless interest from the high ground on the Roumanian bank, and no more moved spectator of the daring enterprise stood there than the gray-haired father. With his binocular he eagerly followed the progress of his son and his gallant charger through the swift current. Then his arms began to shake, and his hands refused to hold the glasses to his eyes. He who had headed eight hundred troopers in a fierce onslaught upon five thousand Turks was unnerved at the sight of so venturesome a deed. Prince Tzeretlev, who was by his side, noting the slow course of his comrade in his unequal struggle with the moving waters, in response to the earnest appeals of the old general, reported every circumstance of the exciting adventure. By-and-by emotion broke the voice of the father as he exclaimed, ever and anon, "Oh, my brave boy! Is he drowned yet?" And when young Scobelev touched the little shelving bay below Sistova in safety, a ringing cheer was given by the Russian soldiery who had witnessed the rash feat; and the group which surrounded the gray-haired warrior echoed his "Thank God!" as much for his sake, as for the

success of an undertaking almost unparalleled in its temerity.

The affection of Scobelev for his mother and her's for him was extremely beautiful. I recollect at Philippopolis, in 1879, she spoke to me of her "noble, handsome boy." He was always a boy to her. And the fine mobile features of the stately, high-bred, and courteous dame worked with emotion as she deftly touched on the "deeds o' derring do" by which he had attained his well-merited fame. She had taken a deep interest in the Russo-Turkish campaign both because husband and son were prominent figures in the great drama, and because, with Aksakoff, she believed that its results would be "the regeneration not only of the Slavs of the Balkans but of the whole Slavonic world." At the close of the war, her husband no more, she came to Bulgaria, and found at once consolation in her bereavement and an outlet for her abounding energy in the organization of hospitals for Bulgarian children, and in the foundation of schools—for, like her son, she had an enthusiastic belief in education. When I met her, she was in the midst of the preparations for establishing in the neighborhood of the battle-field a school, hospital, and church, to be endowed out of her private estate, in memory of her son's great victory of Senova.

By the irony of fate, it was Scobelev's great love for his mother that was the means of her sad and untimely death. He had detailed as her attendant and guard one of his own aides-de-camp—a young Russian whom he had literally out of compassion raised to the position which he then held. This scoundrel formed the diabolical plan of murdering his patron's mother and robbing her of her jewels and a sum of £5000 which she had in her possession for distribution among certain institutions which she had founded or taken under her protection; and the fell purpose was accomplished while Madame Scobelev was on a journey from Philippopolis to Sofia. Scobelev was at that time engaged in his latest campaign of subduing the Turkomans of the Yeok Tepe, and I believe that he never fully recovered from the stroke of the cruel blow

which his beloved mother's terrible fate gave him.

"Had he not been a soldier, he would have been a student," said Scobelev's old tutor to me one day, referring to his pupil's love of books and to the marvellous range of his knowledge, and using the word "student" in its widest sense. The extent and accuracy of Scobelev's literary acquirements were astonishing; but when one considered that from youth he had been a man of action in the tented field and a victim "of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field, of hair breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach"—it was simply amazing. How he ever had time to read and digest his reading was a mystery. On one occasion, in discussing with him what both of us considered the most unjust and unjustifiable attacks that had been made upon Russia, Russian patriots, and the conduct of the Russian Army, I suggested that no one, from his literary power, his accurate acquaintance with all the facts, and his honorable position, was more fitted than he to undertake the task of silencing calumnious misrepresentation and defending the standpoint assumed by the leaders of thought in Russia. He brushed aside the suggestion, not, one could perceive, from conscious inability for the task, but with the remark: "I am a soldier, and so long as I have fighting to do, I will not enter the arena of polemics." From the speeches which he delivered in St. Petersburg, Paris, and Warsaw, within the last year of his life, perhaps he felt that the time was approaching when he ought to enter the lists of polemical discussion, but, unhappily, that period never did arrive for him.

Thorough master of his own language, and passionately fond of the productions of the poets and authors of the new birth of Russian literature, he was likewise an accomplished Latin, English (which he spoke without the slightest foreign accent), French, German, and Italian scholar. He had studied Greek in youth, but did not retain any great love for it in manhood, although he spoke modern Greek. He was well versed in the classical works of England, France, and Germany, and his favorite authors seemed Horace—

whom he was never tired of citing—Schiller in German, and Byron in English, though he was quite apt in quotations from Shakespeare. The other languages which he spoke were Wallach, Bulgarian, Serb, Kirghiz, and I believe one or two other Central Asian dialects. In a select circle of private friends his conversation was animated, elegant, polished, and bright with flashes of ready humor. He was extremely frank in the expression of opinion, urging his point with incisive directness. In peculiarly military matters he had read a great deal; and while his headquarters were at Slivno during the Russian occupation of Bulgaria following the war, the walls of his private office were surrounded with bookcases filled with volumes all bearing on the art of war. He did most of his reading early in the morning, before receiving the members of his staff. A large proportion of his collection, I noticed, were in English and French, many of the former being records of British Indian campaigns, with at least half a dozen on the great American civil war.

One morning he related an incident which illustrates the extent of his reading and the advantages of accurate historical information to a soldier. In the war in Turkestan he was on the staff of General Kaufmann, and when the Russian expeditionary force swept down on Makhran it found opposed to it an overwhelming native army, numbering by more than ten to one that of the invaders, and occupying a strong position. This position he proceeded to illustrate by a rough diagram drawn on the table with the charred ends of the matches with which we had been lighting our cigarettes. The right flank of the enemy, he showed, was protected by the walled city of Makhran, its front was what seemed a wide grassy plain, while the left rested on a low range of stony hills. Scobelev, in surveying the position, was struck with its similarity to that described in the record of, I think, one of the Napier's Indian campaigns, though unfortunately I neglected to note down at the time the names of the book, author, and city referred to. Scobelev at once communicated to General Kaufmann his impression, and the latter General sententiously asked

him, "And what did Napier do?" Whereupon Scobelev gave an outline of the Anglo-Indian action; how at first the British troops delivered their attack in front and found themselves floundering in the grassy plain, which proved to be a treacherous swamp; how the British general had to retire for the night; how next morning he executed a flank movement and surprised, demoralized, and hopelessly crushed the huge native army, and captured both it and the city. At the close of Scobelev's recital, General Kaufmann quietly rejoined, "And that is exactly what we will do, except fall into the mistake of attacking in front, and to-night." With the concurrence of his chief, Scobelev organized his celebrated flanking movement with his cavalry, and, in combination with Kaufmann's attack on the left front of the enemy, they re-enacted Napier's feat, completely routed the immense native army, and captured Makhran. Among one hundred and fifty-eight cannon taken were two which had been previously seized from the Russians by the Khokandians, and a large number of exact replicas of excellent workmanship made by the natives. This ingenuity of the natives of Central Asia found its parallel in Afghanistan, where our own troops discovered native ordnance of admirable finish, modelled on the artillery presented to the Ameer Shere Ali by the British Government.

Scobelev's genius as a general has been acknowledged by the highest scientific military critics in his own country, in Germany, in France, and also in England, and it would be impertinent for me to speak of it. Apart from his Asian campaigns, of which I know nothing from personal experience, I may only point to his passage of the Balkans at Senova (which for skill and daring and success excelled any feat of arms performed during the Russo-Turkish War), to his rapid march on Adrianople, and the later encircling of Constantinople. Like all great commanders, Scobelev inspired in the officers and men under him the warmest attachment and devotion. To use an old phrase, "they would go through fire and water for him." It is difficult to define exactly to what peculiar attributes in the young general this was due. It was

perhaps to a combination of many great and lovable qualities. A general at twenty-eight; a conspicuous figure in every despatch from Central Asia; at thirty-four the victorious general of the most decisive battle of the great Bulgarian campaign; the leader of the Russian hosts on the historic capital of the traditional enemy of the Empire of the North; at thirty-five the commander of a *corps d'armée*—Scobelev was naturally the object of much jealous irritation on the part of the older generals in the service of the Czar. I remember him referring to this unpleasant state of matters, and stating that with him honors brought additional labor and greater weight of cares, and enforced the most unwearied vigilance against the slightest mistake. And knowing the enormous amount of work which he undertook and successfully accomplished, it is not a matter of surprise, though of grief, that he should have died of disease of the heart at thirty-nine.

With the officers of his own command he was frank and friendly, but he never lost his dignity or proper reserve even in moments when his natural genialty led him to unbend. His keen glance took in all the details of an action, and he never failed to note, commend, and reward any display of gallantry. The fall of a comrade, however humble, he sincerely mourned. Let me give one instance of this. A lad of about sixteen, of good family, ran away from school in St. Petersburg during the war and joined Scobelev as a volunteer at Plevna. He fought with great courage at the assault and capture of Plevna, and Scobelev promoted him to a company of the 32d Regiment. At the battle of Senova the boy led the attack on the central Turkish redoubt, escaped the hail of bullets only to be bayoneted as he gallantly showed the way to his men into the redoubt. Scobelev's words were, in afterward ordering a monument to be erected over the brave boy's grave—which he himself selected under the shadow of four beeches—"His was a brief but heroic life."

It has been well said that Scobelev had "an almost magic power of identifying himself on occasions with the humblest of his men." It was a proud day for a private to be selected for even

the slightest notice by the general, and, mayhap, to have his ears gently pulled—a favorite and peculiarly caressing habit of Scobelev's when he was in good humor. In a campaign he shared the privations and the food of the meanest soldier in the ranks, he shirked no hardship which his men were compelled to bear: if they were in want, no luxury was spread on his board. On their part, the men admired his intrepidity and his brilliant dash. Under such a nature even the faint-hearted became brave warriors. When, after a three days' struggle with the snows, the ravines, the precipices of the pass of Hemedli, during which guns, wagons, tents, even much ammunition had to be abandoned—Scobelev's tired column emerged on the valley of Tundza and came face to face with Vessel Pasha's army which had just victoriously driven back Radetsky's and Mirsky's columns—General Scobelev rode along the line, informing his men that there was no retreat; all that was left to them was death, glory, or—after a pause—shame. "Death or glory!" was the cry, with loud huzzas for their loved and devoted leader, and right nobly did they vindicate their choice. Many instances of his consummate courage and coolness in danger are already well known to readers in Western Europe. Let me add one or two. On the day before the assault on the Green Hill redoubt at Plevna, I was with him on a vine-covered ridge which commanded a view of the Turkish position. Scobelev was making preparations for the assault. He had from personal inspection made a plan of the surrounding ground, and was, quite in view of the enemy, making a series of sketches of the exact points and the ground leading to them which were to be the objects of attack by each of his battalions. The Turks opened fire: at first the shells were short, then they flew overhead, but suddenly two shrieked unpleasantly near. One burst within a few yards of where Scobelev was sitting on a camp stool, drawing, and he and his paper were covered with the friable soil of the vineyard. Without a word or a wince he simply shook the soil off the paper and finished the preparation of his plans, ordering his staff, when he observed that the fire

continued exact, to find cover under a sloping bank some twenty yards off. At the battle of Senova—and I refer to this engagement frequently because the details of it are almost wholly unknown in England—Scobelev, mounted on his white charger, went out alone to reconnoitre the Turkish position. Of course he was the mark for a pretty hot fusillade from both infantry and artillery. Suddenly a shell appeared to strike the ground right beneath his charger and exploded. Thousands thought his temerity had at last brought the death he seemed to court. But when the smoke cleared away the white charger was observed plunging gallantly onward, and his rider, unharmed, soon afterward rejoined his own troops. Scobelev told me that when the shell exploded he was almost suffocated with the sulphurous smoke, and that for a moment he actually believed his hour was come. The plunging of his horse, as it were, awoke him from the shock, and he was able to finish his survey unnerved. It would be wearisome to multiply instances of his escapes or of his daring.

As a disciplinarian he was firm and strict. No point was too minute to be overlooked. Scobelev's vedettes were never caught napping. His knowledge of the detail of military duty was universal—even to sounding all the bugle calls. An illustration of the discipline of his corps occurs to me. I had been talking with him of military breech-loaders and discussing the merits of various systems. Taking a "Berdan," with which the troops were latterly armed, from a soldier, he undid the breech and lock and explained the mechanism with the precision of a gunsmith. Returning the rifle to the soldier, he turned, and walking up to a sentry a few paces distant, he said, "Let me see your rifle"—extending his hand as he spoke. The man saluted and replied, "I cannot, your Excellency." "But I want to see if it is clean," persisted the general. "I cannot, your Excellency," again said the sentry, as firm as a rock. Scobelev smiled, pulled his ears, and walked on. I asked an explanation, whereupon he said that a rule of war with him was that no sentry on duty was on any account to give up possession of his arms

—not even to the Czar himself. "But," said I, "suppose the sentry had given up his rifle when you were seemingly so serious in asking it. What then?" "He would have been shot," quietly replied the general, "for disobedience to orders in time of war."

In many quarters in the course of the last few weeks it has been said that General Scobelev was the enemy of England. In no sense do I think was this a truthful description of the man. He was an ardent admirer of England and of English institutions, though he did not believe that the latter were adapted for his own country. It is true that before and after the signature of the Berlin Treaty he bluntly expressed his hatred of the policy of the Beaconsfield Government. This is his exact language as noted at the time. "Cannot you see how this policy should stir us so? For two years we have deluged this land (Bulgaria) with our blood. Our brothers are slain, our country has made enormous sacrifices, widows mourn, children weep, and fathers lament the loss of promising sons. All this we would have borne with the patience which God gives, had the full freedom which we had won for our brothers in race and religion, in language and faith, been accorded to them. But accursed diplomacy steps in and says, 'No; only the smaller half of them shall be free, and the greater number shall be again handed over to the tender mercies of the Turks.' You know yourself what the Turks have been, and are, and ever will be; and placing yourself in our position, would you not also be consumed with wrath that our sacrifices are to be in vain, and that the men over whose graves we are now treading should have died for nought?" More especially Scobelev, with many other influential Russians, complained bitterly of the clause in the Berlin Treaty providing for the garrisoning of the Balkans. Such a measure, it was declared, could only weaken the Bulgarian principality, and place Eastern Roumelia at the mercy of the military pashas. I believe that had the English Government persisted, in 1879, in demanding the literal fulfilment of this part of the treaty, war would have been declared once more by Russia.

And it is an open secret that the Russians were well prepared for it. The whole of the male population of Eastern Roumelia had been organized by General Scobelev into a well drilled, fairly equipped militia; while that of the principality of Bulgaria had been similarly organized by Prince Dondakoff Kotchakoff, governor of the principality previous to the election of Prince Alexander. And in view of such a contingency as a new war, General Scobelev had prepared the most elaborate plans of the campaign. He himself had ridden over almost every mile of Turkey from Constantinople to the Danube, had surveyed every position capable of defence or attack, and a new military map had been constructed. I have no doubt that the plan of the campaign, which embraced several volumes of sketches, is now in the archives of the Russian War Ministry ready for future eventualities.

Scobelev had no belief that Russia and England need necessarily come into hostile conflict in Asia. I was with him toward the close of the British campaign in Afghanistan, and, discussing the question, he frankly stated that Afghanistan was without the sphere of Russian conquest, which he recognized was confined to the northern division of the great continent of Asia, and did not extend to India. "But," he added, "had Russian ambition stretched toward Hindostan, the invasion of Afghanistan under the Beaconsfield and Lytton administrations, and the proceedings which followed thereupon, was a policy than which a better could not have been devised to subserve supposed Russian views. It would throw the Afghans into the arms of Russia." As a soldier, he admired the conduct of the Afghan campaign.

He seldom spoke on what may be termed the home politics of Russia. In a sense he might be said to have been a staunch Imperialist. In other words, he seemed to think that the genius of the Slav race was adapted for what my friend Professor Lorimer, in his "Institutes of International Law," has called the "delegation of power" as contradistinguished from constitutional methods of government. For the development of Russia he looked to the

growth of a purely Slavonic civilization based on Slavonic ideas, and it was this sentiment which led to his hatred of and by a certain section of German politicians. These latter, through their organs and the press, have unblushingly rejoiced over the death of General Scobelev, as the removal of a living force which would have excited not only Russia, but the Slavonic world generally, to fight against "Germany and that civilization which Russia can only get from the West."

Panslavism, as understood by Scobelev and by thousands more of the enlightened sons of Russia, means the principle of nationality. And why in the name of equity should not there be a legitimate Slavonic ideal, if it be right and proper that there should be a Teutonic ideal, a Gallic ideal, and even an Anglo-Saxon ideal? And it is an historic fact that much of the trouble in Russia during the past two hundred years is due to the attempted enforcement of Germanic ideas of civilization upon an unwilling Slavonic people. Scobelev was only giving utterance to the sentiments of the majority of the Russian nation and of the Slavonic race when he said at Paris, "If Russia does not always show herself equal to her patriotic ideas in general, and to her Slav rôle in particular, it is because both within and without she is held in check by a foreign influence. We are not at home in our own house. The foreigner is everywhere and his hand in everything. We are the dupes of his policy, victims of his intrigues, the slaves of his power."

Prévost Paradol, in one of his famous orations, said that "France and Germany were like two locomotives on the same line of rails, going at full speed in opposite directions, and bound to collide at some point." History proved the

truth of his forecast. And it needs but little prescience to assent to Scobelev's prediction that "a struggle between the Slav and the Teuton is inevitable; and it will be long, sanguinary, and terrible;" though we may somewhat doubt his patriotic self-assurance, "that the Slav will triumph."

Scobelev's equally famous speech at Warsaw expressed not a new sentiment, but was simply an echo of a proposal made in the sixteenth century by a sovereign of Poland. "I wish," said Scobelev, "the best to the Poles, and sincerely desire that they may form one body with us, as Servia and Bulgaria should do. Are we not all brethren?" About 1580, Stephan Batthory, King of Poland, thus addressed the Russian ambassador to his court: "Let us abandon vain quarrels. Are we not brothers? What matters some slight differences in religious belief? Why should we not have the same flag, the same chief?" Panslavism is, therefore, not a thing of this day, and Scobelev knew it; he only wished to give it vitality. So far as I could judge from the conversations I had with him, Scobelev's ideal future for the Slavonic race appeared to be—(1) The federal union of the different Slav states under a democratic-imperialistic government; and (2) that this democratic-imperialistic government in each of the states should be based and developed on the lines of the Mir—the Russian system of communal peasant proprietary—which seems to be approved by, and adapted for, the genius of the Slav people. Into whatever form his opinions may have ripened it is needless here to speculate. His eloquent voice shall be no more heard forever; his sword is sheathed in the tomb. *Requiescat in pace.—Fortnightly Review.*

NO FICTION.

BY J. G. P.

THE Editor is in possession of the name of the author of the following singular narrative, and of the place at which it happened, and has every reason to be satisfied of the entire *bona fides* of the writer, a clergyman of the Church of England.

EARLY in January, 1879, clerical duty called me into the north-west of England. In the midst of a heavy fall of snow, my family and I took possession of the official residence provided for us.

It was an old stone house of one story; roofed, in part with ancient stone slabs, in part with modern slates; and standing in a garden bare of trees. A wide passage ran back from the entrance toward the kitchen, where there were two doors; the one leading into the yard, the other into the larder, which was, in fact, a roomy cellar at the foot of a flight of very old stone steps. The five bedrooms all opened on a square landing.

"How about the roof?" I asked of the man in charge.

"All right, sir; everything has been carefully seen to; and, when the thaw comes, I'll warrant you'll not be troubled, anything to matter."

In a few days we had shaken down; and the verdict on our new home was, "Not grand, but decidedly cozy."

A tall, solid, fleshy, rosy young woman had undertaken to be our one servant. Sparing of words was she, but not sparing of work.

"The incarnation of stupidity and stupidity," said my son Primus.

"The very thing for us," said his mother.

This girl's name being Stillwell, soon became corrupted into Stillwater; or, for short, Still.

It was splendid skating weather. The low-lying meadows were flooded to the depth of a foot or more, and one glided along over acres of smooth, green, transparent ice. Every day we sallied forth, my three boys, their sister and I, to take our fill of enjoyment in this icy paradise; coming back to bask all the evening before the bright golden sunshine and the silvery ashes of a north-country coal fire.

My wife has the weak habit of going to "tuck up" her boys after they are in

bed. One night, their voices sounded so angry, that she ran up in haste, to see what was wrong. On entering their room, she found the two elder boys sitting up in bed, hurling injurious and derisive epithets at some person or persons unknown.

"Let me just find out who you are, and you'll get such a jolly good licking as you'll remember," announced Primus, gazing wrathfully at the ceiling.

"Oh, you blooming idiot! I wish I'd your boots. I'd throw them at your head. Be off! I'm taking a sight at you," shouted Secundus, nose and fingers upturned in the same direction.

"Are you both mad?" inquired the stern, maternal voice.

"It's that fellow, mother, that I told you about. He's on the roof again. Just listen to the row he makes."

"Nonsense," said his mother: but she stood listening for some time.

"Oh, you coward!"

"Ah, you funk!" proceeded from the two beds. Not a sound above.

"I have heard no row on the roof," remarked mother, with dignified emphasis; and, having performed the usual ceremony, she departed; and came and told me of the whole affair, concluding with, "I wonder if it can be rats."

"Not a doubt of it."

Next morning the boys were full of their nocturnal visitor; and declared that, no sooner had the drawing-room door shut, than the scrambling and trampling began again.

"History tells of a certain cat who wore top boots; but I never heard of rats adopting the fashion," I remarked.

"Rats, father! why we know the sound of *them* well enough. And they run between the ceiling and the roof. But this is unmistakable boots, with plenty of hobnails in them too, on the outside of the roof. We expected every moment to see the fellow's legs come through plaster and all. I think I may be permitted to speak with au-

thority on the subject of boots and roofs in conjunction."

He certainly might, for he had perambulated the roofs of all the out-houses at S—, to the great detriment of tiles and slates.

"Well, then," continued Primus, with the air of an adept, "I am so sure it was a boy of my size in hobnailed boots, that I feel as if I had seen them. I could swear to them."

"Come out and have a look," was my reply.

There lay the white mantle, smooth and glistening in the sunshine, and untrodden by so much as the foot of a tomatcat.

The boys looked at each other in amazement. "I don't care," said Secundus, defiantly, "I shall always believe it was a boy."

"It's the rummest thing I ever knew," slowly remarked Primus.

"If Boots comes again, the only thing you have to do is to wish him a good-night, and to cover up your ears," was my recommendation.

That evening, just as we were about to begin prayers, we were all startled by some tremendous blows on the cellar door. My wife, thinking there must be some one at the back door, told Stillwater to go and see who could be knocking in that outrageous way.

The girl did not stir. After a moment, she said, "It's the cellar door."

"Impossible!" said her mistress, "go quickly and see what it is."

We heard the unlocking and relocking of the yard door. When the girl came back, she said there was no one there. Presently, while I was reading, there came more loud blows, as if struck by a heavy fist; and unmistakably against the cellar door.

When prayers were ended, we went to make acquaintance with our mysterious captive. On opening the door, there was nothing to be seen but the flight of steps.

My wife and I exchanged glances which said very plainly, "A sweet-heart." So, as the youth appeared shy, I gave him an encouraging invitation to come forth and show himself. No reply.

"I am determined to know who you

are," said I, nobly plunging into the abyss, the boys at my heels. Nothing whatever to be seen, and not a corner in which anything bigger than a mouse could hide. The window? It was tightly closed up for the winter, and was, besides, blocked with snow. I was certainly mystified; but I sent the young ones off to bed with an assurance that wind, in an old house, was capable of making the most extraordinary noises; and, in illustration, we all in turn shook the door; not, however, producing anything like the previous effect.

"It *must* have been at the back door," said my wife, with a searching look at Stillwater.

"No; it's the cellar-door that does it," quietly replied the girl.

"How can it make that noise of itself?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever hear it before?"

"Yes; this evening, when Miss was at the piano."

We decided that we must watch Stillwater.

In the course of the night we were awoke by the agreeable sound of "Drip, drip, drip," in one corner of the room. My wife put a basin beneath, with a towel in it, to deaden the sound. Presently "Drip, drip," again, just outside the door, which we always kept open.

"There's a sudden thaw, and we're in for it," said I. "Let's go to sleep. It won't hurt the floor-cloth."

But there was no going to sleep; for the drip came faster than ever, until it increased to a little stream. There were no matches in the room; but I managed to find my bath, and to set it, with a blanket inside it, under the spot whence the sound came.

When, at breakfast, I announced the sad news of the sudden thaw, there was a chorus of exclamations, "Why! everything is as hard as iron," etc., etc.

The mother, meanwhile, was directing her handmaiden to dry up the water which had come in during the night. The girl stared. When she came into the room again, her mistress asked her what she had done with the wet blanket. She stared more expressively, and was mute.

"Don't you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am. But there is no wet blanket, and no water to wipe up."

Up stairs went mistress and servant ; and, in two minutes, back came my wife, looking quite bewildered.

"There's not a trace of water anywhere," said she ; "and yet, after you were asleep, I heard it drip fast upon the counterpane, just at my feet."

Our delighted offspring settled it that mother had been dreaming ; and Primus irreverently hinted that I had generously lent my bath in order to escape my morning's shudder.

When Tertius was being tucked up that night, he asked, "Who was that—person who came and looked at me after I was in bed?"

"Stillwater, I suppose."

"Oh, no. It was an old woman, and she had a funny cap on."

"You dreamed her, dear."

"But I hadn't been to sleep. And I turned my head to the wall, and when I looked for her again she had gone away."

"You must have been half-asleep. Now go to sleep quite, and finish the dream."

The next night Primus began—

"Mother, I wish you would tell that old party not to come into my room without knocking. I had just got into bed, happened to glance across to the drawers, and there she stood, coolly looking at me. I was disgusted, and turned my back upon her. Presently, I looked out of the tail of my eye, to see what she was doing, but she'd cut."

"You don't know who it was?"

"No. She looked like one of the charwomen—Boots's mother, I dare say. These people are cool enough for anything."

My wife called to Stillwater, to ask if Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Jones had been in that evening. She was answered that no one had been.

"Then you must have been half-asleep, although you did not know it, and have dreamed."

"Yes, I suppose so. But it seemed very real. At any rate, I'm half-asleep now," murmured Primus.

Night after night we were roused by the voice of this or that child. Their mother always went to them, and always found them sleeping peacefully ; though,

a minute before, there had been sobbing and moaning. It was bitterly cold, and I persuaded her not to go at the first call. Then there was whimpering on the stairs.

One night, we had both been lying awake for some time, listening to what seemed like cautious steps, first on the landing, and then in our room itself. We had tried to persuade ourselves that it might be mice. But no ; there were distinct steps, as of a person walking. Yet, though we followed the sound with our eyes, we saw nothing. Suddenly there was a howl of anguish, like the cry of a large animal in pain. It thrilled us with horror, for it came from our daughter's room, though it was not possible for it to be their voices. When we reached their bedside, they were calmly sleeping ; and were not even roused by our entrance with the light. I made quiet observations next day, both inside and outside of the house.

"If you please, ma'am, may I have my sister to sleep with me?" said Stillwater to her mistress.

"Are you afraid to sleep alone?"

"No, I'm not afraid."

"Then why do you wish it?"

No answer ; only a very earnest look.

"Why ! Stillwell, you look as if you had seen a ghost," said her mistress, laughingly.

"Yes, ma'am, I have," she replied, very quietly.

"And what did it look like?"

"Like Mrs. X—, just as she was of afternoons."

"Come, come ! she ought to have been all in white, you know."

"No, she was not in white. She had on the same sort of cap she always wore, and the same dress and white apron."

"I hope you asked her what she wanted."

"No, ma'am ; I lay still and looked at her ; and then I sat up and looked at her hard ; and presently I could not see her."

"It was no doubt a dream, and you will probably never have such another."

"No, I am sure it was not a dream. Besides, I have seen her twice before, when I was walking about."

"Out of doors?"

"No, ma'am; in the house. One afternoon, toward dusk, she came and looked at me through the window. I wondered how she could be there, and I looked at her for a good little time."

"And then?"

"And then she was not there. And I went to the window and looked out, but she was gone."

"What was the use of going to the window, when you knew she was dead?"

"I don't know. She looked just as if she was alive. The other time, I was kneeling down on the rug, making your fire burn up. She passed straight before me."

"Oh, nonsense! She would have set fire to her clothes."

Still looked injured, but quietly persisted—

"She did, ma'am. She passed straight between me and the fire."

"How could she do that? Really, Still, for a sensible young woman, you are very full of fancies."

"It was not a fancy, either of the times, ma'am. I did see her, I did, indeed. I hope you will believe me."

"Yes; I quite believe that you *think* you saw Mrs. X——. You may have your sister to sleep with you."

Now it is not a pleasant thing for any man, still less for one of my profession, to confess that he has felt "creepy" on account of certain inexplicable sounds. But, as this is a perfectly true account, I am compelled to acknowledge that it happened to me again and again, during the time of my dwelling in the Old Lodge. And I also declare that my wife and I were perfectly well in health, and that we had never before been the victims of similar terrors. Furthermore: though we spoke of the noises, we, at first, abstained from mentioning our sensations to each other.

After an hour's sleep, I would be aroused, as if at the command of some person, unseen indeed, but certainly in the room. Then a small something, say a marble, would be gently dropped, more than once, on the carpet, close at my bedside; sometimes on the floor-cloth, just outside the open door. Then the marble would be gently rolled on the boards of the room, and up against the skirting board.

It was an immense relief when, one

night, we encountered each other's eyes as we lay listening, and both made a clean breast of our terrors. Yes, nothing short of that word will do. We agreed that the first sufferer should wake the other. But my wife found it not always possible to carry out this determination. "What did you hear?" I asked her once.

"The chest of drawers was dragged over the floor," she replied. "I am thankful you spoke to me, for I have for some time been trying to wake you, but was not allowed. In fact, I have been kept perfectly motionless."

I had heard precisely the same sound, yet the drawers did not appear to have been actually moved. The sounds were so distinct that we always connected them with some special article. Now, it was a chair, or the towel-horse, that was moved. Now, it was the loud snapping of a thick stick in the hall. Now, it was a violent blow on the hall table, struck as if with my own walking-stick, which I remembered to have left there, and which I found there in the morning. Once, the heaviest book on my writing-table appeared to be dropped, as if from the height of a man, on the floor-cloth in the hall. Then a smaller one. I always myself shut the doors of the rooms leading into the hall.

Of course, I tried in every way to account for the mystery; but, after a time, I could only resign myself to lie awake and wonder. The nights were bitterly cold. On one occasion, when there had been a persistent dropping of nuts in a corner of the room, I jumped up, in desperation, and held the light close to the spot. In a second, the sound was behind me. I whisked round, but—tapping to right of me, tapping to left of me, tapping in every direction, without a second's intermission. No sooner did I look toward one spot than the dropping of nuts was at the other end of the room. It was as if some mischievous elf were enjoying himself at my expense.

Our boys had gone to spend a day or two with some friends; and their mother, not liking the look of the empty room, had closed the door in passing; giving it a push, to make sure that it was fast. That night, we heard the

door shut with a tremendous bang. Even had it been left open, there was no wind to move it.

Another night, when we had been awoke in the usual way, there was an agreeable variety in the entertainment. A delicate, flute-like sound proceeded from the closed dining-room. Again and again, a distinct and long-sustained musical note, as of some small pipe. Then the fifth of that note, then the octave, repeated many times; then the seventh and octave, over and over again. We were greatly puzzled. The piano was not in that room. And the sound certainly suggested a wind instrument of sweet tone.

I went down early next morning, and found, to my surprise, a concertina lying on a table. I lifted the handle, and there came forth a long-drawn note, the very note I had heard in the night. My wife called out to me from up stairs, "That's it! that's it! What is it?"

Without attempting to disentangle her speech, I held up the concertina.

"Oh! that is Phil's. He must have left it behind. But it was the very note; there is no doubt of it."

We locked the thing up in its box, and put it inside a bookcase; and next night we were treated to a repetition of the musical notes, only muffled.

It was not only during the night that the noises were heard. For instance: I was reading by the fading afternoon light, when a chair on the other side of the room seemed to be moved from its place, so that I instinctively turned my head to see who had entered the room. Again, I was about to go down the cellar steps, in the afternoon, when I heard a heavy pickling pan dragged along the stone floor below. I quite thought some one was down there; but, as usual, there was no one to be seen, and the pan was in its place.

At eleven o'clock A.M., my wife and Still were on the landing. The girl was telling her mistress that she had heard Mrs. X——'s voice the evening before. Her mistress told her that she was giving way to fancies.

"But Mary Jones heard it too. She

had just brought in the eggs, and stood listening to the singing in the drawing-room. Then I heard Mrs. X——'s angry voice again, on the stairs, and Mary said, 'Who's shouting?' I said I didn't know, and she said, 'It must be the missis. Lor! how angry she is to holler like that. Doesn't she like 'em to sing?' "

"In an old house like this," began my wife, "there may be many noises caused by—"

Suddenly, a noise, as if a shower of small pieces of the ceiling came down sharply on the floor-cloth, caused mistress and maid to start back in affright, and involuntarily to look up. There was not a crack to be seen. Then the two pairs of eyes searched the floor in every direction, their owners cautiously standing within the shelter of two doorways. Not a morsel of any kind could they discover.

"What was that, ma'am?" inquired Stillwater, fixing her sleepy gaze on her mistress.

"I cannot tell," was the only reply that occurred to that intelligent lady.

One morning the post brought me orders to "move on." Instead of grumbling, I hailed them with delight. For we seldom got a decent night's rest, and my wife's nerves were beginning to be weakened by the constant strain upon them.

The Old Lodge had been for years in the charge of Mrs. X——, who had borne the character of highly respectable old lady, with the drawbacks of being somewhat misanthropical and very avaricious.

I am perfectly aware of the ridicule with which stories of this nature are generally received. I can only repeat that I have related an absolutely true experience, for which I am utterly unable to account. I have no theory on the subject. I have always felt a strong distaste for so-called Spiritualism. I perceive the inconsequence and even childishness of my story; and yet it will always remain, to the story-teller, a serious Fact.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE VEGETARIAN ANIMALCULES OF THE DEEP SEA.

PROFESSOR MOSELEY, of Oxford, who delivered before the British Association, on Monday night, a most interesting and amusing account of some of the features of deep-sea life, introduced, probably for the first time to a great multitude of his auditors and readers, those remarkable little protozoa which carry their kitchen-gardens about incorporated in their own persons, and contrive, as it were, to feed, out of their own waste tissues, the plants on which they themselves feed in return. In fact, a mutual-benefit society appears to be arranged between the animals and plants, with a continuous division of profits always going on. This is Professor Moseley's account of the partnership: "Certain animals have embedded in their tissues numbers of unicellular algæ, which are not to be regarded as parasites, but which thrive in the waste products of the animal, while the animal feeds upon the products elaborated by the algæ. This combined condition of existence has been named by Dr. Brandt 'Symbiosis.' " [a vile word, Dr. Brandt! Why not call it "Compound-life," at once?] "The animals in which it is most abundantly exhibited are the radiolarians, jelly-like protozoa, which have numerous bright, yellow cells embedded in their tissues, the unicellular algæ in question. These radiolarians are exclusively pelagic and enormously abundant, and having been discovered to be endowed with their own vegetable supply, are self-supporting, as it were, and constitute an immense additional ultimate source of pelagic food." This is as though a cow were furnished with little strips of verdant meadow on her own hide, so conveniently arranged that while they grew out of her, she could yet graze off them. Such a self-supporting cow would be regarded with envy by the dairy-man, and it is difficult to see how, on the theory of natural selection alone, animalcules thus delightfully provided with a commissariat to which they were necessary, and which was necessary to them, should ever move on in the direction of any kind of evolution at all. With meal and appetite so ingeniously

combined, the meal satisfying the appetite, and the appetite providing the materials for the growth of a future meal, it would seem that nothing further could be done in the way of "co-ordinating the organization with the environment"—which is, we believe, the best-approved philosophical way of expressing the adaptation of wants to the external objects which satisfy the wants, and of the qualities of external objects to the wants which they supply. And yet it seems to be obvious that these remarkable protozoa, though among the best fed and best provided of nature's vegetarians, are also among the least advanced forms of animal life. It seems that those who prefer to talk of nature rather than of mind as the ultimate cause of things, must confess that nature is dissatisfied with this very ingenious device of combining in one the kitchen-garden and the owner of the kitchen-garden, and takes a great deal more pains to develop those forms of life which have to go in search of their food and to run the risk of failing to find it, than she takes to develop the form of life in which she had made most careful provision for indolence and ease. One would have supposed *a priori* that an animal provided with its own commissariat, from which it could not be severed, would have such an enormous advantage in the conflict for existence with other animals liable to starvation, that that form would soon multiply to the complete extinction of all others; and that development, if development there were, would take the line of evolving a higher and more elaborate partnership between the vegetable and the animal for mutual benefit. That, however, is certainly not the case, much as the Vegetarian Society might wish that it had been one among the great achievements of natural selection. Indeed, self-sufficiency is one of the devices of nature which seems to be provided for only to be rejected in favor of a more complete dependence on distant and comparatively doubtful resources. All the great naturalists tell us that the plants which fertilize themselves are poor in comparison with the plants fer-

tilized from the pollen of other individuals of the same species. Self-sufficiency, so far from conferring an advantage on the life which can boast of it, appears to be brought into existence only for the sake of marking the disadvantage at which it compares with those more generous forms of life which are at once precarious and more elaborate and rich. The efforts of self-sufficiency which nature makes in the lower stages of her production, she seems to make only to brand with a sort of bad mark, as indicative of a poor kind of experiment, easy to achieve, but achieved only to be abandoned. And the fault in this self-sufficiency seems to be precisely its hide-bound character, the absence of all provision for variety of vital elements, for the concurrence of different forms of experience, for the stimulus of need, for the sting of want. Those forms of life which have in them the elements of narrow completeness, seem always to be inert forms, condemned to comparative sterility. The animalcules which are half kitchen-garden, and the kitchen-gardens which are half animalcules, are very dead-alive affairs, without any go-aheadness in them. They are, indeed, in this respect very like village communities which strenuously resist the invasion of the rest of the world, or insular-minded races which brand all "dependence on the foreigner" as a sort of slur upon their dignity and safety. If the maxim "Nothing venture, nothing have," is applicable to the tempers of men, it is still more applicable, apparently, to the providence of nature. The organizations—both vegetable and animal—which show most capacities for development are the organizations which are matured and sharpened by running the gauntlet against all sorts of possible failures. Many of them, no doubt, succumb to the results of failure, but the descendants of those which do not, are improved in the next generation by their parentage from the best specimens of the species; and so "natural selection" elaborates a higher form out of the sifting process to which the lower forms have been submitted. That the self-sufficient forms of organization do not admit of this sifting, is the very

reason why they remain stamped with the brand of unprogressiveness.

So far, we suppose, we have been accepting and enunciating what would be called approved Darwinian principles. But now, let us ask to what we ought to ascribe this apparent restlessness in nature, which seems so discontented with the self-sufficient forms of life that they are only invented to be left on the lowest platform of existence, as a kind of warning against the principle of self-sufficiency itself? Apart from mind and plan, apart from a purpose that transcends all these hide-bound self-sufficiencies, there seems no reason at all why the self-sufficient forms of life should not have had it all their own way, and filled the world with stagnant, inert, unprogressive forms of life. And if, on the other hand, evolution were purely mechanical and automatic, why do self-sufficient species—like those protozoa with vegetable streaks in them—which seem to require no revolution and admit of no evolution, exist at all? If self-sufficiency is once produced in nature, why is it superseded, unless there be in the very heart of the cause which produced it a purpose of superseding it, and of exhibiting it as the lowest possible stage of finite life? Self-sufficiency certainly does not seem in any way suited to be even a link in an ever-extending chain. On the contrary, it seems suited at best to be the final link in the chain, if it be a link at all, and not rather an armor-plated whole, inaccessible to almost all external influence. That the plan of the universe should include self-sufficient creatures, and self-sufficient creatures branded as vastly inferior to creatures dependent on all sorts of risks and chances, is surely a most significant hint to us, as to how the plan of the universe ought to be interpreted. This apparent impatience of nature—if we are to use that non-committal term—of the self-sufficiency which she had herself produced and exhibited to us, is surely an impatience which cannot in any sense be disjoined from foresight and purpose. This goad which drives on the development of life to higher forms, forms of more elaborate dependence on other forms, forms that imply correlation with what is dis-

tant and dubious and sometimes even difficult of access, it is surely impossible to ascribe to a blind and automatic force. If there were to be life at all, why should not the seas be full of these half-vegetable animalcules, which are self-supporting, and suggest nothing beyond themselves? And if there were to be development alone, why is this apparent break in the chain, this type of inert self-sufficiency, presented to our eyes, as one of the very lowest forms of ingenious adaptation, and yet not a rung in the ladder of progressive evolution? This curious self-supporting compound of vegetable and animal life, seems to us a sign written in the very

structure of the universe to warn us that the cause of evolution had not overlooked the possibility of self-sufficiency in nature, and had produced relatively very complete forms of self-supporting organizations, but had stamped them at the same time as unprogressive and inert, and incapable of that higher organization which depends on stimulus and effort for its movement, on danger and conflict for its sifting, and on the capacity for being crossed with different strains of the same type of organization, for its expansion into richer and nobler examples of the same species or race.—*London Spectator.*

IN OCTOBER.

BY SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

I SAW the sunlight glinting down,
Where the tall trees stood gaunt and brown.

I saw the soft pathetic light
Touch the stream's foam to glistening white.

I saw the tearful lustre shed,
Where falling leaves heaped gold and red.

I heard the music that they make—
The becks that brattle through the brake,

And toss the withered fern-fronds by,
And laugh beneath the sombre sky.

I heard the river's ceaseless song,
Sweeping fir-crested hills among.

The chirpings of each lingering bird
That braves the angry North, I heard.

And a fresh yearning woke and cried,
A voice of Love unsatisfied;

And all the lovely Autumn day,
In burning tears seemed blurred away.

To wood and glen, to hill and plain,
For Nature's balm I asked in vain.

Then I said, low and suddenly,
"God keep my darling safe for me."

Macmillan's Magazine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE GREAT EPICS OF MEDÆVAL GERMANY.
An Outline of their Contents and History.
By George Theodore Dippold, Professor at
Boston University and Wellesley College.
Boston: *Roberts Brothers.*

This is a commendable effort to popularize the literature of a period which is too little known even to those who may justly boast of the extent of their literary researches in the three great languages of Europe. The period of the middle ages was called by the poet Uhland, the night of a thousand years, yet a night that was illuminated by brilliant stars. It is with the task of pointing out these bright, though distant stars that Professor Dippold has busied himself, and it is to be hoped that his success will be proportionate to the conscientious thoroughness with which he has performed his work. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the old romantic poetry, and something of the loving earnestness with which he discusses his subject cannot fail to be communicated to the reader. Although the poems described are German, his discussion and description are by no means limited to this field, but extend to the early poetry of many other parts of Europe. He has given, for example, the best brief account we have seen of the manner in which the Arthurian legends travelled from Wales through England into France, and thence throughout the continent, mingling finally with the German heroic tales and forming the material for some of the best of the later epics. The Anglo-Saxon epic *Beowulf* is also described with considerable fullness, and the literature of the Eddas receives an extended notice in connection with the inquiry concerning the sources of the *Nibelungen Lied*.

Within the limits of his plan, the author claims to have given the subject more thorough treatment than it has hitherto received in any work published in this country or in England. His method is to give an outline of the action of each poem, frequently introducing metrical translations of important passages, and then an account of the historical and mythical sources of the poem, the minor poems closely associated with it, and the translations into the modern languages, if any exist. The poems thus treated are the *Nibelungen Lied*, *Gudrun*, *Parzival*, *Tristan*, and *Isold*, and *Iwein*. Incidentally many shorter poems come in for brief description, and the *Nibelung drama "Brunhild"* is allowed special space. The author's complete translation of this tragic drama, published about three years ago, is already favorably known. An introductory chapter contains a summary of the

scanty knowledge that is available concerning German literature before the tenth century, and an explanation of early German versification. The slight touch of extravagance observable in the first pages of the Introduction is not in keeping with the author's usual modest and simple style. That "memorable and interesting scene" which was enacted, according to the author, "nearly four thousand years ago" on the plains of Iran, namely, "the commencement of the parting scene of a great brotherhood of nations," is a difficult subject to write upon with historic precision; and, again, it is at best but an open question whether the "noblest treasures which these nations carried with them into their new abodes, were the songs that had resounded in the green forests and in the wide stretched pasture-grounds of their former common home." In general, however, this volume deserves nothing but the highest praise. It will be found an excellent guide for the student of this period, and for those unacquainted with old German it furnishes just that information which is calculated to inspire interest and stimulate new efforts toward the acquirement of the language in order to enjoy the full beauty of this quaint old poetry.

CHRIST'S CHRISTIANITY. BEING THE PRECEPTS AND DOCTRINES RECORDED IN MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, AND JOHN, AS TAUGHT BY JESUS CHRIST. Analyzed and Arranged according to Subjects by Albert H. Walker, of the Hartford Bar. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

A misconception is liable to arise in the minds of many, on reading the title page of Mr. Walker's book, as to the real purpose to be subserved by such a compilation, for there is, of course, a permanent presumption against any rearrangement or rewriting of the gospel narratives. The work is intended in no way to displace the established version, but simply to set forth in compendious form the body of Christ's teachings, separated from the history of the events with which they are associated. For the general purposes of instruction the narrative form, to which we have always been accustomed, is unquestionably the best, and indeed is a form so perfect as to be well regarded as in itself furnishing an evidence of the inspired knowledge of the four great writers. But, on the other hand, there is an undoubted advantage to be gained, especially for purposes of study, in gathering into a single paragraph or section all of Christ's sayings upon any one subject. None of these are recorded by all four of the evan-

gelists, and his complete instruction upon many subjects can only be obtained by the awkward assistance of a concordance. Moreover a systematic arrangement, as Mr. Walker suggests, is better adapted to give clearness and precision to opinions. "By putting his germane sayings together, such an arrangement makes Christ his own interpreter. What it loses in movement, it gains in fullness and certainty. What it loses in attractiveness of color, it gains in symmetry of form." The plan of the book has been very carefully executed, and it will be especially useful to clergymen in the preparation of sermons and to those who would make their private studies thorough. A chapter is given to each important subject, such as "The Holy Spirit," "Prophecy," "The New Birth," "Heaven," and "Commandments;" and each chapter is divided into sections, according to the topics naturally arising under each subject. The passages are copied in the exact language of Scripture, the Revised Version being used, with the exception of an occasional omission of a conjunction in cases where the passage refers to two distinct subjects. The source of each passage is indicated by foot-notes. A brief extract will illustrate the author's method. The first chapter is entitled "God," and the first section is upon "God's Being" and reads as follows: "The Lord our God, the Lord is one. God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth. Why call est thou me good? none is good save one, even God. The Father is greater than I." This passage is composed of four distinct quotations, from three of the gospels, as indicated by the foot-notes.

APPLETON'S HOME BOOKS.—Home Occupations, by Janet E. Ruutz-Rees; The Home Needle, by Ella Rodman Church. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This admirable series of little hand-books, devoted to the interests of the household, needs no fresh commendation, for the interest and usefulness of its several dainty volumes have become already well known. The family life of every home into which they find an entrance must thereby be made better, happier and nobler. These two latest volumes of the series fully maintain the reputation of the eight that have preceded them. The object of the first is to furnish practical suggestions about a number of simple occupations suitable for boys and girls, which may be made both interesting and profitable. The older members of the family will also find valuable hints for the employment of their leisure moments, and with a little patient

practice they may, at a trifling expense, fill many a nook and corner with articles of beauty and usefulness. The titles of some of the chapters will sufficiently indicate the extent and variety of the suggestive contents; for example, "What can be done with Leather," "The possibilities of Tissue-Paper," chiefly in making flowers, "Modelling in Wax," "The Preservation of Flowers, Grasses, and Sea-weeds," "What can be done with Beads," and "The Uses of Card-board." There are also chapters on "Frame-making," "Spatter-work," "Scrap-books," "Amateur Photography," and "Collecting." In the last will be found many delightful things for those who already have some "hobby" for making collections. A final chapter contains directions for a number of minor occupations, such as rustic-work, straw-plaiting, shell-work, stenciling and decorating simple articles in oil and water colors.

The author of the second of these volumes suggests that books on embroidery and fancy-work of all kinds are already numerous, but that the humbler occupations of plain sewing and useful needle-work have been generally neglected. It is, therefore, her purpose to furnish hints and instruction for "those who desire a practical knowledge of plain sewing, millinery, and dress-making." Numerous diagrams and illustrations aid materially in following the directions contained in the text.

ART AND NATURE IN ITALY. By Eugene Benson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

There is a delightful freshness in this little book of travel, for the author, wisely turning aside from the beaten guide-book paths and following his artistic instincts, has found in some of the remote nooks and corners of Italy treasures that have for us all the interest of an original discovery. The pleasure of a day's wandering with him among the Venetian Alps is like the stimulus one gets from a walk with an artist friend; for the artist is poet and scientist combined, observing the minutest details of surrounding objects, and converting them into poetry. He searches with the zeal of a student for relics of the great masters, and points out their faded foot-prints in many unfrequented spots. Some peasant village, hidden away among the mountain cliffs, whose simple people know only in dreams of the great world around them, is found to be wealthy—far wealthier, it may be, than a modern town with its steam-pipes and daily newspaper—because above the altar in the little church there is a painting by Carpaccio, or some one of the great Titian's followers, painted centuries ago, in the morning of Christian art.

He seeks too for the inspirations and the origins of the great painters' works. He studies the scenery about Raphael's birthplace, to catch if possible the outlines of those thin-drawn landscape backgrounds. "Titian's country," the scenes that inspired Giorgione's genius, and the home of the famous majolica painters are all described in a brief and sketchy, but highly interesting and suggestive manner. Some of the chapters have the finished neatness of essays; especially good are chapters entitled "Ferrara at Dawn," "Perugia," "Bellini and Pesaro," and "Majolica in Italy." A description of the celebration of St. Peter's day gives a vivid picture of Rome in mid-summer, a time when few foreigners venture to remain to fill their portfolio and note-book. The book ends with a beautiful description of a ride out from Rome across the campagna just at night, when the golden and silver light of east and west are mingling, and the Italian air is filled with charm and mystery.

CUPID. A STORY. By Augustus M. Swift.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An hour may be pleasantly spent in reading this rather singular little story. It is a curiosity, and not the least curious thing about it is the enigmatical title. One is almost inclined to regard it as a kind of literary joke, perpetrated upon the habitual story reader in pure sport; but then, the author's name upon the title page is an assurance of seriousness and good faith. Eliot Blake, a young Englishman, who has spent his life in hawking and fishing, is a confirmed opium-eater, whose regular dose has become "just about equal to De Quincey's in his period of greatest indulgence." The subtle drug is rapidly devouring him, and he realizes his nearness to the mad-house and its attendant horrors, but is not able to resist the terrible habit. Love becomes his physician and effects a cure which was beyond the power of mere medical skill. He meets a fascinating American lady and determines to win her for his wife, and the strength of this absorbing passion furnishes the needed support for his flagging will. The struggle with his old enemy is a hard one, but he triumphs at last and obtains the reward of accepted love. This mixture of love-making and opium-eating is described in brief letters to and from the different personages and in extracts from the young lady's diary, after the manner of the old novels. The originality of the conception would doubtless insure for the story a kind of *succès de curiosité*, but it possesses some real merits of a kind to warrant us in promising something in the future from the same pen of more positive and permanent value.

POEMS. By Henry Peterson. Second series.
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This volume contains the author's poems which have been written since 1863, including a dramatic poem entitled "The Modern Job," which was noticed in our columns at the time of its first publication some ten years ago. Those who were fortunate enough to read this rather striking poem will doubtless be pleased to find it reproduced here in permanent shape. Many of the shorter poems exhibit much skill in the use of rhyme and metre, and reveal a profoundly thoughtful mind. Several in the ballad measure are quite spirited, as the "Legend of De Vries," "Tally Ho," and "Hancock." One of the largest is "Fairemount," celebrating the beauties of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and containing tributes to the memory of some of the great men whose names are in some way associated with the park or city, as Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, Thomas Moore, and others. Mr. Peterson's poems are all characterized by smoothness of versification, and by a commendable clearness and directness of expression, which gives much force to the elevated sentiments he would inspire.

"ENGLISH POLITICAL LEADERS—LORD PALMERSTON." By Anthony Trollope. London: W. Isbister.

Mr. Trollope shows his literary skill by the artistic method of his beginning. He goes at once to the most crucial period of his hero's life—the time when he was dismissed from his office by Lord John Russell. He seemed to be extinguished, and yet in the course of a few months he was manifestly victorious, triumphant over Lord John, while the court, which had really upset him, was eager to back the wish of the nation. Mr. Trollope gives the narrative very well, as, indeed, he tells the whole of the story of Palmerston's life. He is not blind to his hero's faults, does not pretend that he was a statesman, as far as domestic politics are concerned, but maintains, and that with much force and no inconsiderable success, that he understood and managed very well the country's foreign relations. There is something about Mr. Trollope's style—a style which it is so difficult to imitate and yet quite impossible to mistake—which invites confidence. It has in a remarkable degree the appearance of candor; nor is the matter untrue to the impression.

"A MODERN INSTANCE." By W. D. Howells.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Of Mr. Howells we once spoke doubtfully, waiting till he should give us a longer and less sketchy work to judge by. Our doubts are quite confirmed by "A Modern Instance."

It is simply longer, and therefore not better, but much worse than the rest. He has expanded without enlarging. We must here class him with the three ladies to whom we have just paid homage, for, like them, he is entirely absorbed by the study of a single female character. His Marcia is mainly a dolt, but has sudden flashes of the devil. The character is probably natural enough, and is fairly consistent, but it is one in no way deserving of such elaborate study. Nor was this commonplace, stupid, violent woman likely to have impressed men and women of education as she is supposed to have done. Her ungovernable passion for, and shameless pursuit of, a vulgar *bel-homme*, and her fine doings when the clay idol begins to crumble, are not heroic, but very ordinary forms of selfishness. Mr. Howells fails to see that the tremendously high moral rule by which he condemns the husband simply annihilates the wife. Though an American newspaper reporter, the man had neither the birth nor training of a gentleman; his principles were not high, and his refinement was superficial. Marcia, however, has no principles whatever beyond some conventional scruples, not the less vulgar because true; and such refinement as she possesses she sacrifices to the gratification of her passions and to her coarse jealousy. The English reader will not scruple to pity the husband of this stupid vixen, in spite of the severity of the author. To his rigid morality we cannot object; it is very sincere; but the cause of that morality, we must insist on saying, is not served by enlisting a morbid interest in the struggles of the husband's friend against his adulterous passion for the heroine. A depressing, dreary book, with all its ability and good intentions. — *The Athenæum*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Government have given their sanction to the proposal to name a new street in Paris after Littré.

THE Rev. Dr. James Martineau is understood to be arranging materials for a work of an autobiographical character.

THE Russian author D. L. Mordovtzeff has set out for Turkey in Asia with the intention of exploring Mount Ararat.

MR. WILLIAM PATERSON, of Edinburgh, will publish at the end of this month "Last Words of Thomas Carlyle on Trades Unions: Promoterism and the Signs of the Times."

AMONG other improvements which are about to be made at the National Library, Paris, it is hoped that the electric light may be successfully introduced.

THE cost of the new university about to be established at Tomsk is definitively estimated at 1,220,000 roubles. The requisite buildings will, it is considered, be completed by the year 1885.

IN the October number of the *Edinburgh Review* is an article on "Shelley and Mary," containing important documents from the Shelly Papers which present in a new light some incidents in the life of the poet.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS have ready for publication a new edition of Lane's "Arabian Nights," edited from a copy annotated by Lane by his nephew, Edward Stanley Poole. Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has written a new Preface.

RAJA SAURENDRA MOHAN TAGORE, of Calcutta, whose "English Verses set to Hindu Music" first called attention to the subject some years ago, has written a Sanskrit version of "God Save the Queen," and has also undertaken to set the music to native melodies.

WE hear that the Revisers of the Old Testament have made so much progress that their work will certainly be finished in a few more months. Indeed, there is even some probability that the Revised Old Testament may be ready for publication by the close of next year.

SOME time ago we stated that Kossuth's friends in his own country proposed to make him a presentation on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. We now hear that Kossuth has himself requested that the proposed subscription should be devoted to some work of public charity.

THE Japanese Government have resolved upon establishing public libraries in every provincial capital throughout the empire. It is stated that the Government have decided to discontinue subsidizing newspapers, because the plan has proved useless as a means of suppressing Liberalism. One or two of the Japan papers have in consequence suspended publication.

UNDER the title of "Heart Chords" Messrs. Cassell & Co., will publish a series of volumes by well-known divines intended to stimulate, guide, and strengthen the Christian life. The contributors to the series will include Bishop Cotterill, Dean Montgomery, Dean Bickersteth, Dean Edwards, Dean Boyle, Canon Farrar, Canon Boyd Carpenter, Prof. Blaikie, etc.

PROF. VAMBÉRY'S new work on the origin of the Hungarians will come out in a few days simultaneously in Hungarian and in German. Ethnologists have hitherto classi-

fied the Hungarians among the Finnish-Ugrian branch of the Ural-Altaic race, but Prof. Vambéry, declaring this theory, based mainly upon philological evidence, to be quite untenable, proves the Turko-Tartar origin of the Magyars.

MR. A. ARTHUR READE has conceived the idea of administering to men of letters and science a series of interrogatories touching their practice in the matter of alcohol and tobacco. He now proposes to publish, with Messrs. Heywood, of Manchester, the replies he has received, which include letters from the late Charles Darwin, Dr. Carpenter, Prof. Blackie, Dr. Alexander Bain, Messrs. E. A. Freeman, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, etc.

MR. WILLIAM BROWN, of Edinburgh, will issue immediately reprints of "Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott," by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and the "Norwegian Account of Haco's Expedition against Scotland," which was originally printed in 1782. Two hundred and fifty copies of each of the books, which have long been out of print and scarce, will be printed on vellum paper.

THE *Scotsman* of October 3d gives a long account of an interesting relic of Burns preserved in the Select Subscription Library at Edinburgh, which is now being dispersed. This is Burns' own copy of Robert Ferguson's poems, containing the holograph of the well-known lines entitled "Inscribed under Ferguson's Portrait," and several other verses. It is noticeable that the holograph differs in two or three respects from the lines as printed from 1803 downward, and that it happens to be written above, and not below, the portrait. The book was given by Burns, as shown by an inscription in his handwriting, to the poetess Miss Carmichael.

SCIENCE AND ART.

MUSIC BY TELEGRAPH.—Among the special features of the Munich Electrical Exhibition is a telephone transmitting thither pieces of music performed at Oberammergau, which is about sixty-three miles distant; also a giant telephone, which transmits concert pieces performed in the English Café, so as to be audible to the whole of an audience in a large hall at the Palace. A special interest also attaches to the transmission of power by a single wire from the coal-mines of Miesbach, about thirty-seven miles distant, as the possibility of utilizing the heat of coal at a distance without transport of the coal is concerned.

PHOTOGRAPHY FROM TRAINS.—Instantaneous photography, in its more familiar aspect, supposes motion of the objects photographed; but another form of it is that in which it is the camera, more especially, that has motion of translation, as in photographing from balloons or trains. The practicability of photographing landscapes from the window of a train running at a rate of even forty miles an hour has been recently proved by Dr. Caudéze, who uses what he calls a gyrograph for the purpose. The apparatus comprises a copper tube similar to that which carries the lenses in ordinary cameras, but the lenses are placed on opposite sides parallel to the axis. Within is a shutter similar to the box of a stopcock; it presents two quadrangular apertures, which, according to the position of the shutter, do or do not let pass the light rays in making a quarter of a turn. This rotatory movement is obtained by means of a spring liberated from a catch. An exposure of only 1-100th of a second may be had. With a little practice wonderfully distinct views, it is said, can be obtained with the apparatus.

ARTIFICIAL AERATED WATERS.—Another striking evidence has been afforded, by the outbreak of a small epidemic of typhoid, of the carelessness with which some manufacturers of artificial aerated drinks employ sources of water not free from suspicion or elements of danger. It is commonly enough supposed that, where the water-supply is suspicious, safety may be found in the soda-water, seltzer, or ginger-beer. This, however, obviously depends upon the purity of the water employed in their manufacture. Little as this is regarded, it deserves much more consideration than it generally receives. It is the last cause of infection to be investigated; but the observation on a former occasion, by Dr. Thursfield, of an outbreak of typhoid due to the consumption by a shooting party of soda-water made with impure water, has been followed this month by a sharper and more extended attack of typhoid due to ginger-beer made with similarly infected water. Pure natural mineral water has of late years become the resource and luxury of a large part of the population, and such accidents as this are likely to strengthen the habit. None the less it is important for sanitarians to keep an eye to the now plainly proved source of infection, developed in the unexpected direction of artificial aerated waters.—*London Medical Record*.

"A CURIOUS FACT IN EVOLUTION."—A correspondent writes to the *Times*:—"A certain spot in the grounds of the Rev. Lord Sidney, Godolphin, Osborne, Durweston, has, for I know not how many years, by the reverend

gentleman's kindness, furnished microscopists with a peculiar kind of earth. On taking a very minute portion of this earth and immersing it in a drop or two of pure water, two species of a most lovely animal, *Rotifer vulgaris*, will be developed in about ten minutes. No matter how often you repeat the experiment, the same two forms invariably appear. The process of development can be watched under the microscope with a quarter-inch power; for in this short space of time named, the complex organisms will be seen to swim about and exercise, in a perfect manner, all the functions of their existence. A curious fact in connection with the subject is that if the earth is carefully kept, the same process may be repeated, with like results, for twelve months at least, after which these animals seem to be unable to resist further desiccation. But not so a more lowly organized form which also makes its appearance in the solution, for at the end of ten or twelve years I have obtained a good crop of minute protoplasmic creatures, amœba, belonging to the lowest class of animal life, such as those mentioned in the paragraph from the *American Journal of Science*, and whose reproduction is carried on as there described, by segmentation, separation, or self-division; a process which has probably been going on throughout all time and will, I venture to think, go on *ad infinitum*. Only last week, on taking a packet of earth from a drawer, dated Durweston, July 13, 1869, and placing a very small quantity in a drop of water on a microscopic slide, in a short time I had an interesting display of these curious protean bodies, amœba, moving about over the field of the microscope."

ANOTHER AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—It is reported that the Council of the Royal Geographical Society contemplate the equipment of another expedition to the "Dark Continent," in order to explore the mountains Kenia and Kilimanjaro, and the country which separates them from the eastern shores of Victoria Nyanza. This expedition is to be under the command of Mr. Joseph Thomson, and will start on its mission early next year.

NEW RAINFALL RECORDER.—The unseasonable weather has perhaps had something to do with the invention of a very clever little contrivance for recording the duration of rainfall. Most of our readers must be familiar with the form of the ordinary rain-gauge or pluviometer, which may be roughly described as a funnel leading to a graduated glass vessel, by which the amount of liquid collected can be easily read off in hundredths of an inch. This rough-and-ready apparatus, although it has been improved upon so as to prevent loss by evapo-

ration, etc., leaves much to be desired. It would take no note, for instance, of very light showers, which would therefore pass unrecorded. The new rainfall recorder, the invention of M. Schmeltz, appears to meet this want, for it will register the falling of a single drop, provided that drop falls upon its sensitive surface. It consists of a box containing a slip of chemically prepared paper, which moves by clockwork from one reel to another, a certain length of the paper passing, as in the Morse and other printing telegraphic machines, within a given time. The paper in question is first treated with a solution of sulphate of iron, and after being thoroughly dried, is brushed with tannic acid. A drop of water on such a surface is sufficient to bring the two chemicals into nearer relationship, and a dark mark is the result. (Our chemical readers will see that the two agents named are the constituents of common writing-ink.) It stands to reason that if the paper be graduated into hours and minutes, the exact time and duration of the rainfall will be recorded. It will be noticed that this rainfall recorder does not afford any means of judging of the amount of water received by the soil, and perhaps for this reason it will serve as an aid to the ordinary rain-gauge, rather than a contrivance destined to supersede that instrument.

A VIGOROUS MUSHROOM.—The enormous power of cell growth was strikingly illustrated a short time since in a grain elevator at Buffalo, N. Y. The asphalt flooring was over a foot thick, in two layers. The upper layer was seven inches thick, laid hot, rolled down, and thoroughly cooled four years ago. Below was an old floor of tar and gravel, six inches thick. A curious bulge in the floor was first noticed, covering about a square foot. In six hours the floor was burst open, and a perfectly-formed mushroom, with a stem two inches through and a very wide cap, made its appearance. Elsewhere the floor is smooth and unbroken.

A GIANT BIRD.—In the neighborhood of Rheims, recently, M. De Lemoinne found sufficient remains of a remarkable bird (of new species), belonging to the Eocene epoch, to give a fair idea of its structure. A thigh bone of the same animal had before been discovered by M. Planté, the well-known physiologist, at Meudon; it was about eighteen inches long. The bird was of gigantic size, having a height, when erect, of at least ten feet. The skull was comparatively large, and less disproportionate than that of the ostrich. In the opinion of M. Alph. Milne-Edwards, judging by the skeleton, the bird had affinities to the duck, but it has peculiarities which forbid the ranking of it in any of the present natural

groups. It has been called *Gastornis Edwardsii*. Various anatomical details, with a representation of the skeleton, are given by M. Meunier in *La Nature*, 466.)

EARTH VIBRATIONS.—Professor H. M. Paul ingeniously employs reflected light as a means of testing the vibration imparted to the earth by moving vehicles. His arrangement is a very simple one. He sinks a stout post some four and a half feet into the ground, and upon this is a plank supporting a reservoir of mercury—or, rather, of amalgam of tin and mercury. The surface of the mercury is obviously a mirror, and when any vibration is felt by the earth the surface of the mercury is disturbed more or less. An object of a suitable kind is reflected upon the mercury surface, and when there is no vibration this reflected image is, of course, sharply defined. As soon, however, as any vibration occurs, the image moves, and becomes more or less exaggerated. Professor Paul has hitherto employed a telescope to note the amount of vibration, taking optical notes the while; but the *Photographic News* thinks there is little doubt that photography would help materially in registering the degree of change or vibration. He has found that an express train passing at a distance of one third of a mile affects the mercury very considerably for a space of two or three minutes, and a one-horse vehicle, passing at a distance of five hundred feet, caused a disturbance of the image on the surface of the mercury whenever one of the carriage wheels passed over a stone.

MISCELLANY.

THE SUNFLOWER AS AN INDUSTRIAL PLANT.—It may not be generally known that the sunflower (*Helianthus annuus*) has considerable claims to attention from an industrial point of view. Its seeds afford an excellent oil, which is not only useful as a lubricant for machinery, but is one of the best of table oils. The seeds, again, afford admirable food for poultry, the stalks furnish a good textile fibre, and the blossoms yield a brilliant, lasting, yellow dye. So highly does Baron von Müller think of the virtues of the plant that he includes it in his list of selected plants suitable for acclimatization and industrial cultivation in the colony of Victoria. As much as fifty bushels of seedlings have been obtained from an acre of ground under favorable conditions, and as much as fifty gallons of oil can be pressed from such a crop. When he states that about six pounds of seeds are required to sow an acre, from which such an enormous return is possible, it is scarcely surprising to be told that “the return from a

sunflower field is attained within a few months.” The plants, the same authority states, prefer calcareous soil. Baron von Müller, however, has not by any means exhausted the list of virtues which the plant possesses. The Chinese, who have so far appreciated its properties as to use its fibre in adulterating and dyeing their silk fabrics, and its oil not only as a lubricant but as an illuminant, state that its flowers supply the best bee food, and that the “cake” left after expressing the oil is superior to linseed cake as a food for cattle. The leaves are also employed as a substitute for or for mixing with tobacco, and as an ingredient in soap manufacture the oil is highly prized.

POPULATION OF THE EARTH.—In the new edition of Behm & Wagner's *Bevölkerung der Erde*, the total population of the globe is estimated at 1,433,887,500. It is only two years since the last issue of the work; and then the estimate was 1,455,923,500, showing an apparent decrease in two years of almost 22,000,000. This at first seems strange, especially as the recent censuses of all the great countries show an increase of 32,000,000 over the previous numbers. The apparent discrepancy is accounted for by the fact that the editors of the *Bevölkerung*, on a careful revision of all the information as to the population of China, have come to the conclusion that their former estimate was far too high, and that, instead of that vast empire having a population of over 430,000,000, it does not much exceed 370,000,000, with all its dependent territories. There has thus been an actual increase of about 38,000,000 in the population of the globe—an increase, however, which must be spread over ten years, as many of the recent censuses are decennial. For Europe the present population is rated at 327,743,400, showing an increase of about 12,000,000 over the previous figures, by the operation of the censuses. In Asia, making allowance for the readjustment of the population of China, there has been an increase of 20,000,000, the present population being set down at 795,591,000. Of this the Indian Empire claims about one third, while all the vast territory of Russia in Asia supports a population of only about 14,500,000. The Central Asian possessions of Russia have a population of only 5,000,000. With regard to the Corea, whose inhabitants have been estimated at various figures from 7,000,000 to 16,000,000, Messrs. Behm & Wagner give 8,500,000 as probably near the truth. The population of Persia they have reduced, on the basis of recent information, from 8,500,000 to little more than 7,500,000.

ASSES' MILK FOR WEAKLY INFANTS.—In the Paris Academy of Medicine M. Parrot has recently called attention to some remarkable results obtained in the Hôpital des Enfants-Assistés, of Paris, in feeding delicate infants with asses' milk. Many of the infants brought to that hospital have diseases which forbid their being suckled by nurses (whom they would soon infect). Hence the feeding-bottle was formerly used for them; but, spite of great care, the endeavor to foster the small vital force of these children was of little avail. Direct application to the udder of an animal was then tried. At first the infants were thus fed with goats' milk, but it was soon found that asses' milk was greatly preferable, and all are now fed with that, one, two, sometimes even three infants being held to the animals' udders at once. The nurses do this with great ease. The results of the treatment appear well from the figures cited. During six months, 86 infants having congenital and contagious diseases have been treated in the hospital nursery. Of the first six, fed with cows' milk in feed-bottles, one only was cured. Of 42 fed at the goat's udder, eight were cured, while 34 died. Of 38 fed at the ass's udder, 23 have been cured, while six have died. The virtues of asses' milk have been appreciated some time in France. For many years (we learn from *La Nature*) Paris and the large towns have been visited every morning with troops of she-asses, brought in to supply their milk for invalids. It is said the use of the milk was introduced by Francis I., who, reduced to a very weak state and a despair to physicians, was induced by a Jew from Constantinople to take asses' milk, and thereby got well again. This milk has much less of plastic matters and butter than goats' or cows' milk, and is easily digested. M. Parrot notices the practical advantage in the case of suckling from the ass, in that the animal is so easily fed; it is content with the poorest fodder. The goat suffers from a diet that lacks variety, and in the city its milk is not what it is in the country. The asses kept at the hospital referred to are in stables adjoining a field, in which they generally pass part of the day. It may be mentioned, in fine, that weekly statistics for Paris have lately presented the unwonted fact of an excess of 200 and 240 births over the deaths.

MR. DARWIN AND REVELATION.—The following correspondence has been addressed to the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

SIR,—The enclosed is the translation of a letter written by Mr. Darwin in answer to an inquiry from a young student at Jena, in whom the study of Darwin's books had raised re-

ligious doubts. It is, perhaps, not altogether irrelevant, at a time when priests of various creeds are claiming Darwin for their own, to publish an authentic statement of what his views really were, particularly as this statement will be widely read in Germany, and Darwin's own countrymen ought to be at least as well informed on the subject as foreigners. —I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

KATHARINE MACMILLAN.

FEANKFORT-ON-MAIN, Sept. 20.

[*Letter from Mr. Darwin to a young student at Jena quoted in a lecture by Professor Haeckel at the Natural Science Congress at Eisenach.*]

SIR,—I am very busy, and am an old man in delicate health, and have not time to answer your questions fully, even assuming that they are capable of being answered at all. Science and Christ have nothing to do with each other, except in as far as the habit of scientific investigation makes a man cautious about accepting any proofs. As far as I am concerned, I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made. With regard to a future life, every one must draw his own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities. Wishing you well, I remain, your obedient servant,

CHARLES DARWIN.

DOWN, June 5, 1879.

GRAY HAIR.—Probably the commonest of all complaints about the hair is that it is getting gray. As years go on the gray hairs appear, first on the temples, and then over the whole of the head. Some people are gray from birth, and this peculiarity is met with in its most complete form in "albinos," who are destitute of pigment or coloring matter of any kind. In these people the hair of the head has usually a pearly-white color, while the short hairs of the body are exceedingly fine and soft. Premature grayness is undoubtedly hereditary. Sometimes it follows a severe illness, or it may be the result of depressing nervous influences, such as worry and anxiety, or hard mental work, combined with a sedentary life. Sometimes the mischief is due to a local cause, as in neuralgia, for example, where the nerve presiding over the nutrition of the part is at fault. Sometimes, as every one knows, the hair turns white in a single night from intense fear or anxiety. The case, for example, is related of a rebel sepoy of the Bengal army who was taken prisoner, and brought before the authorities for examination:—"Divested of his uniform, and stripped completely naked, he was surrounded by the soldiers, and then first apparently became alive to the dangers of his position. He trembled violently, intense hor-

ror and despair were depicted in his countenance; and, although he answered the questions put to him, he seemed almost stupefied with fear. While actually under observation, and within the space of half-an-hour, his hair became gray on every portion of his head, it having been when he came into court of jet-black color. It is said that the attention of the bystanders was first attracted by the sergeant, whose prisoner he was, exclaiming, 'He is turning gray!' and gradually, but decidedly, the change went on before them all, till in the space of half-an-hour it was complete." This is, perhaps, one of the most striking cases ever recorded. When the change takes place in early life there is a hope that the original color may in time be regained. —*Family Physician.*

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—That the native population of the Sandwich Islands was steadily diminishing has been notorious for years, and some statistics recently compiled present a startling picture of the extent to which foreigners have already supplanted the original inhabitants. The whole number of persons assessed for taxation in the kingdom is 30,899, of whom only a bare majority—15,525—are Hawaiians, while they pay but \$112,796 in taxes, or considerably less than a third of the \$385,212 raised from all nationalities. The Chinese come next in numbers, 11,004 Mongolians being assessed for \$74,614; but the Americans, though only 1310 in all, pay \$102,567, while 827 British pay \$51,898; 299 Germans, among whom are some of the largest sugar-planters, pay \$25,128. The Americans, British and Germans, numbering altogether less than 2500, thus pay much more in taxes than the natives, and as the foreign element increases in population and wealth year by year, the islands promise at no distant day to be Hawaiian only in name.

MOONSTRUCK.—"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." This beautiful verse expresses the belief, common in ancient days, that the moon exercises a baleful influence upon those exposed to her direct rays. In modern times the pernicious influence of the moon has been doubted and even denied. But whatever the influence of the moon in the temperate zones, within the tropics it is very injurious to sleep exposed to its rays, especially when at the full. On a voyage to the Antipodes, when near the line, a Maltese sailor, who was a most comical fellow, slept for some hours on the boom with his face toward the full

moon. On awaking in the morning, the muscles of the right side of his face were contracted, so that every attempt to speak was attended with the most ludicrous contortions. Feeling sure that something was seriously wrong, he spoke to another sailor, who, supposing that as usual he was at his odd tricks, burst out into laughter. Off he went to another, with exactly the same result. The poor fellow now got into a rage, thereby adding not a little to the ludicrousness of the scene. After a while the truth dawned upon the captain and officers of the vessel. The doctor gave him some medicine, the muscles gradually relaxed, and in the course of a week our Maltese friend was well again. Some five or six years ago, when sailing from Tahiti to Mangaia, a little boy of mine, in perfect health, was thoughtlessly placed by his nurse in his berth, the slanting beams of the moon falling on his face. Next morning he was feverish and ill, and it was two or three days before he was himself again. On the island of Aitutaki, a native woman was watching night after night for the return of her husband from the island of Atiu. While doing so one night she fell asleep, the moon's rays pouring upon her face. On awaking she felt ill, and her eyes were drawn on one side. Considerable interest was felt by the islanders in her case. Eventually, however, her eyes were restored. These facts illustrate the injury done to human beings by the moon in the tropics. Yet I never heard of insanity or death resulting from this cause. It is well known, however, in tropical countries, that the moon's rays occasion the rapid decomposition of flesh and fish. A number of bonitas having been caught one evening near the line by a friend of mine, the spoil was hung up in the rigging of the ship, and was thus exposed to the moon through the night. Next morning it was cooked for breakfast. Symptoms of poisoning were soon exhibited by all who partook of it—their heads swelling to a great size, etc. Emetics were promptly administered, and happily no one died. The natives of the South Pacific are careful never to expose fish—a constant article of diet in many islands—to the moon's rays by any chance. They often sleep by the sea-shore after fishing, but never with the face uncovered. The aborigines of Australia do the same as well as they can with their fishing-nets, etc. A fire answers the same purpose. May not the injurious influence of the moon (in addition to her beauty and utility) account for the almost universal worship of that orb throughout the heathen world?—*Sunday at Home.*

